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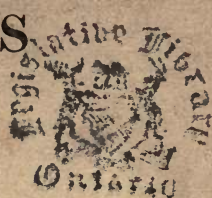
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VOL. XVIII.

THOMAS BEWICK, ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

WHEN reputations have been gained, still it often happens that few are really acquainted with the grounds on which they rest. Most people have heard of the name of Bewick. Yet inquire of the many upon what foundation the fame of this name is built, and, nine times out of ten, the answer shall be, "upon the excellence of his wood engravings." Even so. Ask what sort of excellence, and, upon the second interrogatory, the catechumen is at a nonplus. We shall be excused if we devote a few pages to the genius and works of Bewick.

Thomas Bewick was born in the year 1753, at Cherryburn, in the parish, and near the village, of Ovingham, one of the few places in Northumberland which can boast of having given birth to a man of pre-eminent talent. He was educated, together with his younger brother John, at Ovingham school, then conducted by the Reverend Christopher Gregson. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to the late Mr Ralph Beilby, engraver at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At this time, it is said, he rarely omitted a Sunday's visit to his father at Cherryburn, a distance of about fourteen miles. Sometimes, on his arrival, he would find the river Tyne too deep to be forded. On such occasions he would shout his inquiries across the water, and contentedly return home. He seems to have early turned his attention to that peculiar branch of his art for which he has since become so celebrated. In 1775, he obtained a premium from the Society of Arts for his wood engraving of the "Old Hound." The position of the huntsman's house in this little cut

betrays some faint traces of his genius. This success probably incited him to the more eager prosecution of this species of engraving. The result was, that the first edition of the History of Quadrupeds was published by Mr Beilby and himself, for they had now become partners, in the year 1790. This was the spring of his reputation. In 1795, Mr William Bulmer, the well-known printer, published the Traveller and Deserted Village of Goldsmith, and the Hermit of Parnell, with woodcuts by Thomas and John Bewick.—The beauty and novelty of the engravings strongly attracted public attention. Many, indeed, were at first sceptical as to the possibility of such effects being produced from wood. Amongst the incredulous was said to have been his late Majesty, who was only convinced of the truth by actual inspection of the blocks. In 1796, the Chace of Somerville was published in a similar manner; and, in the same year, Mr Bewick lost his younger brother and coadjutor John, who died of consumption. He was now rapidly rising to celebrity; and in the year 1797 was published the first volume of his History of British Birds, containing the Land Birds. This, perhaps, is the best of his works. There is a little anecdote connected with this publication. In one of the tail-pieces, Bewick's strong delight in satirical humour led him a little too far across the debatable land of decorum. Unconvinced, however, and inconvincible did he remain, until a considerable number of impressions had got into circulation. He was then compelled to have the offending part in the remainder of the

edition daubed over with Indian ink. In the second edition the block is altered. The second volume of British Birds, consisting of the Water Birds, was not published until 1804. Lastly, in 1818 were published Select Fables of Æsop and others, collected and embellished by Thomas Bewick. It may be interesting to some to know, that the tail-piece at p. 162 of the first edition of this work bears the date of his mother's death; and that at p. 176 of his father's. The final tail-piece is a view of Ovingham churchyard, in which is the family burying-place.—Such is the brief outline of the life and principal works of Bewick. The external history of genius is in general easily told.

That Thomas Bewick has been the great improver of the art of wood-engraving, it is needless to say. He may indeed be called the father of the art; and his fame has, more than anything else, been the cause of the attention which has ever since been paid to this species of engraving. It cannot be doubted, however, that, in the mere mechanical excellence of his craft—in fineness of line—in sharpness and in smoothness, he has been outdone by some of his pupils. Bewick's *excellence* is not of the mechanical sort. He will esteem this no left-handed compliment. His fame does not rest upon this. It is his graphic tact—the truth of his conception and delineation of nature, that will carry him down to posterity. He is in reality, in essence, as one may say, A PAINTER; and his fame rests upon a foundation similar to that of other painters. It is true he uses the graver, not the pencil. It is true he has limited his range of subject. But the great—the *captivating* excellence of Bewick is, nevertheless, pictorial. He is great as an admirer and faithful exhibitor of nature; not as a cutter of fine lines, and a copyist of the designs of others.

Of Bewick's powers, the most extraordinary is the perfect and undeviating accuracy with which he seizes and transfers to paper the natural objects which it is his delight to draw. His landscapes are absolute fac-similes; his animals are whole-length portraits. Other books on natural history have fine engravings,—they are coloured or uncoloured; copper or wood,—but still, to use a common expression, they “*are all tarred with one stick*.” Neither beast nor bird in them

has any character—like a servant who has never been at place—not even a bad one. Dog and deer, lark and sparrow, have all airs and countenances marvellously insipid, and of a most flat similitude. A flock of dandies would not have a more unintellectual likeness to each other, a more deplorable proximity of negation. They are not only all like each other, but not one of them like anything worth looking at. A collection of family portraits, all “tenth transmitters of foolish faces.” This is no joke. You may buy dear books or cheap books, but if you want to know what a bird or quadruped is, to Bewick you must go at last. Study Bewick, and you know a British bird as you know a man, by his physiognomy. You become acquainted with him as you do with Mr Tims, to whom you were introduced last Wednesday. You can make him out even at a distance, as sailors say, by “the cut of his jib.” There is no need, as in other cases, of counting primaries and secondaries, or taking an inventory of his tail before you can identify him. You may admire him, as a novel heroine sometimes admires the hero, altogether for his *je ne sais quoi*—and this is the very quintessence of refinement in bird-fancying.

It needs only to glance at the works of Bewick, to convince ourselves with what wonderful felicity the very countenance and air of his animals are marked and distinguished. There is the grave owl; the silly wavering lap-wing; the pert jay; the impudent over-fed sparrow; the airy lark; the sleepy-headed gourmand duck; the restless titmouse; the insignificant wren; the clean harmless gull; the keen rapacious kite—every one has character. There are no “muffin faces.” This is far beyond the mere pencilling of fur or feathers. It is the seizure and transfusion of countenance. In this, Bewick's skill seems unapproached and unapproachable by any other artist who has ever attempted this line. Were he to take the portraits of our friend James Hogg's present flock of sheep, we, Christopher North, would bet a thousand guineas that the shepherd should point out every individual bleater by his “visnomy,” and this is something. Sir Thomas Lawrence could do no more for the Royal Yacht Club, and the Congress of Verona.

Bewick's vignettes are just as re-

markable. Take his *British Birds*, and in the tail-pieces to these two volumes you shall find the most touching presentations of nature in all her forms, animate and inanimate. There are the poachers tracking a hare in the snow; and the urchins who have accomplished the creation of a "snow man." In the humorous, there are the disappointed beggar leaving the gate open for the pigs and poultry to march over the good dame's linen which she is laying out to dry—or, what a methodist would call profane, the cat stealing the blind man's dinner whilst he is devoutly saying grace—or the thief who sees devils in every bush and stump of a tree—a sketch that Hogarth himself might envy. Then, in another strain, there is the strayed infant standing at the horses' heels, and pulling its tail, the mother in an agony flying over the stile—the sportsman who has slipped into the torrent; and the blind man and boy unconscious of "Keep on this side." In the satiric there is that best of burlesques upon military pomp, the four urchins astride of gravestones for horses, the first blowing a glass trumpet, and the others bedizened in tatters, with rush-caps and wooden swords.

Nor must we pass over his sea-side sketches—all inimitable. The cutter chasing the smuggler—is it not evident they are going at least ten knots an hour? The tired gulls sitting on the waves, every curled head of which seems big with mischief. What pruning of plumage, what stalkings and flappings and scratchings of the sand, are not depicted in that collection of sea-birds on the shore! What desolation is there in that sketch of coast after a storm, with the solitary rock, the ebb tide, the crab just venturing out, and the mast of the sunken vessel standing up through the treacherous waters! What truth and minute nature is in that tide coming in, each wave rolling higher than his predecessor, like a line of conquerors, and pouring in amidst the rocks with increasing aggression! And last and best,—there are his fishing scenes. What angler's heart but beats when he sees the pool-fisher deep in the water, his rod bending almost double with the rush of some tremendous trout or heavy salmon? Who does not recognize his boyish days in the fellow with the "set rods," sheltering himself from the soaking rain behind an old tree? What fisher has not seen you "*old*

codger" sitting by the river side, peering over his tackle, and putting on a brandling? It is needless to recapitulate. Bewick's landscapes, in short, are upon the same principle with his animals. They are, for the most part, portraits. They are the result of the keenest and most accurate observation. You perceive every stone and bunch of grass has had actual existence. His moors are north-country moors, neither Scotch nor English. They are the progeny of Cheviot, of Rumpside, of Simondside, and of the Carter. The tail-piece of the old man, pointing out to his boy an ancient monumental stone, reminds one of the Milfield Plain and Flodden Field. Having only delineated that in which he himself has taken delight, we may deduce his character from his pictures. His hearted love of his native county, its scenery, its manners, its airs, its men and women; his propensity

———"by himself to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;"

his intense observation of nature and human life; his satirical and somewhat coarse humour; his fondness for maxims and old saws; his vein of worldly prudence now and then "cropping out," as miners call it, into daylight; his passion for the sea-side, and his delight in the angler's "solitary trade." All this, and more, the admirer of Bewick may deduce from his sketches.

We have sometimes almost wished that Bewick had been a painter. This is perhaps selfish—perhaps silly; yet we own we have often felt the wish. He would, undoubtedly, have made an admirable landscape-painter. We may be told, it is true, that tail-pieces do not require the filling up of larger pictures. But what landscape-painter of them all has materials for filling up better than Bewick? Had Bewick been a painter, one thing is certain—that he would not have been of the modern school; he would have been shy of the new-fangled academies; he would have painted, as one may say, by experiment rather than syllogism; and attempted to pourtray things as they are, not as they ought to be; he would have been content with actual Nature, and not tried to dress her up or refine her in some impossible metaphysical crucible. "Not to speak it profanely," Bewick is no man to attempt to improve upon God Almighty;

as some seem to do. It is not his way to chop logic with Nature, being modest enough to attend to what she says, in preference to lecturing himself. Our geniuses now-a-days appear to be proud to have, as they call it, "made a picture." Bewick probably would have been proud to have made you forget that his *was* a picture. If you took it for plain reality, he would not have been offended. Such humble ideas some people have.

All this, however, to own the truth, would have been no objection to us. Far from it. We are quite serious, Messieurs Academicians. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We do not say that highly-wrought pictures are not to be painted; we only say we are apt to distrust those who paint them. When we hear the jargon of "contrast," "warmth," "keeping," and "repose," and all the other technical slang of what is called *virtu*, we confess we have an instinctive dread of mischief.—We cannot help it. Dr Johnson used to insist, that "he who would make a pun, would pick a pocket." Now, we don't go so far. But when we see a man perpetually insist upon displaying Nature in such lights as never were before, and never will be again—who must always have her in full-dress—and that a new suit—"always at the top of her bent," one way or other—ever in extremes—we say we shrewdly suspect such a man can have no very violent objection to—what shall we call it—*colour a little*—or, as the editor of the Wonderful Magazine hath it, "indulge a falsity." "*Magnas est verity*," we exclaim with thee, wonderful soul. Thy Latin may be bad, but thy sentiment is sound, in painting as well as morals.

The overstrained taste for what may be called the extreme of the picturesque, whether in design or colouring, has always appeared to us a most dangerous one. It is a sort of dram-drinking at the eye. How often are we told, "True, sir, the place is very beautiful; but it won't make a picture!" Won't it? and why? Why should that which is confessedly beautiful in itself, become not so if faithfully transferred to canvass? "Your most exquisite reason," Monsieur. This is unintelligible refinement; and is not the exclusive cultivation of this taste the readiest way to open a way for all manner of exaggeration? We repeat, we have seen pictures, and

heard them praised too, that imitated humanity as abominably as Hamlet's ranting actor ever did. A picture may strut as well as a player, whatever some people may think to the contrary. There is no doubt that Nature sometimes produces combinations the most singularly beautiful, and mingles her tints with a gorgeous profusion that seems akin to the preternatural; but are we to stick exclusively to this? Are we to make the exception the rule? and deduce canons of art, not from the common law of appearances, but from occasional deviations? Probably a natural rock that is perfectly square may be found: are we, therefore, to paint nothing but square rocks? The grand evil of this system is, that it teaches us to think that nature, in her everyday and common guise, is *not* beautiful. This is a sad mistake. The flattest landscape that Salisbury Plain ever produced, if painted by a master-hand, would be worth looking at. We admire Dutch and Flemish pictures of pots of beer, tobacco-pipes, cabbages, Frows, and Boors. Is not this inconsistent? Is not the most common life-piece of scenery always better than a Dutch cheese? We recollect—we shall not easily forget it—a water-colour drawing—we have forgotten by whom, perhaps it might be by Fielding, no matter—it represented the encampment of a gang of gipsies about night-fall, or, as Burns would say, "the gloaming." The fire was just lighted, and the tent up. The place was a plain, flat, unpretending, dark, grass-green field. The hedge ran in a straight line along the top of it, parallel with the horizon, a few ill-grown, scrubby-looking trees growing out of it at intervals. The sky was in the dull gray of twilight, merely gloomy, with a few dingy, mean-looking clouds, the advanced guard of night, passing over it. Nothing could be more common; and yet so true to nature was the whole, that nothing could be more admirable. That picture of all the rest won our heart; being common, it was rare—in "the Exhibition." And what would any man have gained by *improving* this sketch, as he would call it? by planting trees where trees were not, or raising hills where all was level? He would only *please* at last;—and is there no *risk* in thus tampering with reality? Nature is the best of gardeners. When we find

certain things absent or present, we may be sure there is a reason for it. How are we to know what egregious incompatibilities we may sometimes ignorantly produce by capriciously tampering with natural arrangement? Everybody would see the absurdity of painting a Norwegian pine amidst the sands of Africa, or of putting an iceberg under the line. But who can say how far this principle may be carried? who has ascertained where it stops? We must, however, conclude, and conclude with Bewick.

Arrived at that period of life when many men become averse to new undertakings, Bewick is busy with a projected History of Fishes. This might be expected from the strong and knotty character of his mind. A full-bodied vintage will improve in raciness for forty years. The oak grows for three centuries. We have been favoured with a sight of some of the cuts for this work, and can answer for their partaking, to the full extent, of the marked characteristics of his earlier works. We noticed, especially, two or three angling scenes, which might make the heart of a fisher leap at the recollection. Never were the mountain streams of Northumberland given as Bewick gives them. The Cockneys, to be sure, will not under-

stand them, but that is of little import.

Mr Bewick is said to have noted down, from time to time, memoranda of his own life. We hope it is true. If we are not mistaken, it will prove one of the best presents to the art that artist ever made. Let him put down his beginnings and progress, his feelings, his conceptions, his conclusions, his difficulties, his success; in short, the mental formation and growth of his skill, and the record is invaluable. Above all, we conjure him to write from himself. Let him jot down his ideas as they rise, without clipping or straining them to suit any set of conceived rules of composition. Let the book be of Thomas Bewick altogether, and only. Let him shun, as he would the plague, all contact with the race who commonly style themselves grammarians and critics; and if he does not publish in his lifetime, we think he may as well, unless he has a particular reason to the contrary, not make Thomas Moore, Esq. his executor. There may be little danger in this case; but one really would not wish any Christian book, much more that of a man of genius, like Bewick, to run even the remotest risk of being put into the parlour fire to please "The Ladies."

THE CAMPEADOR'S SPECTRE HOST.

ON the towers of Leon deep midnight lay;
Heavy clouds had blotted the stars away;
By fits 'twas rain, and by fits the gale
Swept through heaven like a funeral wail.

Hear ye that dismal—that distant hum?
Now the dirge of trumpet, the roll of drum,
Now the clash of cymbal; and now, again,
The sweep of the night-breeze, the rush of rain!

Hearken ye, now, 'tis more near, more loud—
Like the opening burst of the thunder-cloud;
Now sadder and softer,—like the shock
Of flood overleaping its barrier rock.

List ye not, now, on the echoing street,
The trampling of horses, the tread of feet,
And clashing of armour?—a host of might
Rushing unseen through the starless night!

St Isidro! to thy monastic gate,
Who crowding throng? who knocking wait?
The Frere from his midnight vigil there
Upstarts, and scales the turret-stair;

Then, aghast, he trembles—that knocking loud
Might awake the dead man in his shroud :
Thickens the blood in his veins through fear,
As unearthly voices smite his ear.—

“Ho! brethren, wake!—ho! dead, arise!—
Haste, gird the falchions on your thighs ;
Hauberk and helm from red rust free ;
And rush to battle for Spain with me !

“Hither—hither—and join our hosts,
A mighty legion of stalwart ghosts ;
Cid Ruydiez is marching there, and here
Gonzalez couches in rest his spear !

“Pelayo is here—and who despairs
When his Oaken Cross in front he bears ?—
And sure ye will list to my voice once more,
'Tis I, your Cid, the Campeador !

“Ho! hither, hither—through our land, in arms,
The host of the Miramamolin swarms ;
Shall our Cross before their Crescent wane ?
Shall Moormen breathe in the vales of Spain ?

“Ho! burst your cerements—here we wait
For thee, Ferrando, once the Great ;
Knock on your gaoler Death, and he
Will withdraw the bolts, and turn the key !

“Prone to the earth their might must yield,
When we the Dead Host sweep the field ;
Our vultures, to gorge upon the slain,
Shall forsake the rocks, and seek the plain.

“Ho! hurry with us away—away,—
Night passes onwards, 'twill soon be day :
Ho! sound the trumpet ; haste! strike the drum,
And tell the Moormen, we come, we come !”—

The Frere into the dark gazed forth—
The sounds went forwards towards the North ;
The murmur of tongues, the tramp and tread
Of a mighty army to battle led.

At midnight slumbering Leon through,
To battle field throng'd that spectral crew ;
By the morrow noon, red Tolosa show'd,
That more than men had fought for God !

△

This slight ballad is founded on a striking passage in the Chronicle of the Cid. The idea is certainly a beautiful one, of the patriotic retaining a regard for their country after death, and a zeal for its rescue from danger and oppression. At all events, it is sufficiently imaginative and romantic.

Ferrando the Great was buried in the Royal Monastery of St Isidro at Leon. The time of the occurrence is during the reign of King Alphonso, on the evening before the great battle of the Navas de Tolosa, wherein it is reported sixty thousand of the Mahometans were slain.

Cid Ruy Diaz is a name consecrated in Spanish chivalrous song.—Pelayo is said to have carried an Oaken Cross in the van of his army, when he led them on to battle.—The Gonzalez mentioned, is the Count Fernan Gonzalez, so renowned in the ancient Spanish Chronicles, and one of the many ballads concerning whom is given in the splendid Translations of Mr Lockhart.—On St Pelayo and the Campeador, see the admirable remarks of Dr Southey, *passim*.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

WE did intend to abstain from bestowing any farther notice on the Catholic Question, until circumstances would permit us to advert to it in taking a review of the leading features of the present session of Parliament, but we feel it to be our duty to abandon this intention. The gigantic importance of the subject demands, that in discussing it, we should keep it apart from all other topics. The question is the leading one of the moment, and we apprehend that it will long be the leading one. The conduct which the Opposition prints have adopted, and the course which the Catholics threaten to pursue, lead us to believe, that, for some time to come, the deeds of Catholicism will occupy a prominent station in political discussion.

We will, in the first place, as in duty bound, strip the question of the misrepresentations and falsehoods in which party-spirit has been pleased to invest it, and place it before us in all the nakedness of truth.

The Roman Catholics of these realms lie under certain disabilities, which, when they were imposed, and long afterwards, were most just and necessary. This is not merely the opinion of Tories and high-churchmen; it is an opinion which, during the present session of Parliament, has been expressed by Lord Holland and other leading Whigs, and it has been coincided in by some of the better portion of the Catholics. Of course, it cuts up the doctrine of abstract right by the roots. In the judgment, not only of the Tories, but of the genuine Whigs—not only of the opponents of the Catholics, but of the greater part of their advocates—not only of Protestants, but of certain of the Catholics themselves—the disabilities ought not to be removed on the ground of abstract right. In the opinion of all these, the disabilities were originally most justly and wisely imposed.

The Catholic Question therefore is simply this:—Have those public dangers which called for, and sanctioned, the disabilities, passed away without having been replaced by others equally formidable;—are the Catholics so far changed, that they can be safely admitted into Parliament and the Mi-

nistry? This, and this alone, is the question. The British nation, the two Houses of Parliament, and the Executive, constitute the only tribunal that can decide it.

It must be clear to all men to whom the blessing of common sense is not denied, that this tribunal could not decide rationally and constitutionally upon removing the disabilities, without first receiving satisfactory evidence that the causes for them no longer existed. It must be equally clear to all such men, that the Catholics could only have a right to hope for the removal of the disabilities through the tendering of such evidence. It must be alike clear to all such men, that in all matters of difference between the State and the Catholics, the latter, and not the former, should make the sacrifice; or, at any rate, sacrifice in the one, should be followed by equal sacrifice in the other. Nothing can be more indisputable than that, if the Catholics cannot prove that they are reformed, cannot show their qualification, and will not conform their conduct and religion to the laws and constitution, they ought still to be subject to the disabilities.

Passing by justice and reason, and looking at fact alone,—the British nation, Parliament, and the Executive, deny, that the Catholics have any abstract right to the removal of the disabilities. They insist upon qualification. Were the question debated in the House of Commons on the ground of abstract right only, the Catholics would have scarcely any advocates. If the Catholics, therefore, really wish for the removal of the disabilities, there is but one path that will lead them to success;—they must tender to the only tribunal that can relieve them the proper evidence; they must clear their character, and display their qualification.

We assume this to be perfectly indisputable, and we shall therefore use it as our test in reviewing the conduct of the Catholics in their late application to Parliament.

The hostility of the Catholics towards the established religion and Protestantism generally, has been one of the chief reasons for continuing the

disabilities. Proofs, therefore, to show that they were no longer actuated by such hostility, were essential for giving success to their application. Now, what proofs did they offer? For some time previously to the assembling of Parliament, they were occupied in putting down, by the instrumentality of ferocious mobs, the Bible, Missionary, and School Meetings, of the members of the Established Church, and the other Protestants. They petitioned Parliament for a revision of the property of the Irish church, the meaning of which, according to their open declarations, was, that this church should be robbed of a large part of its possessions. One of their priests declared at a meeting of the Catholic Association, that their priesthood did not admit the established clergy to have any religious character. A member of this Association expressed a wish at two of its meetings, that the Protestant Church might long be the established church of Ireland, and it was received with murmurs and disapprobation. They linked themselves to Cobbett, who was striking with all his might at the foundations of British Protestantism, and they circulated among the ignorant people the most foul and diabolical slanders, touching the religion of the state and its ministers. Everything that could goad the people into a determination to pay no tithes—everything that could exasperate the people against the Established Church—everything that could manifest a wish for the ruin of this church and of Protestantism, was said or done by their leaders, and solemnly sanctioned by the body at large.

Even after the Catholic deputation arrived in London; after its members had assumed the mask of peace, and at the critical moment when their case was before Parliament, they could not refrain from displaying their animosity towards Protestantism. Lawless entered a London Bible Meeting, and attempted to get up an uproar, but not having an Irish mob to aid him, he was put down. O'Connell straggled into a Whig School Meeting, and made such insinuations against the Protestants, that he was hissed out of it.

Setting aside some empty professions which were only calculated to impose upon children, this constituted the only evidence that the Catholics

had to offer, to prove that the hostility to the national church establishment, which had been mainly instrumental in placing them under the disabilities, no longer existed.

From the greatness of the number of the Catholics, and their perfect organization as a body, it was of the first importance for them to convince the tribunal which had to decide on their case, that their political principles were at least harmless—were in no respect inconsistent with, and hostile to, the constitution. Now, what evidence did they tender to produce this conviction? Their question, so far as regards parties, is not a party one; men of all parties support it, and men of all parties oppose it. Some of the most eloquent and influential of the Ministers, and the flower of the Opposition, stood before them ready to become their advisers and advocates. Now, no one would have quarrelled with them for keeping at a distance from the Tories—for passing by Mr Canning and Mr Plunkett for their Toryism; but it was natural for every one to expect that they would not go beyond the genuine and constitutional Whigs; it was natural for every one to expect that they would from policy, if not from principle, scrupulously avoid all connexion with faction, and more especially with those who advocated schemes involving the ruin of the constitution. We have already mentioned Cobbett; we need not give his history; we need not repeat what he has at various times published touching the King, the Royal Family, the Aristocracy, the Church, the Clergy, the Protestant religion, the Constitution, and all our public possessions; we need not say what character is assigned to this man by every one of our sects and parties. Well, with this Cobbett the Catholic Deputation connected itself immediately on its arrival in London. It was ostentatiously announced in the newspapers, that the Deputation had been to visit Mr Cobbett—it was ostentatiously announced in the newspapers, that Mr O'Connell had been to Mr Cobbett, to obtain his advice for the guidance of the Catholics, and that, in obedience to this advice, they had put their cause into the hands of Sir F. Burdett.

Our readers are no strangers to the history of the Radical Baronet; we,

therefore, need not detail his past vagaries, repeat his political creed, and dilate on his universal suffrage and annual parliaments, or his other schemes of public ruin. We need not say that he is destitute of the confidence of Parliament and the country; and that he can scarcely espouse any cause whatever, without rendering it odious in the eyes of both. If there were two men in the British empire whom the Catholics, on the score of interest alone, ought to have shunned above all others, these men were William Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett.

To identify themselves with these two individuals to the utmost point, seemed to be the great object of the Catholics. O'Connell, their acknowledged leader, acquainted the House of Lords that he was the advocate of universal suffrage and annual parliaments. He wandered about from one public meeting to another, to utter silly slang in favour of liberty, which was as repugnant to Whiggism as to Toryism; and which had been uttered by the Liberals before him, until the very groundlings disdained to listen to it. He could only cry up revolutionists and republicanism; he could only worship a species of liberty the very reverse in shape and principles to that of Britain.

To that tribunal, therefore, which alone could relieve the Catholics—to that tribunal which, however the question of right might stand, they well knew would only decide in their favour from receiving satisfactory evidence that their religious and political feelings were unexceptionable, they brought only evidence to prove that they were a religious and political faction of the most dangerous character. That tribunal, upon listening to them, was told that they wished the Irish Church to be robbed, and the constitution to be altered: that they detested Bible and Missionary Meetings, and the Protestant religion; and that they were enamoured with the schemes of Radicalism: that, as a religious body, they meant to support those who were labouring to root up, by piecemeal, the established church; and that, as a political body, they meant to support those who were attempting to pull to pieces the constitution.

The leaders of the Catholics were noblemen, and men of liberal education—they were men of age and ex-

perience—they were men perfectly exempted from the control of their humble and ignorant brethren; yet no body of men in the universe ever made a display of ignorance, folly, and imbecility, equal to this: It is amazing—it is incomprehensible. If they had wished to unite the British nation against them, and to convince Parliament and the Executive that it would be ruinous to relieve them from the disabilities, they would have done what they did, to have taken the wisest method. If this ought not to be charged upon insincerity, or weakness of intellect, but upon the debasing influence of Catholicism, we regret, from our souls, that any of our fellow-subjects should be subject to the influence of such a religion.

In other times, Parliament would scarcely have listened to the claims of the Catholics after witnessing such an exhibition. The sight of the old spirit of Popery, holding its faggot in one hand, and waving the blood-stained banner of Reform in the other, would have been quite sufficient to deter any member from risking his reputation with the country by becoming its champion. But the nation happened to be in the midst of an outrageous fit of "liberality," the mania had excessive power in the House of Commons, and it was declared to be in the highest degree "*illiberal*" to keep the Catholics under disabilities. The Catholic question was, therefore, brought before this House in due form; its passage through it was characterized by various most remarkable circumstances.

Almost the first duty that Parliament had to discharge after its assembling, was to put down the Catholic Association: an association which practically comprehended the Catholics of the three kingdoms. It was put down on the avowed ground, that it was following the most unconstitutional and dangerous conduct, and putting the public peace in jeopardy. This Association had vilified in every way the religion of Britain, the British people, and the British government; it had displayed political principles perfectly at variance with the principles of the British constitution, and it had exhibited almost everything that is supposed to disqualify men for being British legislators and ministers. Yet no sooner had the

House of Commons crushed it, than it determined that those who had composed it—the O'Connells and Shiells—were most fit and proper persons to be the legislators and ministers of Britain. This was unquestionably quite free from bigotry; perhaps it was not quite so free from foolishness.

In the session of 1823, sixty-two members of the House of Commons supported a resolution, which, in substance, declared that the Irish Church establishment was too large, and ought to be reduced. It was pretty well known, that these members had manifested anything but friendship towards the Church of England and its clergy. Mr Canning adverted to this in the debate on the Bill for putting down the Association, and declared, that Catholic emancipation, and the measure for spoiling the Irish Church, could not pass simultaneously. Unluckily Mr Hume, the famous arithmetic-master, had already given notice that he meant to place a similar resolution before the House for its adoption. Well—Mr Hume, sweet, pliant man! was prevailed on to withdraw his notice; and the nation, sweet, credulous creature! was to imagine that the sixty-two had changed their opinion. No disavowal was made, and the nation was not to be so *illiberal* as to look for one. The nation was to believe, that when the Catholics got into Parliament, the sixty-two would not assist them to lay the established church in ruins. Things being thus prepared, the Catholic question was ushered into the House of Commons.

Sir Francis Burdett opened the business with a speech that astounded every one. It was all—every syllable—every letter—sugar and butter. He had, in the preceding sessions, lavished everything upon the Orangemen that could be called abuse; now he declared these Orangemen to be the most noble and the best of beings. Those who, before, had always received from him the most bitter diatribes, were now honoured with an overflowing share of his panegyric. The established clergy were fine men—the Ministers were excellent men—even the opponents of the Catholics were very decent, honest people. The Catholic priests were the first of human beings; and the Catholics, generally, were the most finished speci-

mens of purity, intelligence, wisdom, patriotism, and loyalty. Poor Sir Francis!—We never dreamed that he was capable of plunging himself into such degradation. We have laughed at his follies, we have pitied his failings, we have detested his schemes, we have execrated his conduct, and still we never, before this, ceased to respect him. We never mistook him for a statesman, but we always thought that he possessed a share of that manly, frank, blunt, honest, downright, old English spirit, which disdains trickery and cunning, and which we shall ever honour wherever we may find it. He blundered amazingly in his new tactics; he overdid the thing in the most shocking manner. His speech did but little service to his cause, and it lost him Westminster.

The advocates of the Catholics, generally speaking, were, no doubt, placed in a very distressing situation. Instead of being able to expatiate on Catholic desert, they had only Catholic delinquency to extenuate; instead of being able to claim the removal of the disabilities on the ground of qualification, they were actually compelled to claim it on the ground of disqualification!—Our clients have certainly acted in a most improper manner—they have manifested very bad religious and political feelings—they have uttered language and done deeds which we cannot possibly defend—but this constitutes their merit. This ought to be irresistible with you in their favour. If you decide against them they will become rebels, therefore you ought to make them your legislators and ministers!—A large part of their reasoning amounted to this, and no more. It certainly displayed great *liberality*, and this was no slight matter. It was new, and new sophistry is often more effectual than old arguments, however unanswerable.

It was speedily discovered that the securities, as they were called, appended to the Catholic Bill, were universally laughed at, and that without something else in the shape of security, the bill would never pass the House of Commons. Two wings, as they have been called, were therefore added, to enable the clumsy paper-kite to soar to the Lords.

We have spoken as warmly as any one against the present system of manu-

facturing votes in Ireland. We conceive that its tendency is to destroy morals, and to place country society in an unnatural and ruinous condition. But then we would have no milk and water measures; we would either reform the system properly, or we would let it remain until it could be reformed properly. A more important and complicated measure than its alteration could not well be imagined. Nothing can be more evident, than that such a measure to remove, and not to aggravate evil, ought to stand upon its own merits, and to proceed upon the most correct and ample information. Well, without inquiry—without any but the most imperfect information—a bill was introduced into Parliament to change this system. It was distinctly avowed, that the grand object of this bill was, not to remove the evils of the system, but to secure the passing of the relief bill; and that, if the latter bill should not pass, the former should be withdrawn. Of course, a measure of such immense public importance stood in the House of Commons on precisely this ground,—no one could vote for it on its own merits—no one could vote for it without feeling that he was voting for the relief bill—one of the greatest evils of Ireland was to be touched, only on condition that the Catholics should be admitted to power! This, at least, is a new method of managing public affairs, and we are by no means sure that it is either a constitutional or a wise one.

We need not say that Mr Lyttleton's bill was miserably defective, and that it was calculated to increase, rather than to diminish the miseries of Ireland. In the monstrous state of things which that unhappy country presents, property is without its natural and proper influence. The landlords must drag their Catholic tenants by chains, they cannot lead them by counsel. A priesthood which is worse qualified to hold political influence than any body of religious teachers in Europe, is irresistible in the field of politics against the landlord, if the latter cannot *command* his tenants. The bill was calculated to diminish the influence of the landlords, and, of course, to add to that of the priesthood; while it would have made scarcely any alteration in the circumstances and character of the voter. Had it carried the qualification to a pro-

per height, it might have raised the latter to competence and a fair share of independence of opinion; he would, if a Catholic, always have voted for a Catholic, in spite of his landlord, but then he would have been able to distinguish between the demagogue and the honest man.

This bill was represented to be a security to the interests of the Protestants, and yet certain of the Catholics confessed their belief that it would operate in favour of Catholic party interests. We believe the same. So much for this security.

The other security was, a bill for taking the Catholic Priesthood into the pay of the State. It was stated, that this would make the priests negligent, destroy their influence over their flocks, and place them under the control of the government. Now, mark the provisions of this bill. The priests were to have incomes assigned them, which, taking all things into calculation, would have been greater than the incomes of a vast number of the English clergy, and yet they were to make no distinct abandonment of their present incomes; they were still to obtain their present fees, if they could. The loss of a follower would still have been a loss of income to the priest, as well as a loss of party power to the priesthood.—A large portion of the aggregate income of the priest would therefore still have depended on his vigilance and industry. It is, we think, a very erroneous mode of calculating, to assume that dependance on his followers for bread is the only motive that can stimulate a religious teacher to exertion. Are the Catholic clergy of France and Spain at this moment indolent, and without influence? The competition for followers and supremacy to which the Irish Catholic priest must be constantly exposed, would have been quite sufficient to preserve from change his conduct and influence.

Again, the priest was not called on to surrender one iota of his authority. He was to retain his power of excommunicating—of imposing penance—of withholding absolution—of inflicting bodily punishment on the people for reading Protestant books, and entering Protestant places of worship.—He was to retain the whole of that tremendous penal code which gives him every conceivable advantage over the

regular clergy, and which would enable him to keep the people in abject slavery almost without effort.

How this bill would have enabled the government to control the priesthood, we cannot discover. What is it that gives the government influence with the regular clergy? It is their head; it appoints not only to the higher dignities, but to many of the inferior benefices. But it was to have no share, not the slightest, in the appointment of the Catholic priesthood;—it was to have no power whatever to remove any of its members for misconduct, or to withhold their stipend. It was merely to have the power to pay certain salaries to certain individuals whom the Pope and his bishops might name, and nothing more. The priests were to be as perfectly independent of it, in point of conduct, as they are at present, when it pays them nothing.

We need not say that the principle of this bill was, in the highest degree, unconstitutional and detestable. A quarter of a million of the public money was to be annually paid to individuals chosen, directly or indirectly, by a foreigner, and these individuals were to be accountable to no authority in the nation for their official conduct.

For this large sum, nothing was asked as an equivalent. All sides are declaiming against the pernicious nature of Catholicism. Much of its discipline, putting Protestantism out of sight, is directly at variance with the spirit of the laws and constitution—with liberty and the weal of the state—yet not a single attempt was made to obtain a modification of it in return for this lavish grant of the public money. No effort was even made to obtain for the poor Catholic laymen liberty to enter the national churches and to read the Scriptures. So far from this, it was actually declared, that the Catholic priests would only accept the money as a matter of condescension and concession—that, in accepting it, they would do prodigious violence to their feelings!! So much for the second and last security.

The common and natural way of settling differences was never once thought of. Not a single endeavour was made to obviate the objections of the great body of those who were hostile to the relief bill. The discipline of the Catholic church varies in almost every Catholic country, and this shows that

it is a thing capable of change. It is to this discipline principally, rather than to doctrines, that the nation objects. The Catholics declare that they ought to have a peculiar system of discipline in this country, because the government is a Protestant one; and surely this proves, that the nation, in its turn, has a right to insist on so much peculiarity in discipline as will leave nothing in Catholicism at variance with its laws and constitution. If something be conceded to the Catholics in the appointment of their clergy, certainly, on every principle of reason and justice, something ought to be exacted in return, in the way of securing knowledge and freedom to their laity in the discharge of their political duties. The boundless, unconstitutional, and dangerous political, as well as religious influence which the priesthood exercises over the vast body of the laity by means of its penal laws, is familiar to every one. No other body in the state is suffered to have such party laws as the Catholics possess. They would, with their present party laws, were the disabilities removed, enjoy *exclusive privileges and liberties*, as a political, as well as a religious party, of the most formidable and dangerous character. We know that this has been denied in Parliament; we know, too, that it has not been disproved, and we know, in addition, that it is incapable of disproof. We know that it is as much a matter of state necessity to prevent the Roman Catholic Church, as to prevent the Church of England, from having pernicious laws and direct authority. All this, however, was nothing. The detestable penal code of the Catholic church was not even to be spoken against. Lord Liverpool happened to censure certain parts of it, and he was covered with obloquy. The State was to concede everything, and the Catholics nothing; all that the latter asked was to be granted without examination!

The House of Commons never exhibited a more extraordinary spectacle than it did during the progress of these three bills. One member wished to vote for one of them, and yet he was compelled to vote against it, from the fear of supporting the others. Another member was placed in the same situation with regard to another of them. The wings of the misshapen and non-

descript fowl could not be touched or looked at, from the fear of injuring the wind-pipe;—some, who protested against them, were yet compelled to support them, to keep alive the body. The two subsidiary bills were just carried sufficiently far to pick up the doubting votes on “the right and the left,” and to secure the passing of the main one, and then they seemed to be forgotten. The latter was passed and sent to the Peers without them, to be decided on without them, when the Peers could neither have any constitutional knowledge that they existed, nor any certainty that they would reach the Upper House. Those who, in effect, held in their hands the majority of the House of Commons, saw the Lords called upon to decide on the relief bill without the securities which induced them to pass it. The bill which the Lords had to decide upon was, in strict truth, a perfectly different one from that which had passed the Commons, and yet they were compelled to regard it as the same.

The business was very far from being free from trickery and deception. The security chiefly relied on was that for taking the Catholic priesthood into the pay of the nation. It was that which gained the wavering votes and secured the majority. Now, why was not this security introduced into the main bill, instead of forming a separate one?—Whatever might be the case with Mr Lyttleton’s measure, it seems unaccountable that the payment of the priests was not made one of the provisions of the Catholic relief bill, when it was to procure votes for the latter, and not to deprive it of them. There was a reason. It was, we believe, known to the chief framers and supporters of the bill for paying the priests, that it could not pass into a law, even if the other bills should do so. Some of them must have known this; yet these individuals assured the members who voted for the relief bill solely on condition that it should be accompanied by the one for paying the priests, that if the one bill became law, the other would likewise. Now, had one bill comprehended the provisions of both, it could not have become operative as a law, contrary to the sense of the majority of the House of Commons; but, as matters were, the disabilities might have been removed, both against the sense, and, even in

reality, against the vote, of this majority!

This took place not touching a petty question, an enclosure act, or a new company bill, but touching a measure of the most gigantic importance—a measure vitally affecting the interests of the empire. It is, in sooth, new in English legislation—it is, in sooth, a new method of managing the interests of England. If anything could make us detest the legislation of lawyers, it certainly would be proceedings like these. We care not who were the authors of them—we care not whether they were Irishmen or Scotchmen—we will tell them, that such things will not do in England. We are a plain, blunt, straight-forward people; and what we scorn above all other things is—imposition.

We will now say a word or two on certain parts of the debates in the House of Commons, which seem to call for some notice.

On one occasion, Mr Brougham very truly declared it to be highly unconstitutional to use the King’s name in Parliament for the purpose of influencing the votes of the members. At the same moment, and in the same speech, Mr Brougham used the King’s name evidently for this purpose. On several occasions, this learned individual declared, that the King must be, and was, friendly to the removal of the Catholic disabilities. Our readers know that this was as unwarrantable as it was unconstitutional. We will say no more; we will not drag his Majesty’s name into the question: but we will advise Mr Brougham and his friends to wait until the King shall declare himself, before they hoist over themselves the royal standard. We have perhaps at present quite as much right to do it as they have.

It is a fact, although posterity will never believe it, that some members voted for the removal of the disabilities on the ground of its being contrary to “*liberality*” to retain them. Such portentous consequences will fashion sometimes produce among weak heads and pliant principles. Liberality, however, has, upon the whole, fared very scurvily in the business. It has received such a thump on the head from the agitation of the Catholic question, as has stretched it in its last agonies.

We need say but little on the ex-

traordinary change of opinion in Mr Brownlow and some others, for it would be no easy matter to add to the humiliation into which they have plunged themselves. Every great state-question is composed of a multitude of parts, which change, in their character and effects, every hour; and, of course, nothing could be more preposterous than for us to argue, that, because a man opposes a matter at one time, he is, for that reason alone, always to oppose it. A few years may reverse a question in everything but name, and, in such case, a man must reverse his opinion respecting it, to be truly consistent. We believe a man to be a drunkard, because we witness his drunkenness, but then we are not from this to believe him a drunkard, if he reform and show proofs of his sobriety. The change, however, in the question, must precede and govern the change in opinion; and it must be distinct and satisfactory in the eyes of impartial men. The Catholic question has, no doubt, undergone some change in late years; but what is this change? The British and Irish Catholics have displayed far worse opinions, spirit, and conduct. The Catholicism of Europe has become much more powerful and active—it has renewed its offensive operations against Protestantism, and it has become a potent political instrument in the hands of foreign governments. Now, the corresponding change in opinion ought evidently to be, a more determined opposition to the removal of the disabilities. Mr Brownlow, however, and those who followed his example, could only find in this change a reason for becoming strenuous friends of the Catholics. The winter's blast destroyed the summer's warmth, therefore they put out their fires and threw off their garments.

On what did these individuals ground their change of opinion? On the evidence of Bishop Doyle and Lawyer O'Connell. We know not by what unaccountable chance it happened that these two persons were examined. It is amazing, that after what they had done, spoken, and written, any one should have thought that their evidence would have the weight of a feather with the nation; and it is still more amazing that, after comparing this evidence with their opinions given on other occasions, any one should have dared to venture his reputation upon it.

The reasons which Mr Brownlow and his friends assigned for their change, did not satisfy the public. The British nation is in the practice of subjecting to a very severe scrutiny the reasons which public men assign for going from one opinion to another. It feels this to be a matter of absolute necessity: it knows that such men are surrounded by powerful temptations to change, from unworthy motives, and that their changes have often very great influence over its interests. There is, moreover, something in the nature of the Englishman which holds change of side in abhorrence. If a public man cannot assign satisfactory reasons for his change of opinion, he loses public confidence then and for ever. This is most proper and necessary.

It would be very idle in us to give any summary of the reasoning of the two parties. The real merits of the question were carefully avoided by the Catholic advocates. The most distinguished of these rested principally upon abstract right, and the bad spirit and conduct of the Catholics. Mr Peel fought the battle with very great ability. His speech on the second reading of the Relief Bill cut a far better figure in the newspapers than that of Mr Canning, delivered on the same occasion. He was very powerfully supported by Mr Goulburn.

The bill passed the House of Commons, and the Catholics declare, that this proves that the British people are with them. Unluckily for them, it admits of arithmetical refutation. Mr Spring Rice, their champion, has asserted, that two-thirds of the Irish members voted in favour of the bill. Now, no one—not even a Catholic—will say that the Irish members are the representatives of the British people. Assuming Mr Rice's assertion to be correct, and placing these members wholly out of sight, we find the majority of the British members voted against the bill in all the divisions. We find that if the question had been left solely to the British members, the bill would never have entered the House of Commons. This, we think, is sufficiently decisive; it ought even to convince a Catholic.

We will look a little more closely at this boasted majority in favour of the Catholics. Many of the Irish members are elected by the Catholics, or by those who are, from personal rea-

sons, as anxious for the removal of the disabilities as the Catholics themselves. These members hold their seats on the sole condition of voting for this removal, and, therefore, on such a question they can only be regarded as so many Catholics. If we subtract them, we find the majority to be in favour of the disabilities. The opinion of such people, and of those who supported the bill on the ground of abstract right, is perfectly worthless on a question which ought to be decided solely upon its merits.

It certainly required prodigious hardihood to assert, in the face of the petitions which were spontaneously poured into Parliament, that the British people were on the side of the Catholics. The British people—not merely the lower orders—but the vast mass of the middle and upper classes, were never more decidedly hostile to the removal of the disabilities, than they are at present; and they never gave more unanswerable evidence that they were actuated by such hostility, than they have done during the present session of Parliament. The Catholics have lost ground fearfully among the Dissenters. The Methodists, many of the Baptists, and some of the Presbyterians and Independents, petitioned against them; and in spite of the assertions of Mr W. Smith and Mr Brougham, we happen to know that the feeling in favour of the disabilities is very widely entertained among the Presbyterians and Independents. For much of this the Catholics have, no doubt, to thank their connexion with, and the writings of, Cobbett.

As to the “apathy” on which so much has been said, we believe it never existed; as far as our personal observation went, it did not exist in London; and from all the information we have been able to procure, it did not exist in the country. The fact is, every one was prepared to expect, from former experience, and the din which was kept up in the House of Commons in favour of “liberality” and “liberal principles,” that the bill would pass this House; but no one believed that it would travel any farther. All felt perfectly confident that it would be rejected by the Peers, and that there was not the least necessity for petitioning. In addition to this, the leading Tories of the country were exceedingly reluctant to disturb the existing

harmony, without absolute necessity. But when it was industriously trumpeted forth that Lord Liverpool had changed his opinion, that the bill would pass the Lords, and that the Crown was even in its favour, the nation took the field in a moment. As soon as it was thought that petitions were necessary, Parliament was almost overwhelmed with them. Lord Eldon in the one house, and Mr Peel in the other, distinctly declared that they had not taken any steps to procure a single petition—the Bishops declared that they had used no influence to procure petitions—the leading opponents of the Catholics were in many places deterred from calling public meetings, by threats of opposition from the Whigs—scarcely any public meetings were held to influence the public mind by inflammatory speeches—and by far the greater portion of the press was in favour of the Catholics. The petitions emanated from, and spoke the conscientious opinion of, the nation at large, to a degree almost unexampled.

Our readers have not to be told, that the Upper House did not adopt the opinion of the lower one, touching the Catholic relief bill. To this bill the Duke of York, with a boldness and honesty worthy of his high station and character, gave the first mortal blow. We need not defend him from the flood of slander which his excellent speech has drawn upon him; we need not comment on the base and dastardly strokes which have been aimed at him from other quarters than Catholic meetings and newspaper offices. The country is acquainted with his character, and it is equally well acquainted with the character of his calumniator. His Royal Highness has long been one of the most popular men in the nation. He has been popular not with one class or party, but with all. He has been popular, not from courting popularity, but from disregarding it—not from shifting, trimming, and conceding, from veering about from creed to creed, and system to system, as fashion might dictate,—but from his consistency, his stern integrity, his firm attachment to the maxims of his illustrious father—his open and determined adherence to the institutions and old principles of the empire. He has been popular, not from being a *liberal* man, but from being an *honest* man. The nation has found in him the heart and conduct of

a sterling Englishman of the old school, and it has revered him accordingly.—He is now more popular than ever.

Great expectations rested upon the Bishop of Chester, and they were realized. His eloquent and powerful speech has gained him his due place in the estimation of his country. Fortunate it is for the Church of England that she has gained a prelate like him in these her days of danger. Those who, like us, look beyond public character, will find some satisfaction in being told that he bears the highest character as a man and as a minister, in the parish in London which has been under his care. The sound and excellent speech of Lord Longford deserves notice. The venerable Lord Chancellor closed the debate in a manner worthy of his commanding talents and virtues; upon him the confidence of the nation mainly rested, and he proved that he deserved it.

We mention the Earl of Liverpool last, not to give him the lowest place in our panegyric. He was, on this occasion, again himself. His speech was exactly what might have been expected from a man of his powerful understanding and great experience and reputation—from the Prime Minister of England—from the Head of that Ministry which had conducted the country through unexampled difficulties and dangers, to unexampled glory and prosperity. He did not tamper with the innocuous extremities of the question, but he grasped it by the vitals; he did not whimper and whine, and sing eulogies over the creature he meant to destroy, but he treated it with the firm hostility of a manly enemy. He laid his hand at once upon the foul ulcers of the Catholic church, and pinched them until she shrieked out in agony. No speech has been abused like that of Lord Liverpool, and this proves decisively that no speech has been told so tremendously against the demerits of Catholicism as that of Lord Liverpool. This speech has been shuddered at, and snarled at, and wept over;—the Catholics have railed against it, the newspapers have lavished on it their choicest Billingsgate, the House of Commons have sat upon it, Mr Canning himself has tried his hand at its refutation,—and yet it remains uninjured, unanswered, and unanswerable. It will yield prodigious benefit to the country; it will fix the eyes of the na-

tion where they ought to be fixed, upon the real merits of the Catholic Question—upon the effects of the present system of the Catholic church upon society.

This speech has been called an intemperate one; it is a sufficient refutation of this, that no one has ventured to cite any portions of it to prove its intemperance. Lord Liverpool kept aloof from personalities and matters purely theological; he was called upon to say whether there was anything in the system and conduct of the Catholic church to justify the exclusion of its members from Parliament and the Ministry, and he pointed out that in both, in a temperate but firm manner, which, in his judgment, justified such exclusion. It has been said, that he placed before the Catholics the alternative of conversion or perpetual subjection to the disabilities. He did no such thing; he only, in effect, called for such an alteration in the laws and conduct of the Catholic church, as would harmonize it with the constitution and laws of the empire. The calumnies which have been cast upon this most virtuous man, and most upright and able Minister, have only done him service. He now occupies that place in the affections of his country which might even content the most unscrupulous worshipper of popularity.

His Majesty was placed by this question, and the conduct of the Catholics and their advocates, in the most delicate, difficult, and trying situation imaginable; his conduct displayed consummate temper and prudence, and it is duly appreciated by the nation.

Whether the Peers did wisely, or unwisely, in rejecting the bill, is a question which we are not called upon to discuss. Our opinion touching this matter is known to our readers. But there is a question on which we must say something, and this is—Can anything whatsoever be found to justify the present words and conduct of the Catholics, and their parliamentary and other advocates?

We have already said, that however the question of right and expediency may be—however just or unjust the disabilities may be—there is but one tribunal that can, and that ought to, remove these disabilities. Before this tribunal the Catholics have appeared—their case has been fully investigated—they have had a fair trial—all the

advantages have been in their favour—they cannot say that any just means were denied them, or that any improper ones were employed against them. Yet the decision has been for the continuance of the disabilities.

If this decision had resulted from form and technicality, rather than evidence and deliberate judgment—if it had been that of the Peers against the sense of the country, or of the Crown against the vote of Parliament—if it had been in any way doubtful—the Catholics might then have quarrelled with it, although it would then have been perfectly legal and constitutional. But what are the facts? With regard to the nation, it is abundantly proved that the vast majority of all classes were against the Catholics; with regard to the House of Commons, the actual majority was very small; and the real majority, putting out of sight those who voted on grounds foreign to the merits of the question, was against them. With regard to the Peers, the majority against them was large, and perfectly free from suspicion of being obtained by undue means.—With regard to the Ministry, one-half of it was against them. And with regard to the Crown, it is just as likely that its sentiments were against, as for, them.

Again, to decide upon this question, our great political parties were dissolved for the moment. The influence of the Ministry was destroyed in effect, in and out of Parliament, for each half-neutralized that of the other. The influence of the Crown, in so far as it was used, was used by the Catholics and their friends in their favour.

Now, granting it to be probable that this decision may have been an erroneous one, who is to decide it to have been so, and to reverse it? Where is the court of appeal? In so far as the opinion of the nation goes, this opinion is decidedly in favour of the decision; and there is no legal and constitutional authority in the realm that can take cognizance of the question, save the one by which the decision has been made. No matter how the Catholics may be aggrieved, there is nothing in the nation that can at present afford them a lawful remedy.—There is no power here, or in any other part of the earth, that can compel the British people to change their opinions—that can compel Lord Li-

verpool and his friends to support their claims—that can compel the majority of the Peers to vote in their favour. They must be quite as well aware of this as ourselves.

What conduct, then, ought the Catholics to pursue to do the best for their own interests? They should submit to the decision of Parliament and the country in a manner becoming good subjects. They should reform the obnoxious parts of their conduct. They should abolish the objectionable laws of their church, and submit to be placed on a level with the Protestants as a body. Instead of this, they are to reform and change nothing—they are to array themselves as far as possible against the laws—they are heaping the most foul and unwarrantable abuse upon all who have felt it to be their duty to oppose them. The reason is, because that is not done which is a downright, palpable impossibility.

Do these people then seriously think that we are a nation to be driven from our opinions by their guilt and madness? Do they expect to compel our Peers to vote for them by sedition and slander? Do they believe, that calumniating such men as Lord Eldon, the Earl of Liverpool, and the Bishop of Chester, will gain our friendship? Do they imagine, that the change of feeling which can alone remove the disabilities, is to be wrought among us by threat and insult—by hatred and outrage?—If they do, we will assure them they are mistaken—we will assure them that they have formed a prodigiously erroneous estimate of our character. Alas! Alas! Is there not one Catholic in the whole body who is blessed with common sense, and who will step forward to save Catholic interests and hopes from utter ruin?

O'Connell and the Catholics generally, for reasons which may be easily imagined, discourse without ceasing in favour of liberty. The worthy counsellor, who led his mobs to crush as far as possible the religious and civil liberty of the Irish Protestants,—who declares that the peasantry ought not to be suffered to read the Bible, to enter a Protestant place of worship, and to send their children to such schools as they may think fit—who defends the detestable penal code of the Catholic Church, and who praises to the skies the conduct of the Catholic clergy of Spain and France,—this

man cants in favour of liberty and liberal opinions with all the volubility of an English Radical. Were we to believe the Catholics, the men who dare not alter the laws of their church from the fear of the Pope and their priests, the men who assist in keeping their poor brethren in the most galling bondage,—they are the most fierce enemies of slavery in existence. All this is lost upon us in England. It is not for them to give us instructions touching liberty. We want no such liberty as they worship; we enjoy a far better kind already. When we see them as free from priestly tyranny as we are ourselves,—when we see them enjoy, and suffer their poor brethren to enjoy, the liberty, civil and religious, which the laws and constitution place within their reach, we shall then think they have some affection for liberty, but not before. O'Connell will delude the people of this country no more; they now know him; his coming to London has given them his exact measure.

We are pretty sure the Catholic priesthood imagined that their connexion with Sir Francis Burdett and Cobbett would give them a vast portion of our lower orders as proselytes. We were in some alarm touching this, but it is now dissipated; we even now think that this connexion will go very far towards accomplishing the extermination of Radicalism. So oddly do some things sometimes operate. The lower orders of the Irish have not the art of causing themselves to be beloved by the people of this country when they come among them. If an Irish regiment be expected in any of our towns, its arrival is looked for almost with horror; and so long as it may be quartered among the inhabitants, there is generally nothing but quarrelling and ill-blood between them and the soldiers. Our labourers regard the Irish ones as interlopers, who come among them to rob them of bread, and they dislike them from one side of the island to the other. In addition to this, the disposition and conduct of the Irish labourers are calculated to do anything rather than to gain the friendship of the English ones. It is a most remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding the labours of Cobbett and the radical Baronet, the petitions against the Catholic bill that were the most numerous signed, came from

those places which a few years ago were the hot-beds of radicalism—from Manchester, Glasgow, Oldham, Westminster, &c. In these places the Irish labourers are the most numerous. If the radical teachers only persevere in favour of the Catholics, we are pretty sure that a few years will make our lower orders once more loyal, once more King and Church people. Burdett's popularity among the Westminster electors is gone; were an election to take place in the present summer, he would lose his seat, if opposed.

We must now say a word touching the conduct of the Parliamentary and other advocates of the Catholics. These people actually speak as though the late decision had been directly at variance with the laws and constitution. With them it seems the majority is to bind the minority no longer; the voice of the nation is to be rated as nothing. They cannot see that the Catholic question is one on which the wisest and greatest of men may differ—they cannot perceive that it presents any difficulties and perplexities—they can only discover that it is quite impossible for themselves to be in error, and that all who differ from them are the most simple and ignorant persons in existence. They are not content with charging us with being utterly destitute of knowledge and understanding; we are, it appears, brim-full of all kinds of bad feeling. The modesty of this is amazing, and the liberality of it, considering that it proceeds from the exclusively "liberal" people, is still more amazing.

Well, before we concede that these are the only people in the empire who are capable of sitting in judgment on the Catholic question—that these are the only people in the empire who are capable of managing public affairs—that these are the only people in the empire who possess any talent, knowledge, and wisdom—that these are the only people in the empire who are not fools, dunces, and knaves, let us see on what grounds we must make the concession.

Two of the most distinguished advocates of the Catholics—two of the leaders—maintained that the difference between the Catholic Church and the Church of England was trifling and unimportant. Did this prove that these individuals possessed suffi-

cient knowledge to qualify them for giving an opinion on the Catholic question?

Mr Brougham maintained that the Catholic Association was a most constitutional one, and ought not to be suppressed—that a man was no more accountable for his religion than for the colour of his hair, and that no religious tests ought to be used in the bestowing of public trusts. He called upon Mr Canning to commit the most gross breach of faith towards his colleagues; to resign, that he might force them out of office, and become the selector and head of a new Ministry. This new Ministry was to be formed solely to remove the disabilities; it was to be formed in direct opposition to the feelings of the Peers and the British nation, and it was to depend for support upon the more violent Whigs and the Roman Catholic Church. Sir Francis Burdett declared that one religion was as good as another, provided it taught morals—that the Catholic religion was as good as any other for teaching morals—that the Catholic priesthood did not possess one jot more of authority and influence over their flocks than they ought—that a man's being educated in any religion was a sufficient reason for his not forsaking it for another—and that the disabilities ought to be removed on the ground of abstract right alone. He asserted that prejudices, the want of reading, or the inability to understand books, alone made people oppose the Catholics; and that religions never caused public convulsions save when they were allied with authority.

Are these, then, our only sages and philosophers? Are these our only statesmen? Are these the only men in this glorious and gigantic empire who are capable of understanding and guiding its interests? No! We are not thus fallen. We have not thus far lost the sterling sense and high feeling of our ancestors. Old England, thank God! has its affairs in the hands of sages, philosophers, and statesmen of a different character.

We direct the attention of every friend of the Church of England to the treatment which our admirable clergy have met with during the discussions, to the manner in which their petitions have been received, and to the base insinuations which have been

made against their motives. One Whig lord was represented to say, that if the Bishops did not regulate the clergy properly, the Lords would take the Church under their guidance. We wish that this simple individual would not utter such absurdities without making himself a little better acquainted with the laws and constitution of his country. We will assure him that the Church of England is not so far destitute of friends as to be at the mercy of either House of Parliament. Another Peer uttered a low, brutal, second-hand observation, that a clergyman ought to have his ears nailed to the pulpit, if he touched in it upon politics. We shrewdly suspect that when the season shall arrive for nailing the ears of clergymen, it will likewise be the season for slitting the windpipes of nobles. Now, let all this be contrasted with the treatment which has been received by the Catholic clergy. These were avowedly the collectors of the Catholic rent; it was distinctly declared in Parliament that they compelled the people to pay the rent by withholding from them the rites of their church: many of them were members of the Catholic Association, and attended its meetings; and it has been again and again declared, that they are omnipotent at elections against the landlords, and that they monopolise the exercise of the elective franchise among their followers. Yet not a word was to be said against all this. The Catholic clergy could not do wrong, they could not interfere improperly in politics; Sir Francis Burdett had declared them to be infallible, and who was to doubt it?

The Irish Catholics, it seems, mean to banish all the Methodists and other dissenting preachers, and to extinguish all the Protestant Bible and other religious societies. Let these canting champions of religious and civil liberty do this, and we shall then have the Dissenters with us to a man. We hope, from our souls, that the clergy and dissenting ministers who so gloriously fought the battles of the Bible in the last year will not be intimidated. Let them again hold their meetings—let them goad the Catholic Church into the exercise of its tyranny, and the display of its rancour and intolerance.

The Catholic bill, it appears, is to be

again brought forward in the next session of Parliament. Let it be so. Let the country be agitated by the question until the next election, and then another House of Commons will give the Catholics leisure for reforming their conduct, and abolishing the detestable penal code of their Church. In the meantime, let every Protestant, no matter what his denomination may be, stand upon his arms in readiness to defend his religion. This ground will support him. If it be necessary for the Church of England to be under the regulation of the general government, it is alike necessary for the Catholic Church of Ireland to be so. If it be necessary that the established clergy should be restricted from forming pernicious laws, from tyrannising over the people, from intermeddling with politics, and from engrossing the political influence of the country, it is equally necessary that the Catholic Clergy of Ireland should be thus restricted. If it be necessary that the

Protestant layman should have liberty to read the Scriptures, and to enter any place of worship that he think fit, it is alike necessary that the Catholic layman should have the same liberty. Let us be firm. The cry of Down with the heretics! has already been heard among us; let us take care that it be not repeated. Temperate and determined resistance will accomplish all that we desire. It may not diminish the numbers of the Catholics, but it may reform Catholicism. It may root up the tyranny of the Catholic Church, which is alike a disgrace and a curse to the nation. It may destroy the tremendous authority and influence that the Catholic priests possess over the people in temporal matters, which are perfectly inconsistent with our whole system, and which could not be possessed by any body of men whatever without placing in peril the British constitution, British liberty, and the weal of the British empire.

THE REPEAL OF THE COMBINATION LAWS.

WE do not know of anything that has been more calculated to excite uneasiness and apprehension, than the tampering which has been for some time carried on with the working classes of this nation. Upon the industry, subordination, and general good conduct of these classes, the peace, prosperity, and even existence of the empire, mainly depend. This will admit of no difference of opinion, and surely it must be alike indisputable, that nothing could be more deserving of universal reprobation, than measures tending to injure them.

It is, in our eyes, one of the great recommendations of our laws and institutions, that, generally speaking, they did not emanate from the reveries of speculation—that they were not formed to supply wants which were not felt, or to correct theoretic faults which were not proved by experience to be injurious. They only received being when the necessity was distinctly apparent, and when the evil called aloud for remedy. Their origin was thus legitimate, and their fruits upon the whole have been of the most beneficial character. The Laws against Combinations thus originated. They were formed to remedy evils which existed, and which demanded remedy.

We are not called upon to say that these Laws were faultless, or that they

did not, like all other laws, occasionally mingle injury with benefit. They were repealed on the ground, that the principle on which they stood was a false and pernicious one. Time had not rendered them a dead letter, or reversed their nature and operation. They were, when they were repealed, precisely what they were when they were framed, relatively, as well as otherwise. Their fruits, after abundant trial, had been thought exceedingly beneficial. The primary authors of their repeal were a knot of men who were strangers to business, to the working orders, and to human nature. They avowedly acted upon abstract reasoning, and not upon actual fact. By these men—people whom the Combination Laws had never touched—the petitions were chiefly got up; and the Laws were repealed, not to remove a proved evil, but to carry the excellent to perfection. The repeal was sanctioned both by the Ministry and the Opposition.

It was, we remember, loudly trumpeted forth at the time, that an article in the *Edinburgh Review* had great influence in promoting the repeal. It seems to be the fate of that unhappy Work, that experience is ever upon the watch to knock its reasonings to pieces as soon as it may utter them. The argumentation of the article in

question seemed to us to be of the most vicious character ; and we took occasion to intimate this to our readers immediately after the repeal. A new mode of managing public interests, is, however, now the fashion. Men, who have gone from the nursery to the school, and from the school to the lawyer's chambers, or the newspaper-office—men living apart from, and having no acquaintance with, the world—having little knowledge of human nature, and none of the mechanism and working of trade and public interests generally—these are now regarded as the only men who know anything of the science of government. Things are only thought to be true, in proportion as they are paradoxical in their appearance. It is first assumed that all men are alike, and that all nations are in similar circumstances, and have similar and common interests ; it is then assumed that men are always actuated by interest only, and that if left to themselves they will never take a wrong step in prosecuting their interests ; it is next assumed that everything which takes money out of, or does not bring money into, the public exchequer, is pernicious ; and that the lowest point of universal cheapness will carry us to the highest point of national prosperity. It is then assumed that regulations—the great characteristic of civilized society, are injurious—and that the farther we retrograde towards the condition of a horde of savages, the more beneficial it will be for us. The jargon is easily acquired, and a schoolboy may chatter it with as much volubility as the oldest philosopher. Under such a system, a youth of fifteen is as competent to stand at the helm, as such a man as the Earl of Liverpool.

The following, perhaps, will give our readers some idea of what a thorough-bred Political Economist of the present day is. He goes to examine a steam-engine, and the machinery to which it gives operation. He looks first at the fire.—“ Good Heaven !” he exclaims, “ what a consumption of coals !—The fire is ruinous, and must be quenched.” He then glances at the pump for supplying the water for condensation. “ The fools,” he groans, “ what a loss of power !—The pump must be destroyed.” Then he turns to the fly-wheel. “ Worse and worse,” he cries ; “ half

the power of the engine is lost on these useless things.” He knocks off the fly-wheel, and then looks at the connecting-rod. “ Ah !” he sighs, “ what an enormous waste of iron is here ! It is five times too long, and too thick.” He cannot discover the connexion which one wheel has with another, therefore he destroys half of them. He cannot see that friction ought to be allowed for, or that strength and nature of materials ought to be matters of calculation. He can only find utility in those things which seem more immediately to finish the work ; and to benefit them, he demolishes that which renders them useful.—He lays the whole in ruins.

Setting aside competency, the honesty of those who took the lead in the repeal of the Combination Laws, was very far from being free from suspicion. Some of the principal of them had long been leading political agitators. They had in hand various schemes of sweeping innovation ; they were unable to obtain the favour of the higher classes, and they were anxious to enjoy that of the lower ones at almost any price, to enable them to carry their schemes into effect. The latter were forsaking them, and the repeal seemed to be a most promising project for winning them back, for freeing them from other influence, and for gaining a complete ascendancy over them. Mr Hume was the great man in the business—the ostensible parent of the repeal. Perhaps no man in Europe was worse qualified than he was for undertaking a measure so important and complex—which bore so powerfully and comprehensively upon the relations of society, and the general interests of the nation. Notwithstanding all this, the repeal, as we have already said, was sanctioned by both sides of Parliament.

The Combination Laws were repealed ; immediately afterwards the working classes proved that the reasoning which had procured the repeal, was, in the main, a tissue of falsehoods and absurdities ; when Parliament met again, it was called upon to re-enact practically, these very laws, as a matter of absolute necessity. There are two or three points in this, which, we think, deserve serious consideration.

We imagine, in the first place, that, in this repeal, the general principles upon which this nation has always

been governed, were altogether departed from. We have, as a people, always hitherto been taught to venerate our laws and institutions, and to regard, with extreme suspicion and dislike, all attempts to alter or abolish them. We have been instructed to look less at the theory of things, than at their working. This has been uniformly inculcated by our general government, and blind must he be who cannot perceive that it forms the principal bulwark of our national possessions. Our Parliaments and Ministries have always professed to make it their grand ruling principle. An existing law of large operation, could only be altered or abolished on these grounds: theoretic objections were to be disregarded; smallness of utility was to have but little weight; and distinct, abundant, and conclusive evidence of the existence of injurious defect and real evil, was to be produced. If, upon such evidence, the alteration or abolition were undertaken, it was proceeded in with the utmost caution and circumspection; it was gradually carried into effect, step by step, that it might give no shock to the habits of the country, and occasion no derangement in our complicated system. This may have appeared to retard our progress, but we believe it has accelerated it. Our pace has been regular; we have made no false steps; we have taken no wrong paths; we have kept in the high road, and thereby have avoided all the stoppages which wild attempts to strike across the fields, and to leap hedges and ditches, would have made in our journey. That we have travelled by the wisest route, and at the quickest speed practicable, seems to be proved by the distance at which all other nations are behind us.

This sound and constitutional mode of conducting the affairs of England, was, we say, departed from in the repeal of the Combination Laws. The real question was this—Had these laws operated to sink, below the proper point, the wages of our labourers? The history of the country, and the experience of every one, replied in the negative. In good times, many of the working men of manufacturing and trading places, could earn as much in five of the working days of the week, as would both support their families, and enable them to spend the sixth in idleness and dissipation. If, in bad times, wages were too low, this was,

in general, evidently owing to the inability of masters to pay more, and not to the Combination Laws. Wages had, upon the whole, advanced, and the working classes of the time were enjoying a greater share of the necessities and comforts of life, than had been enjoyed by those of former generations. This was not a matter of doubt—it required no Parliamentary Committee and witnesses to bring it to light—it was before the eyes of the nation at large. The real question was, however, put aside—theory was the great thing looked at—it was not because the Combination Laws produced proved evils, but it was because they were condemned by the Political Economists, that sentence was pronounced against them. Of course, no attempts were made to expunge their pernicious parts, and remedy their defects; they were, in effect, torn out of the Statute-Book.

In the second place, it was one of the leading doctrines of the Economists, that these Laws ought not to exist. They proclaimed them to be a great national evil, and declared that the greatest public benefits would flow from their abolition. Sheet upon sheet of argument was employed to establish this, and to prove that the working classes would, after such abolition, do exactly the reverse of what they have done. If a portion of that which is called Political Economy, have been thus decisively refuted, does it not throw very heavy discredit on the remainder? Does it not prove that the Economists are a very unfit race of men to be taken as guides in legislation?

In the third place, the repeal of the Combination Laws was not an insulated measure. It formed part and parcel of what is called the new system of Free Trade. It was the first great step towards establishing Free Trade—it was to release the market for labour from the restrictive system. The Ministry and the Legislature were in favour of it, and yet experience has proved that it was a very pernicious measure; that it stood upon false theory. Does not this prove that it is possible for the remainder of the new system of Free Trade to be equally erroneous—for the mighty changes which our commercial laws are undergoing, to be pregnant with calamities, rather than benefits? Does it not prove that these changes are proceeded in at too rapid a pace,

and with too little of caution and examination? We hate this new method of rooting up laws and systems by wholesale; it savours too much of the maxims of revolutionary governments for us. Its fruits in other countries where it has been tried, convince us that it will not produce much benefit here. It is at variance with our national character and habits, and it is at variance with the principles on which this nation has always, except in ruinous times, been governed.

In the fourth place, although every one now knows that the repeal in question was a pernicious measure, and was carried into effect on mistaken principles, no one in the House of Commons has been heard to say—"We erred grievously in the last session, and we must now be more wary." On the contrary, this house has seemed to regard the consequences of the repeal as so many reasons for plunging still deeper into Political Economy—into change and abolition. The whole blame is most unworthily cast upon poor Mr Hume, who, to do him justice, bears it in a manner worthy of a stoic. The very men who nominally assisted him to prepare his bill, point their fingers at him, and cry—"It was you who did it!" If we did not know the contrary, we should suppose that Mr Hume, single-handed, had carried the repeal in despite of every other Member of the Legislature.

It has long been well known, that political freedom depends for existence upon restrictive laws; it has been established in the last twelve months that there can be no Free Trade in labour without restrictive laws; and we suspect it will soon be proved that there can be no real freedom of general trade in this country without a restrictive system. We think the people of England will soon be prohibited from following various trades and occupations which they now follow; and that they will be thus prohibited, not by restrictive laws, but by the want of them—not by the statutes of the realm, but by the interference of other nations. We think it the most monstrous of all monstrous things, to suppose that the trade and industry of this country can thrive without laws for their regulation and protection.

In the fifth place, the New Marriage Act, and the repeal of the Combination Laws, appear to us to have supplied conclusive evidence that it is much

more easy to alter than to amend the laws of England.

In all this, we are not arguing that laws and systems should never be altered or abolished. It would be preposterous in us to do so. The whole that we contend for is—adherence to the old and constitutional mode of altering and abolishing. If defects, errors, abuses, and evils, really exist, it can always be established by other evidence than abstract reasoning, the dreams of speculation, and the assumptions of untested theory; it can be established by direct proof, by complete demonstration. Let such proof and demonstration be produced, and then alter and abolish.

In all probability, the new Law against combinations will be known to our readers before these pages will reach them; but when we write, it is only in preparation, therefore we can give no opinion respecting it. We, however, fear from what has been said in the House of Commons, that it will be only a milk-and-water measure. It has been said, that it is not to revive the old laws, it is only to amend Mr Hume's bill. This seems odd and absurd enough, when the object of this bill was to destroy the laws against combinations, when it was supported by the doctrine that combinations were laudable and beneficial, and when it has been asserted that it indirectly promulgated such doctrine. The new bill must be intended to undo that which the one of Mr Hume was intended to do, and did do; and if it be not very strong and comprehensive in its enactments, it will yield very little benefit. The repeal has produced prodigious mischief; it has given maturity to a spirit and a system, which feeble efforts, and a short period of time, will not render innoxious.

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that there is not a finer race of people in the universe than the working classes of Britain. All know this who have had opportunities for studying their character; and every one may know it who will take the trouble of ascertaining what rank this nation holds among other nations. That man would never be respected by us who could look at the wealth, glory, and greatness of this empire, and yet feel no admiration for the industry, bravery, and other good qualities of those to whom they are, in so large a degree, owing. But then it does not follow from this,

that these classes ought to be exempted from proper control. Several of their best qualities of heart render it the more essential for them to be under due restrictions. With the idle, phlegmatic ass, we have scarcely anything to do, save to dig at his flanks to urge him forward ; but the mettlesome, high-spirited horse requires a different mode of management. With the latter, we have but little need of the spur, but we cannot possibly do without the bridle.

The language employed by the Economists was, of itself, sufficient to produce combinations of the worst character. These people represented that combinations were even laudable, and that they could scarcely ever produce evil ; they asserted masters to be tyrants, and they led the labourers to believe that it was impossible for them to demand too high wages. According to them, the Combination Laws only existed to gratify the cupidity of the masters, and to enable them to enslave and hunger their workmen. They led the servants to place themselves on an equality with the masters, and to think that there was as much dependence on the one side as on the other ; they said almost everything that could breed animosity between the two classes. Their anxiety to destroy the obedience of the one, and the authority of the other, was most remarkable. In Mr Brougham's pamphlet on the Education of the People, we think the terms, servants and masters, are never used ; it is constantly—the working classes and their employers. We conceive the idea of this to be an importation from America, and we are very sure that it is a useless one. Why are the good old English words—servant and master, to be struck out of our language ? What have they done ? Whose ox have they stolen, and whom have they defrauded ? They can show as honest, unstained, and respectable a face, as any words in the dictionary, and we will not part with them for any American trumpery whatever. We will have no such innovations.

None of this was lost upon the labouring orders, and no sooner were the Laws repealed, than combinations, filled with the worst spirit, sprung up in all quarters. These combinations soon thought that it was their interest to do much more than to exact the highest wages possible ; they thought it was their interest to place the mas-

ters under the most grinding tyranny. It was now for the servant to command, and the master to obey. As the former might be pleased to dictate, the latter was to discharge or retain his workmen, to send his goods to market, and to conduct his business generally. This was not sufficient, and the combinations thought it their interest to place such labourers as did not belong to them, under the same tyranny ; no man was to be suffered to work and eat, when it was their pleasure that he should be idle and starve. As the authorities of the realm could not well be employed to enforce all this, the combinations became the administrators of their own laws. They murdered and maimed without mercy ; the masters were deprived of the control of their property ; various trades were stopped and grievously injured, and a loss was occasioned of many millions. Perhaps Mr Brougham remarked this inverted state of things, and thought the terms—masters and servants, could not be used with any propriety ; he ought, however, to have called the labourers, the employers.

The figure which Mr Hume and the host of economic writers cut upon this, was irresistibly ludicrous. They were spinning round upon their knees from one combination to another, and imploring them, with tears, to act differently. “ Now, do, good, sweet, dear people, behave better.—You are destroying our characters—you are disgracing us—you are knocking up Political Economy. Remember what we said for you, and do not make story-tellers of us. Parliament will be after you with a rod—you will be switched—you will be sent to bed supperless, and we protest we will turn our backs on you !” It was unavailing ; the combinations were now masters, and were not to be dictated to, even by Mr Hume. It is due to this individual to say, that the business seems to have given him a slight surfeit of legislation ; he has blushed divers times, and has shown much modesty during the session. The other people who insisted, in their speeches and reviews, so strenuously on the repeal, have gone on as usual ; they have gone on dictating upon public affairs, and calling for innovation upon innovation, just as though the repeal had not covered them with shame, and proved them to be unworthy of being listened to.

That these combinations should be

wholly dissolved, if possible, is proved by various most important considerations.

It was alleged that the great object of the repeal was to make the trade in labour perfectly free—to give full and equal freedom to both servants and masters. Well, the first great step in Free Trade—in the overthrow of monopolies—has been to place labour under a close and gigantic monopoly. It matters not what the masters may be able to give—what servants, who do not belong to the combinations, may be willing to take—what the price of provisions and the needs of workmen may be—what labour there may be in the market—the will of the combinations is to be the only thing to fix the wages. All the things by which these ought alone to be fixed, are to be wholly deprived of operation. When wages form the main ingredient in the price of most articles, it may easily be conceived how this will affect general prices—when the manufacturer is exposed to the competition of foreigners, and is bound to manufacture at a certain price, or not at all, it may easily be conceived how it will operate on trade.

The master is not, in effect, at liberty to choose his servant; and the latter is to be chosen, not for his character and qualifications as a workman, but for his character and qualifications as a member of the combinations: he is to study to please these combinations, and not his employer. Our readers need not be told how perniciously this must operate upon the industry, skill, good workmanship, and general character of the servants. Under such a system, the very best servants are in the greatest danger of wanting bread, and the very worst have the greatest certainty of always having it in abundance.

The masters and servants are converted into hostile bodies. The old feelings of reciprocal good-will and regard for each other's interests, are destroyed, and replaced by strife and animosity. The servants care not what injury they may do their masters; they are struggling for their ruin. This goads the latter into the same spirit; it makes them refuse to give anything beyond the amount of the bond; it makes them afraid to give good wages, lest part of the money should go to the combination fund; it dries up their benevolence and ge-

nerosity, and renders them callous to the sufferings of the servants, when these really do suffer.

The combinations have the effect of raising wages far above the proper figure. They not only enable the servant to fix any value he may think fit on his labour, but they compel him to demand considerably more than the sum which he judges to be necessary for his maintenance. He must contribute constantly and largely to the funds of the combination, and his contribution must, of course, be taken from his wages. The masters are therefore compelled to pay large sums in wages, which are not needed for feeding and clothing their workmen, and which are to be employed only in working their own injury and ruin. They are constrained to furnish every farthing of those funds which are only employed to rob them of the control of their property, and to destroy their trade: they are compelled not only to pay their servants for the time in which they employ them, but for the weeks and months in which these think proper to do nothing. When the master is, in most cases, bound to a certain price for his articles, the exorbitant rate of wages must operate powerfully to narrow the quantity of employment, and the demand for labour.

These combinations destroy all equality in sacrifices for the public weal. The masters have little or no power in fixing the rate of wages; they must give whatever the servants declare to be necessary for supplying themselves with bread. As they cannot declaim against high wages, they declaim against the high price of provisions. The servants compel them to pay much more than is necessary for the purchase of food, and then they cry out that corn is too dear. Of course, those sacrifices which the manufacturer's competition with foreigners may call for, are not to touch his workmen; they are to be thrown principally upon the agriculturists. These workmen are to live plentifully, and to have large wages for weeks and months of idleness, whatever the master's prices may be; if he cannot make his customers pay for this, he must make the farmers and the agricultural labourers pay for it. From the farmers and the husbandry-labourers is to be sponged, in the long run, the money which forms the funds of these

combinations, and which enables the town-labourers to spend weeks and months in idleness, turbulence, and, too often, crime.

In a political light, these combinations are calculated to yield the greatest evils to the empire. The town working-classes of the three kingdoms are, to a very great extent, organized into a gigantic confederacy. However numerous the combinations may be, they still, in reality, form only one body: the army may be divided into regiments, but, nevertheless, these form but one army. This confederacy exists to promote the private and personal interests of its members only; and, like most other bodies which exist on the same principle, it cares not what interest it injures or ruins, provided it benefits its own. It tramples upon law, and the rights of the rest of the nation, to the utmost point possible. It not only places the masters under a ruinous tyranny, destroys competition in the market for labour, and stifles emulation among the workmen in respect of industry, skill, and sobriety; but it emancipates the working classes from all authority and influence touching moral and political conduct. The labourer's bread is made to depend in no degree on his good morals; however vile a profligate he may be, and however pestilentially his conduct and principles may operate upon his younger and less experienced associates, the master has no power to discharge him. He must be placed on a level with a man of the best character; he must be protected from everything that might reform him; he must be kept to corrupt all the innocent youth that come in his way. We need not point out how this must operate on the morals of the working classes generally. Many of the workmen possess the elective franchise, and, generally speaking, they are incapable of exercising it properly without advice. The masters are the proper men to give such advice, but they are now the last people in the world who would be listened to. Their influence is gone; they are now the obliged party. The working classes are thus left without proper leaders—they are placed in opposition to all above them, and they will follow any demagogue who may address them.

In addition to all this, the combinations, from their perpetual efforts to violate the laws—their invasions

of the rights of the masters and the labourers who do not belong to them—the brutal punishments which they inflict—and the spirit of enmity and vengeance which they keep in action, must operate powerfully to fill the working classes with contempt for the laws, with disregard for the rights of others, and with the worst principles.

We care not for what Mr Brougham may say against the working classes being dependent on their masters; we care not for the new schemes of education which are now bewildering the country; we are very sure that the working classes of this nation are not, at present, in a fit state to be independent of their masters; and we are, moreover, quite sure that they never will be in such a state. Woe to England, when its labourers shall be so far independent as to be only governed by laws! It is essential for the good of the labourer, as well as for the good of the state, that he should be under the authority of his master in respect of general conduct as well as labour; that his master should instruct him in what constitutes a good member of society, as well as in the mysteries of his calling; and that his master should coerce his bad morals, as well as his idleness and bad workmanship.

The magnificent edifice which society forms in this country, can only stand so long as the different classes which compose it shall be properly cemented together, and shall duly bind each other to the proper place and the proper duty. The lower orders must be cemented to the class next them—they must form its basis, and must have sufficient weight to bind them to act their part in the support of the structure. The foundations are, however, now tearing themselves asunder from the rest of the building, and if this be suffered to reach its completion, it will not need a prophet to foretell the consequences. The working orders are, in regard to connexion and control, separating themselves from the rest of the community, and establishing a state of things the most unnatural and portentous. This must be speedily remedied, or it will be beyond remedy. If they be not under the moral government of their masters, they cannot be governed at all; and if they be not duly governed, they will plunge the nation into ruin.

In times of distress our working orders generally become furious poli-

ticians. It would be the most easy thing imaginable for this immense confederacy to assume a political character, and it would be pretty sure to do this, were trade to receive any serious injury. We need not say what the consequences would be, were it to become fiercely actuated by the spirit of Radicalism. Were these combinations to proceed as they have done, they would soon look for other slaves in addition to the masters: they would soon find tyrannizing over the latter very insufficient for protecting what they call their rights and interests. They are already attempting to rivet their chains on the farmers and husbandry-labourers; they would next place commerce under their despotism; they would regulate our imports and exports, and give us another new system of trade. It is the nature of such vicious bodies to keep continually thirsting for additional spoils and authority, and to be satisfied with nothing.

Setting aside all other matters, if they continue to exist, trade must perish. Hemmed in by them on the one side, and rival foreigners on the other, the masters must either emigrate to other countries, or submit to ruin.

It is therefore the duty of every friend of his country to do his utmost towards the dissolution of these combinations. The servant has an undoubted right to take his labour to the best market, and to be perfectly free in making his bargain; but the master has an equally undoubted right to the same liberty. If it be impossible to frame laws that will give the exact degree of liberty to both—that will make the market in labour perfectly free to both seller and buyer—laws must be framed that will make the nearest approaches to it. If it be impossible to avoid giving a little advantage to one of the parties—to avoid leaving something to the discretion and generosity of one of the parties—on every principle of reason, experience, and interest, the masters ought to be the favoured party. The servants have just given decisive evidence that they cannot form it without bringing the most grievous ills upon the state; and the masters long did form it, without in any way abusing the privilege. The masters of this country may laugh at the fashionable slang touching tyrants

which is employed against them; their conscience is pure, their hands are unstained. As a body, they have always exercised their authority over their servants in a manner becoming Englishmen and Christians. Had they endeavoured to tyrannize as their servants are now tyrannizing, the country would soon have been made too hot to hold them.

We exhort the masters to bestir themselves to the utmost against the combinations, and to trust less to laws than to their own efforts. It occurs to us that the adoption of the following plan would be far more efficacious than any law that could be framed.

Let them change their mode of hiring; let them hire their workmen no longer by the week, or for an unfixed period, terminable on short notice. Let them follow the farmer's plan, and hire for twelve, six, or three months certain. If at the first they be compelled to hire the whole of their men at the same moment, they must not hire them all for the same period, for this would set them all at liberty together, again to combine. They must engage some for twelve months, some for nine, some for six, &c. By this plan, only a small portion of the workmen would be able to strike at the same moment. When those engaged for the shortest period should be at liberty, and should want to form a new contract, all the rest would be firmly bound, and could not join them in combining to suspend trade and tyrannize over the master. If the master could not agree with them for a new engagement, he could still keep his other hands at their work, and engage new ones in the room of those who might leave him. He would likewise be able to get rid of such men as might not suit him. The grand principle to be kept in sight, should be, to guard vigilantly against more than a small number of the workmen being at liberty at the same moment for the renewal of contracts.

To illustrate this, we will assume a master to employ regularly forty workmen. All these have left him, and it is necessary for him at present to re-engage the whole on the same day. Let him bind ten to him for a year, ten for nine months, ten for six months, and the remaining ten for three months. When three months shall expire, ten of the men will be at liberty, but all the rest will be bound; the ten free

ones must wait three months before they can get ten more to join them. Let him then hire the whole, as their terms may expire, for a year certain. By this mode, no more than one-fourth of his men could ever strike at once, and their striking could do him but little injury.

Under this system, the wages could be paid in weekly sums as usual: it is as applicable to labourers who work by the piece, as to those who work otherwise. It will apply to those trades which only employ workmen a part of the year, for the men could be bound for the season. The masters must be far better judges of its practicability than ourselves, but we certainly think it a very practicable one. It would, no doubt, clash with old customs and habits, but these are such as might be changed without difficulty. We cannot see why the mechanics, &c. should not be hired as the clerks, shopmen, and husbandry-labourers are hired: if the weekly system were universally adopted, we are pretty sure that the combination system would rage as furiously among the clerks, shopmen, &c. as it does among Mr Brougham's pupils. That the working classes would set their faces against such a system, is abundantly certain, but they might be conquered. The present state of things must be remedied, whatever efforts and sacrifices the remedy may call for. These combinations are, in reality, most pernicious, odious, and oppressive monopolies, and they must be dissolved. It is idle to say that they will, under regulations, produce good. Their principle is vicious; they exist not for public, but for private benefit, they seek to benefit associations of individuals by injuring the rest of the community. They give to these individuals a vast portion of unconstitutional and dangerous power, which is sure to be generally employed to the detriment of the weal of the state.

We entreat the masters in this nation to reflect deeply upon the doctrines which certain political men are putting forth in favour of what they are pleased to call, the independence of the working classes. Although these doctrines emanate from faction, and have for their grand object the profit of faction, they are still capable of working incalculable mischief. Their glaring falsehood is, alas! in these

days, no security against their being believed in. They strike, no doubt, at the vital interests of the empire, but they strike more immediately at those of the masters; and it is the masters principally who must render them innoxious. We conjure the latter, by what they owe to themselves and their country, to make a determined stand in defence of their just rights, and in resistance to these fearful innovations. We call upon them to insist boldly upon possessing that authority over their servants which they have always hitherto possessed, which the servant has always hitherto surrendered to them in his contract, and upon which the wellbeing of themselves, the working classes, and society, so largely depends.

It is the authority of the master over the general conduct of the servant, which compels the latter not only to labour for a certain number of hours, but to do a sufficiency of work, and to do it in a proper manner. It is this authority which compels the servant not only to do his duty as a workman, but to do his duty as a member of society. It is this authority which educates the servant—which makes him industrious, active, skilful, sober, and honest. To this authority, the working classes of Britain mainly owe their high character. Let it be destroyed—render these classes independent—give to the latter the power to bind the masters from interfering with them in anything beyond a stipulated period and quantity of labour—and you will strip the workman of all his valuable qualities. The twelve hours per day of labour will soon dwindle down to seven or eight: the industry and activity will soon degenerate into sloth and carelessness: the skill will soon sink into ignorance: the sobriety and honesty will soon change into dissipation and knavery: and the good morals will soon become general depravity.

The masters are the main agents in maintaining public tranquillity and order: so far as regards these, they have a more powerful influence in governing the nation than the laws and the government. The uninformed and the wilful—the vast overwhelming majority of the population—are distributed in small portions among them, and each master instructs and governs his portion. What makes the Irish peasant-

ry so depraved and ungovernable? They have no masters. What has recently made our working classes of various large places imitate, as far as possible, the conduct of the Irish Rockites?—They have been emancipated from the control of masters. If the authority of the masters be destroyed, we must have laws to keep us in order which will scarcely leave us the shadow of liberty: there will be no possible alternative between this and the insupportable tyranny of the multitude. Liberty may fall in this country—perhaps it will fall—but if it do, it will be overthrown by those canting, bragging, selfish, hollow-hearted hypocrites, who call themselves its exclusive worshippers.

And what, in good sooth, is to be the substitute for the authority of the masters? What is to render the independence of the working classes harmless? Education—lectures, and mechanics' institutes. Do then none need discipline and control but the uneducated? Are those who have received costly educations the most industrious and moral part of the community? Are our men of *science* the best friends of peace and order? Alas! Alas! that there should be a single man in this nation so simple as to mistake doctrines like these for wisdom! If these mechanics' institutions are to be sub-

sidary to the education given by, and the authority of, the masters, let them prosper; if they are to destroy these, let us at once have an Act of Parliament for their suppression.

What political benefits are to flow from the independence of the working classes? Do these form the only part of the community which has a stake in the public weal, and which is capable of displaying integrity, wisdom, and patriotism, in the discharge of political duties? Why are we to be so greatly terrified by the political influence of the masters? Have they no interest in public order and prosperity? Are they without honesty and intelligence—are they sycophants, parasites—the tools of power, and the slaves of party and faction? Every one can answer the questions.

Let the friends of the country set their faces against the new doctrines, and adhere steadfastly to the old maxims, which have brought us to our proud elevation—let our national industry be protected from the tremendous evils which are arraying themselves on every side against it—let it be kept in employment—let no foreign workman be resorted to, so long as an English one can be found to do the work, even though the charge of the latter be somewhat higher;* and, above all, let that authority be jea-

* We believe the "restrictive system" never reached the importation of French milliners and dress-makers. We think these precious foreign commodities are not even subject to a protecting duty on being imported. They, therefore, naturally enough, are very plentiful in the metropolis. We cannot, do what we will, entirely close our ears to scandal; and we absolutely have been assured, that there are British ladies of high rank, who, when they order their dresses, give strict injunctions that these shall only be touched by the outlandish people. We have been further assured, that these British ladies of high rank are constrained to act towards the French women, as the nurse acts towards the spoiled child, when she wishes to keep it from an outrageous fit of squalling. We have been even further assured, that these British ladies of high rank endure insulting impertinence and insolence from the Gallic damsels, almost as though they were matters to be proud of.

It is quite impossible for us to believe this of our lovely countrywomen. That a British Peeress, or the lady of one of our country gentlemen, should thus lavish her favours on a foreign ingrate, and studiously withhold employment and bread from the humble, obliging, and industrious daughter of her own country, is a thing that can be believed by no one. It is the more incredible, because no earthly cause can be assigned for it. If our English girls were devoid of taste, and could only stitch with pack-thread, and needles six inches long, the case would be different; but a man has only to look at the females of the middle classes, to be convinced that English hands can make dresses capable of giving the utmost effect to the charms of any female whatever. We, however, think, that when the English dress-makers are so fully employed that not one can be obtained, a lady of rank will then reluctantly employ a French one. We think this, because we have occasionally seen ladies of rank garbed in dresses, so grotesque and unbecoming, and having such a

lously preserved, from which the working classes draw the greater part of their best characteristics. Do what we will, we cannot reach perfection. Every system must have its evils, and the best one is that which has the fewest and the lightest. After all our changes and legislation, we must at last leave a great deal to the discretion and honesty of some part or other of the community; and the best plan must be, to confide this to those who may have the best security to offer in respect of character and circumstances, against the trust being abused. To make the working orders the favoured portion in regard to power and authority, is to do what madness alone could sanction.

There is one important topic connected with this question, on which we must not be silent. The combinations have generally asserted, that the high price of provisions compelled them to demand advanced wages. A clamour has therefore been got up for the admission of foreign corn, and Parliament is pledged to make some alteration in the Corn Laws in the next Session. Now, we beseech our Country Gentlemen to insist upon having the most full and correct information laid before them on the following points, before they consent to anything whatever that may depress the corn-market:—

1st, The exact wages paid by every trade and manufacture to the workmen employed in them.

2d, The exact sum which these workmen really require for procuring a sufficiency of the necessities of life.

3d, Whether these workmen are not receiving wages far higher than are necessary for procuring them such a sufficiency of necessities.

4th, Whether these workmen are

not receiving wages, which not only support them in a plentiful manner, but enable them to contribute largely to the funds of the combinations, which not only support them thus when they deign to labour, but which enable them to spend weeks and months in idleness, to the grievous injury of the empire.

5th, Whether these workmen are not receiving—making every proper allowance—double the wages received by the husbandry labourers.

6th, Whether these workmen—taking all things into calculation—do not possess much greater incomes than the mass of our counting-house clerks, naval and military officers, officiating clergymen, and shopmen.

The most full and correct information, we say, must be demanded on all these points. It is alleged, that the sums paid for the labour of these workmen render it necessary for the price of corn to be lowered; and certainly this ought not to be listened to, until it is satisfactorily proved that these sums are not greater than they ought to be.

When we write, some of these workmen are earning in London three pounds a-week, others fifty shillings, and others forty-five and forty shillings. Some of those who have lately struck, were hired at the rate of five shillings per day before they struck; and, if they thought proper to make what is called seven days in the week, they earned thirty-five shillings weekly. Most of those workmen earned before their strikes twenty-five, twenty-eight, and thirty shillings per week. In London, the mass of the clerks, shopmen, curates, half-pay officers, &c.—men who have been educated as gentlemen, who are compelled to appear as gentlemen, and who are

murderous effect upon their beauty, that we have been quite convinced these dresses never could have been made by English fingers.

As to the calumny, that a British lady of rank will submit to the impertinence and insolence of the outlandish women, it is really shocking. The wives and daughters of our high-minded nobility—the females born on the soil of England, and filled with that blood, in which pride and lofty spirit luxuriate to the last—submit to disgrace like this? No, no—it cannot be. It would be just as possible for them to fall in love with apes and monkeys.

We hear, too, that among our females, the partiality for foreign silks, laces, and gloves, is as great as ever. This we are compelled to believe. We lament it, and are ashamed of it. It will, however, in due time, greatly benefit trade, and this must satisfy us.

constrained to live at far greater expense than the workmen in question—have not, perhaps, more than from seventy to one hundred pounds per annum.

In all this we are saying nothing against high wages, if they can be with propriety demanded. We should rejoice if our labourers could earn ten pounds per week, even though ten shillings might supply them with necessities, if they could do this without producing injustice and public evil. But the question is not, whether general high wages be, or be not, beneficial—it is, whether one part of the working-classes shall be doomed to penury and want, that the other part may receive far higher than necessary wages? It is declared, that the present wages of the workmen in question cannot be paid without a reduction in the moderate rents of the landholders, the scanty profits of the farmers, and the bread-and-water earnings of the husbandry-labourers. It is declared, in effect, that our country population must be condemned to distress and privation, that our town population may riot in profusion and extravagance. We protest against such outrageous injustice and oppression. If trade ought to injure one part of the community more than another, it certainly ought to injure those who are engaged in, and not those who have nothing to do with, it. If trade cannot be maintained without sacrifices—if, in reality, a grinding tax must be imposed upon us to make it flourish—in the name of common justice let us all suffer equally. Bring down the profits of the merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, to the level of those of the farmer—reduce the wages of the town workman, until, all things considered, they only equal those of the husbandry-labourer—and then, whatever sacrifices may be necessary for the prosperity of trade, we will answer for it, that agriculture will bear its part without a murmur. But this abominable attempt to sacrifice, not only one great interest to another, but one part of the population to another, must be fairly resisted, whoever may countenance it. This has always been a land of justice and equi-

ty, and we trust it will remain so. In spite of all that Political Economy has invented, or may invent, we maintain that the government has a right to give, not only the most full, but the most equal, protection to the property and industry of the nation; and that it cannot favour one interest, or one part of the people, to the cost and injury of another, without grossly violating its duty.

Let these misguided workmen who are agitating the country, and preparing for it the most serious evils, be assured that, in the upshot, they will be the greatest sufferers from their madness. The cup of bitterness will not be long in reaching them. Their turbulence and outrages—their sickening cant, touching their right to inflict the most grievous wrongs on all but themselves, have already stripped them of all respect and sympathy on the part of the rest of the nation. They stand the objects of general indignation—they are regarded as men who disgrace their country—who are acting the part of enemies to their country. Do they suppose that the masters, and the rest of the community, are men to be robbed of the control of their property and of their sacred rights by them, or any other people in the universe? If they do, they will soon be better informed. They may rely upon it, that if one law fail to curb them, another will be framed that will; and that if nothing else will do, the rest of the nation will unanimously place them bound hand and foot at the mercy of the masters.

We entreat the more moderate and honest members of the combinations to withdraw from them immediately, and we call upon those of the working classes who are unconnected with them to remain so. The working-orders ought to be the last to prepare public evils, for such evils always fall upon them the most heavily. Calamity cannot visit the empire without pouring its worst ills upon them. They can only prosper through the prosperity of the masters; and they will ever benefit far more from gaining the respect and good-will of the masters, than from exciting their animosity.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF COLONEL CLOUD.

In a Letter by the Ettrick Shepherd, to the Hon. Mrs A—r—y.

Dated Edinburgh, August 11, 1816.

HONOURED MADAM,

FOR a circumstance of which you are not aware, I owe you an ample apology; but as, some day or other, the extent of my error may reach your ear, or be unfurled to your discovering eye, I deem it incumbent on me to offer you some explanation in writing. I have, therefore, set myself down with the intent of inditing a long letter, giving you some account of the most singular character I have ever met with; and though the circumstances I have to relate are trivial in themselves, and things of no value, I am certain they will strike you, as they did me, with a novelty altogether peculiar.

When I visited you in May last, on my way to Glen-Lyon, what did you think of my companion? You certainly showed him every attention and kindness; and, on the whole, appeared a good deal captivated by his manner and conversation. But I have some impression which did not strike me till very lately, that on the day we took the ride up the river, you either said something, or looked something, or hinted something, in one way or other, that you had suspicion of something equivocal in his character. I assure you, my dear madam, that I had none; and whether I had any reason or not, the following detail will fully evince.

In December last, I chanced one evening to stray into a billiard-room with a Mr Robertson, a friend of mine; but being only a looker-on at that engaging game, I had to saunter about, waiting for Mr Robertson, with whom I was going to sup at a tavern. I had not well entered, till my eye caught a gentleman with whose face I felt conscious of being intimately acquainted. He was an on-looker like myself, and was watching the game very attentively through a quizzing-glass. I was assured I knew him perfectly well, and, as I thought, for something very remarkable; but for all that I could toil in a confusion of reminiscences, I could not recollect his

name, (indeed, I rarely ever recollect anybody's name at first,) so, for the present, I was obliged to defer addressing this intimate and interesting acquaintance. The party at the table where we both stood, were playing a pool, and some of the on-lookers were making casual remarks, when this mysterious gentleman made a chance reference to me, naming me at the same time in that easy familiar way, as if we had not only been daily, but hourly companions.

I was now more puzzled than ever, and before I left the room, I asked Mr Robertson, I asked Captain Harper, the master of the billiard-room, and several others, who was the gentleman in black, with the gold chain and quizzing-glass? All of them declared an acquaintance with his face—none with his name; and for several days and nights I could not forget the circumstance, but neither could I tell why I was so much interested in it.

Some weeks subsequent to that, as I was sitting in the Turf Coffee-room, an officer, dressed partly in a Highland uniform, came in, and began reading the papers straight opposite to me. I knew the face quite well, and he likewise tipped me a nod of recognition. I do not know what I would have given to have been able to recollect that officer's name, for it struck me that I had been particularly obligated to him at some former period; but his name I *could not* recollect, so I was obliged to go away highly dissatisfied with myself for my stupidity, and suspecting that I had lost my small portion of memory altogether.

On the same day I again perceived this gallant and respectable-looking officer, coming up the street after me, still walking by himself; and so much did I feel interested in knowing him, that I determined to wait his coming up, and address him at all hazards. I thought him one of the Highland chiefs that had entertained me in the north, but where, Heaven knew!—I did not. I moved my bonnet to him,

and bade him good day. He instantly held out his hand, gave mine a hearty shake—named me, and expressed much satisfaction that I recognized my old friend, having of late suspected I had forgot him.

"I am in a worse predicament now than ever," thought I; and I am sure I looked very sheepish; for, indeed, no situation could be more awkward than the one in which I stood, having forced an introduction of myself on a gentleman of whom I still knew not the least circumstance. I am sure, my dear Mrs A——, you will think that was a dilemma that must soon have come to an end? I thought so too; but, on the contrary, it still increased—never came to an end—and never will come to an end while I live. There was one thing, however, that I now discovered, which stunned me still the more. I perceived that he was the very individual whom I had met in the billiard-room, but so transformed, that a witch could not have known him.

It was necessary for me to say something; and so I did. "I beg pardon, sir," says I. "But I was so sure we were old acquaintances when we met at billiards the other evening, that I have been both grieved and angry with myself ever since for forgetting your name."

"And what was the great matter for that?" said he. "You might have called me *Captain*, which never comes wrong to one of my countrymen; or *Colonel*, which would have sounded a little better; or Duncan, or Donald, or M'Devil, or any patronymic you listed. What was the matter how you denominated an old acquaintance? It is a long time, Mr H——, since you and I first met. Do you remember that morning, at a fishing-party, in Major Campbell's boat?"

"Perfectly well, sir," says I, (which was not true.) "Was it at Ensay, in the sound of Harries, that you mean?"

"Yes, to be sure!" said he.

"I was at so many fishing parties at Ensay, that I can hardly at this distance of time recollect one from another," said I. "Was it that morning that Dr M'Leod, and Luskinder, and Scalpa, were with us, when we caught the enormous skate, that weighed 300 weight?"

"Yes, to be sure, the very same,"

said he, "that was such a morning, and such a day, ay, and such a night!"

"We had sad doings at Ensay, certainly," said I, "but shame fa' me, if I remember of meeting you there, Cornel. I hope I am right in calling you Cornel?"

To this last question he shortly nodded assent, and then went on. "It is very likely you may not, for I was then only a sort of a—a—a—boy, or a something between a boy or a lad—a stripling, in short. My father, the Colonel, had set me out on a ramble that summer, and happy I was to come several times in contact with you. We met again at Tarbet and at Greenock, you know."

I was utterly confounded. "Tarbet? Tarbet?" says I. "Sure, Colonel, I never *did* meet you at Tarbet? You were not of that ridiculous party, when we sailed away with the man's two daughters to Cowal, and then took them with us to Bute for two or three days."

"Was I not? But I was, though," said he; "For though I could not get my father's brigandine, the Empress, left, as he had allowed me to take her out on a pleasure jaunt that summer, I treated your party at the inn, and saw you fairly away. We met again at Greenock, and had a brilliant party at the Tontine.—But this is my domicile for the present," added he, stepping up to the door of a hotel in Prince's Street. "Dine with me here to-day at half past five, or six—say six, punctually, and we will have a chat about old matters, and some literary things. We shall have a quite sober dinner, and I promise you that we shall not have above a bottle and a half a-piece—or *two* bottles—well, say *two* bottles each. Will you come, now? Give me your hand on it."

"With the utmost pleasure, sir," says I. "At six o'clock precisely? And whose party shall I ask for?"

"Oh, no party. We dine by ourselves in my own room," said he. "Ask for me—just for me."

I went away over to Charles' Street, scratching my ears and beating my brains to no purpose, trying to find out who the devil this grand Colonel was. I had been engaged in all these scenes that he had mentioned, but I could have made oath that he was not present at one of them, unless it had

been as a servant. As to his father the Colonel's splendid pleasure-vessel, the *EMPRESS*, I could remember nothing, either at Ensay, Rothsay, or Tarbet. I recollected something of a Mr M'Neill coming into Loch-Fine in a little stout square-rigged vessel of his own from some of the western isles, and of his being bound to the Clyde, but nothing at all of ever coming in contact with the gentleman. I was fairly bamboozled, and began to suspect that the man was a warlock or an enchanter.

At the hour appointed, to a very second, I went to the hotel, rung the porch bell, and taking the waiter aside, asked him very ingeniously for the proper designation of the Highland gentleman who lodged there, for that I was engaged to dine with him privately, and it looked so exceedingly awkward to have lost his address.

The lad said, there was no Highland gentleman lodging there at present but Major Cameron, who was dining out; but there was a gentleman in No. 6, who had ordered dinner for two, and whose address he supposed was Colonel Cloud.

"M'Leod, you mean," says I.

"No, no," said he; "not *MacLeod*; that is my own name, which it is not likely I would forget. The gentleman, I think, gave his address as Colonel Cloud of Coalpepper. But he does not lodge here. I never saw him before to-day."

"You astonish me, callant, more ways than one," says I. "Such a designation as Cloud of Coalpepper I never in my life either heard or read, and this gentleman and I are old and intimate acquaintances. That cannot be the gentleman I want."

"Come up stairs and look at him," said the lad; "and if he is not your man, you have nothing ado but to beg pardon, and come down again."

I did so, and found my friend in the full insignia of his honourable office. He was, as I judged, extremely polite, only that he took the greater part of the conversation on himself, which proved a great ease for your awkward friend in his awkward predicament. To have heard him talk, you would have thought that I had been in his company for the greater part of a number of years. He never instanced a party in which I had not been; but then he never represented one of them as

they were; the greatest part of the particulars he mentioned, I was certain, were purely imaginary, but yet I did not like to tell the gentleman to his face that he was lying. He mentioned the Right and Wrong Club with great *sang froid*—said he was only one night there, and had no inclination ever to go back again. I asked who was in the chair that night?

"Confound me, if I recollect," said he. "But whoever it was, he was as often on the floor as in the chair. However, there was a great battle that night, so that you cannot have forgot it, unless you had one every night."

"Cornel, I declare, I never saw any fighting at that famous club," said I. "I think there was a sort of row one night between some M'Leods and M'Donalds, which gave the designation to the club, but there was nothing serious; merely a drunken rally."

"What! have you forgot your rising to knock Norman M'Leod down? and how he tripped the feet from under you, so that you fell against a green screen, and down went you and screen together with a tremendous rattle? And don't you remember what you said when you arose, which set us all into such a roar of laughter, that, saving two at the farther end of the room, we all took to our seats again, and no one could ever tell that night again, what we quarrelled about?"

"I remember nothing about it at all?" said I.

"But I do," said the Colonel; "you got up, and held your elbow, which seemed to have got some damage,— 'D—n the Hieland blude o' him,' says you, 'an it warna for his father's sake, I wad pit the life out o' him.' I may well remember the circumstances of that night's fray, for, being a stranger, I had meddled too rashly in the dispute, and had like to have paid very dearly for my temerity. This won't do, thinks I; I must show the lads some play before I am overpowered in this way. I had, at one time, five of them floored at once, all lying as flat as flounders. And don't you remember of two that fought it out?— That was the best sport of all! After the general row, we had all taken our seats again, and sat I know not how long, when the president, whose name I think was Mr Gildas, or Gillies, or something of that sound, says in a queer quizzical voice, 'Gentlemen, I

wish you would look in below the table, for I think always that there are some of the party missing.' The room being very large, there was a screen set round behind us, and, on a search commencing, it was discovered that there were two still fighting at the farther end of the room. 'I wonder when they began?' says you; 'for if they hae feughten *very lang*, it wad maybe be as gude to pairt them.'—'I think,' says the president, ringing the bell, 'that we had as well ascertain that fact.—Pray, waiter, do you know when these two gentlemen began fighting?'—'About two hours ago, sir.'—'That is very illustrious,' says the president. 'And have they fought all this while?'—'O no, sir; I don't think it. They were both sleeping when I was last up.'—'O, very well!' says the president. 'Bring two stoups more of bourdeaux.'

"They were both on the floor at that time fighting like men in a dream, and neither of them could get above the other. We never regarded them in the smallest degree, but set to work again. We never noted when they joined the party; and when supper was set at one in the morning, not one amongst us knew who the two were that had fought all the night, and I suppose none ever knew to this day."

This was certainly an amusing picture, and I believed it; not because it was so like truth, but because it was so unlike truth, that I thought I was sure no man could ever have contrived it. I was sure, meantime, that my distinguished entertainer was never at the club when I was present, else he had been there either as a waiter or an invisible being. He had the wit, however, of never suffering me to make any remarks on his narrations, for he always began a new subject with the same breath in which he ended the preceding one; and here he began with the query, "When I had seen our worthy friend, Mr M'Millan?"

"M'Millan, of Millburgh?" said I. "Is he an acquaintance of yours?"

"Yes; an intimate one, and a near neighbour," was the reply. "Do you not remember of his sending for me to a shooting-party in the Wood of Culloch-More, one day?"

"I remember of being there a roe-shooting two days," said I, "but knew not who the laird had sent for besides."

"My father, the Colonel, had a

party of fourteen that day, all engaged in the same sport," said he. "I would gladly have been of your party, but our own could do nothing without the assistance of my dogs. Without them, the sport would have been entirely blown up. I shot seven roebucks that day for my own part, and never once fired at a doe. But my dogs are so completely trained to the driving, that it would be an easy matter to root out the whole breed of roes in the kingdom with their assistance."

He then entered into a long detail of the marvellous feats he had performed on the moors, describing them with a great deal of animation, and I fairly set him down as a most wonderful and highly-gifted gentleman. He next described his various breeds of dogs, which were without end. He had three Russian pointers, and two Russian terriers, most valuable and interesting animals of their kind; but he had a handsome bitch, of a Transylvanian breed, that surpassed everything. He never took less than 100 guineas for every one of her blind pups. I never had heard of such a beast in the world as that! He had far too high a value for her, that was the truth! for she had been the cause of much mischief to him. Owing to some disputes about her, he had been compelled to cove one young nobleman on the moors, and challenge another, so that she had very nigh cost him his life; but he did not value her a bit the less of that, he rather valued her the more. Besides these, the breeds he enumerated were prodigious, so that I rather got confused among them, never knowing which he talked of; till at last he was so good as give me all their names, every one of which was either German or classical.

All this time I had never been able to recollect where I had seen this distinguished officer and sportsman; and, in order if possible to effect this, I asked bluntly, what regiments they were which he and his father commanded? He did not answer the question directly, but began a long explanatory story, the substance of which was as follows:—

That though he allowed his companions to call him Colonel, he was not one in fact, having the title and emolument only in reversion. His father, the Colonel, held the lucrative office of Deputy-Adjutant-General, under the Emperor of Austria, which office

he had secured for this his only son, long ago, the Colonel's hope and delight. That his father had reared him solely with the view of filling that important station; and though he had restricted him in none of his pleasures, he had kept him at hard work as a student, both in arts and arms. He said a great deal more to the same purpose, for he was very long and very minute on this interesting topic.

At a late hour we parted, with mutual professions of esteem, and I had, before that, accepted of an invitation to the mansion-house of Coalpepper, close beside the celebrated village of that name. The Colonel and I were to leave Edinburgh together in the spring, make a tour of the middle Highlands, and arrive at his father's house by a certain day—have fishing-parties, and pleasure-parties in the Empress, and I cannot tell you what all.

From that day forth, I saw not the Colonel for three months, nor did I ever, during that period, meet with a single individual who knew him either by name, title, or appointment. I applied to the Almanack, but found it vain to consult it for the staff-officers of the Emperor of Austria. Matters remained *in statu quo*.

It approached toward the end of March, at length; and as I had engaged to be at Alloa on the 23d of April, and in Athol and Glen-Lyon early in May, I began to be impatient at not meeting again with my friend, the Colonel, for I intended introducing him to all my friends and correspondents in that tract, and show him that I had honourable, noble, and respectable friends, as well as he. One day, about that period, I had been walking with my friend Mr Forbes, the wine-merchant, and as I knew he had a great number of the nobility and gentry on his books, I stopped him on the street, just as we were going to part, and asked him if he could give me the Edinburgh address of young Cloud of Coalpepper. Forbes fell a-laughing, until he had almost fallen down on the street, and, without giving me any explanation, left me standing there quite dumfounded. As I was turning round to go away, what should pop out of Mr Laing's shop but the very image and likeness of the gentleman I was in quest of, but in such a dishabille habit, that I knew not what to think. He looked me full in the face, but did

not see me, and away he went, carrying three books below his arm. "I'll see where this singular apparition goes," thought I; and accordingly I dogged him until he entered a lodging down two pair of stairs, in an elegant eastern street in Edinburgh. I followed close at his heels, and said to the girl that opened the door, that I wanted to speak with the gentleman who entered just now. Accordingly, I was shown into a darkish shabby apartment, and there was my friend, the Colonel, who had just set himself down amongst an immense number of papers and a few books. I could not help addressing him by his title, though still dubious as to the identity of my man. He received me with perfect ease and great kindness, and at once assumed his high ground and exalted character. He said his father the Colonel (and Deputy-Adjutant-General to the Emperor of Austria) had compelled him, as a test of his improvement, to write out essays in thirteen different languages, and that in order to finish these in time for our northern and western jaunt, he had been obliged to conceal himself in that most quiet of all retreats, and study almost night and day, but that he would now be ready to set out with me in the course of a fortnight.

We had settled everything, before we parted, regarding our tour, but in place of sending for the Colonel's carriage, as had been previously intended, we resolved to proceed to Alloa in the steam-boat, take a chaise the length of your mansion, angle from that to Crief, and so on to Athol, Glen-Lyon, and Glen-Orchay, and then turn to the southward on our way to Coalpepper Castle, where pleasures without number awaited us, and where we were to remain for a whole month.

Accordingly we set out together on the 20th, attended the annual festival held at Alloa in commemoration of the anniversary of Shakspeare; spent eight or nine days with the kind and intelligent gentlemen of that place, and for several of these days the Colonel and I went a-fishing in the Devon, on the forenoons.

It was here that I experienced the first disappointment in my illustrious friend; and, trivial as it may appear in your eyes, it made me feel very queer. He had boasted fully as much of his angling as his shooting, and as

I had determined not to be beat at that sport, on any consideration, I went from Edinburgh, fully provided with fishing apparatus ; and lest the trouts of the Devon should despise the Edinburgh flies, I went to M^r Isaac of Alloa, and picked all his. The Colonel had nothing—he had not so much as a fishing-rod, which I thought very shabby, but Mr Bald supplied him with everything, and away we set.

When we went to begin, he could not so much as put on his flies, for his father the Colonel's servant, who always went with him, was so completely master of these things, that neither he, nor his father the Colonel, ever paid the least attention to them. This was very well. So accordingly he put on magnifying glasses, which he kept for the purpose of angling, that he might trepan the trouts the moment they were so imprudent as to snap at his fly, or even to toy with it. I never saw a gentleman go forth to the water side with such an important look ; it was so knowing, and at the same time so confident and so profound, that I did not know whether to quake or laugh. "I shall be beat at the fishing for once, though I had a thousand guineas on it," thought I, with a sigh, as I followed this champion down the bank.

But an experienced angler knows another the moment he first sees him throw the line. The mason word is a humbug ; but the very first wave of a rod is sufficient between anglers. Colonel Cloud, younger of Coalpepper, and, in reversion, deputy adjutant-general to the Emperor of Austria, began that finest and healthiest of rural sports. Good and gracious ! Madam ! if you had seen how he began it ! With what an air ! What a look of might and majesty through the magnifying glasses ! I never was so petrified in all the days of my life. I cannot describe to you the utter absurdity of his address in the art, as I am afraid you have never regarded it ; but, in the first place, he fixed upon a smooth, shallow part of the river, where no fish in his right judgment would ever take a fly ; and then he held the rod with both his hands ; set out his lips, as also an immense protuberance behind, and thrashed on the smooth stream with such violence, as if he intended to strike the trouts on the head, in the majesty of his power.

I was like to burst with laughter, and wist not what to do, yet still I contained myself. But at length a par rose at his fly, a small, insignificant fish, not thicker than a lady's little finger—the Colonel perceived this through the magnifying glasses, (magnifiers they were with a vengeance,) and he pulled the line with such force, that his rod sounded through the atmosphere like a whirlwind. Yea, with such violence did he pull it, that his feet slid in a reverse direction, and he fell. "By the L—, I had on one a stone weight," cried he. "Nay, he was more. I'm sure he was more."

This was altogether beyond my capacity of bearing any longer. I crept in beyond an alder bush, laid me down on my face, and laughed till I was weak. The tears ran from my eyes till the very grass was steeped ; but it was in vain that I held my sides, and tried to refrain laughing. I had some fears I should never do more good. I waded across the river, and no more durst I come near the Colonel that day, but I despised him in my heart. He lost in my good opinion that day more than he has ever since regained. He caught not one fish, either great or small. I filled my basket. I overtook him at the village of Cambus, about two o'clock. Mr Alexander Bald had come up to meet us ; the two were sitting on a rock conversing, when I came immediately opposite, and I heard him informing Mr Bald that he had not caught any, but that he had hooked one which was fully a stone weight. The whole scene again presented itself to my imagination in vivid and more vivid colours, my knees lost their power, and I had no shift but to turn about, lie down on the bank, and fall again into a convulsion of laughter. Mr Bald called again and again, what ailed me, but I was unable to make him any answer, and never knew till he had waded the river, and was lifting up my head. "What ails you ?" said he, "I think you have been crying ?"

"Yes," said I, "I suppose I was crying."

The Colonel was a great favourite with the good folks of Alloa, for he was eminently intelligent, and well versed in both ancient and modern literature ; argumentative, civil, and courteous. But at length we left them with regret, as I had often done be-

fore, and that night we arrived at your hospitable mansion.

This was precisely the bearing of our acquaintance before we visited at your house ; and you yourself acknowledged to me that you thought me lucky in my travelling companion. There is no dispute with regard to his capabilities and general intelligence, yet I know now that there had been something about him, of which, or *with* which you were not perfectly satisfied ; and as I have learned a good deal more of him since that period, I shall, as in duty bound, proceed to communicate that knowledge very shortly to you.

If you at all regarded the thing, you might remember, that before we took leave of you, everything was amicably arranged between my honoured friend and me regarding our tour ; we were to fish up to Crief that day, and so on by Glen-Almond and Ambleree to Kinnaird. But before we had proceeded two miles, he informed me, with apparent regret, that he was compelled to abandon his northern tour, as he had received an express from his father the Colonel, ordering him home. I was greatly astounded at this, being perfectly convinced in my own mind that he had never received a letter since he left Edinburgh. He had no possible chance, save at Alloa, and on sounding him a little, I found he did not so much as know where the post-office of that town was situated. It was vain, however, for me to expostulate, after he informed me that there were some foreign dispatches arrived at the castle of Coalpepper, which required both dispatch and decision ; that his father required his immediate assistance ; and the carriage was to meet him at Dunira that day. I was compelled to submit to the emergency, and we parted ; but before doing so, he again exacted my solemn promise, that I was to spend a month with him at his father's mansion. I repeated such promise for the thirtieth time, and with a bow so profound that my bonnet, which I held in my left hand, touched the ground, I parted from my illustrious friend.

I spent the month of May in Strath-Tay and Glen-Lyon, the month of June in Appin and Lorn, and though the weather was eminently ungenial, I never enjoyed any excursion with greater zest. Often in my heart did

I pity Colonel Cloud, younger of Coalpepper, and ASSISTANT DEPUTY ADJUTANT-GENERAL to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA !

With a heavy heart I was at last obliged to turn my back on the romantic lands of Ossian and of Fingal ; and, descending on the populous valleys of the west, on the 9th of July I arrived at the environs of the far-famed village of Coalpepper ; but instead of going straight to the house of the Austrian staff-officer, I went to Millburgh, Mr M'Millan being my oldest acquaintance. I had not been many hours in the house ere I began to ask for my friend the Colonel. No one of the family understood who I meant, and I found it impossible to explain myself.

"It cannot be Mr Jacob Cloud whom Mr H. means?" said one of the young ladies.

"The very same man," said M'Millan, "and that will be some title given him in banter among his associates at Edinburgh. Do you stile Jacob the Colonel now?"

"Yes, I understand he gets that title for the most part," said I. But hearing them call him *Mr* Cloud, or simply *Jacob*, I recollected the honour and integrity of my friend, who had previously informed me that he was only a colonel, and adjutant-general in reversion ; and, admiring his modesty about his own native place, I mentioned his name no more. But the next day Mr M'Millan says to me, "Were you not saying that Jacob Cloud was an acquaintance of yours?" I answered in the affirmative, when he added, "Very well, I will invite him to dinner to-day. I have always been wishing to have him here since he came home."

The dinner party was very numerous, and among the last who came into the drawing-room was my friend the Colonel, with the very identical magnifying glasses across his nose that had exaggerated the par of the Devon to such an enormous bulk. I felt some very tickling sensations, but behaved myself middling well. He came up to me, shook hands with great frankness, and far more affability than I had any right to expect, welcoming me to that district, in which he hoped I should never be so great a stranger again, &c. &c.

It so happened, that the Colonel

and I were placed at different ends of the table, and during the whole evening I never had an opportunity of exchanging another word with him save one. I called on him at dinner to drink a glass of wine; and asked him if he had reached home in time to get the dispatches written out?

"O, yes, thank you; quite in good time," was the answer.

I then heard Mr M'Millan inquiring what papers they were to which I alluded, and he said they were "some of those ridiculous formal affairs. A great botheration, certainly, and quite FOREIGN to all useful purposes."

I noted that he pronounced the term *foreign* very loud and sonorously, while the magnifying glasses gleamed in the light of our candles. As I am never among the first risers from a social board, I saw no more of my friend that night, nor did I hear aught of the invitation to a month's diversion; and, in spite of many appearances rather equivocal, I that evening believed everything to exist precisely as he had so often described them to me at the Castle of Coalpepper. It was not till next day that my eyes were opened to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and never in my life shall I again be as much astonished at anything I shall hear or see.

We were to have a fox-chase the following day in Glen-Sheagy, and there were sportsmen laws laid out for us, which we were not to transgress. We were to be allowed to shoot a roe-buck or a bröcket, but neither a doe nor a fawn on any account. The description of that day's sport would take a long paper by itself: I must stick by my text for the present. I never doubted that my friend the Colonel would be the leading man in the sport. How could I, after the descriptions he had given me of his unequalled prowess in that line? I thought it would be a day amongst a thousand with him, and a party in which I should see him then appear in all his glory. I thought of the Transylvanian bitch Penelope—of the Russian pointers, and the terriers from the sources of the Wolga, that would tear either a fox or an otter to pieces—of the Hungarian dog Eugene, that had once belonged to the Archduke John—and Hector and Cressida—and,

though last not least, of Sobieski, the great blood-hound from the forests of Poland; and I thought what a day there would be in the woods of Sheagy More!

When we were making ready, I says to Mr M'Millan carelessly, "Mr Cloud will be of the party, of course?"

"O, no! he cannot enjoy such a thing," said he; and "he is of no use either,—that's worse."

I was petrified and speechless. "Do I hear with my ears, and understand with my heart?" thought I; "what was it the malicious, ill-willie man was saying? 'He cannot enjoy such a thing! and is for no use at it neither! that's worse!' Worse with a vengeance! The gentleman is raving, or speaking through his sleep. Mr *Mac-Millan*!" exclaimed I aloud, (for I had been exclaiming internally before for the space of a minute or two,) "Mr *Mac-Millan*! ye dinna mean, or pretend to say, that Cloud is not a good shot?"

"It is impossible for me, or any man living, to determine that point," said he, "for one very good reason, he never fired a shot in his life." My ears tingled, and I was struck dumb.

Not being able to bring my mind to think about anything else, however, in the course of our preparations, I was obliged once more to propose that *the Colonel* should still be of our party, for the sake of his *dogs*.

"Dogs! What do you mean?"

"Why, hath not Jacob a variety of very superior dogs, bred from foreign countries?"

"He a breed of dogs? pooh! He never had a single dog in his life. His father had once a half-blind terrier that lay in below the loom, but it is dead, and has been for these three years and a half."

I grew dizzy, my head birled round like a mill-wheel, and I could not help repeating into myself an hundred times these words, "*Lord, what is man?*"

We hunted a whole day—got no foxes; but I caught a beautiful young roe-buck alive, and Mr M'Millan shot a fine old one. We drank some whisky at the Strone of Sheavy, and on our walk home I took Mr M'Millan apart; and the *blind terrier* and the *loom* having been uppermost in my mind from the morning, the following dialogue passed between Mr

M'Millan and me. I give it verbatim, without colouring or addition.

"What rank does old Mr Cloud hold in society?"

"He is a manufacturer; a very honest, worthy man."

"Has he not some foreign commission?"

"No, no; he just works for the people of the village."

"He does not attend to the manufactory in person, surely?"

"That he does. He has no other to attend to it. In plain terms, he is a common weaver, and has just two looms in the house, one for himself, and one for an apprentice, or an occasional journeyman in a strait."

"Did he never serve in any army, either abroad or at home?"

"Never. He has lived in the village all his life, and his father before him."

"What sort of character does my friend sustain in general?"

"He has some strange peculiarities about him; there are, however, good points in his character. He is sober, industrious, and a most kind and affectionate son. His father has pinched himself to bring him out as a dominie, and he has requited his parent by a course of the hardest studies, as well as the utmost gratitude and attention."

"That is enough for me," said I in my heart; "Jacob and the shepherd shall be friends still. I hold these qualities in higher estimation than a reversion of a lucrative post at the court of Austria." I said not a word to Mr M'Millan how I had been hoaxed. He continued:—

"The truth is, that if the young man had not too fertile an imagination—a fancy that has a scope beyond that of any other man's that ever existed—he would have been a first-rate character."

Well might I assent mentally to

that remark, when I thought of the Castle of Coalpepper—the great staff officer—the square-rigged brigandine—the Empress—the Colonel's carriage with three outriders—the dogs—the rural sports—and a thousand things beside, all vanished in a breath. All the creation of a fancy, over which truth, reason, and ultimate disgrace, had no control. Mr M'Millan perceiving me thoughtful, went on. "He was once in our family teaching the children, and gave us much satisfaction by his attention."

Never was there a day so fertile of disclosures to me. I was sure, from the beginning, that I had been intimately acquainted with this singular person. It was true, I had. But never, till that moment, did it strike me how, where, or when. "We had him teaching our children," said Mr M'Millan. I then recollected that I had, indeed, known him previously, but in circumstances so extremely degrading, that they cannot be mentioned to you along with the name of the Hon. Colonel Cloud of the staff of Austria.

Were some people to read this long epistle, they would regard it as an extravagant romance, so far does truth sometimes overreach fancy. You know that it is true, and to you it needs no confirmation, as I introduced him to you in all his borrowed plumage, for which, madam, I humbly ask your pardon: Not for introducing to you the son of a poor operative weaver; as such, he had as good a right to be there as the son of a poor shepherd, but it is for introducing to your kindness and hospitality an impostor. There's the rub! But I entreat that you will only laugh at it, and regard it as a harmless and unaccountable lunacy. I am, with the utmost respect, my honoured and esteemed friend, yours most faithfully,

JAMES HOGG.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

Continued from Vol. XVI. p. 338.

CHAP. XIV.

Away with your skillogalee!—I'll have far more generous cheer!—
 No such rubbish will go down with me, when I in a roadstead appear.—
 See the bumboat is pulling away; so, good stomach, pray heave away sorrow,
 With good stuff you'll be pack'd well to-day, and the devil fly away with to-morrow!
 Heave away, heave away, heave away, thump!—ho! ho!

IT was on a bleak and cloudy December's morning that the dull drawling light of day first peeped on his Majesty's ships the Tottumfog and Whippersnapper, as they lay snugly at their moorings in the roadstead of Leith, and no long period elapsed ere the hollow boom of the Admiral's gun, startling their half-awakened crews, again reminded them they were once more in harbour. All hands were immediately turned up, and the usual comfortable service of sanding, and stoning, and scrubbing, and flooding the decks with water, was gone through, considering the severity of the weather, both with alacrity and cheerfulness.

There were a thousand things which conduced to this general hilarity, but we shall content ourselves with only a brief mention of a few of the more prominent. Jack, it is well known, is quite a red-hot zealot in all his pursuits, whether as a lover, an epicure, or a grog-bibber; and to those happy fellows, therefore, who were of some standing in the service, and had husbanded a trifle of the wherewithal—in short, the *monied-interest* of the ship, as the Ricardo spouter would phrase it—the very circumstance of being in harbour, it mattered not where, was fraught with associations of the most renovating kind. They already anticipated, with joyous hearts, the pleasures of their stinted liberty-ticket to the shore—the fiddle and the dance already tingled in their ears—and the charms and smiles of beauty—the overwhelming fascinations of female company and female conversation—would ever and anon so completely tickle their fancies, as to lighten up, while they rubbed their bulky paws with great velocity, a most grotesque, though good-humoured smile on their rough, muscular, and weather-beaten features. Then, at Leith, that most useful of all huge fellows *muckle Rob* had his abode—at once the pilot, postman, sculler, and bumboatman of the fleet. His services were ever indispensable;

and we firmly believe the present generation will have slept with their fathers, ere his strict punctuality and sterling probity will fade from the remembrance of our North-Sea cruisers. Him they already saw in their mind's eye, hauled alongside of them—his boat absolutely groaning under a weighty load of *soft tack*, potatoes, fresh butter, eggs, legs of mutton, and an endless catalogue of agreeable morsels for stout, healthy, and ravenous stomachs, long since palled and sickened, even to disgust, with *salt junk*, as hard as mahogany—Irish pork, twenty years old, as strong and rancid as train oil—musty meal, and still mustier flour—cheese absolutely alive—and the still more detested villainous sweepings of a hard-up bread-room, where a piece of biscuit the size of a square inch, accidentally showing face in the mess's daily allowance of twelve or fourteen pounds, was a prize that was frequently fought for. But these gladdening consolations were not exclusively confined to these fortunate fellows, for even the poverty-struck and the cashless enjoyed their share. They, in their turn, luxuriated in the glorious idea of, at all events, gorging on fresh beef and vegetables—of throwing all their night duty on the shoulders of the lobster-backs—of turning in for the night—ay, for the *whole* night—ye Gods! for an entire twelve or fourteen hours' stretch without a single fear! occasionally, during that time, hearing the sentry, as he slowly paced his dreary round, sing out from the gangway, *Boat ahoy!* to the midnight rowers, or echo *All's Well!* to the striking hours, while the half-wakened listener wheeled him, nothing loath, slowly round on his starboard side, preparing himself, heart and soul, with the most secret satisfaction, for a second doze of inestimable sleep!—Gracious Heaven! what a delicious, what a rapturous thrill did pervade his soul at the very idea of such an Elysium—the seaman's heaven on earth!

—Think of this, ye nightly sleepless on your beds of down—think of it, we say, and weep!

With the thoughts of such dainties fluttering in their brains, it is not to be supposed that their usual morning repast of plain and somewhat unpalatable *skillogalee* detained them long at breakfast. That morning, indeed, the ship's cook might have saved himself the trouble of rousing out his unwilling and yawning dirty mate, long ere the first cock crew, in order to have this very primitive dish ready in all due time; it was fairly and truly labour in vain—completely disregarded by the great bulk of the crew—and discharged in whole pailfuls over the head, amid the curses of the mess-cooks, who doubtless, like their chums, had an eye to better things, as well as to the extra trouble they must now be at in rinsing out their tin pannikins, and restoring them and the iron hoops of their now wet kids to their wonted burnish. Nothing, in fact, seemed to be thought of, and little else was spoke of, but the hourly expected beef and vegetable boat, and the aforesaid important personage, *muckle Rob*. The former, it must be owned, did arrive in proper time, for the purser dispatched it in person from the shore under the escort of his steward; and we can honestly affirm, that never went lady over a man-of-war's side with more safety, or more alacrity than did the huge side of beef, surmounted as it was with divers bags of greens, leeks, and other potherbs. But, for the latter, hour after hour stole away—dinner was gone through and the never a word of him. The question then became, what was to be thought of him?—was he drunk—was he dead? for although the said *muckle Rob* was well known to be a regular harbour pilot, to be otherwise disposed of was out of the question. He had never missed muster before, no, never—something of course must be the matter, and what the deuce could that be? The simple remark of a simple booby here chimed in—“Uh, d'ye no ken that Rob's awn several of the hands lots o' siller?”—finally put a stop to further inquiry. “Oh, d—n him, he'll be wanting to keep it, and has cut his stick mayhap until we sail.”—So much for the fickleness of popular opinion. The self-same sun which arose amid the plaudits and praises of *muckle Rob*, sank behind the western moun-

tains while the same voices were consigning him, body and boat, to the devil. “And now,” roared Dennis Mahoney, entering the mess at the fag-end of this noisy debate, “instead of your great muckle Rob that you've been prating and bothering your stomachs and wise pates about the whole of this cursed cowl'd day, if there isn't coming alongside of us, at this blessed moment, another large big ugly customer—but she happens to be a lighter, as large, by the hookey, almost as ourselves—and what we are going to make of such a monster at this time of night, the devil fetch me if I can tell you; although there is little doubt, I may safely say, my grumbling beauties, but I'll warrant she'll be the mane of giving you small bits of moments to-morrow to think anything at all at all about either muckle Rob, or his mutton-boat.—But, soul of me, if I don't see more about her, and that directly, dears!” and, with this exquisite morsel of ghostly consolation, the volatile Dennis sprang upon deck, chanting one of his innumerable ditties in full glee.

The lighter proved to be one sent for the purpose of completely clearing the vessel's holds, preparatory to a formal survey of her by the proper officers of the dock-yard; and accordingly, the following morning commenced such a hurried scene of stowing and unstowing, scrubbing and cleaning, unreeving and reeving of rigging, shifting of sails, &c. &c., attended with all the usual hammering and bawling of carpenters, and caulkers, and coopers, that many days had not gone by ere *muckle Rob* and his bumboat were apparently quite forgotten. But *muckle Rob* was a shrewd fellow, and evidently knew what was going on. He therefore very patiently kept out of the way until the painters had finished, and matters began to assume a more orderly appearance, when he dashed across the *Tottumfog's* bows one morning, as if dropped from the clouds, roaring with the voice of a bull, his usual fisherman's carol, most excellently adapted, however, for the rousing an immediate attention:—

“O, Alloa lads for me!

Grangemouth callants for me!

Their jackets and trowers are blue,

And they're a' a-courting o' me;

A' a-courting o' me,

And aye rousing the blink o' my ee—

God bless ye, my bonny Scotch callants,

Ye're welcome back frae the sea!”

"Glory! my old cock of the north!—get on—get on!" bawled a score of voices, leaping on the forecastle, and bending over the bows.

"Od, ye'se no hae that to say twice, at ony event," cried Rob, gaily, continuing his melodious roar:—

"I hae three lads o' my ain,
Though they're no that quite comely to see,
They're better than them that has nane,
And wad loup like a cock at a grossart at me."
The tane he is lame o' a leg,
The tither is blind o' an e'e,
And the third has a tea-kettle back—
But they're a' a-courting o' me.
Then Alloa lads for me!" &c. &c.

"Now, callants," cried the thundering songster, "just fling me the end of a tow, and I'll mak auld Tibby fast before I come aboard to see what's wanted."

"Keep off your boat there!" cried the marine sentry.

"Uh, Lord! wha the deevil are you, that speaks sae mighty?—D'ye no ken me? I'm muckle Rob, man, frae Leith—wi' a boatfu' of sunkets to ye, that will mak a' your kites rejoice—Losh, I thocht a'boddy had kent muckle Rob—me that rins messages, forbye, to the very Admiral himself."

"Keep off your boat, I tell you!" again menaced the sentry.

"Pshaw! never mind the sodger, Bob," cried the boatswain, at this moment mounting the gangway ladder; "make her fast there, and they'll throw you a sternhold to haul close alongside."

"Ay, just so nae, Mr Marlin," cried Rob, recovering his cheerfulness, "that's just said like yoursell, and as folk were kent folk, and no blackguards.—Poor chield, the sodger, as ye ca' him, who I never saw atween the een before, is ablin no just up a' thegither wha he speaks to, likely."

So saying, muckle Rob was now actively preparing to obey what he thought the most ample permission, when his ears were a third time astounded by the voice of the unbending sentry, ordering him still more sternly

to keep his boat off, otherwise it might fare worse with him.

"By the by, you sir, who gave you these orders?" said the boatswain, somewhat testily.

"The serjeant, sir," was the reply.

"D—n the serjeant and you in a lump, for a couple of meddling fools!" cried the angry boatswain.—"I say, Bob, haul up, and never mind the booby; he knows no better. D'ye hear there, you Audley, jump up into the mainchains there, that's a good fellow, and heave him a rope's end to make fast with."

"Sir," said the sentry, approaching the boatswain, and carrying his arms; "the serjeant told me, sir, when he put me on this here gangway, sir, that it was the first lieutenant's positive orders, sir, that no boat whatever, sir, except she were a King's one, should be allowed to come alongside this here vessel, sir, without his permission asked and obtained. As soon as I have his orders, sir, I've got nothing to say; meantime, I must do my duty.—I say, you fellow there, keep off your boat, or, by G—, I'll make you repent it."

This elegant address, though it was hailed with a sneer at the *this here's* and *sawrs* with which it was so liberally adorned, had an evident effect upon the dignity of the boatswain.—"Oho! is it so indeed?" he cried, in a somewhat subdued tone; "why, then, that's a different guess-story altogether, ship-mate. But why didn't you say so before, and be hanged to you—D—n me, but I took it for some stuff of that swab of a serjeant of yours, and not the orders of the first lieutenant's. However, we'll see about that directly, my lad. D—d hard, indeed, if people an't to be allowed a little fresh grub now they're in harbour—pretty go, surely!—Harkye, my tall boy, have you got any letters with you for us?"

"I'se warrant hae I, Mr Marlin," bawled muckle Rob, still hanging on his oars, and patiently awaiting the conclusion of this, to him, singular conference; "for ye ken I just gaed to the Post-office, as usual, and got a'

* I cannot vouch for Rob's authorities—or the extent either of his memory or genius. The *simile* is of the first-rate kidney, however.—BILL TRUCK.

they had for the veshels in the Roads here,—ay, just i' the morning before I pushed aff. I'se warrant there will be some for you as well as the lave, or else it will be a marvel. Uh! there's sure to be some; for ye see I've been nae farther than the Admiral yet, and see, just look at that leather-bag there, what a lot I've by me yet. Nonsense! there's sure to be some; for whan was ye here that I hadna letters for ye—although I maun confess, Mr Marlin, I was in sic a hurry to be aff, that I ne'er examined to see how mony."

"Ah, well-a-well, that will do, my brave fellow," cried the boatswain, suddenly assuming his usual dignity of voice and manner. "Harkye, you sir," addressing a by-stander, "jump down to the midshipman's birth, and tell either young Master Pinafore or Minikin, I want to speak with him directly—come, brush instantly."

The messenger immediately disappeared, and young Master Minikin speedily made his appearance.

"Ah, Miny, my dear fellow," cried the boatswain, smiling, and taking the boy smartly by the hand; "what, up, and dressed already!—well, you're a clever lad, and will make a glorious sailor, as sure as my name's Dick Marlin. I say, Miny, come hither, my number one," continued he, in a confidential tone, "I want to speak with you. D—n it, man, there's a smart fellow, jump down to the gun-room, and tell Mr Fyke that here's his old friend muckle Rob, with a boat-load of good stuff, and letters—mind that—and letters from the post-house for the ship. Then tell him, you know, that he can't get alongside for the sentry, in consequence of his orders—then ask him slyly if he may come. Now be sure, there's a good boy, you knock it smartly into him that Bob has letters for the ship from the Post-house.—Oh, well-minded, egad—I say, my tall blade, hast got any newspapers with you?"

"Plenty, Mr Marlin, plenty, sir," was the answer.

"Better and better still," cried the boatswain, rubbing his hands, "for Fyke's a devil of a politician, and wouldn't give Steele's List, or a newspaper, for a dozen of Hamilton Moores newly out of the shop.—Then I'll tell you what, my dear fellow Miny, be sure and whistle in to him, that Bob has not only letters from the Post-

house, but all the London, Edinburgh, English, Irish, devil knows what all, newspapers along with him, most heartily at his service—d—n me, I think that should hit.—Come, now, let me see you tip him the yarn properly and politely, like a brave young Jack, as you are. Fly, and success to you! I am the more anxious about all this, d'ye see, my dear little soul, because, you know, we'll need some fresh grub and all that there—are you up, Miny? (*laughing and chucking him under the chin,*) ay, ay, devil doubt you, my young snake in the grass."

"Oh, I understand you perfectly, sir," cried the young gentleman, smiling; "just stay where you are, and I'll be with you again in a moment."

He did soon appear with the wished-for permission, allowing muckle Rob to haul up alongside, and ordering him to come on board directly with his letters and newspapers.

Rob complied with the first part of the requisition cheerfully, but when urged by young Minikin to leave his boat and come on board directly with his letters, he flatly refused.

"What the wuddy!" he exclaimed, "d'ye think I'm daft outright!—Na, na, callant, I ken a trick worth twa o' that. Gang awa', think ye, and leave Tibby as fu' as she can pang to the mercement o' a'body—na, faith, I'll do nae sic a thing. I'se tell ye what I'll do though, and that's a' ane, ye ken—here, my man, here see, there's my Post-office wallet to ye, tak ye it down to Mr Fyke, with my compliments—tell him I'm no used to attend on gentlefolks, and standing haill half hours wi' my hat in my hand—but that I sent you wi' that, and he may tak his wull o't, and gie me it back whan he's dune,—alang with the siller for the postage, ye ken.—And I say, laddie—heh, you!—I say, tell him no to be in a hurry, for ye ken, (*winking,*) I've a gay deal to do here."

This sagacious proposal of Rob's being warmly seconded by the boatswain, the young gentleman received the packet with a smile, and retired with it to the gun-room.

Not a moment was now lost—all the curious in eating, who had cash, were on the alert—and old Tibby was emptied of her cargo long ere there was a single inquiry made after him from the gun-room. This gave our friend Robert not only time to settle his ac-

counts, and receive further orders, but also to open his budget of local intelligence, and answer with his usual loquacity the numerous inquiries, how this one's wife was—how another one's mother and sisters—and whether a third one's sweetheart was married, or still living in fond and faithful expectation. But all this, and a great deal more, our readers can very easily suppose—so let it pass. Indeed, muckle Rob seemed to care very little about the subject himself; for he was continually breaking away from it to make some one inquiry or other about the “dreadfu’ cutting-out affair,” as he was pleased to phrase it, “wussing muckle to ken whether or no there were ony o’ the Frith lads amang the killed or missing, as he was positively deaved to death, and tormented night and day, wi’ about a score or twa o’ claverin women anent them.”

He was soon satisfied on this point, there being only one belonging to Kirkealdy of the name of Walter Malcolm, among the whole number, whom fortunately he did not know.

The discourse then took another turn, and the jollities and delights of the shore had begun to be prelected upon with considerable vivacity by two or three expectants of the highly prized liberty-ticket, when muckle Rob, who stood leaning on the gunnel, suddenly put an end to their mirth, by very seriously informing them, that that very morning, while waiting for his postage on board of the guardship, he had heard it positively announced, that the Tottumfog was to proceed to sea directly, while the Whipersnapper, being thought more materially damaged, was to sail in a few days for Sheerness, there to undergo a thorough repair.

“Come, come, my lively sculler,” cried Bill Lyson, bursting into the circle formed round the brawny speaker,—“belay, belay, if you please, or you and I shall fall out.—Don’t you think I knows, now, you are running us some of your d—d shore-rigs, and reeling us off an infernal lie?”

“Eh, Wull Lyson,” cried Muckle Rob, in a tone of reproach, “to think that I wad tell *you* a lie—sic an auld acquaintance. I tell ye, man, it’s as true what I’m saying, as—”

“Bah!” cried Lyson, interrupting him, “I won’t believe a word on’t. No, no, my old blade, you mustn’t go

for to think to come over us in that there lousy manner either; for mayhap we’re not such flat-fish as you supposes. To sea directly!—my eye, a pretty story in faith!—Why, man, doesn’t know, as how I’ve heard our carpenter say, that, after all their botching and patching, the hooker wasn’t by any means sea-worthy. And havn’t we all heard old Marlin say twenty times, since we came here, that her canvass wasn’t worth a d—n, and indeed good for nothing but to be cut up for trowsers, or the patching of old jackets. Haven’t we heard him say, that he could get no supplies whatever in this lousy place, though he hadn’t a spare coil of running rope in all his store-room; and above all, my brave fellow,—and, mind me, it’s a clencher,—doesn’t recollect how short-handed we are, and the guardo has none to spare. Bah, bah! by the Lord Harry, I’d as soon believe that we were going in chase, immediately after dinner, of that there monument of Nelson’s on the hill yonder.”

“Aweel, aweel, Lyson, just haud your tongue a bit, and hear what I’ve to say,” cried the dauntless Robert. “Forgive me, sirs, I’m no wanting ye to believe *my* word, I’m only telling ye what I heard, and my lugs are as gude as mony gaun;—neither am I wanting you awa in sic a hurry, for, well I wot, it will be a black sight to my pouch. But the haill story lies here, ye see. As I said before, I was standing at the admiral’s gangway this morning, waiting on the siller for my letters, and haverin a’ the time wi’ auld Wattie, the quarter-master—ye’ll a’ ken auld Wattie, a very douce, decent man—Weel, he looks ower into auld Tibby, as I ca’ my boat there, and says he to me, ‘Hollo, Rob,’ says he, ‘you’ve a gude lading; pray, where are you bound for with all that nice gear?’ I laughed, ye ken; and, says I, ‘Whar d’ye think I should be gaun, Wattie, but to my auld friends in the Tottumfog?’ That was the thing that first set us a-speaking about you, for otherwise, ye ken, I had nae occasion to mention ye to him or onybody. Aweel, sirs, the short and the lang o’ the story is this, that it is as true as death, Wattie told me out o’ his ain mouth what I tell’d ye a’ just the now, that he heard ye were gaun aff again directly, and that ye are to be visited by the Admiral himself—but he didna

mention what day—wha's to gie ye a' thing ye need out o' his ain ship."

"Now, ar't sure, Bob, you an't fibbing?" inquired Lyson, gravely.

"Am I sure, William?" cried muckle Rob, holding up his bulky fists in solemn protestation—"I'm as sure I heard what I'm telling you, and a' the lave—ay, as sure as I've death to meet wi', and as I'm treading the deck under me"—and the huge fellow stamped on the deck with his brawny foot.

"Then I must tell you, I am d—d sorry to hear it, Bob, that's all," said Lyson, sighing deeply, and walking away.

"Aweel," said muckle Rob, looking after him compassionately, and addressing the others gathered round him.—"Aweel, nae doubt, callants, disappointment's a sair, sair thing to thole. I've kent something o' that mysell in my day. Od bless me, I mind that time they harled me awa wi' the lave, in spite o' my neck, aboard o' the Texel, I thocht I wad hae broken my heart."

"What, Bob, were you ever aboard, my hearty?" exclaimed Jack Sykes, "why, that is news indeed. Pray what was the occasion?"

"Uh! weel I wot, nae great occasion that ever I saw," replied Rob;—"but ye see it was troublesome times, and men werena to be had for love nor money;—and there cam a report that the French were awa to murder a' our whalers, and there being nae veshels here, the Admiral's guard-ship, that's the Texel, bid to gang hersell. Then she wantit men, and that bred sic a curfuffle, ye ne'er saw the like—so they ruggit a' body awa' they could get a haud o', and me amang the lave."

"Well, and I hope you pinned the Frenchmen, Bob," replied Sykes; "or was it all a bam?"

"Bam here, bam there, devil a Frenchman ever we saw," said Rob. "Na, ne'er a hate we did ava but rin after the floating ice muntains o' Greenland; for we nae sooner cam up wi' ane, than anither peer'd on the verge o' the horizon, and awa we crowded after it—Troth, ye never saw sic a daft-like business in your days. I'se warrant I lost a gude twenty pounds by that job. To be sure, I dinna care a prin about it now, for it's blawn by, and I've gotten ower it. Tuts, sirs, after a', what's the use of preaching to sailors—the back, some way or

ither, is aye made for the burden; and a stout heart to a stay brae is the best sermon ye can gie them.—But poor Wull, though—od I'm sorry to see him sae down in the mouth, for he's an auld friend o' mine, and I ken fu' weel he expectit his wife frae Shields every day, wham he hasnae seen to my knowledge these ten years. They aye met at our house ye see, for the wife and her are terrible cronies, and he wad never allow her to come on board. Wae's me, poor fallow, I'm sorry I spoke o't ava; but I tak ye a' to witness, lads, that if it turn out a lie what I've been telling ye, ye maun put a' the wyte o't on Wattie Callander—a man, however, I must say, I never kent to tell a lie yet."

"Bob!" cried a servant, "you're wanted in the gun-room directly."

"Coming, my dear—coming in a moment," answered muckle Rob, making his way through the circle around him. "Now, callants," continued he, "for ye see I maun be gaun, if ye hae ony mair commands for me, or ony dirty things to wash and mend, just bundle them up, and I'll tak them ashore wi' me. At ony event, I think I'll maybe see you again before the darkening."

"I'll tell you what, my hearty," cried Sykes, "I'd, for one, wish you'd contrive to see whether there is any truth in that there news you've just been telling us when you get ashore; because, if there is, you know, it's more than time we were looking out for squalls."

"That I will, you may depend on't," cried Rob, hurrying away.

The officers detained him very shortly in the gun-room, their letters, &c. being in all readiness. He was therefore speedily in his boat; and after receiving various bundles of soiled linens, letters, and other trifling commissions from the crew, he cast loose auld Tibby, and made for the harbour.

Ever faithful to his word, however, muckle Rob *did* pass the vessel before the night set in, but, having passengers on board auld Tibby, he could not stop. He merely, therefore, contented himself with hailing the ship; and, on being answered, he bawled out, "Tell Sykes I was quite right," and rowed on. The events of the following day put the matter to rest.

CHAP. XV.

For I trusted, once in, that my troubles were o'er;
 At the least for a some little while;
 And already I saw her I loved on the shore,
 And already return'd her fond smile.
 And already had fled all my cares and my toil
 Which I'd oft felt when far far at sea;—
 But, alas! 'twas a vision—all falsehood and guile—
 No such joys were reserved for me.

Well-a-day!

The following day, before dinner, Captain Switchem came on board, and was received by all his officers on the quarter-deck as usual. He was hardly over the gunnel, when he grasped the hand of his first lieutenant, who awaited him, exclaiming, "No rest for the wicked, it would appear, my dear Fyke—I've got a vast of news for you, though, I must confess, they a'nt of a very pleasant nature—more of that, however, anon. How dost, my dear Cawdle—I hope you've got your sick bay fairly cleared out. Where's Nailparing?—Oh, he'll be looking out a lading for his store-rooms.—My service to you all, gentlemen.—Ah! my dear little heroes, are you there? How are you both—good students, I hope, and making great progress. It grieves me to say, my dear boys, that I won't be able to allow either of you to eat Christmas-cake with your papas and mammas this trip, but you may depend upon my honour as soon as we come into harbour again. With this apology I hope you will be satisfied, and make yourselves as contented as I'm obliged to be.—Come, come, you young rogues, no wry faces.—Recollect you must obey orders, and behave yourselves properly as young gentlemen officers ought to do. Go to your lessons; for, mind me, I'll expect great things from you for all this idleness.—Come, Fyke, go with me below, I want to hear your details of progress." So saying, they both went below, leaving the other officers, and indeed all hands, in a state of complete wonderment as to what was the reason of this marvellous hurry.

After some hours' consultation, Captain Switchem and his second in command returned to the deck, and the Captain's gig being ready in waiting, he made direct for the gangway. Much curiosity had been excited as to the occasion of this consultation, and much more was to gratify as to its issue. All

that could be heard, however, were his parting words, which, it was said, sounded something like,—“Now, for God's sake, my dear Fyke, exert yourself, and see that you get all things in as forward a state as you can. If I meet Nailparing on shore, I'll beat up his quarters, and see that he hurries his stores on board of you a little faster than he seems to be inclined at present. Meantime adieu; I'll see you, I hope, about the same hour tomorrow.” Then making a general obeisance to his other officers, he descended into his gig, and shoved off.

“Well, gentlemen, what think ye of the excellent intelligence our commander has brought us?” exclaimed Lieutenant Fyke, rejoining the rest of the officers on the quarter-deck. “I earnestly hope none of you sighs for the pleasures of the drawing-room, or the delights of the parlour fireside; for if you do, I sincerely pity you—since it so pleases the higher powers, instead of granting us these high enjoyments, to order us to a latitude to hold our Christmas where our wine will require no cooling, and where, instead of the witching smiles of beauty, we will have to content ourselves with the grin of that vinegar-faced old rascal, Jack Frost. 'Pon my soul, however, I must say 'tis rather tight-lacing this after all; and rather inclines to make fair duty a hardship. But why do you confine yourselves, gentlemen? In the situation I am placed, I have nothing to expect but a few hours' glimpse ashore after night-fall; but that's no rule to you. Would you take my advice—as there will be little peace here—I would have all of you, who wish to enjoy an afternoon's relaxation, to embrace the present opportunity. I assure you, gentlemen, I can promise you nothing for tomorrow; everything depending on the arrival of Nailparing's stores, and these, you may assure yourselves, will not

be long wanting if Switchem falls in with him, and he's avowedly gone on the hunt.—By the by, are you certain all our stores are complete, Doeboy?"

"Yes, yes—I think pretty nearly," replied the second lieutenant; "I just wish to see the contents of a hamper or two from Henderson, which I expected ere this time, to be able to speak more distinctly."

"Why, what Henderson is that?" inquired the Doctor.

"Henderson of the South Bridge, Edinburgh, to be sure," rejoined the second lieutenant, "the best victualler in the three kingdoms, either for sauces, soups, or wines; ay, in short, either for liquids or solids."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Doeboy, and my charge for trouble shall not exceed a couple bottles middling wine, as I'm going up to Edinburgh myself to-day, to get a few supplies to my medicine chest, I'll even give this Henderson of yours a call, and water his memory."

"Now, by my honour, Doctor, you may save yourself the trouble, and me the expense of the wine," cried Lieutenant Doeboy; "for I can tell you, Henderson's memory doesn't require any watering—he's as punctual to time as the twopenny post. However, as Fyke says we should take time by the forelock, I've not the smallest objections to accompany you, if you are unengaged, were it no more than to give one's legs a stretch. What say you to that plan, Fyke—are you agreeable?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly so," said Lieutenant Fyke, "could I get rid of the cursed feeling of envy I can't help bearing the pair of you."

"Pshaw, my dear fellow," cried Doeboy, "you'll be rid of that in a year or two, once you get a ship of your own. Come along, Doctor, and let us put ourselves in a little better shape for the shore—for once I take a notion in my head, I love to go through with it."

"Oh, of course," said Doctor Cawdle, "skyrocket Jack as usual."

They had no sooner left the deck for the shore, than Lieutenant Fyke set himself seriously to higher duties;—the sail-locker was emptied, the sails unloosed and examined, and, wherever faulty, were set about being repaired—other hands were employed

in setting up the lower rigging, under the direction of the gunner, and seizing it afresh—while parties of the topmen were aloft, examining and repairing the slings of the yards, restopping blocks, &c. &c. In short, all hands were busily employed in making everything ready for sea.

The sails were barely stowed away, and matters assuming some degree of order, when a lighter came alongside, out of which suddenly sprung Mr Nailparing, evidently in a high fume of ill humour.

"So he has hunted you off, Nailparing?" cried Lieutenant Fyke, laughing. "Well, positively I must give him the credit of saying that he has an excellent nose—a better, indeed, never left Bow Street; for he has done more in a few hours than I could have done in a month. But how did he contrive to ferret you out so readily; where did he pull you up, Nailparing?"

"Pull me up!" exclaimed the purser, breathless with rage; "Pull me up, say you! D—n me, he has pulled me up, and pulled me off, too, sir, with a vengeance, I can tell you. But pshaw!" cried he, breaking away, "don't bother me now, Fyke, for I'm not in the humour of talking. Go send your people to clear that confounded lighter, and leave me to recover myself."

This was soon done; and the first lieutenant, whose curiosity was roused to no common pitch at seeing the sedate, cool, and politic Nailparing so completely overcome with passion, immediately returned to the charge, with a "Come, Nailparing, my dear fellow, I am positively dying of curiosity—tell me, where the devil did Switchem ferret you out so readily?"

"Ferret me out;—well may you say so, Fyke," cried the enraged purser, "for, 'pon my soul, I never was so publicly affronted in my life before. By G—, was it not a shame, or was it like a gentleman, to burst in upon us like a country hobnail, and break up, *sans ceremonie*, a nice comfortable dinner-party—the only discount, too, I ever receive from that fat, blowsy brute of a biscuit-baker, Peasebran, for all the money I pay him—and not only so, but actually to order—ay, Mr Fyke, to order me off, like a dog, to the pier, to ship your lousy stores, there, forsooth! D—n me, such rascally treatment is enough to make a

fellow mad. But what need I expect from him? a fellow who has no education, and never took a degree in his life—one of no family worth the naming—and, at the very best, but the skipper of a paltry sloop of war.”

“Come, come, Nailparing, you forget yourself, my good sir,” cried Lieutenant Fyke; “always recollect, that be he what he may, he has the honour of being at present your commanding officer.”

“The more is the shame, Fyke,” cried the exasperated purser, “that a man of my family should be under such a thrall. D—n me, he’s no gentleman, however, nor is there a gentle drop of blood in his plebeian carcase. Such a fellow——”

“Pshaw, pshaw, Nailparing, you get foolish,” cried the first lieutenant, interrupting him; “you know as well as I do, that I shall not, must not, *will* not, listen to such calumnies against my first in command. Be so good, therefore, as have done with these peevish nonsensicals of yours, for to me, I assure you, they are highly disagreeable.”

“Highly disagreeable, Mr Fyke!” cried the purser, “did you say highly disagreeable, sir?”

Lieutenant Fyke coolly nodded assent.

“Ah, well, sir, I did not—really I did not expect this—I mean—I should say, I thought you were my friend, Mr Fyke—that’s all,” stammered the purser.

“Mr Nailparing,” said Lieutenant Fyke, gravely, “I flatter myself, you never had other occasion to think of me than as a friend; although, as a man of honour, who bears his Majesty’s commission, I again repeat, I will not, cannot, stand by and hear my commander abused so mercilessly without a cause.”

“Well, but hear me, Fyke—just for one moment hear me,” cried the purser, descending a note or two from his overstretched alto;—“Was it not shameful—ay, disgraceful—to affront me before a whole company—to tear me, neck and limb, from an excellent dinner—the only discount, as I said before, that scoundrel Peasebran ever allows me—just, forsooth, as if I had been his footman or his shoe-black—and, more than all this, not only to make me superintend, along with him, the loading of that confounded lighter

there, but never to leave me, nor it, until we were a good musket-shot clear of the pier-head? D—n me, you may say what you like, Fyke, but it was very, very unhandsome treatment, I assure you, sir. If I had been a convicted felon, he could have done no more.”

“Ha, ha, ha—ho, ho, ho!” roared Lieutenant Fyke, stamping the deck, and holding his sides until the water came into his eyes.

“’Tis mighty well, Lieutenant Fyke—mighty well, indeed, sir,” growled out the purser, sulkily; then added, with a very low bow, “I’m exceedingly glad to see you so very—very merry, Lieutenant Fyke.”

“Excuse me, excuse me, my dear fellow,” cried the first lieutenant, smoothing down his merry muscles into a goodhumoured smile, “but really your whole story is so completely ridiculous, that it is next to impossible to forbear laughing. But harkye, Nailparing, you say he accompanied you in the lighter clear of the pier-head, pray how did he contrive to leave you there?”

“Nothing easier—his gig was in attendance,” answered the purser doggedly.

“Yo hoy!—ha, ha, ha!” again roared Lieutenant Fyke.

“I’m mighty glad, Mr Fyke,” said the purser, testily, “mighty glad, indeed, sir, to be the cause of such amazing amusement to you.—D——n! you’re all alike. But I’ll not endure such treatment, that I won’t—I’ll throw up my commission, that I will, and retire for ever from such a villainous slavery.—I’m of a good family, thank God, and can live independent of you all, so I can. It never shall be said—no, never—that the eldest son of Nicol Nailparing of that ilk was obliged or beholden to one of you.”

“Why, now, what a fume you have wrought yourself into, my dear fellow, for a mere nothing!” said Lieutenant Fyke, forgetting his mirth in the commiseration he felt for the agonized and outrageous purser.—“Do go below, Nailparing, for a minute or two, and compose yourself. By my honour, I had not the smallest idea you were so completely heart-struck. Pshaw, now, don’t be a fool—why, you’re quite womanish—Go down below, there’s a good fellow, take a glass of grog or two, and that will soon bring you round again.—Why, man, you’re attracting the no-

tice of the people.—Come, now, do go down, like a hero, at once.—Ay, now, that's something like yourself.—I'll see all the stores properly stowed, and bring you the bill of lading."

"Well, well, Fyke, let me alone, and I *will* go below, since you insist upon it," said the purser, mournfully, and almost reduced to tears; "but you must—you cannot but acknowledge—that I've been most confoundedly affronted."

"We will talk of that some other time, when you are more yourself," said Lieutenant Fyke, leaving him at the top of the companion-ladder;—"but I must see what these fellows are about." Then going forward, and mounting a carronade, which enabled him to overlook the hold of the lighter, he bawled out to Bird, the boat-swain's mate, "Well, Bird, how get you on, my brave fellow? art nigh clear yet?"

"Very nearly, sir—d—d hurry, sir—I'll tell you directly, sir," answered the bustling Bird, in detached morsels:—"On deck there, whip!—whip, I say, whip!—d—n the fellows, what are they thinking on?—whip, you lubbers, whip!—high enough—now lower away—gently, gently, though.—Below there—d'ye hear me, you Sykes?—how much is to come yet?"

"Why, Bill, not a vast deal now, as one may say," answered Sykes, squirting out a mouthful of tobacco-juice. "Let me see, you've got all the bread, flower, pease, cocoa, and them there other dry gear; and, as far as I can see, you've got all the beef and pork.—Why, dang it, Bird, I do suppose we've got nothing here now but the good stuff; and I don't care although they should send it ashore again, and you and I along with it—My eye! what a blow-out we should have!"

"Bah, bah, my hearty!—do answer a question, when it is put to ye, if you please," cried the half-smiling Bird.—"Are you nearly clear yet? How much longer will you be, think you?—Whip there, whip!"

"Why, fully half an hour, I think, Bird—that is, if you're smart.—Hoist away!"

"You hear, sir," said Bird, addressing the first lieutenant, and touching his hat—"Whip, there, whip!—high enough—lower away!"

"Be active, then, Bird—be active,

myheart," said Lieutenant Fyke, "for, mind me, there will be no grog allowed until all is stowed, and the hatches on."

Bird made a slight inclination of his body, and again touched his hat, in token of complete understanding; then raising his stentorian voice, he bawled out, "D'ye all hear that, men?—no grog till all's stowed, and the hatches on—so you may be as long as you please about this here clearance. Come, d—n me, cheerly, my hearts, and run them up. Blow away, you whistling lubber—blast me, but you've the easiest birth in the hooker, stuck up there on the top of the nettings like another officer, with that morsel of yellow wattle in your fist—come, blow like blazes, and give us something cheery—High enough—lower away!"

In this rude but animating manner did matters gaily proceed, until the lighter was completely emptied of her cargo; and as the stowers on board had been equally active under the direction of the master all this while, the hatches were in no long time put on, and the keys delivered by the captain of the hold to the first lieutenant in form. Grog was then piped, and all hands went to supper. Twilight was now well advanced, the hammocks were piped down, and nothing occurring worthy of notice, the approaching night gradually consigned the wearied ship's company into the arms of sleep.

Our hero never loved to be in Leith Roads—he was too near what Leyden emphatically calls the scenery of his infancy—which, of course, were fraught with so many associations—so many fond remembrances of better and more joyous days—in all their various aspects, as were ever sure to make him melancholy, and to create a certain disgust for his present profession he could not account for. He had now been long in his hammock—had had an overhaul with busy meddling memory, and, after a severe conflict, had beat the skillet off. He was now, therefore, gladly composing himself for a nap, when a sudden noise of bustling feet on the deck attracted his attention, which in no long time was followed by the unusual call of—*All hands ahoy!*—He knew Bird's voice, and, springing from his hammock, slipped on trowsers and shoes, and flew on deck jacket-in-hand. Here he beheld a scene of the most uncom-

mon description—the quarter-deck bespread with burning lanterns, and the captain, wrapped in his enormous boat-cloak, walking backwards and forwards rapidly, in a seeming hurricane of passion.

It sometimes happens, that when gentlemen allow passion completely to overcome them, they often put their usual genteel phraseology in their pockets, and speak plumply and plainly down to the capacities of those who have offended them. We have already hinted somewhere in this excellent history, that Captain Switchem was a severe disciplinarian, and an austere stickler for the smallest minutæ of naval costume. It excited small surprise in our hero, therefore, when he heard his otherwise stately commander, as with rapid strides he paced the quarter-deck, volley forth a soliloquy—or something extremely like one, since all were listeners—in which the sublime epithets of *lazy scoundrel*, *good-for-nothing vagabond*, and *sleepy, leaden-headed lubber*, were studded as thickly as the stars of a frosty night's sky.

“What d’ye think, Mr Fyke, of that lazy scoundrel we’ve got there?” continued he, suddenly halting in front of his second in command; “and what punishment does he not deserve who is found asleep at his post?—Does not the articles of war say—*Death*?”

His first lieutenant bowed in silence.

“Ah, well, sir—then the matter just stands thus:—I am compelled to hurry from my friends, and am obliged to come off to you in this dark night on the most urgent duty, all which I comply with cheerfully, as, indeed, is *my* duty, and, coming alongside my own vessel, instead of receiving the decent homage I naturally expect as your commander, I absolutely get leave, with all my boat’s crew, to come on board without a single challenge!—I refer it to you all, gentlemen, is this duty—or is it anything like the practice of his majesty’s ships and vessels of war?—By no means; and, by mine honour, he shall suffer for it.—Carpenters, rear your grating in an instant!—A pretty sentry, truly, and one much to be trusted withal, to be caught sleeping and snoring on his post like a bed-rid old woman!—Quarter-masters, seize him up!—Boatswain’s mate, do your duty!—D—n me, I’ll see if I can’t give you a

lesson that shall make you remember to keep your eyes open in future, you lazy hound, you.—Go on, Bird, and give it him smartly.”

The unfortunate delinquent, stripped to the buff in a remarkably cold, frosty night, now muttered out something about sorrow and fatigue. The captain’s ear caught the former word.

“Sorrow, you scoundrel!” exclaimed he, with an unusual display of his teeth, “I care not a fig for your sorrow. Every knave is sorry when he comes to meet with his deserts—and you yourself, you rascal, I have little doubt on’t, will be infinitely more sorrowful when you are lashed to a stake to be shot, or stand ready to be run up to a yard’s arm.—Boatswain’s-mate, proceed.”

“God for ever bless your honour!” cried the poor fellow, writhing under the lash, his teeth chattering, and trembling all over from the intensity of the frost, “pardon me, pardon me, I beseech you!—I’ve always hitherto done my duty—I never was punished before—never, never!—the serjeant can tell you that.—Mr Fyke knows I am neither coward nor skulker—Do, God bless you, sir, speak a kind word for me!—Oh, good God! that it should come to this, after thirteen years’ hard service!—Oh, dear—oh, dear!—speak for me—for heaven’s sake speak for me, dear Mr Fyke!—I’ll never sleep again, sir—no, never, never—but I was so fatigued——”

“Fatigued, you scoundrel!” cried the Captain, interrupting him, “that’s all in my eye!—who the devil ever heard of a marine claiming fatigue? What did you enlist for?—what did you receive the seventeen guineas for?—what does his majesty clothe your abominable carcass for—but to do your duty, and obey orders?—And yet you dare to prate about fatigue, forsooth!—A very pretty story, you red-backed rascal!—do you ever do anything in the world to fatigue you, but loiter about your birth and the galley all day?—No, no, that won’t tell, I can inform you.”

“One dozen, sir,” said the serjeant, pausing.

“Well, well,” answered the Captain, “another boatswain’s-mate—Come, quick—a lazy scoundrel, that can’t keep his eyes open—and yet dares to prate to me of his fatigue, for-

sooth!—Come, come, proceed, and give it him soundly.”

“Gracious Heaven! what shall I do?” groaned the shivering sufferer.

“Dear Mr Fyke, so please you, sir, do speak a word for me.”

The unfortunate marine had now received eighteen lashes, when, whether from the private whispers of his first lieutenant, or that the high frenzy of his fine rolling passion had passed away, is not properly known; certain it is, however, that he suddenly ordered the sleeper to be cast loose—gave the serjeant a pretty severe lecture on his negligence in not visiting the sentries oftener, and keeping them on the alert; and then, informing all hands he should surprise them with news on the following morning, he ordered the boatswain to pipe down, and retired from the deck, followed by his officers.

“Faithfully, dearest brother, shalt thou do thy work all the day,” whispered Dennis to our hero, as they left the deck, “and at night, dearly beloved, so that it please me, will I rouse thee from thy sleep, to behold me give a poor overcome lobster a hearty thrashing!—By the powers of Moll Kelly, but that’s a way of rigging out the commands Father Daniel never gave me the smallest notion of.—But what the blazes, Ned, is he going to surprise us with to-morrow?—can you tell me that, dear?”

“Bah, are you so dull as that, mate?” cried our hero; “doesn’t recollect what big Bob told us? You’ll see, if I’m not greatly mistaken, that he’ll surprise us to-morrow, by rousing all hands an hour at least before daylight—boring us to death with rigging and niggling at something or other—and then to crown the whole, the old *Ral* will board us when his time comes, lend us a few of his hands, and kick us out to sea. Won’t that surprise you enough, matey?”

“By the powers, and it certainly will, dear.—Hubbaboo! what a spalpeen my head is that couldn’t see this before—but then you’re so cute, Ned.”—

“No, not so cute either, Denny; although I think, if we may believe the tall fellow, it is all likely enough.”

“No doubt of it, Ned; and to show you I firmly believe every word on’t, dear, by the hooky, I’ll belay farther botheration about the matter,

and haste me asleep as fast as I can. Do you the same, gragh; for by the piper of Leinster we’ll have the devil’s own day of it to-morrow.—So good night, Ned—a sound sleep to you, dear, and a blithe morning.”

The morning came, and with it a more than usual quantum of duty; for our hero had guessed aright—the Admiral was that day to pay them a visit, and the severity of the scrubbing and cleaning was wisely proportioned to so great an honour. We therefore choose to push aside all preliminary ceremonials—the nice exactitude to which Mr Marlin, from a boat a-head, squared the yards—how sleek the sails lay on the yards, and how trim the fresh blacked gaskins looked on their bunts and quarters—how adroitly the life-lines were rove, for the purpose of manning the yards—and, above all, the many ingenious expedients resorted to, both by gentlemen and commoners, some of them doubtless ludicrous enough, in order to make themselves look as smart as possible in the august presence;—we pass all these, and hasten to bring our reader down to the moment, when the Guardship’s signal gun had announced that the Admiral was about to enter his barge.

In the Tottumfog everything was in order and readiness. The marines were already stationed, in full twig, under arms beaft the mainmast—all hands were on deck, dressed as gay and as uniform as their means or their ingenuity could devise; and the cue having been already given them, every man waited in a death-like silence for the word to spring to the station appointed him. These moments of suspense were very brief; for a second gun having given warning that the Admiral had shoved off, Lieutenant Fyke immediately sung out, *All hands man the yards—away aloft!*—when away they sprung, and in a few moments the Tottumfog assumed a very imposing appearance.

The day, though cold, was remarkably fine; and the stately barge, as befitted the unusual quality of her cargo, came on with infinite gravity to the slowly measured sweeps of her verdant-coloured oars. At length she made alongside—the boatswain and his mates trilled their silver calls—the drum gave three long continued rolls—the marines presented arms—the Admiral and his attendants came on board, and

were received in the very pink of naval costume, by Captain Switchem and his officers on the quarter-deck, uncovered. The Admiral having been carefully handed by the gallant captain to a splendid arm-chair, brought that very morning, for the occasion, from the Britannia Inn, which was appropriately ornamented with a leopard's skin thrown carelessly on its bottom, so that the part which formerly covered the animal's head might now serve as a mat for the feet of the hero—and the etiquette and ceremonials of introduction being adjusted, Lieutenant Fyke marched forward, speaking trumpet in hand, as far as the gangway, and sung out—*All hands, lie in!*—when the yards were deserted in a trice, all hands hurrying down, and again resuming their ranks on the deck. Here they remained until the Admiral, after partaking of a slight refreshment, had examined the 'tween decks, and walked along the whole of their line. He was now again seated, the ship's books were laid before him on a small card-table, when Mr Fudge-forit, in full holiday canonicals, called from another the names of the whole ship's company individually, who, as they were named, approached the Admiral hat in hand, and retired from him to the other side round by the capstan.

The admiral, a little plump, fresh-coloured, hale old man, highly powdered, and in full uniform—having signified to Captain Switchem that he wished to commemorate his visit to the Tottumfog, by rewarding such of his crew with promotion as he and Lieutenant Fyke thought most deserving of it, they accordingly planted themselves on each side of his chair, in order to point out the several individuals on whom they wished him to bestow this favour. As these individuals now approached him, therefore, the Admiral, after paying them a short but flattering compliment—rendered doubly valuable by the good-humoured frankness with which it was bestowed—shortly informed them, if landsmen, they were now to be rated ordinary—and if already ordinary, they were now to consider themselves able seamen. Among a great number thus unwittingly promoted, were our hero and his friend, Dennis Mahony, who, upon the representations of Lieutenant Fyke, were not only enrolled

amongst the promoted, but received the admiral's word of honour that they should be faithfully reported to the Admiralty—a species of honour, however, both our hero and his friend had little cause afterwards to rejoice at.

Human ingenuity never invented a better plan to gild a bitter pill, than this popular step of the Admiral's; for having gone over examining the whole ship's company individually, his next request to the captain was that he would call all hands aft on the quarter-deck; when, rising from his seat, and leaning o'er the capstan, he thus addressed them:—"It is impossible for me, my lads, to tell you how proud I am to have such a band of fine smart fellows as the crew of this vessel now under my command. Your behaviour altogether has given me the highest satisfaction; but your trip this last cruise has so completely delighted me, for the coolness, the bravery, and the determined intrepidity with which you overcame every obstacle laid in your way by the enemy, that it has determined me in selecting your vessel for a more important, honourable, and I trust it will prove a more lucrative service for you all. I am ready to confess to you, that I really think you have hitherto fought more for honour than for anything else; but I now mean to send you on a cruise, where I hope you'll reap both honour and prize-money—besides earning that precious meed—the best and dearest to a British bosom—the applause of your King, and the gratitude of your Country. We live in times, my lads, when England expects every man to do his duty;—I am proud to say that I think hitherto you have done yours;—and in order to encourage you, and give you the first and fairest chance of making prizes,—for other vessels shall follow you as fast as they come in,—I mean to dispatch you to your destination this very afternoon;—and I trust, nay, I should rather say, I am certain I shall have no cause hereafter to regret, that the van of my cruisers on that important station was led by the brave crew of his Majesty's sloop-of-war, the Tottumfog.—What say you, my brave fellows, do you all volunteer?"

Three hearty cheers was the reply.

"I expected nothing less from you,

my lads," continued the Admiral, smiling.—"And now, Captain Switchem, and all of you, gentlemen, who have the pleasure of commanding such a spirited ship's company, I hope you will briefly accept my thanks for your services. You may firmly rely upon my faithful and warm report of them for the consideration of my Lords of Admiralty,—and from that quarter I have not a doubt but every individual amongst you will receive a lasting and a rich reward.

"To you, Captain Switchem, I have only farther to add, that I shall transmit you sealed orders, with proper instructions, immediately after dinner—I shall also take the same opportunity of sending you as many good and efficient hands as I can possibly spare—and, on receiving these, I trust you will lose as little time as possible in getting under weigh. Wishing you, therefore, and you gentlemen, along with your gallant crew, fine weather and a successful cruise, I beg leave for a time to bid you all farewell."

Having finished his speech, the Admiral was preparing to withdraw, by making towards the gangway. Captain Switchem would again have manned the yards, but was restrained by the good-humoured Admiral's exclaiming, "Oh, no captain, by no means, the poor fellows have plenty before them for one day already."

Having by this time attained the gunnel of the vessel, he turned, and gracefully lifted his hat to the officers

assembled on the quarter-deck, who returned the compliment with three cheers, in which they were lustily joined by the crew. The old Admiral seemed highly gratified, for his eyes glistened as he repeated his salute; and shaking Captain Switchem heartily by the hand, he descended into his barge. Again were the whistles blown—the drum rolled—the muskets presented. The show was concluded; for the barge shoved off, and the Tottumfog's crew were left to chew the cud of reflection.

It gives us pleasure to add in closing this chapter, that muckle Rob, ever faithful to his trust, most opportunely came alongside, shortly after the Admiral's departure, with all the necessary sea stores, letters, and much-wanted clean and repaired linen; and thus set the hearts of many of his almost despairing employers completely at ease. The Admiral's orders and draft of men came on board punctually at the time appointed, when the foretop-sail was let fall, a gun fired, and blue Peter hoisted to the mast-head; and hardly another hour elapsed before the Tottumfog was seen standing down the Forth in gallant style, under every inch of canvass she could carry—while doubtless from the shore, many a disappointed and faithful loving heart,—wife, mother, and sweet heart,—as her white sail gradually receded from the eye, would, sighing, vent its plaints in language something similar to the good old melancholy stave—

"O cruel cruel were the hands that tore my love from me,
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love to sea;
The wind it blew, the ship it flew,—the tear it fill'd my e'e,—
Yet I'll love my love, because I know my love loves me."

S.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.*

THIS is a little book, about little people, by a little author, of the height of Tom Moore—full of little stories, pleasant to read, and little woodcuts, pleasant to look at—a book, in short, all the persons and things connected with which are little, except the good humour and the research; both of which are great. It is a collection of fairy stories, from the south of Ireland, told with a true Hibernicism of tone and manner—an *asiness*, as the natives themselves would say, which (as they would not say,) is quite refreshing. The stories, even as told here, are as old as the hills—in their original existence, as old as the mountains of the first formation. It is really amazing how little creative of new incidents we are. Our jokes made yesterday are in Hierocles, and he again is but a revival of the jesters of the East. Punch, who castigates Judy for the benefit of the street audience, is the Arlechino of Italy—the descendant of the Fescennines—the regular representatives of the drolls of the golden age—*temp. Saturni primi*. The very cantripes of our witches, their hell-broths and cauldrons, are all in Apuleius, who is himself but an echo of times much older—a dim shadower forth of mysteries, by himself not understood. Ghosts have flourished in all their glory from the earliest times, and we know of no addition made to their terrors. There is nothing in the Castle of Otranto—nothing in the Mysteries of Udolpho—that we have not heard before—we mean nothing of incident. The White Lady of Avenel, piercing the centre of the earth, and singing her wondrous songs, is to be found in many a fabling saga. We own that her taking a hob-nailed, hard-fisted Berwickshire clown at her tail, to find a translation of the Bible in central fire, is new; but we doubt whether the original inventor would claim the addition.

Among other of the gay and gloomy imaginations dispersed all over the

world, is that of the fairies. The pygmies of old, riding on ram-back†—the troldees of the north—the dwarfs of the romancers—the Daoinesshe of the Highlands—the Banshies, Phookas, Shefros, &c. of the Irish—the Mabs, the Oberons, the Titanias—many more, too long for our purposes, meet us in every quarter of the globe. But there is seldom much use in doing over again anything that Sir Walter Scott has thought proper to do; and highly as we respect ourselves, we beg leave to refer the curious in fairies to his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and then they will be satisfied to their heart's content on the subject. What we were saying of the want of the creative power in men in these later ages, holds here as well as in any other department of the imaginative faculty; for there's hardly a story told, either by Sir Walter Scott, in the beautiful dissertation to which we have alluded, or by Mr Thomas Crofton Croker, in the pretty and amusing volume before us, which could not be traced to antiquity as remote as the earliest congregation of men in society.

Everything, therefore, is in the telling, and in the description of the peculiar costume in which these stories appear, in the particular country from which the narrator has drawn his immediate subject; in both of which main branches of art, our present story-teller has most admirably succeeded. By way of specimen, we take the very first.

“THE LEGEND OF KNOCSHEOGOWNA.

“In Tipperary is one of the most singularly shaped hills in the world. It has got a peak at the top, like a conical night-cap thrown carelessly over your head as you awake in the morning. On the very point is built a sort of lodge, where in the summer the lady who built it and her friends used to go on parties of pleasure; but that was long after the days of the fairies, and it is, I believe, now deserted.

* Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland. London: John Murray. 1825.

† Or She-goat-back. *Insidentles arietum caprarumque dorsis*. We do not think Addison has noticed this circumstance; but it is so long since we read the Pygmaio-Geranomachia, that we are not sure.

"But before lodge was built, or acre sown, there was close to the head of the hill a large pasturage, where a herdsman spent his days and nights among the herd. The spot had been an old fairy ground, and the good people were angry that the scene of their light and airy gambols should be trampled by the rude hoofs of bulls and cows. The lowing of the cattle sounded sad in their ears, and the chief of the fairies of the hill determined in person to drive away the new comers, and the way she thought of was this :—When the harvest nights came on, and the moon shone bright and brilliant over the hill, and the cattle were lying down hushed and quiet, and the herdsman, wrapt in his mantle, was musing with his heart gladdened by the glorious company of the stars twinkling above him, bathed in the flood of light bursting all over the sky, she would come and dance before him,—now in one shape—now in another,—but all ugly and frightful to behold. One time she would be a great horse, with the wings of an eagle, and a tail like a dragon, hissing loud and spitting fire. Then in a moment she would change into a little man, lame of a leg, with a bull's head, and a lambent flame playing round it. Then into a great ape, with duck's feet and a turkeycock's tail. But I should be all day about it were I to tell you all the shapes she took. And then she would roar, or neigh, or hiss, or bellow, or howl, or hoot, as never yet was roaring, neighing, hissing, bellowing, howling, or hooting, heard in this world before or since. The poor herdsman would cover his face, and call on all the saints for help, but it was no use. With one puff of her breath she would blow away the fold of his great-coat, let him hold it never so tightly over his eyes, and not a saint in heaven paid him the slightest attention. And to make matters worse, he never could stir; no, nor even shut his eyes, but there was obliged to stay, held by what power he knew not, gazing at these terrible sights, until the hair of his head would lift his hat half a foot over his crown, and his teeth would be ready to fall out from chattering. But the cattle would scamper about mad, as if they were bitten by the fly; and this would last until the sun rose over the hill.

"The poor cattle, from want of rest, were pining away, and food did them no good; besides, they met with accidents without end. Never a night passed that some of them did not fall into a pit, and get maimed, or, may be, killed. Some would tumble into a river, and be drowned; in a word, there seemed never to be

an end of the accidents. But what made the matter worse, there could not be a herdsman got to tend the cattle by night. One visit from the fairy drove the stoutest hearted almost mad. The owner of the ground did not know what to do. He offered double, treble, quadruple wages, but not a man could be found for the sake of money to go through the horror of facing the fairy. She rejoiced at the successful issue of her project, and continued her pranks. The herd gradually thinning, and no man daring to remain on the ground, the fairies came back in numbers, and gambolled as merrily as before, quaffing dew-drops from acorns, and spreading their feast on the head of capacious mushrooms.

"What was to be done, the puzzled farmer thought in vain. He found that his substance was daily diminishing, his people terrified, and his rent-day coming round. It is no wonder that he looked gloomy, and walked mournfully down the road. Now in that part of the world dwelt a man of the name of Larry Hoolahan, who played on the pipes better than any other player within fifteen parishes. A roving, dashing blade was Larry, and feared nothing. Give him plenty of liquor, and he would defy the devil. He would face a mad bull, or fight single-handed against a fair. In one of his gloomy walks the farmer met him, and on Larry's asking the cause of his down looks, he told him all his misfortunes. 'If that is all ails you,' said Larry, 'make your mind easy. Were there as many fairies on Knocksheowgowna as there are potatoe blossoms in Eliogurty, I would face them. It would be a queer thing, indeed, if I, who never was afraid of a proper man, should turn my back upon a brat of a fairy, not the bigness of one's thumb.'—'Larry,' said the farmer, 'do not talk so bold, for you know not who is hearing you; but, if you make your words good, and watch my herds for a week on the top of the mountain, your hand shall be free of my dish till the sun has burnt itself down to the bigness of a farthing rushlight.'

"The bargain was struck, and Larry went to the hill-top, when the moon began to peep over the brow. He had been regaled at the farmer's house, and was bold with the extract of barleycorn. So he took his seat on a big stone, under a hollow of the hill, with his back to the wind, and pulled out his pipes. He had not played long when the voice of the fairies was heard upon the blast, like a low stream of music. Presently they burst out into a loud laugh, and Larry

could plainly hear one say, 'What! another man upon the fairies' ring? Go to him, queen, and make him repent his rashness;' and they flew away. Larry felt them pass by his face, as they flew like a swarm of midges; and, looking up hastily, he saw between the moon and him a great black cat, standing on the very tip of its claws, with its back up, and mewing with a voice of a water-mill. Presently it swelled up towards the sky, and, turning round on its left hind leg, whirled till it fell on the ground, from which it started in the shape of a salmon, with a cravat round its neck, and a pair of new top-boots. 'Go on, jewel,' said Larry; 'if you dance, I'll pipe;' and he struck up. So she turned into this, and that, and the other; but still Larry played on, as he well knew how. At last she lost patience, as ladies will do when you do not mind their scolding, and changed herself into a calf, milk-white as the cream of Cork, and with eyes as mild as those of the girl I love. She came up gentle and fawning, in hopes to throw him off his guard by quietness, and then to work him some wrong. But Larry was not so deceived; for when she came up, he, dropping his pipes, leaped upon her back.

"Now from the top of Knocksheogowna, as you look westward to the broad Atlantic, you will see the Shannon, queen of rivers, 'spreading like a sea,' and running on in gentle course to mingle with the ocean through the fair city of Limerick. It on this night shone under the moon, and looked beautiful from the distant hill. Fifty boats were gliding up and down on the sweet current, and the song of the fishermen rose gaily from the shore. Larry, as I said before, leaped upon the back of the fairy, and she, rejoiced at the opportunity, sprang from the hill-top, and bounded clear, at one jump, over the Shannon, flowing as it was just ten miles from the mountain's base. It was done in a second; and when she alighted on the distant bank, kicking up her heels, she flung Larry on the soft turf. No sooner was he thus planted, than he looked her straight in the face, and, scratching his head, cried out, 'By my word, well done! that was not a bad leap for a calf!'

"She looked at him for a moment, and then assumed her own shape. 'Laurence,' said she, 'you are a bold fellow; will you come back the way you went?' — 'And that's what I will,' said he, 'if you let me.' So changing to a calf again, again Larry got on her back, and at another bound they were again upon the top of Knocksheogowna. The fairy once

more resuming her figure, addressed him: — 'You have shown so much courage, Laurence,' said she, 'that while you keep herds on this hill, you never shall be molested by me or mine. The day dawns; go down to the farmer and tell him this; and if anything I can do may be of service to you, ask and you shall have it.' She vanished accordingly; and kept her word in never visiting the hill during Larry's life; but he never troubled her with requests. He piped and drank at the farmer's expense, and roosted in his chimney-corner, occasionally casting an eye to the flock. He died at last, and is buried in a green valley of pleasant Tipperary; but whether the fairies returned to the hill of Knocksheogowna after his death is more than I can say."

There is something odd and pastoral in this kind of writing. We remember to have heard the story on the top of a coach, going from Birr to Kenagh, as we were driving under the very hill of Knocksheogowna, which, being interpreted, signifies the Hill of the Fairy Calf, so denominated from the tale. It was in the month of July, on a fine warm day, and altogether it made so deep an impression on our memory that we were glad to see it here. We must say, however, that our Tipperary friend told it rather better; for he gave it with a rich and mellifluous brogue, and made no attempts at the fine writing about the "glorious company of the stars," which we have in the tale as published.

We shall just take one more.

MASTER AND MAN.

"Billy Mac Daniel was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelagh; fearing for nothing but the want of drink; caring for nothing but who should pay for it; and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it: drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into, or of ending a dispute. More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company; for surely the good people are the worst of all company any one could come across.

"It so happened, that Billy was going home one clear frosty night not long after Christmas; the moon was round

and bright; but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. 'By my word,' chattered Billy, 'a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best.'

" 'Never wish it twice, Billy,' said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

" 'Success, my little fellow,' said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people*; 'here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly; no matter who pays for the drink;' and he took the glass and drained it to the very bottom, without ever taking a second breath to it.

" 'Success,' said the little man; 'and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others,—out with your purse and pay me like a gentleman.'

" 'Is it I pay you?' said Billy: 'could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?'

" 'Billy Mac Daniel,' said the little man, getting very angry, 'you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid; so make ready to follow me.'

" When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake, without any rest.

" When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him and said, 'You may now go home, Billy, but, on your peril, don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field to-night; or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master.'

" Home went Billy Mac Daniel; and though he was tired and weary enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man; but he was afraid not to do his bidding, so he got up in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, 'Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for

yourself, as you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night.'

" Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly: 'But,' said he, 'if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old thorn-tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the bit of bog over against us.'

" 'Ask no questions, Billy,' said the little man, 'but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find.'

" Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

" 'Get up, Billy,' said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

" 'Where shall I get up, please your honour?' said Billy.

" 'Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure,' said the little man.

" 'Is it after making a fool of me you'd be,' said Billy, 'bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush? May-be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but a while ago out of the bog over there is a horse?'

" 'Up! up! and no words,' said the little man, looking very angry; 'the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it.' So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: 'Borram! Borram! Borram!' cried the little man three times (which, in English, means to become great,) and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed; but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had his horse started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

" At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: 'Now, Billy,' said the little man, 'do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or on your heels: for remember

that old liquor, though able to make a cat speak, can make a man dumb.'

"The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

"The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. 'The best of masters are you, surely,' said Billy to him; 'no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink.'

"'I have made no bargain with you,' said the little man, 'and will make none; but up and follow me.' Away they went, through key-hole after key-hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snow-balls, as soon as the words, 'Borram, Borram, Borram,' had passed their lips.

"When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavour of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

"One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, 'Billy, I shall want another horse to-night, for may-be we may bring back more company with us than we take.' So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant. 'If I have,' thought Billy, 'he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not, every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master.'

"Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunnell, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru.

Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, 'Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow!'

"'God bless us, sir,' said Billy, 'will you?'

"'Don't say these words again, Billy,' said the little man, 'or you will be my ruin for ever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married.'

"'I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all,' said Billy, 'if ever you mean to marry.'

"'And to that purpose,' said the little man, 'have I come all the way to Carrigogunnell; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me.'

"'And what will Darby Riley say to that?' said Billy.

"'Silence!' said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look: 'I did not bring you here with me to ask questions;' and without holding further argument, he began saying the queer words, which had the power of passing him through the key-hole as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

"In they both went; and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be, and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life, he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

"There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward—and under them were the priest and piper—and the father of Darby Riley, and Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clean and as clever

as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough besides to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

“ Now it happened, just as Mrs Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig’s head which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoy, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at table start, but not a soul said, ‘ God bless us.’ All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which unfortunately was pre-occupied with pig’s head and greens. And after a moment’s pause, the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

“ Of this circumstance both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. ‘ Ha!’ exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—‘ Ha!’ said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, ‘ I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley.’

“ Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take, any notice; and no one thought of saying, ‘ God bless us.’

“ Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, and dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

“ At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, ‘ God save us!’ Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered, than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he had perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, ‘ I discharge you my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take that for your wages,’ gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the

back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper-table.

“ If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony! but when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.”

Part of this story is Scotch, and we apprehend that Mr Croker’s bulrush was in its original existence a benweed. Hogg, also, in his grand poem, the Witch of Fife, has something of the kind.

In p. 277, we have Daniel O’Rourke, in prose. It formerly ornamented our pages in ottava rima, very merrily and wittily told. We forget whence it was originally derived, but we certainly have seen it somewhere in print before. Mr Croker has here, however, much amplified, and bedecked it with various flowers of speech, hitherto unknown in the English language. He might have illustrated also his story of “ The Field of Boliauns,” (p. 199,) from our pages; for he will find its miraculous circumstance told in a note on Sketches of Village Character in our eighth volume, as having happened to Archy Tait.

The notes are learned and amusing; we copy one, to make a remark or two on it.

“ ‘ Don’t call them my enemies,’ exclaims Tom Bourke, on hearing Mr Martin apply the term enemy to an adverse fairy faction; and throughout it will be observed that he calls the fairies, as all Irish in his class of life would do, ‘ Good People.’ (*Dina Magh*, correctly written *Duoiné Maith*.)

“ In some parts of Wales, the fairies are termed *tylwyth teg*, or the fair family; in others *y teulu*, the family; also, *bendith eu mamau*, or the blessings of their mothers; and *gwreigedh anwyl*, or dear wives.

“ A similar desire of propitiating superior beings of malignant nature, or a wish to avoid words of ill omen, characterizes people of higher civilization. The Greeks denominated the furies by the name of *Eumendæ*, the benevolent, and gave to one of them the title of *Megara*, the merciful. On similar principles, without having re-

course to grammatical quiddities, may possibly be explained the name of Charon, 'the grim ferryman that poets write of,' which, if it be of Greek origin, signifies 'the rejoicing;' and why *Lucus*, the gloomy and appalling grove, should be derived from *luceo*, to shine with light; other instances will immediately occur to the scholar, as *Maleventum* changed to *Beneventum*; *πολιος αἰένος*, the sea unfriendly to strangers to *πολιος ευχένος*, the friendly, &c. We see it in more modern days in the alteration of 'the Cape of Storms' into the 'Cape of Good Hope.' In one of the Waverley novels, Sir Walter Scott, if Sir Walter it be, mentions that the Highlanders call the gallows, by which so many of their countrymen suffered, the *kind* gallows, and address it with uncovered head. Sir Walter cannot account for this, but it is evidently propitiatory."

This last sentence is not exactly accurate. The Highlanders do not address the gallows *generally* by this endearing title, but simply the gallows of Creiff. It is hard to say why they call it kind; but we are not quite sure of its being intended for propitiation, as Mr Croker explains it; for the usual salutation is, "Och! ye're tae kind callows o' Creiff! God pless us, and God tamn you;" at least such is the version of the salute which we have heard. If wrong, we are ready to submit to any correction. But Mr Croker might have added, in illustration of his general position, that even the law of Scotland itself has not ventured to offend the fairies; for in the very in-

dictments for witchcraft, and they continued late in the 17th century, they are uniformly called "the gude neighbors."

Our little author has been very candid in acknowledging his obligations to others. We must tell him, therefore, against his next edition, (for we think the book will run to another,) that the Legend of Knockgraston, p. 23, in which the hump is taken from one man, and put on another, is Italian. Miss Edgeworth, as Mr Croker remarks, claims for the Irish Legend the merit of giving the hint to Parnell, (an Irishman,) for his pretty poem of Britain's Isle and Arthur's Days; and it may be the case, but it was already in print. The scene of the Italian story is laid at Benevento; it is exactly the same as the Irish, with the addition of one comic and fairy-like circumstance. They saw off the hump of the involuntary intruder with a saw of butter, without putting him to any pain. It may be found, we think, in one of Redi's Letters.

We hope Mr Croker is not done story-telling; but that he will give us, not exactly as he says himself, p. 137, "two thick quartos, properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, for Mr John Murray, of Albemarle-street," but a regular annual duodecimo, for the same great bookseller of the Western World, until he be himself claimed by the fairies, and carried away mounted on a bul-rush.

* * [We subjoin a communication on something of a similar subject, which we have just received from a correspondent. Would a letter to Hailebury reach him?—C. N.]

EASTERN STORIES.

It was long since well remarked, that we can be hardly said to have a new story in the world. All the new tales, says Chaucer, were in his time come out of the old books. And the farther we trace back into the East, the more remote does the origin of our most trivial and popular legends appear to be.

It is impossible for the readers of the Odyssey not to be struck by the similarity which many of the adventures of Ulysses bear to those of Sinbad the Sailor. There have been many hypo-

theses framed to account for this fact. I admit that it is possible that the teller of the Arabian story may have read Homer, or received his "*speciosa miracula*" at second hand, but it is not very probable. My theory is, that the Greek in Ionia, and the Arab in Bagdad, drew on a common source, the origin of which it would perhaps be difficult to trace. A slight acquaintance with the stores of Sanscrit knowledge makes me think that it is to that literature that we are to look for the germ of many of our fictions.

*Fortunatus's Wishing-Cap is a common story. The site of the tale is placed in Famagosta, the famous city of Cyprus. This location was chosen by the story-tellers of the middle ages to whom that island, in consequence of the crusades, Richard's exploits in it, the House of Lusignan, &c. &c. became a sort of country of romance. Tracing farther back, we find the tale to recede eastward, and told in the Babur Danish. If we pursue our inquiries we shall trace it to India. In the Vrikat Katha, which is a collection of Hindoo tales, derived from the Sanscrit, we are told the adventures of Putraha, one of which is—

"While wandering in the woods he beheld two men struggling with each other. He inquired who they were. They replied that they were the sons of Mayasar, and were contending for a magic cup, staff, and pair of slippers—the first of which yielded inexhaustible viands, the second generated any object which it delineated, and the third transported a person through the air. The stronger of the two was to possess these articles. Putraha then observed to them, that violence was a very improper mode of settling their pretensions; and that it would be better they should adjust the dispute by less objectionable means. He therefore proposed, that they should run a race for the contested articles, and the fleetest win them. They agreed, and set off. They were no sooner at a little distance, than Putraha, putting his feet into the slippers, and seizing the cup and staff, mounted into the air, and left the racers in vain to lament their being outwitted."

Here the slippers play the part of Fortunatus's Cap, and the magic cup, which yields inexhaustible viands, is not very unlike his purse. The trick which Putraha plays resembles one in Grimm's German stories, where a prince obtains possession of a sword, the drawing of which cuts off heads in a similar manner. But in general our northern legends do not turn so much on the exploits of stratagem as of open force. The Eastern evidently prefer the clever and ingenious trickster. Reynard the fox, who comes to us

from the East, (witness the common story of his looking after grapes, which our western foxes do not eat,) is a greater favourite than Irgoin the Wolf, or Bruin the Bear. Homer in this, too, shows his eastern origin, for Ulysses the *πολυτροπος*, is evidently the hero for whom he has most respect and affection.

The Fabliaux are generally admitted to be directly oriental. I do not remember that their Indian origin has been pointed out by their commentators in any instance. I shall therefore avail myself of another story, translated from the Vrikat Katha. It is the foundation of the famous fabliau of *Cóurtant Du Hamel, ou la dame qui attrappa un Pretre, un Prevot, et un Forestier*.

"Whilst I, Vararuchi the Storyteller, was thus absent, my wife, who performed with pious exactitude her ablutions in the Ganges, attracted the notice and desires of several suitors, especially of the king's domestic priest, the commander of the guard, and the young prince's preceptor, who annoyed her by their importunities, and terrified her by their threats, till at last she determined to expose and punish their depravity. Having fixed upon the plan, she made an appointment for the same evening with her three lovers, each being to come to her house an hour later than the other. Being desirous of propitiating the gods, she sent for our banker to obtain money to distribute in alms; and when he arrived, he expressed the same passion as the rest, on her compliance with which, he promised to make over to her the money that I had placed in his hands; or on her refusal, he would retain it to his own use. Apprehending the loss of our property, therefore, she made a similar assignation with him, and desired him to come to her house that evening, at an hour when she calculated on having disposed of the first comers, for whose reception, as well as his, she arranged with her attendants the necessary preparations.

"At the expiration of the first watch of the night, the preceptor of the prince arrived. Upakosa affected to receive him with great delight; and, after some conversation, desired him to make a bath, which her handmaids had prepared for

* I am indebted to the Calcutta Quarterly Magazine for the two stories I am going to quote.

him, as a preliminary condition to any further intimacy. The preceptor made not the least objection, on which he was conducted into a retired and dark chamber, where his bath was ready. On undressing, his own clothes and ornaments were removed, and in their place a small wrapper given to him, which was a piece of cloth smeared with a mixture of oil, lamp black, and perfumes. Similar cloths were employed to rub him after bathing, so that he was of a perfectly ebony colour from top to toe. The rubbing occupied the time till the second lover (the priest) arrived, on which the women exclaimed, 'Here is our master's particular friend—in, in here, or all will be discovered;—and hurrying their victim away, they thrust him into a long and stout wicker basket, fastened well by a bolt outside, in which they left him to meditate upon his mistress.

"The priest and the commander of the guard were secured, as they arrived, in a similar manner; and it only remained to dispose of the banker. When he made his appearance, Upakosa, leading him near the baskets, said aloud,—'You promise to deliver me my husband's property;' and he replied, 'The wealth your husband entrusted to me shall be yours.' On which she turned towards the baskets, and said, 'Let the gods hear the promise of Hiranyagupta.' The bath was then proposed to the banker. Before the ceremony was completed, the day began to dawn, on which the servants desired him to make the best of his way home, lest the neighbours should notice his departure; and with this recommendation they forced him, naked as he was, into the street. Having no alternative, the banker hastened to conceal himself in his own house, being chased all the way by the dogs of the town.

"So soon as it was day, Upakosa repaired to the palace of Nanda, and presented a petition to the king against the banker, for seeking to appropriate the property entrusted to him by her husband. The banker was summoned. He denied having ever received any money from me. Upakosa then said, 'When my husband went away, he placed our household gods in three baskets; they have heard this man acknowledge his holding a deposit of my husband's, and let them bear witness for me.' The king, with some feeling of surprise and incredulity, ordered the baskets to be sent for, and they were, accordingly, produced in the open court. Upakosa then addressed them,—'Speak, gods, and declare what you overheard this banker say in

our dwelling. If you are silent, I will unhouse you in this presence.' Afraid of this menaced exposure, the tenants of the baskets immediately exclaimed,—'Verily, in our presence, the banker acknowledged possession of your wealth.' On hearing these words, the whole court was filled with surprise, and the banker, terrified out of his senses, acknowledged the debt, and promised restitution. The business being adjusted, the king expressed his curiosity to see the household divinities of Upakosa, and she very readily complied with his wish. The baskets being opened, the culprits were dragged forth by the attendants, like so many lumps of darkness. Being presently recognised, they were overwhelmed with the laughter and derision of all the assembly. As soon as the merriment had subsided, Nanda begged Upakosa to explain what it all meant; and she acquainted him with what had occurred. Nanda was highly incensed, and, as the punishment of their offence, banished the criminals from the kingdom. He was equally pleased with the virtue and ingenuity of my wife, and loaded her with wealth and honour. Her family were likewise highly gratified by her conduct, and she obtained the admiration and esteem of the whole city."

This tale is also in the Arabian Nights Entertainments—in that portion translated by Dr Jonathan Scott, under the title of the Lady of Cairo and her Four Gallants, thereby affording a proof of the Sanscrit origin of these far-famed stories. I cannot mention the Arabian Nights Entertainments, without expressing my gratification, that we shall soon have an opportunity of reading a further portion of them. It is well known, that Galland did not translate a fifth of the entire—and though it is universally agreed that he chose the best, and executed his task admirably, yet great light would be thrown on Asiatic manners, and literary history in general, by the translation of the entire: I mean such as are translatable, for some of the *escapades* of the Asiatic writers are too free for our northern ears. The Reverend Doctor John Wait of Saint John's College, Cambridge, has undertaken to fill part of the hiatus, by translating two or three volumes of them from the Arabian manuscripts of the public library of that university, which contain at least a thousand unpublished stories. The

great oriental knowledge of Doctor Wait amply qualify him for such a task.

If there be any story which has quite an English air, it is that of Whittington and his Cat. Are not, as Jack Cade's voucher would say, the very bells of London alive at the present day to testify it? Yet the unrelenting East robs us even of that story. I can trace it no farther than Persia, where it was told by the Persian ambassador to Mr Morier, from whose journey I copy it.

"In the 700th year of the Hejira, in the town of Siraf, lived an old woman with her three sons, who, turning out profligates, spent their own money and their mother's fortune, abandoned her, and went to live at Kais. A little while after, a Siraf merchant took a trading voyage to India, and freighted a ship. It was the custom of those days, that when a man undertook a voyage to a distant land, each of his friends entrusted to his care some article of their property, and received the produce on their return. The old woman, who was a friend of the merchant, complained that her sons had left her so destitute, that, except a cat, she had nothing to send as an adventure, which yet she requested him to take. On arriving in India, he waited upon the king of the country, who, having granted him permission to trade with his subjects, also invited him to dine. The merchant was surprised to see the beards of the king and his courtiers incased in golden tubes; and the more so, when he observed that every man had a stick in his hand. His surprise still increased,

when, upon serving up the dishes, he saw swarms of mice sally out from the walls, and make such an attack upon the victuals as to require the greatest vigilance of the guests in keeping them off with their sticks. This extraordinary scene brought the cat of the old woman of Siraf into the merchant's mind. When he dined a second time with the king, he put the cat under his arm, and no sooner did the mice appear than he let it go, and, to the delight of the king and his courtiers, hundreds of mice were laid dead about the floor. The king, of course, longed to possess so valuable an animal, and the merchant agreed to give it up, provided an adequate compensation were made to its real owner. When the merchant was about his departure, he was shown a ship finely equipped laden with all sorts of merchandise, and which he was told, was to be given to the old woman for her cat."

The dates of the English and Persian story strangely correspond. The 700th year of the Hejira falls in our 14th century, the very era of our Whittington.

It would not be hard to extend the catalogue; but I do not wish to keep my readers from more entertaining matter. I may remark, that among the amusing fairy legends of the south of Ireland lately attested by Mr Crofton Croker, is one of an Enchanted Lake, with castles and palaces beneath. This is originally Sanscrit, as witness the city of Mabalialipoor, to which I ought to say Mr Croker refers it.

R. F.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth,
That flits across the brain:
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far;
'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
For the theme of that dream is war:
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,
That vanisheth away.

Oh ! there is a dream of hoary age,
 'Tis a vision of gold in store—
 Of sums noted down on the figured page,
 To be counted o'er and o'er ;
 And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
 As a refuge from grief and pain,
 Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,
 Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave—
 In the path which all are treading ?
 Is there nought in that long career to save
 From remorse and self-upbraiding ?
 O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,
 That the being to whom it is given,
 Hath bathed in a sea of living light,—
 And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

R. G.

THE FAREWELL.

(STANZAS FOR MUSIC.)

WHERE are the hopes that we cherished,
 Fondly, madly, in Life's young day ?
 Like Autumn flowers perished—perished,
 Bowed down, and trampled in dire decay :
 Then Love's ocean was waveless and calm ;
 The garden of Hope breathed balm ;
 Bright buds blooming,
 And richly perfuming
 Every step of our gladsome way !

Oh ! sweet was the time, when sinking
 Red glowed the sun o'er the western main ;
 And o'er our happy heads winking, winking,
 Shone Love's star o'er the twilight plain :
 Well—well may the reft heart heave a sigh,
 When it broods on the days gone by,
 The bosom-treasures,
 The soul-felt pleasures,
 Ne'er on earth to be shared again !

Farewell, my sweet native valley,
 Through every changeful season dear,
 In summer, when larks carol gaily, gaily,
 In winter, when snows hide the pastures drear :
 Each tree, rock, and landmark, recalls to me
 Thoughts that should forgotten be ;
 Hopes they awaken
 Of dreams unforsaken,
 Breaking the heart 'tis vain to cheer.

Little did I think, oh Mary !
 Thy affections so light should prove ;
 I deemed the heart, which can vary, vary,
 Every weak, fickle change above.—
 Farewell ! I go to a far, foreign shore ;
 Thou ne'er shalt behold me more ;
 But when lying
 On thy couch dying,
 Thou shalt mourn for thy faithless love !

A

THE WANDERER TO HER CHILD.

The sun is sunk, and daylight gone,
 As over the moor we journey on ;
 The snows are lying all deep and chill ;
 The clouds are gathering round the hill ;
 The winds they are moaning through the air,
 And backwards tossing the branches bare ;
 Oh hush, oh hush, thy piteous cry,
 And shut in repose thy little eye ;
 Be still, my babe, and sleep !

Though cold the snows, and though cold the air,
 That sweeps o'er the frozen mountains bare,
 More cold was that ungenerous mind,
 Which holiest vows were vain to bind,
 Which stole my peace, and, ruining me,
 Left me to roam the world with thee :
 Oh hush, and oh hush thy piercing cry,
 And I will sing your lullaby ;
 Be still, my babe, and sleep !

Thy father he cares not for his child ;
 Thou art forsaken, and I reviled ;
 From town to town, a dreary way,
 We wander along from day to day,
 Begging a crust of the poor man's bread,
 And laying us down in some humble shed ;
 All but thyself look in scorn on me,
 And, oh ! I shall ever be kind to thee ;
 Be hushed, my babe, and sleep !

Ah once, sweet baby, I had a home,
 Nor dreamt I then that I thus should roam ;
 By a pleasant village our cottage stood,
 And my parents were pious, and kind, and good :
 They had no comfort but me on earth,
 For I was the light of their lonely hearth ;
 Till there came to our door, in cruelty gay,
 Thy father, who stole their treasure away ;
 Be hushed, my babe, and sleep !

The old man broke his heart, and died,
 And soon my mother was laid by his side ;
 I was lying in weakness when these they told,
 And thou wert an infant three days old ;
 I prayed for death, and I wished to die,
 Till I heard thy pitiful, tender cry,
 And then I petition'd for life, to be
 In thy helpless years a mother to thee ;
 Be hushed, my babe, and sleep !

A haven yet may smile for us,
 And the heart which could neglect us thus,
 May feel the misery we have felt,
 And share the sorrow itself hath dealt ;
 We soon shall be over these barren ways,
 And I will warm thee, love, at the blaze,
 Where, 'mid yon trees, on the upland moor,
 Stands kindly open the peasant's door ;
 Then hush, my babe, and sleep !

THE SUBALTERN.

CHAP. XIV.

For about two hours after day-break, no movement whatever was made on the left of the army. Parties of cavalry and light infantry were, indeed, from time to time, sent forward, for the purpose of guarding against a sudden return of the enemy's columns; but the main body kept its ground as it had done the day before, and the stations of the out-posts were not altered. About nine o'clock in the morning, however, a few changes occurred. My picquet, for example, marched a little to the right, and relieved a body of Brunswickers, which occupied a farm-house near the point where the ravine wound inwards upon the enemy's position; and this body, together with several other battalions, proceeded at a quick pace towards the station of General Hill's corps. The indefatigable Soult, it appeared, had withdrawn his forces from before us, only to carry them against the opposite flank. The whole of the night of the 12th was spent in filing his battalions through the entrenched camp; and by day-break on the 13th, he showed himself in force upon the right of the army. But Sir Rowland was prepared for him. His own division kept the enemy in full play, till reinforcements arrived, when a decided attack was made; and the French, worn out with the exertions of the four preceding days, were totally defeated. They escaped with difficulty within their fortified lines, leaving five thousand men upon the field.

But I must not presume to intrude upon the province of the historian; let me therefore return to myself, and my own little party.

The house of which we now took possession, exhibited very unequivocal symptoms of having been the arena of sundry desperate conflicts. The walls were everywhere perforated with cannon-shot; the doors and windows were torn to pieces; a shell or two had fallen through the roof, and bursting in the rooms on the ground-floor, had not only brought the whole of the ceiling down, but had set fire to the

wood-work. The fire had, indeed, been extinguished; but it left its usual traces of blackened timbers and charred boarding. Several dead bodies lay in the various apartments, and the little garden was strewn with them. These we, of course, proceeded to bury; but there were numbers concealed by the bushes on the hill-side beyond, on which no sepulture could be bestowed, and which, as afterwards appeared, were left to furnish food for the wolves and vultures. Then the smell, being not only about the interior, but the exterior, of the cottage, was shocking. Not that the dead had as yet begun to putrefy; for though some of them had lain for a couple of days exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, the weather was far too cold to permit the process of decomposition to commence; but the odour, even of an ordinary field of battle, is extremely disagreeable. I can compare it to nothing more aptly, than the interior of a butcher's slaughter-house, soon after he may have killed his sheep or oxen for the market. Here that species of perfume was peculiarly powerful; and it was not the less unpleasant, that the smell of burning was mixed with it.

Having remained at this post till sun-set, I and my party were relieved, and fell back to join the regiment. We found it huddled into a single cottage, which stood at one extremity of the green field, where we had halted, only yesterday, to bring the enemy fairly to the bayonet. Of course, our accommodations were none of the best; officers and men, indeed, laid themselves down indiscriminately upon the earthen floor, and heartily glad was he who obtained room enough to stretch himself at length, without being pushed or railed at by his neighbours. The night, however, passed over in quiet, and sound was the sleep which followed so many dangers and hardships, especially on the part of us, who had spent the whole of the preceding night in watchfulness. Long before dawn on the morning of the 14th, we were, as a matter of

course, under arms. In this situation we remained till the sun arose, when, marching to the right, we halted not till we reached a rising ground in front of the village of Badarre, and immediately in rear of the church of Arcanques. When we set out the sky was cloudy, and the air cold, but no rain had fallen. We had hardly got to our station, however, when a heavy shower descended, which, but for the opportune arrival of our tents, would have speedily placed it out of our power to experience any degree of bodily comfort for the next twenty-four hours. Under these circumstances, the tents, which a few weeks ago we had regarded with horror, were now esteemed dwellings fit for princes to inhabit, whilst the opportunity which their shelter afforded, of disencumbering ourselves of our apparel, was hailed as a real blessing. No man who has not worn his garments for five or six days on end, can conceive the luxury of undressing; and above all, the feeling of absolute enjoyment which follows the pulling off of his boots.

As the rain continued during the whole of the day, little inducement was held out to wander abroad. On the contrary, I perfectly recollect, that, for the first time in our lives, we succeeded in lighting a fire in our tent, and escaped the inconvenience of smoke by lying flat upon the ground; and that the entire day was consumed in eating, drinking, smoking, conversing, and sleeping. No doubt, my unwearied readers will exclaim that the hours thus spent, were spent unprofitably; but I cannot, even now, think so, inasmuch as they were hours of great enjoyment.

We were not without serious apprehension that circumstances had occurred which would compel Lord Wellington to keep us, during the remainder of the winter, under canvass, when the better half of the day following had passed over, and no order arrived for our return into quarters. Nor were these feelings of alarm diminished, by witnessing the march of the whole of the 5th division through our encampment, confessedly on their way to comfortable cantonments. As the event proved, however, our dread was perfectly groundless, for, about an hour and a half after noon, we too received orders; two o'clock saw our tents

struck, our baggage packed up on the mules, and ourselves in motion towards the high road. Of course, we flattered ourselves that we were destined to return to those rural billets, which, by dint of mechanical skill and manual labour, we had made so snug; but there we were disappointed.

We traversed, almost step by step, the same ground over which we had travelled in the course of the late military operations, till we reached the identical green fields in which it had been our lot to bivouac with so little comfort, on the 10th of the preceding November. I believe I have already mentioned, if not I may state here, that adjoining to these fields were several farm-houses; one of them, indeed, of very respectable size and appearance, but the rest hardly elevated above the rank of cottages. In a mansion of the latter description—in that same mansion, indeed, where I and a host of more active animals had formerly contended for the possession of a bed, were Graham, myself, and our men stationed; nor can I say, though the place was certainly in better plight than when last I beheld it, that we were particularly delighted with our abode.

The room allotted to us was an apartment on the ground-floor. It was furnished with a fire-place, which had been built by the corps that preceded us, and among the members of which it was very evident that there existed no one possessing an equal skill in masonry with ourselves. It smoked abominably. In the construction of their window, our predecessors had, however, been more fortunate; their oiled paper holding out against the wind and rain with much obstinacy; but the quarters were, on the whole, exceedingly comfortable, especially when contrasted, as it was impossible not to contrast them, with those which we had so lately fitted up. Nevertheless, we were too happy in finding ourselves once more under shelter of a roof, to waste many repining thoughts upon unavoidable evils; and we had the satisfaction to know that our abode here would be of no longer continuance than the duration of the winter; if, indeed, it continued so long.

It is an old and a just observation, that the term comfort is one of relative, rather than of direct signification.

To the truth of this saying we were speedily compelled to bear testimony, when, about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th, we found ourselves once more in line of march, and advancing to the front for the purpose of relieving another brigade in the out-post duty. Everybody, I dare say, recollects the severity of the winter of 1813-14. Even in the south of France, the frost was at times so intense, as to cast a complete coat of ice over ponds and lakes of very considerable depth; whilst storms of cold wind and rain occurred at every interval, when the frost departed. The 18th of December chanced to be one of these wet and windy days, and hence we could not help acknowledging, when we found ourselves once more exposed to the "pelting of the pitiless storm," that our chamber, on the disagreeables of which we had dilated with so much minuteness, was, after all, an abode by no means to be despised.

The corps employed in guarding the front of the left column, consisted of a brigade of three battalions, in other words, of about eighteen hundred men. Of these, six hundred were appointed to furnish the picquets, whilst the remaining twelve hundred acted as a support, in case of need, and busied themselves till the hour of need should arrive, in fortifying their post. The ground on which our tents stood, was the identical green field, where, during the late action, we had bivouacked for two successive nights; whilst our working parties were employed in felling the wood round the mayor's house, in throwing up breast-works contiguous to it, and in constructing a square redoubt, capable of holding an entire battalion in its immediate rear. The redoubt was named after a daughter of the worthy magistrate, who resided, for the present, in the little town of Biarritz, and had already declared himself a partizan of the Bourbons. It was called Fort Charlotte, and of course gave rise to as many puns, as are usually produced by the appearance of a tongue, or a dish of brains, at a Cockney's table; nor was any one more parturient of such puns, than the father of the young lady himself. Between this gentleman, and the officer commanding the out-posts, a constant intercourse was kept up. The town of Biarritz, where

he dwelt, lying upon the sea-shore, and out of the direct line of operations, was not occupied either by the French or allied troops. It constituted, on the contrary, a sort of neutral territory, which was visited, occasionally, by patrols for both armies; but so far retained its independence, that its inhabitants were in the constant practice of carrying their commodities for sale, not only to our camp, but to the camp of the enemy. Though the mayor professed to keep up no such species of traffic, the state of his property, over-run by the invading force, furnished him also with a legitimate excuse for occasionally looking after its preservation; and hence he contrived, from time to time, to make his appearance amongst us, without becoming, as far as I could learn, an object of suspicion to his countrymen.

As the duty in which we were now employed was by no means agreeable, and as any very lengthened exposure to the inclemency of such a season must have proved detrimental to the health of those exposed, it was customary to relieve the advanced corps at the end of three days, by which means each brigade, at least in the left column of the army, found itself in the field, and under canvass, only once in three or four weeks. That to which I was attached, filled what may be termed the stationary outposts, only four times during the entire winter, nor have I any reason to believe that we were, in this respect, peculiarly favoured. Of the events which took place during our present interval of more active service, it is needless to enter into any minute detail. They were such as generally occur on similar occasions; that is to say, our time was passed in alternate watching and labour; whilst an uninterrupted continuance of cold and stormy weather, rendered the arrival of the troops destined to succeed us highly acceptable. Nor was this temporary endurance of hardship and fatigue without its good effect. We learned from it to lay aside what yet remained to us of fastidiousness, and we returned to our quarters perfectly reconciled to those inconveniences and drawbacks, which existed more, perhaps, in our imagination, than in reality.

I should try, beyond all endurance, the patience of my reader, were I to

relate in regular detail, the occurrences of each day, from the 21st of December, 1813, when we returned to our cantonments, to the 2d of January, 1814, when we again quitted them. Enough is done, when I state in few words, that the ordinary resources against ennui, that is to say, shooting, coursing, and even fishing, were adopted; and that the evenings were spent, for the most part, in convivial parties, to the inordinate consumption of segars, wine, and sometimes of patience. Nor were other, and more rational employments wanting. On more than one occasion I visited St Jean de Luz, attended high mass, and the theatre; and once I rode as far to the rear as Irun. The effect of the latter ride upon myself, was vivid at the time; and may perhaps be worth conveying to others.

The distance from our present cantonments to the town of Irun might amount to sixteen or eighteen miles. Over the whole of that country, between the two extreme points, the tide of war, it will be recollected, had swept; not boisterously, but with comparative harmlessness,—as when one army rapidly retreats, and another rapidly follows,—but slowly and ruinously; every foot of ground having been obstinately contested, and hence every fold, garden, and dwelling, having been exposed to the ravages inseparable from the progress of hostilities. The spectacle which presented itself on each side of the road, was accordingly distressing in the extreme; the houses and hovels were everywhere in ruins, the inclosures and cultivated fields were all laid waste and desolate, whilst the road itself was strewn with the carcasses of oxen, mules, horses, and other animals, which had dropped down from fatigue, and died upon their march. I was particularly struck with the aspect of things in and about the town of Uroge. Of the works on the heights above it, so carefully and so skilfully erected by Marshal Soult, some had already begun to yield to the destructive operations of the elements, and others had been wantonly demolished by the followers of the camp; whilst, in the town itself, where so lately was heard the roar of cannon, and the rattle of musketry, the most perfect silence prevailed. It was wholly tenantless; not even a

sutler or muleteer had taken up his abode there; the cavalry were all withdrawn; and of the original inhabitants not one had returned. The reader will easily believe that I looked round, during this part of my journey, with peculiar interest, for the fields across which I had myself skirmished; more especially for a friendly hedge, the intervention of a stout stake in which had saved my better arm; and that I did not pass the churchyard, without dismounting to pay a visit to the grave of my former comrades. Neither was I unmindful of the chateau, in which, to my no small surprise, I had found a letter from my father; and the change wrought in it, since last I beheld it, gave me a more perfect idea of the disastrous effects of war, than any other object upon which I had yet looked.

When a man of peaceable habits,—one, for example, who has spent his whole life in this favoured country, under the shelter of his own sacred roof,—reads of war, and the miseries attendant upon war, his thoughts invariably turn to scenes of outrage and rapine, in which soldiers are the actors, and to which the hurry and excitement of battle give rise. I mean not to say that a battle is ever fought without bringing havoc upon the face of that particular spot of earth, which chances to support it. But the mischief done by both contending armies, to the buildings and property of the inhabitants, is a mere nothing, when compared to that which the followers of a successful army work. These wretches tread in the steps of the armed force, with the fidelity and haste of kites and vultures. No sooner is a battle won, and the troops pushed forward, than they spread themselves over the entire territory gained; and all which had been spared by those, in whom an act of plunder, if excusable at all, might most readily be excused, is immediately laid waste. The chateau of which I am speaking, for example, and which I had left perfectly entire, fully furnished, and in good order, was now one heap of ruins. Not a chair or a table remained; not a volume of all the library so lately examined by me, existed; nay, it was evident from the blackened state of the walls, and the dilapidation of the ceilings, that fire had been wantonly

applied to complete the devastation which avarice had begun. To say the truth, I could not but regret at the moment, that I had not helped myself to a little more of Monsieur Briguette's property, than the Spanish Grammar already advertised for redemption.

Having cleared Urogne, and passed through the remains of the barricade which I had assisted in carrying on the tenth of the last month, I soon arrived at the site of the village of which I have formerly taken notice, as being peopled and furnished with shops and other places of accommodation, by sutlers and adventurers. The huts, or cottages, still stood, though they were all unroofed, and many of them otherwise in ruins; but the sign of the "Jolly Soldier" had disappeared. Like other incitements to folly, if not to absolute vice, it had followed the tract of the multitude. I marked, too, as I proceeded, the bleak hill-side on which our tents had so long contended with the winds of heaven; and I could not help thinking, how many of those who had found shelter beneath their canvass, were now sleeping upon the bosom of mother-earth; of course, I paid to their memories the

tribute of a regret as unavailing as, I fear, it was transitory.

By and by I reached the brow of the last height on the French border, and the Bidaossa once more lay beneath us. The day on which my present excursion was made, chanced to be one of the few lovely days with which, during that severe winter, we were favoured. The air was frosty, but not intensely so; the sky was blue and cloudless, and the sun shone out with a degree of warmth, which cheered, without producing languor or weariness. High up, the mountains which overhang the river were covered with snow, which sparkled in the sunbeams, and contrasted beautifully with the sombre hue of the leafless groves beneath, whilst the stream itself flowed on as brightly and as placidly as if it had never witnessed a more desperate struggle than that which the fisherman maintains with a trout of extraordinary agility and dimensions. Fain would I have persuaded myself that I was quietly travelling in a land of peace, but there were too many proofs of the contrary ever and anon presented, to permit the delusion to keep itself for one moment in the mind.

CHAP. XV.

THE stone bridge which was wont to connect the two banks of the Bidaossa, and which the French, after their evacuation of the Spanish territory, had destroyed, was not, I found, repaired, but a temporary bridge of pontoons rendered the stream passable, without subjecting the traveller to the necessity of fording. A party of artificers were, moreover, at work, renewing the arches which had been broken down, whilst a new *tete-du-pont* on the opposite side from the old one, was already erected, to be turned to account in case of any unlooked-for reverse of fortune, and consequent retreat beyond the frontier. I observed, too, that the whole front of the pass, beyond the river, was blocked up with redoubts, batteries, and breast-works, and that Lord Wellington, though pressing forward with Victory in his train, was not unmindful of the fickleness of the blind goddess.

As I was crossing the pontoon bridge, two objects, very different in kind, but

intimately connected the one with the other, attracted my attention almost at the same moment. A body of Spanish cavalry, which appeared to have passed the river at one of the fords a little higher up, presented themselves as they wound up a steep by-path which communicated with the high road just beside the old *tete-du-pont*. They were Guerillas, and were consequently clothed, armed, and mounted, in a manner the least uniform that can well be imagined. Of the men, some were arrayed in green jackets, with slouched hats, and long feathers; others in blue, helmeted like our yeomanry, or artillery-drivers, whilst not a few wore cuirasses and brazen head-pieces, such as they had probably plundered from their slaughtered enemies. But, notwithstanding this absence of uniformity in dress, the general appearance of these troopers was exceedingly imposing. They were, on the whole, well mounted, and they marched in that sort of loose and independent manner, which,

without indicating the existence of any discipline amongst them, bespoke no want of self-confidence in individuals. Their whole appearance, indeed, for they could not exceed sixty or eighty men, reminded me forcibly of a troop of bandits; and the resemblance was not the less striking, that they moved to the sound, not of trumpets or other martial music, but of their own voices. They were singing a wild air as they passed, in which sometimes one chanted by himself, then two or three chimed in, and, by and by, the whole squadron joined in a very musical and spirited chorus.

The other object which divided my attention with these bold-looking, but lawless warriors, was about half a dozen dead bodies, which the flow of the tide brought at this moment in contact with the pontoons. They were quite naked, bleached perfectly white, and so far had yielded to the operation of decay, that they floated like rags of linen on the surface of the water. Perhaps these were some of our own men who had fallen in the passage of the river upwards of eight weeks ago; or perhaps they were the bodies of such of the French soldiers as had perished in their retreat after one of Soult's desperate, but fruitless efforts, to relieve the garrison in St Sebastian's. Who, or what they were, I had no means of ascertaining, nor was it of much consequence; to whatever nation they had once belonged, they were now food for the fishes; and to the fishes they were left, no one dreaming that it was requisite to pull them to land, or to rob one set of reptiles of their prey only to feed another.

Such is a summary of the events which befell me in a morning's ride from the cantonments at Gauthory, to the town of Irun. After crossing the river, my progress was direct, and of little interest. I journeyed, indeed, amid scenes all of them familiar, and therefore, in some degree, having a claim upon my own notice; but I neither saw nor met with any object worth describing to my reader. It was a little past the hour of noon, when my horse's hoofs clanked upon the pavement of Irun.

I found that city just recovering from the bustle which the departure of a corps of twenty thousand Spanish infantry may be supposed to have produced. This vast body of men had,

it appeared, behaved so badly in the action of the ninth of November, that Lord Wellington was induced to order them to the rear in disgrace; and they had remained in quarters in Irun and the neighbourhood, till on the day preceding my arrival, when they were again permitted to join the army. By whom they were commanded on the day of their shame, I have totally forgotten; nor will I cast a slur upon the reputation of any general officer, by naming one at random.

Notwithstanding the departure of so great a multitude, I found the place far from deserted either by military or civil inhabitants. A garrison of two or three thousand soldiers was still there; a corps, I believe, of militia, or national guards; whilst few of the houses were unoccupied, though whether by their rightful occupants or not, I take it not upon me to determine. One thing, however, I perfectly recollect, and that is, the extreme incivility and absence of all hospitality which distinguished them. Whether it was that the troops so long quartered amongst them had filled them with hatred of my countrymen, or whether that jealousy which the Spanish people have uniformly felt, and which, in spite of all that Lord Nugent and Sir Robert Wilson may assert to the contrary, they feel, even now, towards the English, was, of its own accord, beginning to gather strength, I cannot tell; but I well remember that it was with some difficulty I persuaded the keeper of an inn to put up my own and my servant's horses in his stable; and with still greater difficulty that I could prevail upon him to dress an omelet for my dinner. Nor was this all; my journey, be it known, had been undertaken not from curiosity alone, but in the hope of laying in a stock of coffee, cheese, tea, &c., at a cheap rate. But every effort to obtain these was fruitless, the merchants sulkily refusing to deal with me, except on the most exorbitant terms. I was not sorry, under such circumstances, when, having finished my omelet, and baited and rested my horses, I turned my back upon Irun, and took once more a direction towards the front.

I would lay before my readers a detail of another excursion executed on Christmas-day, to St Jean de Luz, were I not fully aware that there are

few among them who are not as well acquainted as myself with the circumstances attending the celebration of that festival in a Roman Catholic country. On the present occasion, all things were done with as much pomp and show as the state of the city, filled with hostile battalions, and more than half-deserted by its inhabitants and priesthood, would permit. For my own part, I viewed the whole not with levity, certainly, but as certainly without devotion; the entire scene appearing to me better calculated to amuse the external senses, and dazzle the imagination, than to stir up the deeper and more rational sensations of piety. I returned home, nevertheless, well pleased with the mode in which the morning had been spent; and, joining a party of some ten or twelve who had clubbed their rations for the sake of setting forth a piece of roast-beef worthy of the occasion, I passed my evening not less agreeably than I had passed the morning.

Among other events during our sojourn at Gauthory, a sale of the effects of such of our brother-officers as had fallen in the late battles, took place. On such occasions, the serjeant-major generally acts the part of auctioneer, and a strange compound of good and bad feeling accompanies the progress of the auction. In every party of men, there will always be some whose thoughts, centring entirely in self, regard everything as commendable, or the reverse, solely as it increases their enjoyments, or diminishes them. Even the sale of the clothes and accoutrements of one who but a few weeks or days before was their living, and perhaps favourite companion, furnishes to such men food for mirth; and I am sorry to say, that during the sale of which I now speak, more laughter was heard than redounded to the credit of those who joined in, or produced it. In passing this censure upon others, I mean not to exclude myself—by no means. I fear that few laughed more heartily than I, when shirts with nine tails, or no tails at all, were held up against the sun by the facetious auctioneer; and when sundry pairs of trowsers were pressed upon our notice as well adapted for summer-wear, inasmuch as their numerous apertures promised to admit a free current of air to cool the blood. But, with one or two ex-

ceptions, I must say, that there was not a man present who thought of the former owners of these tail-less shirts without affection, and who would not have willingly given the full value of the shirts themselves, could that sum have redeemed them from the power of the grave. This sale, however, acted as a sort of warning to me. Though my wardrobe was in as good condition as that of most men, I chose not to have it or its owner made the subject of a joke, so I inserted among my few memoranda, a request that no article of mine should be put up to auction, but that all should be given, in case I fell, as expressly appointed.

I have said, that the usual means of defeating ennui, namely, shooting, coursing, and fishing, were resorted to by Graham and myself, whilst we inhabited these cantonments. Among other experiments, we strolled down one lovely morning towards the sea, with the hope of catching some fish for our dinner. In that hope we were disappointed, but the exquisite beauty of the marine view to which our walk introduced us, amply made amends for the absence of sport. It was one of those soft and enervating days which even in England we sometimes meet with, during the latter weeks of December, and which, in the south of France, are very frequent at that season. The sun was shining brightly and warmly, not a breath of air was astir, and the only sound distinguishable by us, who stood on the summit of the cliff, was the gentle and unceasing murmur of tiny waves, as they threw themselves upon the shingle. The extent of waters upon which we gazed, was bounded on the right by the head-lands at the mouth of the Adour, and on the left by those near Passages. Before us the waste seemed interminable, and I am not sure that it was the less sublime because not a boat or vessel of any description could be descried upon it. At such moments as these, and when contemplating such a scene, it is hardly possible for any man to hinder his thoughts from wandering away from the objects immediately around him, to the land of his nativity, and the home of his fathers. I do not recollect any hour of my life during which the thought of home came more powerfully across me than the present. Perhaps, indeed, the season of the year had some effect in

producing these thoughts. It was the season of mirth and festivity—of licensed uproar and innocent irregularity; and cold and heartless must he be who remembers not his home, however far removed from him, when that season returns. I confess that the idea of mine brought something like moisture into my eyes, of which I had then no cause to be ashamed, and the remembrance of which produces in me no sense of shame even now.

The walk towards the sea became from this time my favourite, but it was not my only one. Attended by my faithful spaniel, (a little animal, by the way, which never deserted me even in battle,) I wandered with a gun across my shoulder over a great extent of country, and in all directions. I found the scenery beautiful, but far less beautiful than I had expected to find it in the south of France. There was no want of wood, it is true; and some fields, or rather fields lying fallow, were intermixed, in fair proportion, with green meadows, and sloping downs. But there was nothing striking or romantic anywhere, except in the bold boundary of the Pyrenees, now twenty miles distant. I observed, however, that there was no want of chateaux and gentlemen's seats. These were scattered about in considerable numbers, as if this had been a favourite resort of those few among the French gentry who prefer the quiet of the country to the bustle and hurry of Paris. Some of these chateaux were, moreover, exceedingly elegant in their appearance, and indicated from that, as well as from their extent, that they belonged to men of higher rank than the Mayor of Biarritz; but the generality were of a description which bespoke their owners as belonging to the class of wealthy merchants who supported their town-houses and ware-rooms in Bayonne, or perhaps in Bourdeaux. But all were thoroughly ransacked. Over them, as well as over the houses in our rear, the storm of rapine had passed, leaving its usual traces of dilapidation and ruin behind.

It is needless to continue a narra-

tive of such events. Thus passed several weeks, the business of one day resembling, in almost every respect, the business of another. Whenever the weather would permit, I made a point of living out of doors; when the contrary was the case, I adopted the ordinary expedients to kill time with. Nor were we, all this while, without a few occurrences calculated to hinder our forgetting that we really were in an enemy's country, and at the seat of war. The bloody flag was more than once hoisted on the tower of the church of Arcanques, as a signal that the French troops were in motion, and we, in our turn, stood to arms. But of such alarms almost all proved to be groundless, and those which were not intendedly so, might as well have been omitted. The fact was that Soult, having been called upon at this time to detach some divisions of his veteran soldiers to the assistance of Napoleon, already hard pressed by the allies in the north, was under the necessity of impressing into his service every male capable of bearing arms, who was not absolutely required to cultivate the soil. The entire winter was accordingly spent by him in training the conscripts to the use of arms. He marched and countermarched them from place to place, that they might learn to move with celerity and in order. He set up targets for them to fire at, and caused frequent alarms to our picquets when teaching his recruits to take a correct aim; he was, in short, now, as he always was, indefatigable in providing for the defence of the country committed to his care, and in his endeavours to make the most of a force assuredly not adequate for the purpose. But we were not doomed to be continually the dupes of false alarms, nor to be amused for ever with the issuing of orders, which were scarcely issued when they were again retracted. A necessity for a real movement occurred at last, and we bade adieu for ever to the cottage at Gauthory, which we first entered with regret, and finally quitted without reluctance.

CHAP. XVI.

It might be about six or seven o'clock in the morning of the 3d of January, 1814, when an orderly serjeant

burst into our chamber, and desired us to get the men under arms without delay, for that the enemy were in mo-

tion. In an instant we sprang from our beds, dressed and accoutred forthwith, ordered the trumpeter to sound the assembly, and our servants to prepare breakfast. The last of these injunctions was obeyed in an incredibly short space of time, insomuch, that whilst the troops were hurrying to their stations, we were devouring our morning's repast; and, in little more than a quarter of an hour from the first signal of alarm, the regiment was formed in marching-order upon the high road. Nor were many moments wasted in that situation. The word was given to advance, and we again pressed forward towards the mayor's house.

When we reached the post of Ammon, of which so much notice has already been taken, we found, indeed, that the whole of the left column was moving, but that the old battle-ground around the chateau, and in the woods and inclosures near it, was left entirely to the protection of the ordinary picquets. Of the enemy's forces not a single battalion showed itself here; whilst our own were all filing towards the right; a rout into which we also quickly struck, as if following the natural current of the stream of war. In this journey we passed over a good deal of ground which was already familiar to us, skirting the brow of the ravine which had separated the hostile armies during the pauses in their late contest; till, having reached the meadow where our camp had formerly been pitched, we were turned into a new direction; and led upwards till we gained the top of the hill on which the church of Arcanques stands, and round the base of which the village of Arcanques is scattered. In the maintenance of this post we relieved a section of the light division, which immediately took a rightward course; thus indicating that the whole strength of the army would be mustered at one extremity, and other points of the line left to the protection of a few scattered brigades.

It was evening before we reached our ground, and as yet no provisions had been issued out to us. Of course, our appetites were excellent, indeed the appetites of men who have nothing to eat are seldom sickly; and this we amply demonstrated, as soon as an opportunity of demonstrating the fact was offered. Little time,

however, was given for the enjoyment of social intercourse or bodily rest; for we had hardly swallowed a hasty meal, when the better half of the corps was sent forward to occupy a few cottages in front of the village; and the remainder of the night was spent in that state of excitement and anxiety, which necessarily waits upon such as form the outposts or advanced guard of an army.

My own station this night was not exactly at one of the most forward posts, but in a ruinous building at the outskirts of the village, where I was placed, with a body of men, to support the picquets. The thing into which we were ushered, had, no doubt, once upon a time been a habitable mansion; at present it consisted of little else than the shell, and a very wretched shell, of a farm-house. Not only were the doors and windows gone, but the ceilings and partitions, which were wont to divide one apartment from another, were all broken down; whilst the roof was in a great measure stripped off, and the fragments which remained of it were perforated in all directions. I well recollect that the night was piercingly cold. The frost had, of late, set in with renewed severity; and a sharp northerly wind blowing, swept with a melancholy sound through our dilapidated mansion. But we were on little ceremony here. Large fires were lighted in different places upon the earthen floor, round which we gladly crept; whilst an allowance of grog being brought up, and pipes and segars lighted, we were soon as merry and as light-hearted as men could desire to be. It is true, that ever and anon—every half hour, for example—a party of six or eight of us sallied forth, to patrol from picquet to picquet, and to see that all was right between; but we returned from such excursions with increased predilection for our fire-side; and the events of the ramble, be they what they might, furnished food for conversation till another was deemed necessary.

So passed the night of the third; and on the morning of the fourth I expected, as an ordinary matter, to be relieved, and to be withdrawn to the rear; but it was not so. Men, it appeared, were scarce at this point of the line; and hence those who formed it were called upon to perform double

duty. Instead of being removed to some place where a sound night's rest might be enjoyed, I and my party found ourselves, on the morning of the fourth, ordered to advance, and to occupy the foremost chain; from which we had the satisfaction of beholding the enemy, in very considerable force, at the distance of little more than a quarter of a mile from our sentries. This sight, however, only gave a spur to our exertions, and hindered us from repining at what we might have been otherwise tempted to consider as an undue exercise of our powers of watchfulness.

The particular picquet of which I was placed in command happened to be detached from all others, and to be nearly half a mile in front of the rest. It was stationed on a sort of sugar-loaf hill, separated from our own regular chain of posts by a deep and rugged glen, and kept apart from the French lines only by an imaginary boundary of hedges and paling. So exposed, indeed, was the spot, that I received positive orders to abandon it as soon as darkness should set in, and to retire across the hollow to the high grounds opposite. The reader will easily believe, that, in such a situation, little leisure was given for relaxation either of body or mind. During the entire day, indeed, my occupation consisted in prying closely, with the aid of a telescope, into the enemy's lines; in considering how I could best maintain myself in case of an attack, and retreat most securely in case I should be overpowered.

The view from my picquet-house was, however, extremely animating. Beneath me, at the distance of only two fields, lay the French outposts; about a quarter of a mile or half a mile in rear of which, were encamped several large bodies both of infantry and cavalry. Of these, it was evident that vast numbers were raw recruits. They were at drill, marching and countermarching, and performing various evolutions during the greater part of the day: a circumstance which, at first, excited no little uneasiness on my part, inasmuch as I expected, every moment, that my post would be assaulted; but as soon as I saw a target erected, and the troops practising with ball, I become easy. "There will be no attack to-day," thought

I, "otherwise so much ammunition would not be wasted."

I had hardly said so, when I observed a mounted officer advancing from the enemy's camp toward the base of the hill which my party held. He was followed by a cloud of people, in apparent confusion, it is true, but not more confused than French skirmishers generally appear to be; who lay down behind the hedges in the immediate front of my sentinels, as if waiting for an order to fire and to rush on. I had just ordered my people under arms, and was proceeding towards the sentries for the purpose of giving a few necessary orders, when the French officer halted; and a trumpeter, who accompanied him, sounded a parley. Of course I descended the hill, and causing my trumpeter to answer the signal, the Frenchman advanced. He was the bearer of letters from such British officers and soldiers as had been taken in the late actions; and he likewise handed over to me several sums of money and changes of clothing for some of his countrymen who had fallen into our hands.

This being done, we naturally entered into conversation touching the state of Europe, and the events of the war. My new acquaintance utterly denied the truth of Napoleon's reverses, and seemed to doubt the idea of an invasion of France by the armies of the North. He assured me that the whole country was in arms; that every peasant had become a soldier; that bands of partizans were forming on all sides of us; and that it was vain to hope that we should ever pass the Adour, or proceed farther within the sacred territory than we had already proceeded. He spoke of the desertion of the German corps with a degree of bitter contempt, which proved the very reverse of what he was desirous of proving, that the event had greatly shaken the confidence of Soult in his auxiliaries; and, above all, he affected to regard the whole of the recent operations as mere affairs, or trifling contests of detachments, in no way capable of influencing the final issues of the war. Yet he was not displeased when I laughed at his style of oratory; and, after gasconading a good deal, both the one and the other, we shook hands,

and parted the best friends imaginable.

I had hardly quitted him, at least I had not reached my station on the top of the hill, when I heard myself called by one of the sentinels, and turned round. I saw the individual with whom I had been conversing sitting in the midst of a little group of French officers, and watching the progress of an old woman who was coming towards our lines. She held a large bottle in her hand, which she lifted up to attract my notice, and continued to move forward, gabbling loudly all the while. Obeying her signal, I returned, and met her a few yards in front of the sentries, when she delivered to me about a couple of quarts of brandy as a present from the French officers; who had desired her to say, that if I could spare them a little tea in exchange, they would feel obliged. It so happened that I had brought no such luxury as tea to my post. Of this I informed the female Mercury, but I desired her to offer my best acknowledgments to her employers, and to add, that I had sent to the rear in order to procure it. With this message she accordingly departed, having promised to keep in sight for at least half an hour, and to return as soon as I should make a sign that the tea had arrived.

My bugler made good haste, and soon returned with about a quarter of a pound of black tea, the half of the stock which remained in my canteen. In the meanwhile the French officers continued sitting together, and all rose when I waved my cap to their carrier. The old lady was not remiss in taking the hint. I handed over to her the little parcel, with numerous apologies for its tenuity; and I had the satisfaction to perceive, that, trifling as it was, it proved acceptable. The party pulled off their hats as an acknowledgment—I did the same; and we each departed to our respective stations.

There is something extremely agreeable in carrying on hostilities after this fashion; yet the matter may be pushed too far. Towards the close of the war, indeed, so good an understanding prevailed between the outposts of the two armies, that Lord Wellington found it necessary to forbid all communication whatever; nor will the reader wonder at this, when

I state to him the reason. A field-officer, I shall not say in what part of the line, in going his rounds one night, found that the whole of the serjeant's picquet-guard had disappeared. He was, of course, both alarmed and surprised at the occurrence; but his alarm gave place to absolute astonishment, when, on stretching forward to observe whether there was any movement in the enemy's lines, he peeped into a cottage from which a noise of revelry was proceeding, and beheld the party sitting in the most sociable manner with a similar party of Frenchmen, and carousing jovially. As soon as he showed himself, his own men rose, and wishing their companions a good night, returned with the greatest *sang-froid* to their post. It is, however, but justice to add, that the sentinels on both sides faithfully kept their ground, and that no intention of deserting existed on either part. In fact, it was a sort of custom, the French and English guards visiting each other by turns.

At the period of which I have spoken above, however, no such extraordinary intimacy had begun. As yet we were merely civil towards one another; and even that degree of civility was for a while interrupted, by the surprisal of a French post by a detachment from General Beresford's division, on the river Nive. Not that the picquet was wantonly cut off, or that any blame could possibly attach to the general who ordered its surprisal. The fact was, that the outpost in question occupied a hill upon the allied bank of the stream. It was completely insulated and detached from all other French posts, and appeared to be held as much out of perverseness, as because it commanded a view of the British lines to a great extent. Lord Beresford had repeatedly dispatched flags of truce, to request that it might be withdrawn, expressing great unwillingness to violate the sacred character which had been tacitly conferred upon the picquets; but Soult was deaf to his entreaties, and replied to his threats, only by daring him to carry them into execution. A party was accordingly ordered out, one stormy night, to cut off the guard; and so successful was the attempt, that an officer and thirty soldiers, with a midshipman and a few seamen, who had charge of the boat by which the

reliefs were daily ferried over, were taken. Not a shot was fired. The French, trusting to the storm for protection, had called in their videttes, having only one on duty at the door of the house, and he found his arms pinioned, and himself secured, ere the roar of the tempest had permitted him to detect the sound of approaching steps. The unfortunate subaltern who commanded, sent in a few days after for his baggage; but the reply was, that the general would forward to him a halter, as the only indulgence which he merited.

But to return to my own personal narrative. After the adventure of the tea, nothing particular occurred whilst I continued in charge of the post. As soon as darkness had fairly set in, I proposed, in obedience to my orders, to withdraw; and I carried my design into execution without any molestation on the part of the enemy. It was, however, their custom to take possession of the hill as soon as the British troops abandoned it; and hence I had not proceeded above half way across the ravine, when I heard the voices of a French detachment, which must have marched into the court-yard of the house almost at the very moment when I and my men marched out of it. But they made no attempt to annoy us; and we rejoined the corps from which we had been detached, in perfect safety.

The next day was spent in a state of rest in the chateau of Arcanques. It is a fine old pile, and stands at the foot of the little eminence on which the church is built. Like many mansions in England of the date of Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII., it is surrounded by a high wall; within which is a paved court, leading up to the main entrance. But it, too, like all the buildings near, bore ample testimony to the merciless operation of war, in its crumbling masonry and blackened timbers. There was a grove of venerable old firs round it, from which all the late firing had not entirely expelled a collection of rooks.

Of the church I have a less perfect recollection than I have of the chateau. I remember, indeed, that its situation was highly striking, and that the view from the church-yard was of no ordinary beauty. I recollect, likewise, several statues of knights and ladies reposing in niches round the

walls; some with the cross upon their shields, and their legs laid athwart, to show that they had served in Palestine, or belonged to the order of the Sepulchre; and others in the same ancient costume of chain armour. But whether they were worthy of admiration, as specimens of the art of sculpture, I cannot now take it upon me to declare. I remarked, however, that the devices on the shields of most of these warriors, and the crests upon their helmets, resembled the coat and crest which were emblazoned over the gateway of the chateau; and hence I concluded that they were the effigies of the former lords of the castle, and that the family which owned it must have been at one period of some consequence.

It was not, however, in examining these buildings alone that I found amusement for my hours of idleness. From the church-yard, as I have already stated, the view is at all times magnificent, and it was rendered doubly so to-day by the movements of our army. The tide of war seemed to have taken a sudden turn; and the numerous corps which had so lately defiled towards the right could now be seen retracing their steps, and deploying towards the left. It was a magnificent spectacle. From the high ground on which I stood I could see very nearly to the two extreme points of the position; and the effect produced by the marching of nearly 120,000 men, may be more easily imagined than described. The roads of communication ran, for the most part, in the rear of Arcanques. They were all crowded—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, were moving; some columns marching in eschellon, others pausing, from time to time, as if to watch some object in their front; whilst, ever and anon, a grove, or wood, would receive an armed mass into its bosom, and then seem to be on fire, from the flashing of the sun upon the bayonets. Happily for me it was a day of bright sun-shine, consequently every object looked to advantage; nor, I suspect, have many of our oldest soldiers beheld a more striking panorama than the combination of the objects around me this day produced.

I stood and watched with intense interest the shifting scene, till it gradually settled down into one of quiet. The various brigades, as I afterwards

learned, were only returning from the point towards which the appearance of danger had hurried them, and now proceeded to establish themselves once more in their cantonments. The French general, either awed by the state of preparedness in which he found us, or satisfied with having called us for a few days into the field at this inclement season, laid aside the threatening attitude which he had

assumed. It suited not the policy of our gallant leader, to expose his troops wantonly to the miseries of a winter campaign, and hence rest and shelter were again the order of the day. But in these the corps to which I was attached had as yet no participation, our march being directed, on the following morning, to the vicinity of Fort Charlotte, where the charge of the picquets was once more assigned to us.

CHAP. XVII.

THE transactions of the three days, from the 8th to the 11th of January, resembled so completely, in all particulars, the transactions of other days, during which it fell to our lot to keep guard beside the Mayor's house, that I will not try the patience of my reader by narrating them at length. He will accordingly take it for granted, that the ordinary routine of watching and labour was gone through; that no attempt was made, on the part of the enemy, to surprise or harass us; and that, with the exception of a little suffering from extreme cold, and the want of a moderate proportion of sleep, we had no cause to complain of our destiny. When we first came to our ground, we found the redoubt in a state of considerable forwardness; quite defensible, indeed, in case of emergency; and we left it on the last of the month mentioned above, even more perfect, and capable of containing at least a thousand men as its garrison. It was not, however, with any feeling of regret that we beheld a brigade of guards approaching our encampment, about two hours after noon, on the 11th, nor did we experience the slightest humiliation in surrendering to them our tents, our working tools, and the post of honour.

Now, then, we looked forward, not only with resignation, but with real satisfaction, to a peaceable sojourn of a few weeks at Gauthory. We had never, it is true, greatly admired these cantonments, but the events of the last eight or ten days had taught us to set its true value upon a settled habitation of any description; and we accordingly made up our minds to grumble no more. But just as the line of march was beginning to form, intelligence reached us, that the place of our abode was changed; other troops,

it appeared, had been placed in our former apartments; and we were, in consequence, commanded to house ourselves in the village of Bedart. I mean not to assert that the order was received with any degree of dissatisfaction; but feeling as at that moment we did, it was, in truth, a matter of perfect indifference where we were stationed, provided only we had a roof over our heads, and an opportunity was granted of resting from our labours.

The village of Bedart is built upon an eminence, immediately in rear of the large common on which the advanced brigade lay encamped. It consists of about thirty houses, some of them of a tolerable size, but the majority were cottages. Into one of the largest my friend and myself were fortunate enough to be ushered; and as we found chimneys and windows already formed, the former permitting us to keep fires alight without the attendant misery of smoke, and the latter proof against the weather, we sincerely congratulated ourselves on our change of abode. Nor was it only on account of the superiority of these over our former quarters, that we rejoiced in this migration. The country around proved to be better stocked with game, especially with hares, than any which we had yet inhabited; and hence we continued, by the help of our guns and greyhounds, not only to spend the mornings very agreeably, but to keep our own and our friends' tables well supplied.

I have mentioned, in a former chapter, that the little town of Biaritz stands upon the sea-shore, and that it was, at the period of which I now write, regarded as a sort of neutral ground by the French and English armies. Patrols from both did, in-

deed, occasionally reconnoitre it; the French, in particular, seldom permitting a day to pass without a party of their light cavalry riding through it. Yet to visit Biarritz became now the favourite amusement amongst us, and the greater the risk run of being sabred or taken, the more eager were we to incur and to escape it. But there was a cause for this, good reader, and I will tell thee what it was.

In peaceable times, Biarritz constituted, as we learned from its inhabitants, a fashionable watering-place to the wealthy people of Bayonne and its vicinity. It was, and no doubt is, now a remarkably pretty village, about as large, perhaps, as Sandgate, and built upon the very margin of the water. The town itself lies in a sort of hollow, between two green hills, which, towards the sea, end in broken cliffs. Its houses were neatly white-washed; and, above all, it was, and I trust still is, distinguished as the residence of two or three handsome females. These ladies had about them all the gaiety and liveliness of Frenchwomen, with a good deal of the sentimentality of our own fair countrywomen. To us they were particularly pleasant, professing, I know not how truly, to prefer our society to that of any persons besides; and we, of course, were far too gallant to deny them that gratification, because we risked our lives or our freedom at each visit. By no means. Two or three times in each week the favoured few mounted their horses, and took the road to Biarritz, from which, on more than one occasion, they with difficulty returned.

With the circumstances of one of these escapes I may as well make my reader acquainted. We were, for the most part, prudent enough to cast lots previous to our setting out, in order to decide on whom, among the party, the ordinary task should devolve of watching outside, to prevent a surprisal by the enemy's cavalry, whilst his companions were more agreeably employed within. So many visits had, however, been paid, without any alarm being given, that one morning, having quitted Bedart fewer in number than usual, we rashly determined to run all risks, rather than that one of the three should spend an hour so cheerlessly. The only precaution which we took was to picquet our horses, ready saddled and bridled, at the garden gate, instead of

putting them up, as we were in the habit of doing, in the stable.

It was well for us that even this slender precaution had been taken. We had sat about half an hour with our fair friends, and had just ceased to joke on the probability of our suffering the fate of Sampson, and being caught by the Philistines, when, on a pause in the conversation taking place, our ears were saluted with the sound of horses' hoofs trampling upon the paved street. We sprang to the window, and our consternation may be guessed at, when we beheld eight or ten French hussars riding slowly from the lower end of the town. Whilst we were hesitating how to proceed, whether to remain quiet, with the hope that the party might retire without searching any of the houses, or expose ourselves to a certain pursuit by flying, we observed a rascal in the garb of a seaman run up to the leader of the patrol, and lay hold of his bridle, enter into conversation with him, and point to the abode of our new acquaintances. This was hint enough. Without pausing to say farewell to our fair friends, who screamed, as if they, and not we, had been in danger, we ran with all haste to the spot where our horses stood, and, springing into the saddle, applied the spur with very little mercy to their flanks. We were, none of us, particularly well mounted; but either our pursuers had dismounted to search the house, or they took at first a wrong direction, for we got so much the start of them before the chase fairly began, that we might have possibly escaped, had we been obliged to trust to our own steeds as far as the picquets. Of this, however, I am by no means certain, for they were unquestionably gaining upon us, as a sailor would say, hand over hand, when, by great good fortune, a patrol of our own cavalry made its appearance. Then, indeed, the tables were completely turned. The enemy pulled up, paused for an instant, and then took to their heels, whilst our troopers, who had trotted forward as soon as they saw what was the matter, put their horses to the speed, and followed. Whether they overtook their adversaries, and what was the issue of the skirmish, if indeed any skirmish took place, I cannot tell; for though we made an attempt to revenge ourselves upon our late pursuers, we soon found

that we were distanced by both parties, and were, perforce, contented to ride quietly home, congratulating each other by the way on our hair-breadth deliverance. From that time forward we were more prudent. Our visits were, indeed, resumed, and with their usual frequency, but we took care not again to dispense with the watchfulness of one, who, on the contrary, took his station henceforth on the top of one of the heights, from which he commanded a view of the surrounding country, to the distance of several miles. Though, therefore, we were more than once summoned to horse, because the enemy's dragoons were in sight, we generally contrived to mount in such time, as to preclude the necessity of riding, as we had before ridden, for life or liberty.

By spending my mornings thus, or in a determined pursuit of game, and my evenings in such society as a corps of gentlemanly young men furnished, nearly a fortnight passed over my head before I was aware that time could have made so much progress. It seldom happens, however, that any period of human existence, whether extensive or contracted, passes by without some circumstance occurring calculated to produce painful sensations. I recollect, in the course of this fortnight, an event, which, though I was no farther concerned in it than as a spectator, made a deep and melancholy impression on my mind. I allude to the loss of a large vessel, during a tremendous storm, on the rocks which run out into the sea off Bedart.

The precise day of the month on which this sad shipwreck occurred, I have forgotten; but I recollect being sent for by my friend during the progress of one of the heaviest gales which we had witnessed, to come and watch with him the fate of a brig, which was in evident distress, about a couple of miles from the land. The wind blew a perfect hurricane on shore; and hence the question was, would the ship succeed in weathering the cape, or would she strike? If she got once round the headland, then her course to the harbour of Secoa was direct; if otherwise, nothing could save her. We turned our glasses towards her in a state of feverish anxiety, and beheld her bending under a single close-reefed top-sail, and making lee-way at a fearful rate, every moment. Presently a sort of attempt was made to luff up,

or tack—it was a desperate one. Great God! I cannot even now think without shuddering of the consequence. The sail, caught by a sudden squall, was shivered into an hundred shreds; down, down she went, before the surge; and in five seconds she struck against a reef; and in ten minutes more, split into a thousand fragments. One gun only was fired as a signal of distress; but who could regard it? We possessed no boats; and had the contrary been the case, this was a sea in which no boat could live. Powerless, therefore, of aid, we could only stand and gaze upon the wreck, till piece by piece it disappeared amid the raging of the waters. Not a soul survived to tell to what country she belonged, or with what she was freighted; and only one body was drifted to land. It was that of a female, apparently about thirty years of age, genteelly dressed, and rather elegantly formed; to whom we gave such sepulture as soldiers can give, and such as they are themselves taught to expect.

The impression which that shipwreck made upon me was not only far more distressing, but far more permanent, than the impression made by any other spectacle, of which, during the course of a somewhat eventful life, I have been the spectator. For several days I could think of hardly anything besides, and at night my dreams were constantly of drowning men, and vessels beating upon rocks; so great is the effect of desuetude even in painful subjects, and so appalling is death, when he comes in a form in which we are unaccustomed to contemplate him. Of slaughtered men I have, of course, beheld multitudes, as well when life had just departed from them, as when corruption had set its seal upon their forms; but such sights never affected me, no, not even at the commencement of my military career, as I was affected by the loss of that ship, though she went to pieces at too great a distance from the beach to permit more than a very indistinct view of her perishing inmates. Yet there is nothing in reality more terrible in drowning than in any other kind of death; and a sailor will look upon it, I dare say, with precisely the same degree of indifference which a soldier experiences, when he contemplates the prospect of his own dissolution by fire or steel.

In the course of my narrative, I have not made any regular attempt to con-

vey to the mind of the reader a distinct notion of the peculiar costume and language which distinguish the natives of this country. Two motives have guided me in this. In the first place, it is, now-a-days, known to all who are likely to peruse what I write, that the inhabitants of those provinces, which lie at the immediate base of the Pyrenees, are a race totally distinct, and essentially different in almost all respects, from either the Spaniards or the French. They speak a language of their own, namely Basque, which is said by those who profess to be acquainted with it, to resemble the Celtic more than any other known tongue. The dress of the men consists usually of a blue or brown jacket, of coarse woollen cloth; of breeches or trowsers of the same, with a waistcoat, frequently of scarlet; grey worsted stockings, and wooden shoes. On their heads they wear a large flat bonnet, precisely similar to the Lowland bonnet, or scone, of Scotland. They are generally tall, but thin; and they present altogether an appearance as uncouth as need be fancied. The women, again, equip themselves in many respects as the fish-women of the good town of Newhaven are equipped, with this difference, that they seldom cover their heads at all, and, like the men, wear wooden clogs. They are a singular tribe, and appear to take a pride in those peculiarities, which keep them from coalescing with either of the nations among whom they dwell. But all this, as I said before, is too generally known, to render it imperative upon me minutely to repeat it. My second motive for keeping, in a great degree, silent on the head of manners and customs, is one, the efficiency of which the reader will not, I dares ay, call in question; namely, the want of opportunity to make myself sufficiently master of the subject, to enter, *con amore*, upon it. No man who journeys through a country, in the train of an invading army, ought to pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Wherever foreign troops swarm, the aborigines necessarily appear in false colours. The greater part of them, indeed, abandon their homes, whilst such of them as remain are servile and submissive through terror; nor do they ever display their real characters, at least in the presence of a stranger. Hence it is, that nine-

tenths of my brethren in arms, who write at all, commit the most egregious blunders in those very portions of their books where they particularly aim at enlightening the reading public; and that the most matter-of-fact man or woman, who has visited the seat of the late war since the cessation of hostilities, contains, and must contain, more certain information touching the fire-side occupations of the people, than all the "Journals" or "Letters to Friends at Home," which this age of book-making has produced. Frankly confessing, therefore, that any account which I could give of the manners and habits of the Basques, would deserve as little respect as the accounts already given by other military tourists, I am content to keep my reader's attention rivetted—if, indeed, that be practicable—upon my own little personal adventures, rather than amuse him with details, which might be true, as far as I know to the contrary, but which, in all probability, would be false.

Proceed we, then, in our own way. From the day of the shipwreck, up to the 23d of the month, I have no recollection of any occurrence worthy to be recorded. Advantage was taken, it is true, of that period of rest, to lay in a fresh stock of tea, and other luxuries, with the means of accomplishing which an opportune disbursement of one month's pay supplied us; whilst an ample market was established by certain speculating traders, who followed the progress of the army from post to post. Secoa was now the grand mart for the procurement of necessaries, a considerable fleet of English vessels having entered it; and hither I and my comrades resorted for the purchase of such articles as habit, or caprice, prompted us to purchase. Then by coursing, shooting, and riding—sometimes to Biarritz, and the house of our pretty Frenchwomen—sometimes to St Jean de Luz, where, by the way, races were regularly established, and occasionally to the cantonments of a friend in another division of the army, we found our days steal insensibly, and therefore agreeably, away; nor was it without a feeling somewhat akin to discontent that we saw ourselves again setting forth, to take our turn of outpost duty at the old station beside Fort Charlotte.

HORÆ HISPANICÆ. No. XI.

LA DEVOCION DE LA CRUZ—THE WORSHIP OF THE CROSS.

By Don Pedro Calderon de la Barea.

IN the last Number of the *Horæ Hispanicæ*, we gave an analysis, intermixed with extracts, of Calderon's *Famosa Comedia, Agradecer y no Amar*, together with some general remarks upon the Spanish Theatre. We now propose to treat *La Devocion de la Cruz*, The Worship of the Cross, a Tragedy of the same author's, in nearly a similar manner. To our former general remarks we have little to add; the marked difference between tragedy and comedy, to which we are accustomed in the literature of most countries, not existing in Spain. Thalia there speaks the same language, and occupies herself with the concerns of personages as dignified as her gorgeous sister, whilst Melpomene suffers the jesting *Gracioso* to pour forth his quibbling buffoneries, amidst the "sweeping" of her "sceptred pall;" and last, and perhaps strangest of all, the deepest tragedies bear upon their title-page the same extraordinary denomination of, *Famosa Comedia*; so that, literally, until we come to the decisive word, "*muere*," dies, or the curtain falls, leaving everybody alive, we remain wholly ignorant whether we are perusing a tragedy or a comedy. It is not that to this rule there are no exceptions; we have met with regular *Tragedias*, in heroic lines of ten or eleven syllables, and in five acts, about Seleucus, Mithridates, Xerxes, and other such classical worthies; but these appear to be attempts at imitating *les merveilles du Theatre Français*, and not to belong to the properly national drama.

La Devocion de la Cruz is not exactly the tragedy of Calderon's which our own unassisted taste might have selected, but it is one generally ranked amongst his best works. The highly-esteemed German critic, A. W. Schlegel, has thought it deserving of the dedication of his time and talents to translating it into his own language; and it affords, together with a very curious illustration of the Spanish "Theory of Moral Sentiments," an example of the familiar introduction of religion, and of actual miracles upon

the stage, the least revolting to British feelings of any with which we are acquainted. If there is one point of the story not strictly in conformity with the delicacy of the nineteenth century, it must be remembered, in palliation of Calderon's offence, what insupportable grossness disgraced every other European stage in his days, and long afterwards, a reproach from which the Spanish drama is, if not absolutely, yet so comparatively pure, as may well induce us to pardon the small violation of propriety alluded to.

In *La Devocion de la Cruz*, "the buskined stage" is enlivened by a pair of *Graciosos*, the second being the wife of the first. These, seemingly untragic persons, open the piece with comic lamentations over the disaster of their donkey, who appears to have fallen into a hole or ravine of the mountains; and with mutual reproaches for having respectively been the occasion of the accident. Mengua, the wife, goes in search of assistance to extricate the fallen animal, and Gil, the husband, after a ludicrous panegyric of the virtues of his Jenny ass, observing two caballeros alight from their horses with symptoms of warlike intentions, conceals himself to watch their movements. Cowardice and curiosity are, it should be observed, equally indispensable qualities in the *Gracioso*. Lisardo and Eusebio come on, and the former says—

No further need we seek; this sheltered place,

So far retired from all frequented paths,
Suits well my purpose. Draw your sword,
Eusebio,

For thus I challenge men resembling you
To fight.

Eus. Although I have sufficient cause
To use my sword in being hither brought,
Yet fain, Lisardo, would I learn your motive,—

Say what complaint against me you can
wage.

Lis. I have so many, that unto my
tongue

Utterance is wanting, to my reason, rea-
soning,

And to endurance, patience. I could wish

To bury them in silence, in oblivion ;
For ev'ry repetition must renew
The deep offence. Eusebio, do you know
These papers ?

Eus. I thrust them down upon the earth,
I'll thence recover them.

Lis. There ; do you pause ?
What moves you ?

Eus. Ill betide the man who trusts
His secrets unto paper ! Out upon it !
Like a flung stone, the hurling hand is
known,

Where it shall light, we're ignorant.

Lis. You know them ?

Eus. The writing I must needs ac-
knowledge mine.

Lis. 'Twere bootless to declare myself
Lisardo

Son of Lisardo Curcio, of Sienna.

A most superfluous magnificence
Quickly consumed my father's property,
Which from his fathers he inherited.

He does not know how grievously he errs,
Who, by extravagance, to indigence
Condemns his children. Yet, though
poverty

Outrage nobility, it can release

No single duty lofty birth imposes.

This Julia (witness Heaven, how grievous
'tis

To name her !) either knows not, or re-
gards not.

But Julia, ne'ertheless, remains my
sister ;—

Would she were not !—and you will
please t' observe,

That women of her breeding are not
wooded

With amorous billets, cunning flatteries,
Unsanctioned gifts, nor shameless go-
betweens.

Wholly I blame you not, for I confess

If by a lady suffered thus to woo her,

I should partake your fault.—In this I
blame you,

That you profess yourself my friend ; and
this

More guiltily includes you in her guilt.

For if my sister pleased you as a wife—

And 'tis not possible, nor do I deem

You dared to look on her with other
purpose,

Nor yet with that,—for rather than be-
hold her

Wedded to you, by Heavens, I myself
Would murder her ! But, howsoe'er that

be,

If you desired her hand, honour required
You should disclose your wishes to my

father,

Not unto her ; 'twas then my father's part
To judge if upon you he would bestow

her.

I think he had refused ; for in such cases,

When needy Caballeros equally
Cannot proportion quality and wealth,
Lest through a daughter's means their
blood be dimm'd,

They seek the sacred shelter of a convent :
For poverty, when known, is criminal.

So certainly this destiny awaits
My sister Julia, that to-morrow's sun

Sees her a nun, or freely,—or com-
pell'd.

And, for the pledges of such idle love
Suit not a consecrated virgin's hands,

To yours I render them, blindly resolved
From further insult to secure myself.

Then draw, Eusebio, and upon this spot
Die one of us ; you, that you never more

May woo her, I, that I may not behold
it.

Eus. Lisardo, hold your hand, and
since my phlegm

Has lasted whilst I listen'd to your slights,
Hear now my answer, and, although pro-
lix

Be the relation of my fortunes, though
Unreasonable seem the call on patience,

Since we are here alone, perforce must
fight,

And one perforce must die, lest Heav'n
decree

That I should fall, listen to prodigies
Worthy of admiration, unto wonders

That elevate the soul, and which my
death

Must not in everlasting silence bury.
I never knew my father, but I know

My earliest cradle was the cross's foot,
A stone my earliest pillow. Marvellous,

As tell the shepherds, was my birth, for
thus

They found me in the bosom of these
mountains,

Three days they heard my moanings, but
forbore,

Through terror of wild beast, to search
the brake

In which I lay, uninjured. Who can
doubt

That 'twas the sacred Cross protected
me ?

At length a shepherd, who through ev'ry
hazard

Sought a strayed ewe, discovered my
rough bed,

And bore me to the village of Eusebio,
Who then, not causelessly, was there

abiding ;

He told him all the wonders of my birth,
And, Heaven's clemency inspiring his,

He sent me to his mansion, as his son
There rear'd me. I, Eusebio of the

Cross,

Am nam'd from him, and from that
blessed Cross,

My earliest nurse, my earliest protector.

My genius led me to make arms my business;

Letters became my pastime. In due season

Eusebio died, and left me his sole heir.

Miracles enough occur in the course of the play, to justify our omitting about an hundred lines of this speech, in which Eusebio narrates all those upon which the cross, stamped naturally upon his bosom, has already wrought for his preservation from various perils. He ends his discourse with a declaration, that he is too angry at Lisardo's behaviour to justify his own, as he could; that since they will not give him Julia in marriage, he will make her his mistress; and that no convent shall secure her from him. They then fight, and Lisardo falls, saying—

I'm wounded!

Eus. And not slain?

Lis. No, in my arms

Vigour enough remains.—Alas! The earth

Seems wanting to my feet.

Eus. Unto thy speech
So life is wanting.

Lis. Let me not expire
Without confession.

Eus. Die, unworthy wretch!

Lis. Not unconfessed, I pray you by
that cross

On which our Saviour died!

Eus. That single word
Prevents thy slaughter. From the earth
arise.

Thus by the cross adjured, my wrath subsides,

My arm is palsied. Rise.

Lis. I cannot rise.

Deluged with blood no more I value life;
And judge my soul only delays her flight,
Because uncertain, 'midst so many openings,

Which to prefer.

Eus. Then to my arms intrust thee,
And fear not. Hard by is a hermitage
Of penitential friars, unto them
Mayst thou confess thee, if alive thou reach
Their door.

Lis. In recompense for this compassion,

I pledge my word, that if I may obtain
Favour in heaven, I will implore for thee
The boon, without confession not to die.

Eusebio carries off the wounded man; Gil issues from his hiding-place; gives a ludicrous and unintelligible account of the transaction to Mengua, and the villagers whom she brings with her to assist in recovering

her unlucky favourite; and then leads them all away in pursuit of Eusebio, rather unnaturally forgetting, as it should seem, his own more especial concern, the fallen donkey.

The next scene is in Curcio's house. Julia comes on with her maid Arminda, lamenting, in rhyme, her brother's discovery and seizure of Eusebio's letters. Eusebio steals into the chamber, says apart, that he must persuade Julia to elope with him before she shall hear of Lisardo's death; and immediately proceeds to put this plan in execution, by means of a longish harangue upon her father's conventual designs: With what prospect of success we know not, for before Julia has advanced farther in her answer than, "Listen, Eusebio," Arminda announces the approach of old Curcio, and the lover is immediately and inevitably concealed in an adjoining room. The purpose of the father's visit is to announce to his daughter the glad tidings that she is the next day to be wedded to the Deity. For this result of his paternal care he claims her joyful gratitude: she, on the contrary, begins to remonstrate, and argue, very unthankfully, upon her right to choose her own condition in life. Curcio indignantly exclaims that she cannot be his daughter; that her unworthy conduct revives and confirms all his half-forgotten suspicions. He then turns Arminda out of the room, in order to reveal to Julia a secret he has long kept to himself; and proceeds, in *asonante* lines, to tell her that he had, long ago, been sent by the Senate of Sienna upon an embassy to Rome, which detained him eight months; that, upon his return, he had found his wife, Rosmira, near her confinement; and, although she had given him notice of her situation in her first letters, he had immediately concluded that she was false to him;—upon what grounds he does not explain. That he was miserable in consequence of these suspicions, and determined to revenge himself; that in order to effect this the more secretly, he took his wife upon a hunting party into the mountains, separated her from the company, led her to a most retired and savage spot.—The story is here interrupted by the return of Arminda, followed by the villagers, bearing the dead body of Li-

sardo. The father's grief is poured out in stanzas of eight lines, in which the *Gracioso* Gil takes part to say that Eusebio was the murderer. Curcio, in a rage, declares that Julia shall remain locked up in that room with the corpse until she enters her convent; and they all leave her. Eusebio immediately rejoins her, when they return to simple *asonancias*; and, after a long discussion of her reasons for loving and for hating him, Julia, as her last proof of affection, bids her criminal adorer escape by a window which opens into the garden, and never see her more, declaring herself now most willing to obey her father, and imprison the brief remnant of her life in a cell. Eusebio urges her rather to kill him, for which act of justice he offers her his sword. She again insists upon his flying. He replies—

'Twere better I should die, for if I live
'Twill be impossible I e'er should cease
To idolize thy beauties. Though inclosed
Within a convent's wall, ne'er shalt thou
be
From me secure.

Julia. Guard thou thy menaced life,
Of my security leave me the care

The conversation is broken by the opening of the door; Eusebio escapes through the window, Julia retires into the room in which he had been concealed; the servants remove the dead body, and the first *jornada* closes.

The second opens in the mountains; a shot is heard, and Eusebio enters in the character of a captain of banditti, followed by his gang. The inferior robbers extol their leader's recent feat.

Ricardo. The furious lead has passed
right through his breast.

Celio. His blood imprints his direful
tragedy
Upon the tender flowers.

Eusebio. Plant a cross
Above his grave, and God forgive his sins.

Ricardo. Devotion is not wanting ev'n
in robbers.

[*Exeunt RICARDO and CELIO.*]

Eusebio. Since destiny has thus translated me

Into a robber-captain, be my crimes
Infinite as my sorrow. My harsh country,
As though I'd treach'rously assassinated
The fall'n Lisardo, persecutes my life.
My lands and houses are confiscated,
Even a bare subsistence is denied me.
And thus her cruelty and my resentment
Compel me, in defence of mine own safety,

To act the barb'rous homicide. These
paths

No wanderer approaches but he yields
His property and life.

[*Banditti return with ALBERTO.*]

Ricardo. Hear, captain, hear
The wonder that ensued when I examined
The wound inflicted.

Eusebio. Eagerly I listen.

Ricardo. I found the bullet flattened
by this book
Placed in the traveller's breast; the book
unpierced;

The traveller fainting only with affright,
See him unwounded, safe.

Eusebio. I'm filled with terror
And admiration. Venerable elder,
Say who thou art, thou for whose safety
Heaven

Works miracles?

Alberto. I am, of living men,
Oh Captain, the most fortunate; for I,
Unworthy, have deserved to be a priest;
Have, in Bologna, four and forty years
Sacred theology taught diligently.
His Holiness, to recompense my zeal,
Gave me the bishopric of Trent; but I,
Alarmed to find myself responsible
For others' souls, when of mine own sal-
vation

Hardly assured, renounced both palms
and laurels,
And flying from the world's deceits, came
hither

To seek security in solitude,
Where truth dwells naked. Rome I vi-
sited,

And by the Pope was authorized to found
A bless'd fraternity of hermits. Now,
Thy lawless fury cuts at once the thread
Of happiness and life.

Eus. Say what this book?

Al. The fruit of all my studies, the sole
tribute

Of many years.

Eus. Tell me what it contains.

Al. A legend of the holy origin
Of that celestial wood, on which our Lord,
Triumphing over death, expired. 'Tis
called

Miracles of the Cross.

Eus. How well entitled!

To it has murd'rous lead displayed itself
Like wax obedient. Would to heav'n my
hand

Had been in fire consumed before it aimed
A savage blow at its most blessed pages!
Bear hence thy life and property, that
book

Only I claim. Conduct him into safety.

Al. I'll pray incessantly that thou may'st
see

Thine error, and repent.

Eus. If thou desirest
My good, pray that I die not unconfessed.

Al. I will, and farther promise thee,
so much

Thy clemency has touched me, that when-
e'er

Thou summonest, my desert I'll forsake,
And hasten to confess thee. I'm a priest,
And named Alberto.

Eus. Dost thou promise this?

Al. Pledging my hand.

Eus. Grateful I kiss thy feet.

Alberto departs, escorted by the banditti who had brought him in, and another robber enters with intelligence that the senate of Sienna has given to Curcio authority to execute the sentence passed against Eusebio, and that Julia is placed in a convent. Encouraged, probably by his prospect of being insured leisure for repentance, confession, and absolution, Eusebio instantly determines to break into the convent, and carry off his beloved, comforting himself farther with the judicious reflection, that he cannot possibly be much worse than, as a robber and murderer, he already is. He sends his informant to collect the band, and, whilst he waits for them, the *Gracioso* and *Graciosa* come in, filling up the time with Gil's boastings of the deeds he will achieve against Eusebio, and his terror when he recognizes the redoubted captain of banditti. The gang now return, bringing news of the approach of Curcio with a sort of *posse comitatus* at his heels. Eusebio says, that, having other business in hand, they will, for the present, avoid Curcio and his party. He then commands Gil and Mengua to be tied to separate trees blindfolded, that they may not be able to betray the robbers' course, charges them with a message for Curcio touching the honourable manner in which he had encountered and killed Lisardo, kindly procuring for him, prior to death, the means of confession, and then leads off his troop to effect his meditated sacrilege. Gil and Mengua, left by themselves, and bound at a distance from each other, wrangle humourously as to which shall first release the other, until Curcio and his subaltern ministers of justice arrive to render that service to both. The villagers dilate upon the atrocities perpetrated by Eusebio, and point out the numerous crosses erected over the graves of his victims. Curcio looking round, instantly recognizes the spot to which he had formerly betrayed his suspect-

ed wife. Overpowered with remorseful recollections, he dismisses his followers to seek farther for the banditti, and when he remains alone, in a burst of sorrow, self-accusation, and repentance, not unskilfully managed, takes up his story at the very point at which he was interrupted in relating it to Julia. He recalls to mind his accusations—Rosmira's assertions of innocence—her embracing the cross he now beholds as a safeguard—the wounds which he had, nevertheless, sacrilegiously inflicted upon her, leaving her for dead—his amazement when, upon returning home, he had found her there before him unwounded, but with Julia in her arms, whom she had brought forth at the foot of the cross, and who, in consequence, had a cross of blood and fire stamped upon her bosom—his subsequent conviction of Rosmira's innocence, to prove which so great a miracle had been wrought—and his regrets that a twin brother or sister of Julia's had been left upon the mountain—Curcio's recollections are here abruptly checked by a report, that the banditti had been discovered at a distance, and he departs to join in their pursuit.

In the next scene, Eusebio and a couple of robbers appear with a ladder under the walls of Julia's convent. The captain scales the sacred precincts, leaving his comrades to await his return, and immediately presents himself, alone, in a corridor of the convent, saying,

The convent I have search'd all o'er,
With happily unnoticed tread ;
Have peep'd through many an open door,
At many a wrinkled nun a-bed,
But her for whom I all explore,
My Julia, nowhere can I find.
Ye doubtful hopes, where would ye guide ?
How dumb this silence ! and how blind
The darkness ! Upon ev'ry side
What horrors crowd upon my mind !
—But I see light—another cell—
And in it Julia ! All is well !

(*Draws a curtain, and discovers JULIA asleep.*)

What ! does my daring spirit quail ?
To speak do I now hesitate ?
Why pause ? Or further what await ?
What varying impulses assail
My soul, that, when my fears prevail,
A mad audacity inspire ;
When resolute, damp valour's fire
With fearfulness most cowardly !
New lustre do her charms acquire
From that mean garb ; for purity

Is woman's chiefest loveliness.
Her beauty, which dishonest love
Awoke, does now more rarely move ;
Though rousing passion to excess,
It chills me with profound respect.
Julia !

Jul. Who calls ? Heaven be mine aid !
A lawless wish's dread effect
Art thou, or fancy-pictured shade ?

Eus. Thus can my presence terrify ?

Jul. Who would not from such presence fly ?

Eus. Fly not !

Jul. Unreal image, say,
Illusive phantom of the eye,
Copied from my uneasy thought,
What would'st ? Lest time my griefs allay,

Art thou a sound, a vision wrought
By feverish imagination,
To fill my sickly soul with perturbation ?

Eus. Julia, Eusebio's self am I,
Alive, and kneeling at thy feet.
Were I a thought, incessantly
Should I inhabit thy retreat.

Jul. I listen, and now comprehend ;
But ah, Eusebio, undeceived,
My heart is but the more aggrieved.
Mine honour, which thine acts offend,
Thy flitting shadow had prefer'd
To thee, here, where unseen, unheard,
I amidst gushing tears expire,
Or live to suffer more and more.
What would'st thou have ? I tremble sore.
What dost thou seek ? My fears, how dire !
Speak thine intent—My death is near !
Oh, tell me wherefore thou art here !

Eus. Can love be wise or moderate ?
My sorrows and thy cruelty
This day must triumph over me.
Patiently I endured my fate
Till thou wast in a cell confined ;
But when thy beauties lost I saw,
Unhinder'd by religious awe,
I trampled on the cloister's law :
Nor Heaven, to whom thou'rt now assign'd,

Can justly my pretensions blame.
Long ere the church advanced a claim
In secrecy, my wedded wife
Wast thou, and ne'er might wedded dame
Exchange her state for cloister'd life.

Jul. The love-knot I will ne'er deny,
That could in pure felicity
Two wills in one unite.
Thus bound, my bridegroom's name
had'st thou.

But here have I pronounced the vow,
Whose consecrating might
To a celestial spouse above
Binds hand and faith, and nuptial love.
What seek'st thou from Heaven's married bride ?

Go, for the world is terrified

By thine outrageous violence,
Whilst men remorselessly thou slayest,
On helpless women's honour preyest.
Go, go ! nor hope thine influence
Should gain thy passion's recompense.
Reflect, thy madness to abate,
That I to Heaven am consecrate.

Eus. Resistance only fans my flame.
Already has my guilty foot
Profaned the cloister, and the fruit
Of sacrilege to lose, were shame.
Julia, comply, or I will say,
By thee invited to thy cell,
I there have revell'd many a day.
Dar'st thou a desprate wretch defy ?
Then all who in the convent dwell
Shall know.

Jul. Eusebio, oh forbear !
Reflect.—Hark ! steps are coming nigh,
As to the choir the nuns repair.
What shall I do ? Alas ! alas !
Needs must my cell thy refuge prove.
Secure the door, whilst they shall pass.
One fear expels another fear.

Eus. How absolutely reigns my love !

Jul. My destiny, oh how severe !

Leaving the lovers in their hiding-place, the scene goes back to the exterior of the convent, where the robbers are expecting their captain's return, and commenting upon his delay. Eusebio and Julia appear upon the convent walls, he flying with every demonstration of terror ; she pursuing him with reproaches, for having flown from her in scorn, at an instant when, from the urgency of his entreaties, her arms had been more than half thrown open to his wishes. He answers, that he does not scorn her, that he rather adores her more than ever, but that the cross standing impressed upon her bosom, has filled him with awe ; and that should the cross be thus witness to his sins, he never afterwards could implore its succour for very shame. He charges her to remain a pure nun, and in his agitation missing the ladder, is precipitated headlong—luckily without apparent injury—from the wall. This accident, however, confusing the robbers, they all hurry off, leaving Julia alone upon the wall, with the ladder placed invitingly at her feet. In a soliloquy, consisting of upwards of an hundred lines, she first laments Eusebio's desertion, and ceasing to love her. She then considers that his flight cannot lessen her offence, which was complete when she consented to violate her vows ; that she consequently cannot be more guilt-

ty than she is, and may as well follow him. She accordingly descends the ladder, but is no sooner without the boundaries of her convent, than she is seized with remorse, and after a burst of horror, resolves to return, and devote her life to the expiation of her crime. As she is about to re-ascend, she is alarmed by approaching steps, and hides herself until the intruders shall have passed. The intruders, however, prove to be some of the banditti, returning for the forgotten ladder, which they carry off, and Julia, finding no means of re-entering her convent undiscovered, concludes that her repentance is rejected by heaven; she determines, in consequence, by the deeds of a desperate woman, to terrify the world, heaven, and even sin and hell. This resolution ends the second *Jornada*.

The third *Jornada* opens in the mountains, whither Gil, being sent by his wife for wood, comes covered with crosses, in the hope that Eusebio's well-known devotion to the Cross may render this species of armour an efficient protection from danger. At Eusebio's approach, however, his terrors as usual overpower him, and he hides himself in a thorn-bush. This asylum he finds so inconvenient, that Eusebio has not long lamented over his hard fortune, in being constrained to resign Julia when in his power, before Gil's restlessness attracts his attention. He exclaims,
A man who bears a cross upon his breast
Bound to a tree! Prostrate upon the ground,

Let me fulfil my vow.

Gil. To whom, Eusebio,
Dost thou address thine homage? Or,
what wouldst thou?
If me thou worship, wherefore dost thou
bind me?

Or binding, wherefore worship?

Eus. Who art thou?

Gil. Know you not Gil? Since here
you left me bound,
And loaded with a message, shouts and
cries
Have failed to draw a passenger this
way,
Who might untie me.

Eus. This is not the place
Where thou wert bound and left.

Gil. That I confess;
But when I saw that nobody came thither,
Bound as I was, from tree to tree I travelled

VOL. XVIII.

Until I reach'd this thorn-bush. So it
was,

Though strange the accident.

Eus. (*aside.*) Simple he seems,
And may prove useful.—(*Aloud.*) Gil,
I've liked thee well

Since last we spoke together, we'll be
friends.

Gil. That's kindly said; and since we
are such friends,

I will remain here, where we altogether
May be banditti; 'tis a joyous life,
I'm told, far better than to toil and moil,
From year's end until year's end.

Eus. Thou with me,
According to thy wish, shalt here remain.

This may suffice as a specimen of the tragical mirth with which Spanish dramatists relieve their murders and miracles. The banditti now enter, leading a man whose face is concealed, and who refuses, they say, to discover himself to any one but the captain. Eusebio declares himself that tremendous personage, and the stranger observes, "We are not alone!" Eusebio then announces Gil to his people, as a new recruit, orders the proper dress and arms to be given him, and dismisses him with the rest of the troop. When he remains *tête-a-tête* with the stranger, the latter challenges him to fight, declaring that he came thither expressly to kill him. Eusebio complies reluctantly, saying, he does not like to kill or be killed without knowing why; and the stranger, remarking that he is in the right, for unless the offender knows it to be the offended who slays him, no satisfaction is obtained by the injured party, discovers his face, and proves to be Julia. Eusebio, shocked at seeing her out of her convent, and in man's attire, inquires how she comes there, so disguised; she answers, that his contempt is the sole cause of her conduct, and, in order to show him what it is to teach a woman to overleap the bounds of modesty, she will recount to him the crimes she has already perpetrated, which will delight her as much in the relation as they did in the acting. She then narrates a series of atrocious murders committed, to secure her flight from detection. Eusebio, horror-stricken at her perversion, entreats Julia to return to her convent, assuring her that his reverence for the cross stamped upon her bosom, must still, and for ever, compel him to fly

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her. They are now interrupted by the banditti, who announce the near approach of Curcio and his former party. Eusebio bids Julia again conceal her face, lest she should fall into her father's hands, and leads his band to combat their assailants—Julia, who shows less taste for fighting than for assassinating, watches the conflict from the stage. She proclaims the flight of the robbers, leaving Eusebio alone among his enemies; and, resolving to rally the fugitives, and to confound all ages by her audacity in her lover's defence, hurries off to effect her purpose.

Gil now makes his appearance in his bandit accoutrements, lamenting that the moment he has entered upon his bandit noviciate to insure his safety, the previously victorious robbers are beaten. The conquering peasants join him, and a laughable contest ensues, in which he endeavours to persuade his former friends that he has been fighting upon their side, and is clad in the spoils of a robber whom he has slain. He accompanies them in the pursuit of the flying outlaws, leaving the stage free for Curcio and Eusebio, who come on fighting. Curcio says,—

We are alone, and I give thanks to Heaven,
Which to my single hand reserved my vengeance,
Nor by a stranger's weapon would permit Thy death.

Eus. Hear'n, Curcio, was not wroth with me
When it together brought us. If thou hither
Offended cam'st, offended and chastised
Thou shalt return. And yet such strange respect
Thou fill'st me with, that far beyond thy sword

I thine annoyance fear. Well might thy courage
Excite alarm, but 'tis thy hoary head
That makes, I know not why, a coward of me.

Cur. Eusebio, I acknowledge thy discourse
Has much allayed the anger that inflamed
My heart against thee; yet I'll not endure

That, inadvertently, thou should'st ascribe
Thy terror only to my hoary locks,
When 'tis my valour's due—Renew the fight!

Nor star, nor favorable sign, shall ever
Rob me of offer'd vengeance. Let us fight.

Eusebio. My terror? Weakly dost thou
boast, old man,
Respect for fear mistaking; yet the truth
If I should speak, I fairly must confess
The victory I wish for were to fall
Submissive at thy feet, praying thy pardon;

And even now, my sword, (terror of thousands!)

I lay before them.

Cur. Do not think, Eusebio,
That I would poorly at advantage kill.
There is my sword.—(Aside.) The dire necessity

Of dealing his death-blow I thus avoid.
(Aloud.) Let us essay our native strength.

(They Wrestle.)

Eus. I know not
How thou work'st on me, but within my breast

My heart dissolves, wrath and revenge forgetting,

It at mine eyes o'erflows; confused, disordered,

I, to avenge thee, could destroy myself.
Avenge thyself! Lo, prostrate at thy feet

I yield my life!

Cur. Nobles, however injured,
Stain not their swords in blood of yielded men,

The brightness of a victory is dimmed,
With blood when clouded.

(Voices without.) This way they are gone.

Cur. My people, flush'd with conquest,
seek me, thine

Cowardly fly. Thy life I freely give thee;
Conceal thyself; vainly should I repress
The vengeful anger of a peasant troop,
'Midst whom thou, single, must perforce be slain.

Eus. Curcio, I never shunned the power
of man,

Thine though I feared. Restore my sword; and see

That valour 'gainst an army overflow,
Which against thee so strangely failed.

Enter OCTAVIO and the PEASANTS.

Oct. Not one,
Ev'n from the deepest valley, to the crag
That tops the mountain, has remained alive;

Eusebio only has escaped, who, flying—

Eus. Thou liest! Eusebio flies not.

All. Here, Eusebio?—

Kill him!

Eus. Come on, base peasants!

Cur. Hold, Octavio!

Oct. My lord, do you forbid us, you,
whose part

'Twere to encourage us?

Blas. Do you defend

A man who has dishonour'd you, and shed
your blood?

Gil. A man who ruins ev'n this moun-
tain?

Who in the village has not left a melon,
Or maiden undevoured? Who has de-
stroyed

So many men? And will you now pro-
tect him?

Oct. What means your lordship?

Cur. Hold! Attend, I say!

(Aside.) Unlucky chance! *(Aloud.)* 'Twere
better to Sienna

To bear him prisoner; Eusebio, yield;
I pledge a noble's word for thine assu-
rance;

I'll be thine advocate, although thy foe.

Eus. To thee, as Curcio, I would yield
myself,

But not as to a judge, for that were fear,
The other, reverence.

Oct. Kill Eusebio here!

Cur. Observe——

Oct. Will you defend him? To your
country

Do you turn traitor?

Cur. Traitor! I? Eusebio,
Forgive me; thus insulted, I must be
The first to strike.

Eus. Do thou not interpose,
Old lord, thy sight o'erawes me, and thy
people
Make thee their shield against mine
arm.

*(They all go off fighting, except Curcio,
who remains, watching the event.)*

Hesees Eusebio pierced with a thou-
sand wounds, and driven over the side
of the precipice; exclaims that the
cold blood calls to his, and hurries
away to seek him.

Eusebio next falls down the preci-
pice on to the stage, resting nearly at
the foot of the cross beneath which he
was originally found. He repents of
his past misdeeds, and calls upon Li-
sardo and Alberto to fulfil their pro-
mises of not suffering him to die with-
out confession. Curcio comes in,—
expresses grief at Eusebio's situation,
—sets about examining his wounds—
discovers the cross upon his breast,
exactly similar to Julia's—recognizes
him as his lost son, observing that he
himself is justly punished in the very
same place where he had sinned, by
attempting to murder his innocent
wife. Eusebio dies, calling vehement-
ly upon Alberto, and Curcio tears his
hair in an agony of parental love and
sorrow. Octavio now brings him the
news of Julia's disappearance from her
convent, and is followed by the pea-
sants with intelligence of the return of

the banditti, led on by a man or a de-
mon, who conceals his name and face
even from his own partizans. Curcio
proclaims the dead Eusebio to have
been his son, and desires his body to
be removed for interment. The pea-
sants represent that he has died excom-
municated, and cannot have Christian
burial. Curcio bursts into tears, and
leaves them in despair; the peasants
bury the corpse upon the spot, appar-
ently under leaves and boughs of
trees; depart, leaving Gil to watch,
and report the movements of the re-
turning banditti. The poor Gracioso
has scarcely time to express his ex-
treme dislike of his situation and com-
pany, when Alberto enters again, jour-
neying from Rome. The corpse imme-
diately claims his formerly promised
assistance,—Alberto, a good deal sur-
prised at the occurrence, seeks till he
finds the dead body, which he has
no sooner uncovered than it rises up,
and accompanies the worthy priest to
the foot of the cross, for the purpose
of making confession, and receiving
absolution.

Julia now appears with the banditti,
seeking for the enemy, whom she ex-
pects to surprise in the negligence of
victory. One of the robbers says,
there is no need of seeking further, for
the enemy is at hand. Accordingly,
Curcio and his party enter, but before
a blow is struck, Gil, who is bursting
with the wonders he has witnessed,
comes forward, and directs the gene-
ral attention to the prodigy that is even
then in progress. All look towards the
cross, and mention what they see take
place. Curcio finally says—

And as the holy father terminates
The form of absolution, at his feet
The corpse, a second time, falls dead.

Enter ALBERTO.

Alb. Amidst
Their boastful splendours learn, mankind,
from me,
The greatest miracle that e'er was wrought.
After Eusebio's death, Heav'n to his corse
Restored the soul, till it had made con-
fession.

Such favour does devotion to the Cross
Obtain from the Most High.

Cur. My darling son!
Unfortunate thou wast not, who couldst
merit
Such glories to adorn thy tragic death!
Would Julia were as conscious of her
faults!

Jul. Assist me, Heaven! What is it
that I hear?

What prodigy is this? I who aspired
Unto Eusebio's love, am I his sister?
Then let my father Curcio, let the world,
This day be made acquainted with my
crimes;

Terrified by such horrors, I myself
Will here proclaim them. Know, all li-
ving men,

That I am Julia, in the shameful list
Of bad, the worst! But since my guilt is
public,

So from this day shall be my penitence.
Most humbly of the world I ask forgive-
ness

For my abhorred example, and of God,
For my bad life.

Cur. Thou prodigy of guilt!
I with my proper hands will murder thee,
That, as thy life, thy death may be atro-
cious.

Jul. Thou Holy Cross, on thee I call
for aid!

Pledging my word henceforward in my
convent

To expiate, by ceaseless penances,
My sins.

[As CURCIO strikes at her with his
sword, she clasps the Cross placed
on EUSEBIO's grave, and it flies
away with her.

Alb. Stupendous miracle!

Cur. And thus,

With this most marvellous event, its au-
thor

Happily ends the WORSHIP OF THE CROSS.

We shall follow his example, and
leave this most marvellous event, and
most extraordinary *Famosa Comedia*,
to the judgment of our readers. One
word, however, we must subjoin be-
fore we conclude. Our own taste, as
we have already stated, would certain-

ly not have led to the selection of *La
Devocion de la Cruz*, as the most plea-
sing specimen of Calderon's tragic
powers; but in the hope that our ar-
ticle upon the more comic *Famosa Co-
media of Agradecer y no Amar*, might
have somewhat predisposed our read-
ers in favour of our author, we were
content to submit our private opinion
to that of the great majority of Span-
ish scholars, who consider this piece
as one of the best productions of the
first of Spanish dramatists. We are,
however, chiefly influenced to this act
of deference, by our wish to present to
the British public, if a less attractive,
a more interesting, because a more im-
portant picture;—one exhibiting the
portraiture rather of a nation than of an
individual. In no country aspiring to
literary fame, we apprehend, except
the Peninsula, could a genius lofty and
powerful as Calderon's, have been low-
ered by the alloy of such an absolute
distortion of intellect, and perversion
of the moral sense. Of the impiously
familiar introduction of sacred names
and topics, we have softened away as
much as was compatible with the na-
ture of the subject. We did so more
because we could not help it, than
from any preconceived intention; but
we have left, we fancy, quite sufficient
to pain every serious mind; and final-
ly, we must confess, that we have rare-
ly met with aught more impressive, as
a political and moral lesson, or more
humiliating to the pride of human rea-
son, than this *Olla podrida* of high ta-
lent, brilliant imagination, bigotry, su-
perstition, vice, and downright absurd-
ity.

KNOCKBRAE SKETCHES.

BY JACOB RUDDIMENT, A.M., PROBATIONER OF DIVINITY,
AND SCHOOLMASTER OF THE PARISH.

Ecce pro laicis
Multum allegavi,
Necnon pro presbyteris
Multum comprobavi.

ARCHDEACON WALTER DE MAPES.

CHAP. I.

The Introduction, containing a Short Account of the Life of the Author.

GENTLE READER,—In presenting you with the following sketches and recollections of the primitive manners and simple incidents of a remote and secluded parish, little art or method may be expected. During something more than fifty years' residence, man and boy, in my *natale solum*, I have not been as those who walk through the world with their eyes shut; whatever events passed before me, whatever changes of manners I have seen, or whatever peculiarities of character presented themselves to my observation, have all been more or less treasured up in the stores of my memory, from which I can draw conclusions, institute comparisons or contrasts on any given occasion, and from whence I can derive at all times an accumulated mass of ideas on which to ruminate and reflect. In delivering my detached sketches and observations to the world, I shall not be solicitous in giving them arranged in the exact order of time in which the events occurred; but shall set them down almost at random, as they arose in my memory, or as the scattered scraps and memorandums were picked out from the chaotic confusion of a port-folio, swelled to an enormous bulk, with quotations and excerpts from the classics, and from the delicious but ponderous volumes of the schoolmen, with innumerable manuscript sermons, filled, I would fain trust, with treasures of sound orthodoxy and practical wisdom; the solicitous labour of many an hour, snatched from the daily toil of my school; among which are mingled, no doubt, many papers of a profaner cast, such as those on session business, militia lists, scholars' entries, notandums of our Friendly Society, and sundry minute items of household expenditure—the whole forming a mass over which the boards of the book can no more be made to tie, than

can the capacious coat be made to button over the stuffed belly of the turtle-fed alderman.

But previous to commencing my task, according to the advice of the best critics,—not those of the present day, for I know little about them, but that glorious band, at the head of which stand Aristotle and Longinus,—it behoves me to give some account of myself, my age and country, and under the influence of what scenes and circumstances I have been able to produce a work, which, in all probability, is destined to carry my name down to posterity. The first thing we desiderate in the perusal of a great writer, Homer, Xenophon, or Thucydides, for instance, is to obtain some inkling of his descent and personal history. To the universal regret of the learned, such information respecting the ancient worthies is, in almost every case, scanty and imperfect; I hope I may be permitted, without appearing arrogant, to differ from their example in this single respect; and in case no kind friend, after my decease, should be in possession of sufficient information respecting me, I shall, in as concise, and in as unpretending a manner as possible, give a short sketch of my life, being conscious, that with regard to classical propriety, I am borne out in this by the example of Horace, who, in many of his odes and epistles, lets out many hints of his personal matters, as also Virgilius Maro, his contemporary bard, in that affair regarding the farm at Mantua, which may be read in his first Bucolic. I am aware, that supercilious grandeur may smile at the simplicity of the manners and sentiments which I am about to depict, and that ignorance and a morbid taste may sneer at what they will term my pedantry and rusticity; but characters and sentiments, if taken from

the life, which I declare mine to be, will always be prized by the truly wise, as forming so many pictures of the diversified scenery of existence. And as to the charge of pedantry, I appeal to you, O ye sons of the *Ferula*! whether it be possible for a mind intimately imbued, and constantly conversant with, the language and phrases of ancient lore, to produce anything whatsoever which will not be tinged with the divine ambrosia, the heaven-sent manna of the classics?

I have often had reason to congratulate myself on being more fortunate than Homer; for whereas seven cities contended for the honour of his birth-place, and posterity has not yet been able to decide between them, I can place it beyond all doubt that I first drew breath in the beautiful and romantic parish of Knockbrae. I regret exceedingly, that owing to the dilatoriness of our blacksmith, John Anvil, in not repairing an old quadrant of mine, which has lain in his smithy-window for two years, among a heap of old keys and superannuated horse-shoes, I shall not be able to give the exact latitude and longitude of the parish with that degree of geographical precision which I could wish. Suffice it, for the present, to say, that it is situate in a remote and hilly part of Scotland—on all sides it is bounded and hemmed in by bold, heath-covered, rocky, and precipitous mountains. The parish, as regards population, is by no means large, and affording no great incitements to the luxurious pomp of the great, or the schemes of the ambitious: the greater portion of the inhabitants are of the humbler orders of society. Towards the extremities of its circumference, the ground is wild, bleak, barren, and incapable of cultivation, with here and there a few scattered and lonely habitations, where the frugal natives earn a scanty and precarious subsistence by the pasturage of a few sheep, &c.; but sweeping through the middle of the parish winds a beautiful and romantic river, rolling on through deep chasms and precipitous, though smooth-worn, rocky fragments, the incessant and persevering effect of many ages. Its steep and overhanging banks are thickly wooded with a beautiful verdure; the birch, the mountain-ash, and the quivering aspen shooting out, as by miracle, from the craggy rocks in singular tortuosity, unite their boughs

from the opposite banks, and thus exclude the light of the sun, and the gaze of man, from the fishes which sport below. In a rich valley of alluvial soil, and on the banks of the Darber, a tributary stream which mingles its waters with those of the Blackwater, stands the kirk of Knockbrae, and at a short distance below, the 'modest mansion' of the parish minister.

The back part of the manse looks down on the first mentioned stream, which flows here with great rapidity, and acquiring force by its gradual descent, it at length dashes with impetuosity against the sharp-pointed rocks which would vainly seem to oppose it. From the church you may hear the hollow sound of these conflicting waters, which, to a poetical imagination, might seem as the unearthly laugh of the spirit that misleads the steps of the wanderer during the moonless night. To the man of God, it no doubt suggests a more rational train of thought; to him it is the music of nature, that attunes his soul to heavenly musings and devout contemplation; it harmonizes with the more gentle workings of his mind, and tends to raise his thoughts above the 'toil and trouble' of the restless scenes of humanity. At a very short distance from the church and manse stood the still humbler mansion of my venerable and respected parents—Peace be to their spirits! With the humble accommodation of a *but* and a *ben*, and the dilapidated adjuncts of a barn, and accommodations for two cows, and a couple of steeds, which laboured a small croft, did the worthy couple rear up me, their only son, to the years of discretion and manhood. Whether it was, that the minister and dominie, being the two greatest men in the parish, and of course, in the eyes of my parents, the two greatest men on earth, and of consequence their situations the most envious as a future profession for their darling son; or whether my early precocity of genius—for, at the age of four years, I had completely mastered the Shorter Catechism, and had begun to scrawl an alphabet on the walls with a piece of cinder—gave them indications of my future celebrity in erudite learning, cannot now, by reason of their lamented decease, be accurately ascertained; but so it was, that in the intervals of tending the sheep, and driving the horses in the

plough, I was consigned to the charge of my worthy predecessor Mr Thumpbottom, of whom I will frequently have occasion to speak, with the hope that I might one day at least fill his place, and perhaps aspire to the *summum bonum*, the very pinnacle of greatness in my father's eyes, viz. the pulpit of Mr Langtext. Under the classical care and salutary discipline of Thumpbottom, then, my mind gradually expanded, my appetite for learning increased, and my mental digestion became more steady, firm, and persevering. Little did I think, while I admired the deep and awful erudition, and cowered and trembled under the frown or uplifted birch of that renowned pedagogue, that I would one day triumph in the conscious power of superiority myself, and in that very school which hath re-echoed my wailings, witnessed my tears, and supported my tottering knees, shaking under the correcting scourge of idleness and ignorance, that I should in my turn wield the rod of power, and raise in vengeance the redressing arm!

"Sed tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

So wonderful was my proficiency at school, that in the course of a few years I had exhausted the whole stock of my worthy preceptor's information, and had literally drained him dry. Many may be disposed to suggest that perhaps this was no difficult task, and, after all, that my acquisitions might have been but very moderate. It is not for me to speak on so delicate a matter. Suffice it to say, Mr Thumpbottom, as will afterwards be more fully shown, was an enthusiastic admirer of "The Mighty Mair;" his Latin introduction, he said, was a perfect and splendid monument of human ingenuity. In it he took care I should be thoroughly versed; and with the help of translations, I got a tolerable smattering of the classical historians and poets. How shall I forget those attic nights under our humble roof, when the dominie, over a dish of sowins and milk, would descant so eloquently on the glories of the age of Mæcenas, the importance of classic lore, and the wonderful talents of "the Mighty Mair!" while all the time my parents listened with intense and mute wonder, swallowed the long-sounding names with a voracious greediness, and

thought in their hearts that the pedagogue was the most astonishing man alive. He had been at college, too, and told of learned professors robed in black gowns, who spoke Hebrew, Greek, and Chaldee;—of Janitors, clothed in purple, who bore before them maces of silver, like the princes of the earth;—then the many feats and labours of the collegians, the toils and rewards of learning, and the honours and renown which it brings. It is not to be wondered at, that hearing all these fine things, and being assured that without a college education my further progress would be barred, and my prospects limited, it should be resolved between the worthy couple, that, if at all practicable, I should go to the university. Accordingly, at the appointed time, having been equipped in one of the minister's old black coats, furbished up for the occasion, and furnished by the same worthy man with the loan of an old Greek Homer and Lexicon, to which was kindly added by the dominie a Greek grammar, which, from the dog-leaves, and various names on the title-page, seemed to have come through a variety of proprietors; moreover, having obtained the luxury of a pair of shoes and two spare shirts, tied up in a bundle, I set out one morning (after having spent the evening before with the parson and dominie, receiving their instructions and admonitions) for that renowned seat of learning and science, the Marischall College, Aberdeen. "The world was all before me," and the road, to me unknown, was for a time dreary and fatiguing; but meeting in the course of my journey with many other students bending the same way, and all like myself trudging it on foot, perhaps for hundreds of miles—for coaching was not introduced in those days—I entered into friendly talk with them, and many being more experienced than myself, they soothed my languor, encouraged my hopes, and diverted my mind by the variety of their anecdote. Tired to death with the long and rugged roads, and my toes bursting their garments, and peeping through my worn-out shoes, we arrived at the venerable seat of learning, my long-wished-for goal, and the object of my enthusiastic reverence. I stood a candidate for one of the annual *burgaries*, and never general more exulted in the success of

a perilous engagement than did I when I found that, after a keen and disputed contest, my abilities were rewarded by the yearly sum of six pounds fifteen shillings sterling.

This magnificent sum, with a pitance furnished from home, equalled all my wants, and far exceeded my most sanguine expectations; indeed I had never known before what life was, and I exulted in the idea of my consequence as a gentleman studying polite literature. Four of us fellow-students occupied an elevated garret; and we were valets, butlers, and bakers, to each other in turn. Yet, with all this lowliness of fortune, our minds were active and energetic, and filled with a noble enthusiasm lighted up by the glowing torch of antiquity. And while assembled in an evening, we launched out into discursive talk, or wielded the intellectual weapons of controversy; our fancies warmed by the elevated recitals of the historian, or the heroic song of the poet; an acute observer might have marked the embryo scintillations of those minds which were afterwards, by their own efforts, to burst through the obscurity which enveloped them, and shine out in all their brightness to the world. Many of my former associates have I seen rise to distinction in society, while I, with similar feelings and aspirations, have been doomed, as these pages will unfold, to drag out my life in obscurity; but a truce to such speculations. "Some are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with a wooden ladle;" a saying which, if not classical, deserves from its justness and force to be so.

I thus spent the winters of four years in ingulphing huge draughts of the Pierian springs, and the sparkling and intoxicating waters of Helicon; in summer I wrought it off by labouring at the threshing-floor, or following the plough through the brown fallow. Four seasons more concluded my course of theological study; and at the end of that period I came out from the hands of the presbytery a confirmed and licensed preacher of the gospel. I now became an object of respect and reverence to all the inhabitants of the parish; second, of course, to the minister, but pressing hard on the heels of the dominie, and, in the estimation of many, rather first than second to him. Both these worthies still continued to

be my guides, philosophers, and friends; although a shade of jealousy now and then tinged the brow of the learned Mr Thumpbottom, as I ventured to arraign his opinions, and boldly advance information of my own acquisition. Mysacred character now obliged me to lay aside all rustic occupations. I was now frequently to be seen strolling about the by-paths of the parish, "muttering my wayward fancies," and equipped in a suit of sables, which imparted a still gloomier cast to my naturally lank and cadaverous person. And I hereby do declare, that I found not half so much difficulty in mastering the ancient languages, or fathoming the depths of school theology, or in filling a whole quire of paper with sound divinity, as I had in patching up, inking, and keeping in anything of tolerable repair, the only suit of clerical garments which I was possessed of; notwithstanding that my mother, who set no bounds to her pride in such a son, manufactured for me a pair of parson-grey stockings and hodden-grey under-garments, which I wore on week-days. I was now frequently requested to preach for Mr Langtext, and also for many of the neighbouring clergymen; by which means I not only had an opportunity of spreading the fame of my eloquence, but also of getting a good dinner, and being admitted to the converse of the great and learned, which to me, that had always an eager curiosity to see all ranks and degrees of humanity, was peculiarly gratifying. I had also the good fortune, as I then thought, to receive the promises of more than one patron in my behalf; indeed my hopes of promotion were at that time very sanguine; but I had not then, with all my erudition, learned the real nature of a promise.

It was about this same time, too, when honours were likely to be showered upon me, and when that blest haven of all clerical hopes and fears, that snug elysium, a manse, was thought to be within my reach, that I fancied that Miss Jessie Pruan, the only daughter of Bailie Pruan, of the neighbouring borough, looked on me with an eye of complacency. She was a comely, rosy-faced lassie, and had something in her eye as she glanced towards me, which made my heart twinge; she had a wonderful share of erudition, considering she was a wo-

man, and used to praise my parts in a manner which was very soothing to me; moreover, her father, the bailie, was possessed of wealth, and it was thought whoever would be the happy man, would not get her empty-handed. The first time I attracted her notice was once I preached in the Muckle Kirk of Broughtown—my text was culled from the Song of Solomon. I am ashamed to say how often she occupied my thoughts afterwards, and abstracted my mind from my studies. I gave up my researches into the labours of the Fathers, and the metaphysical subtilties of the profounder divines, and hunted through Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, and Anacreon, for love ditties, which I translated, with her name inserted instead of the *Lydias* and *Delias* of the originals, and which she handed about among her acquaintances, not a little proud and delighted with the compliments. But, alas! “woman is but world’s gear!” My preferment, like the rainbow, fled the faster from me, and seemed even more distant, the more eagerly I pursued. Miss Pruan began to get impatient—sullen—distant—and at last contemptuous in her treatment of me; and I was awaked one day from my reverie of bliss and happiness, by hearing that she had made an elopement with some rakish and profligate ensign of a regiment. Her father, grieved and irritated, died soon after, and disinherited her; and, in the course of years, I had a sort of melancholy satisfaction in beholding the just retribution of Providence, for the same lady came home a poor widow, with two or three children, and now resides in her native borough; the which place, when I visit occasionally to make a purchase of books and quills for my school, if I chance to see her on the streets, I walk hastily past on the other side, not willing to give pain to her feelings, or awaken unpleasant recollections of my own. But, to return from this vain digression. Mr Thumpbottom, the dominie, had been but in a sickly state during the winter, and, to relieve him a little of his harassing duty, I had been occasionally in the practice of teaching the school. One evening in the spring, as my father and I were sitting by the fireside, he busy mending some of his horse-gear, and I conning over a sermon which I was to preach next Sun-

day, my mother entered, and with a look of importance, and shake of the head, said, “I have just been seeing that puir man, the dominie, and I am saer mista’en if he is in a good way.” My father looked up, and exclaimed, “Ah, poor man!” The thread of my sermon also snapped, and arousing myself at the intelligence, I also exclaimed, “Alas, poor man!” We then, with many reflections on the uncertainty of life, began to speculate much on the sick man’s complaint, and the probable duration of his life. Towards night, my mother having gone out a second time, again returned, and informed us the dominie was much worse. Next day I paid him a visit, and found him very ill indeed, and he scarcely recognized me. Early in the morning I was roused by my father and mother, who told me the dominie was gone, and that I should lose no time in communicating the intelligence to the minister. I hastened up to the manse accordingly, and found the minister in a great measure prepared for the intelligence. He, as became him, made many pithy remarks on the certainty of death, the folly of laying up our treasures here, and the insignificance of all worldly concerns; pronounced a glowing eulogium on the talents, virtue, and friendly and convivial disposition of the deceased; expressed a sort of unavailing regret that we could never get a successor who would equal, or at all events surpass him; and finally concluded with what I, and I daresay the reader also by this time expected, viz., proposing the situation to myself. In short, through the influence of the minister, I was, in all due time, inducted into the charge of the school of Knockbrae, was put in possession of a free house containing three apartments, and the yearly income, exclusive of some few scholars’ fees, of L.10, 13s. 4d.

I was now set down in something like a comfortable competency, and, as is the case with most men, especially with those who have a shade of indolence in their temperament, as I must confess myself to have, when I found my wants thus partly provided for, I was less strenuous and persevering in my applications to my patrons for a kirk; and they, on the other hand, seizing hold of the opportunity of my relaxation, gradually slunk from under the load of their promise, in the

same manner as you may have seen a lazy and unconscious nag flinch from his draught when the stimulating application of the whip was withdrawn ; so that I have again and again had the mortification to perceive vacancies filled up by others, where I had good grounds to expect a preference myself. I have thus been so long accustomed to endure the "bitterness of hope deferred," that I have at last almost ceased to entertain any expectations of further preferment, and have disciplined my mind to the more manly and Christian feeling of resignation and contentment. Indeed, after all, I have grounds of satisfaction which are sufficient to gratify any reasonable man. I am second to only one in the circle in which I move, and am looked up to by the whole parish with respect and admiration, bating a few little personal and professional animosities, which no individual or situation can escape, and which shall be duly and faithfully narrated in their proper place. My classical erudition, though it can only be understood by my brethren of the birch, commands for me more general and unanimous praise and wonder, than if I were surrounded by a whole university of learned scholars. I have a pride in perceiving that I am the oracle of the country round. Often is my abode visited by those who wish my advice to direct their conduct, solve their difficulties, or conduct their important concerns ; and, when I walk out in an evening after dismissing my scholars, I am often to be seen seated on a stone, or broken-down pailing, surrounded by a circle of eager and delighted listeners. I have the satisfaction of thinking, too, that I have been the means of training up many generations of youth in the wholesome discipline of truth, virtue, and classical erudition ; and, indeed, seldom has anything been more gratifying to me than to receive a visit and the thanks of my *quondam* pupils, after they have grown up to the years of discretion ; the which I have repeatedly done from several who have arisen to some consequence in the world.

We live here in a calm and secluded quiet, far removed from the stir and bustle of the "great Babel." All that agitates, enfurriates, and debases society, is removed far from us. We only hear of wars, tumults, party-strife, impiety, and folly ; and, hear-

ing, smile that such things should so convulse the "poor sons of a day !" The contemplation of the calm, placid, or sublime scenery of nature, soothes the monotony of our existence. The slow, winding sweep of the river, as it rolls on incessantly amid its thick-wooded banks, is a more pleasing object than the full tide of conquered existence pouring along the cramped and polluted streets of a city, and the distant soothing roar of the mountain cataract, more congenial than the yell and clamour of an agitated multitude.

But there is society here also—simple and primitive, no doubt, though, to the eye of taste, rude and inelegant ; not without the original imperfections of humanity, though, I will venture to say, more fresh from the hands of nature, their good qualities less adulterated, and their evil less complicated and enormous, than those of a crowded and more refined neighbourhood. I have always been of the opinion of those who think that mankind is the same throughout, and only modified by situation, society, and education. In my long, intimate, and varied intercourse with my fellow-parishioners, I have marked gleaming forth, even from amid the obscuring cloud of universal ignorance, such symptoms and indications of a diversity of peculiar character, talent, and propensity, as convinces me of the accuracy of Gray's beautiful and well-known supposition in his elegy :—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre—
Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
less breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may
rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood."

It is to the sages, the humourists, and the wits of the parish, that I am now about to introduce the reader. He will find a motley group assembled together, for it is my practice to converse freely with all men who come within my sphere ; and I have found, by experience, the truth of an excellent observation, that there are few,

if any, from whose conversation you will not reap either some amusement, instruction, or advantage. I have also a great predilection for the conversation of originals, or what the world calls *naturals*, whether it be, as some may be ill-natured enough to remark, that their ideas may be more congenial with my own, I cannot say, but I have often much greater amusement from the company of a fool than from that of many who think themselves wise men. My door has been ever open, and my fireside ever free, to the

stranger, the wanderer, or the distressed. In a lonely and secluded parish, and in the long solitude of a winter night, even the entrance of a beggar has been hailed with joy ; and, seated at my warm hearth, and partaking of my simple fare, he has rewarded my hospitality with many a tale of his wanderings, with the occurrences of the world, or news of the country round, which then, perhaps, for the first time, had reached my ears.

CHAP. II.

The Sexton of Knockbrae.

“ Has this fellow no feeling of his business ? he sings at grave-making.”

Hamlet.

Or this romantic parish, Saunders Macknockie was, for many years, beadle and grave-digger, and a true specimen of the profession he was, a brother, in so far as mirth and humour are concerned, to the laughter-loving grave-digger in Hamlet. His mental and physical constitutions were happily united to one another. His mind and body expressed nothing but the ludicrous. A jest leered in his eye, it curled at his lip, it mantled and diffused itself over his whole visage. He was about four feet eight inches high, and about as much in breadth, firmly compacted and knit together in thew and sinew, lith and limb. He had small sparkling eyes, of a greyish hue, a full round face, which in colour might be compared to the purple of the rosy-fingered morn, when the king of day rises from his bed of waters, or to the back of a lobster, when par-boiled. His chin was always covered with a profusion of grisly hairs, which on Sunday appeared as if an attempt had been made to reap them ; but either the skill of the operator—viz. himself—for a barber was never seen in the parish of Knockbrae, or the instrument employed, had been at fault, for these porcupine quills had kept their settlements unmoved and unsubdued for more than fifty years. The hebdomadal cuts and slashes which garnished his chin on the first day of the week, showed, however, that an attempt had been made to smooth

his face ; and, indeed, the state of Knockie's chin was so familiar to all the parish, and associated with so much rustic wit, that any alteration of the whole man would have been to the worse, at least in the estimation of all who knew him. His clothes were of a light grey colour, for the sake of economy, for he was under-miller to Charlie Clapper. At the funerals, however, of the richer part of the parish, he was generally arrayed in black, that is to say, a suit that had once been black, for it had acquired a brownish colour, from long exposure to sun and rain. It is hardly possible to convey to modern understandings a just conception of the shape of these mourning vestments ; suffice it to say, that they were originally made for a stern Cameronian, who prided himself on the largeness of his buttons, and the length and breadth of the skirts of his coat.

These lugubrious weeds, when they covered the outward man of the sexton of Knockbrae, were by no means the sign-posts of inward grief and trouble of spirit ; on the contrary, his face, on such occasions, had infused into it a double portion of the ludicrous, which became more conspicuous by the effort which he was forced to make in order to lengthen it out to a becoming degree of longitude. In fine, had the Knockbraeans been heathens instead of Christians, certes their sexton had been deified. He would

have been the laughter-loving Momus of the hills, and his image would have snuffed up the incense of

“Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles, Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,” and all the *et cætera* of broad grins that ever disturbed the face of man.

The levity of this sexton was, however, a stumbling-block of offence to the more serious part of the parish; and indeed it was a wonder to all, that he who had walked hand in hand with death for so many years, should have never thought, that

“Soon some faithful brother of the trade Would do for him what he had done for thousands.”

The worthy Mr Langtext had made many attempts to impress on his mind some serious thoughts, but with no great success. As that deep divine was one day walking in the churchyard, conning over, *memoriter*, the arguments and illustrations of a sermon—for the reading of sermons was never heard of in those days—his attention was suddenly roused by a grumbling sort of noise, followed by loud bursts of laughter, that seemed to issue from a new-made grave at a distance. Approaching it gently, he perceived the sexton sitting in the grave, and looking with a mixed expression of anger and humour on the fragments of a spade which he had just broken.

“The deil o’ sic trash o’ spades as they mak noo,” muttered the old man, “did I ever see. It’s nae sax ooks since I gae twa lily-white shillings to that rascal, Tam Carnoch the merchant, for that mussel-shell there—dearenough, in conscience, even though they *hae* risen 10 per cent per annum at London, as he says. He tauld me it was the ace o’ spades; but wae be-tide me if he dinna soon ken to his cost, that he’s the knave o’ hearts, as sure as my name’s Saunders Macknockie. Pretty trash o’ wark tools that they mak noo! It’s nae a fortnight since I brake aff the end o’ my pick, by striking against the skull o’ Geordy Greetlang—a dour loon the Dominie says he was, for his tawse could never mak ony impression on his head—oh, that I could hae tauld the same tale about my pick! But I should hae drawn a lesson from hence, not to hae come in contact wi’ sic hard material.”

Upon this, the sexton sent up from

the bottom of the grave such a loud, and long, and hearty laugh, that the minister stood with utter amazement, like one petrified; and it was not till Knockie had fairly exhausted himself, that Mr Langtext could find utterance to rebuke this thoughtless beadle for his unseasonable mirth.

“I have told you again and again, Saunders Macknockie, of the danger to which you are exposed, by leading a life of sic thoughtlessness and profanity; but exhortation and warning are thrown away upon you. If your heart were not utterly callous and seared over, it would long ere now have been impressed with some serious thoughts of your own frailty and mortality. Think, you grey-headed sinner, that your present seat will soon be your dwelling-place to the end of time—Oh, think where you are now sitting, and repent you of the evil of your ways.”

“Wi’ your leave, most reverend and learned sir,” replied the sexton, “your advice comes an inkling too late at present, for ye ken weel enough that ‘there is no repentance in the grave’—the very words were your text last Sunday, and a good sermon it was. Oh, you handled it brawly—and you kept close to your text, for you came over it at the end of every paragraph, which every minister, Elspet Groandeeep says, should do; and she’s a great judge, and a powerful scripture woman, for I saw her once beat Elder Teuchbody at proleemics, I think she ca’d them. There’s nane that comes up wi’ you, sir, except perhaps that great man frae Helgy, Mr Rantoul; wow! was not that a noble holding forth that he gave us on the afternoon o’ the last occasion—and was he no sweet on that glorious word, Mesopotamia? Dootless, it was nae sae weel as you yourself wad hae done, but surely it was far frae deservin the censure which your auld hoosekeeper (I dinna like the woman, she scrimps me o’ my milk) passed upon it, videlicet, as the Dominie says, that ane o’ her maister’s lang oh’s was worth an acre, Scotch measure, o’ sic cauld, lifeless, fooshionless, threadbare discour-ses.”

By thus administering the cup of flattery, which few can refuse to swallow, the sexton averted the storm that was about to burst on him, for punning on the minister’s text. “A hope-

less case," said the good man, and wheeled away.

The grave-digger in the tragedy of Hamlet, and his brother in "Blair's Grave," a poem which approaches nearer to the manner and language of Shakspeare, than any other in the wide range of our literature, are represented by these great writers as a pair of the most jovial humourists; and most authors, indeed, when they describe the characters of those whose professions bring them much in contact with the scenes of death and mortality, have generally invested them with habits and feelings altogether different from those which we naturally think they should acquire from considering the circumstances in which they are so frequently placed. This is a curious exhibition of human nature, but it is a true one. The pictures which the mighty writers already mentioned have drawn, are not the "airy nothings" of their own imaginations—they have "a local habitation" in this world of ours; they are characters of every-day occurrence. An explanation of this phenomenon has been given by the great dramatist,—"custom hath made it a property of easiness;" to which we may add, the natural antipathy which the human mind has to dwell on the gloomy thoughts of death and the grave. The physician, the undertaker, and the sexton, are, perhaps, the persons, of all others, who think least on such subjects. To the physician, a death-bed scene will suggest thoughts of the nature of the disease—the *ratio me-*

dendi—the *causæ prædisponentes*, &c. and his mind will pass from one professional subject to another; till at length it dwell on that sweetest of conceptions—a fee. His constant satellites, the sexton and undertaker, can think of nothing else but the fee.

The same event, then, will suggest a different train of thought to different individuals, which will be regulated by their various professions, habits, education, and a thousand other circumstances. The power of habit over the human mind, seems in many cases to be in proportion to the difficulty which it has to overcome its repugnancy to what is naturally disagreeable to it. In this it resembles the external sense of taste. Opium, ardent spirits, tobacco, and the like, are naturally very disagreeable; but when a liking to them is once acquired, they become absolutely necessary to one's existence. Such is the effect of custom, in modifying our thoughts and sensations. We need not wonder then that grave-diggers are not found to be soft-visaged, weeping sentimentalists. They are familiar with death, they walk hand in hand with the king of terrors—his skeleton form and his formidable dart, are to them objects of indifference; the rank weeds that cover the sod of the churchyard—the broken coffin—the ghastly skull—and unsightly bones, proclaim to them no mighty warning that sin and death are abroad among the children of men. They pursue their accustomed toil, undamped by thought, and even "sing at grave-making."

MR BLANCO WHITE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THE CATHOLICS.*

WE have already had occasion to allude to some particulars in the singularly interesting personal history of the author of the well-known work, entitled, "*Doblado's Letters from Spain.*" That strange and instructive story has now been told by Mr Blanco White himself, as fully, perhaps, as, while he lives, we can expect to be put in possession of it. He has introduced, with this narrative, a book which, but for such an introduction, could scarcely have been rendered intelligible—and which, in its absence, must, at all events, have been infinitely less valuable on the score of authority, than we now conceive it to be. As it stands, we have no hesitation in avowing our opinion, that this is by far the most important volume which has come from the British press, in consequence of the late agitation of what is called the Catholic Question, in the Parliament and among the people of this empire. And such being our opinion, we must, at whatever risk, lose no time in endeavouring to bring its character fully and distinctly before our readers. In doing so, we shall not weary them with any repetition of anything that has been said, either here or elsewhere. If ever there was a book which treated of a hackneyed question in a new—a totally new manner—this is such an one. And we shall, of course, take care to limit ourselves, as strictly as possible, to that array of novel arguments, and, above all, of novel facts, which, if it does not (as how should it?) occupy the whole space in these pages, gives them, most unquestionably, their peculiar and distinctive character and importance.

Mr Blanco White was born in Seville, being the grandson of an Irish gentleman who had settled in that city. His mother was a Spanish lady. He was, in early youth, destined to the service of the Spanish church, and attained considerable preferment in it. He became, as he distinctly says almost all his acquaintances among the higher and more educated portion of

the Spanish clergy were and are, a prey to infidelity. This involved him in the deepest misery; but the intolerance of the country, the cruelty of its Inquisition, then in full force, and the political state of the continent in general, rendered it absolutely impossible for him to emancipate himself. Ten years, the unhappy prime of his life, were spent in this condition. He took the opportunity of Buonaparte's invasion, and made his escape to England. He arrived here an utter infidel, and expected to find us a nation of infidels. He, to his astonishment, discovered that *here* the highest mental faculties and attainments were to be found in conjunction with deliberate belief and devotion. He inquired farther, and found that what had disgusted him with the religion in which he was bred, had been things added to the Christian system of the Bible by the devices of men. He investigated the subject with zeal and diligence. The result was, that his intelligent mind obtained conviction; he became a member of the Protestant Church of England; and after a time, he resumed his holy orders, and devoted himself to her service. All this story he now tells in a most candid, sincere, and simple tone.

Mr White perceived that, in the late discussions of the Catholic Question, the Catholic writers were opposed by Protestants who really did not, in many instances, understand precisely and minutely the facts of the case. He found that great advantage was taken of these little slips by the Catholic advocates, who, whenever they had discovered some trivial inaccuracy about a date, or a document, immediately held up their adversaries as persons who were either totally uninformed as to the character of the Catholic Faith, or capable of wilfully misrepresenting it. He perceived the artful method in which certain of the Catholic writers and speakers here, were softening down and explaining away the most offensive dogmas as-

* Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism, with occasional Strictures on Mr Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church: in Six Letters, addressed to the impartial among the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. By the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, M.A. B.D. London. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1825.

cribed to their church, and the special-pleading trickery by which they were endeavouring to persuade the Protestants of Britain, that, in reality, there was nothing in their system which could either shock the reason of an enlightened man, or, in any way whatever, render a Roman Catholic dangerous as a senator, a judge, or a minister in this Protestant empire. He saw all this distinctly, and he has come forward in a style which will no doubt render him the object of much rancorous abuse and misrepresentation, *because* he has written a book which covers the Jesuitical *softeners* and *explainers* with utter confusion. He brings the intimate and complete knowledge of the Catholic system, which it is difficult for any one not a Catholic ever to obtain—he brings this weapon into the arena. It is easy for them to cry out, Here is a renegade, an apostate! But the answer is not far to seek. Here is a man trained in your system, a man who held for years a high situation in your Church, in that country where your Church has the greatest power, and of course exhibits herself after the fashion which she would wish to see exhibited everywhere. Here is a man who knows all that any of you can know of your Church. *Abuse this man's motives as much as you please, BUT ANSWER HIS FACTS!* Upon that issue we would willingly peril the whole of this controversy.

The question to be answered by the Legislature of Britain, (*to be answered*, we say, because there is no doubt the whole affair must be re-canvassed next Session of Parliament,) may, we think, be divided naturally into two parts. First, Are there, or are there not, included in the Catholic Faith, as at present professed by certain British subjects, certain particulars which render it unsafe to the general interests of the empire to admit them to all the political privileges which they now demand?—Second, granting that they might be so admitted, without any direct danger to the political interests of the empire, are there, or are there not, certain particulars included in their present system of belief, which make it the duty of the Legislature, in the exercise of its high calling, as guardian of the moral well-being of all British subjects, to discountenance, by everything but intolerance, the

extension and preservation of that system of religious belief within this empire—and consequently, and upon grounds broader than any consideration of mere immediate political conveniencies and expediencies, to withhold from all Catholics a boon, the negation of which tends to diminish the number of the sect within this empire? Mr White has not arranged his work with reference to any such division of the question as this, but we think it is the natural division of it, and certainly consider his book as furnishing ample materials for an answer to both of its sections.

Throughout this work, Mr White opposes himself, in the most direct manner, to the view of this great question taken by Mr Butler, in his recent “Book of the Roman Catholic Church;” he combats that eminent person's arguments throughout—in many cases he denies his facts. Both Mr Butler and Mr White are scholars and gentlemen, and therefore there is no unseemly asperity, far less any approach to offensive personalities, in any of the controversial writings of either. We have a high respect for the character of Mr Butler, and our deliberate conviction is, that he, a Catholic layman, has, in spite of all his talents, virtues, and services, been kept studiously in the dark through life, as to many parts of the Catholic system, by those Catholic priests, whose character and authority he, as a good Catholic, has been accustomed to reverence in a style of devotion, nothing similar to which can ever, thank God! be known among the adherents of the Protestant faith. This good and candid man, for such assuredly we believe him to be, has been deceived by the cunning reservations, and by the *garbled quotations*, of his ghostly guides. He is a learned Catholic layman, but he is not a learned Catholic priest. He has never been permitted to come beyond the *exoteric* system of Popery.

Accordingly, we find Mr White meeting him—on the very threshold—with a complete and unanswerable exposure of the absurdity of the smooth and pretty-faced explanation he had given of the Catholic doctrines as to the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. Mr Butler says, that there are two different sets of opinions as to the nature of this supremacy, entertained within the bosom of the Catholic

Church, and that neither of these form any part of the real Catholic Faith. The only belief which a Catholic is bound to entertain on the subject, is, says he, that, in the words of the Canon of the 10th Session of the Council of Florence, "*full power was delegated to the Bishop of Rome, in the person of Peter, to feed, regulate, and govern the Universal Church, as expressed in the general councils and holy canons.*" "THIS (adds he in capitals) IS THE DOCTRINE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE POPE, AND BEYOND IT NO ROMAN CATHOLIC IS REQUIRED TO BELIEVE."

Now, *feed, regulate, and govern the Universal Church*, are words which may be explained in various ways. They are explained in one way by Mr Butler, and in quite another way by Mr Blanco White. The former asserts, that the words cannot be understood to imply any power of control, except in regard to spiritual matters; and this, *he takes for granted*, in regard to the professors of the Pope's own religious faith. Mr White, without stopping to argue about the limits and differences of control in spirituals, and control in temporals, takes Mr Butler at his word, and offers to prove, and, we think, succeeds in proving, that the spiritual authority of the Pope—explain it even with the most moderate Catholics who are *really* acquainted with the statutes of their own church—is, of itself, and alone, a tenet of the most dangerous character. What, in the first place, *is the Universal Church?* Hear Mr White.

"I will strictly observe the conditions proposed for similar cases by the author of the Book of the Roman Catholic Church, 'I beg leave to suggest,' says Mr Butler, 'that, in every religious controversy between Protestants and Roman Catholics, the following rule should be observed:—THAT NO DOCTRINE SHOULD BE ASCRIBED TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AS A BODY, EXCEPT SUCH AS IS AN ARTICLE OF THEIR FAITH.'* Now, it is agreed

on all hands, that a canon of a general council, approved by the Pope—i. e. a rule of belief delivered to the people, under the fearful sanction of an *anathema*, leaves no other alternative to a Roman Catholic but embracing the doctrine it contains, or being excluded from his church by excommunication. By one, then, of such canons, every member of the church of Rome is bound to believe that all baptized persons are liable to be compelled, *by punishment*, to be Christians, or what is the same in Roman Catholic divinity, spiritual subjects of the Pope. It is, indeed, curious to see the Council of Trent, who passed that law, prepare the free and extended action of its claims, by an unexpected stroke of liberality. In the Session on Baptism, the Trent Fathers are observed anxiously securing to Protestants the privileges of true baptism. The fourth canon of that Session fulminates an anathema or curse against any one who should say that baptism in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, conferred by a heretic, with an intention to do that which the church intends in that sacrament, is not true baptism.† Observe, now, the consequences of this enlarged spirit of concession in the two subjoined canons.

"'If any one should say that those who have been baptized are free from all the precepts of the holy church, either written or delivered by tradition, so that they are not obliged to observe them, unless they will submit to them of their own accord, LET HIM BE ACCURSED.'‡

"Having soon after declared the lawfulness of infant baptism, they proceed to lay down the XIV. Canon.

"'If any one should say that these baptized children, when they grow up, are to be asked whether they will confirm what their godfathers promised in their name; and that if they say they will not, they are to be left to their own discretion, and not to be forced, in the meantime, into the observance of a Christian life by any other punishment than that of keeping them from the reception of the eucharist and the other sacraments till they repent, LET HIM BE ACCURSED.'§

"Now, 'it is most true,' says the au-

* Book of the Roman Catholic Church, p. 9.

† Si quis dixerit baptismum, qui etiam datur ab hæreticis in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, cum intentione faciendi quod facit ecclesia, non esse verum baptismum, anathema sit.—Concil. Trident. Sess. VII. Can. IV.

‡ Si quis dixerit, baptizatos liberos esse ab omnibus sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ præceptis, quæ vel scripta vel tradita sunt, ita ut ea observare non teneatur, nisi se sua sponte illis submittere voluerint, anathema sit.

§ Si quis dixerit hujusmodi parvulos baptizatos, cum adoleverint, interrogandos esse, an ratum habere velint quod patrini, eorum nomine, dum baptizarentur, polliciti sunt, et, ubi se nolle responderint, suo esse arbitrio relinquendos, nec alia interim pœna ad Christianam vitam cogendos, nisi ut ab eucharistiæ, aliorumque sacramentorum perceptione arceantur donec resipiscant, anathema sit.—Can. VIII. et XIV. de Baptismo.

thor of the Book of the Roman Catholic Church, 'that the Roman Catholics believe the doctrines of their church to be unchangeable; and that it is a tenet of their creed, that what their faith ever has been, such it was from the beginning, such it now is, and such it will ever be.' Let him, therefore, choose between this boasted consistency of doctrine, and the curse of the church. The Council of Trent, that council whose decrees are, by the creed of Pius IV., declared to be obligatory above all others; * that council has CONVERTED THE SACRAMENT OF BAPTISM INTO AN INDELIBLE BRAND OF SLAVERY: WHOEVER HAS RECEIVED THE WATERS OF REGENERATION, IS THE THRALL OF HER WHO DECLARES THAT THERE IS NO OTHER CHURCH OF CHRIST. She claims her slaves wherever they may be found, declares them subject to her laws, both written and traditional, and, by her infallible sanction, dooms them to indefinite punishment, till they shall acknowledge her authority and bend their necks to her yoke. *Such is, has been, and will ever be,* the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church; such is the belief of her true and sincere members; such the spirit that actuates her views, and which, by every possible means, she has always spread among her children. Him that denies this doctrine, Rome devotes to perdition. The principle of religious tyranny, supported by persecution, is a necessary condition of true Catholicism: he who revolts at the idea of compelling belief by punishment, is severed at once from the communion of Rome.

"What a striking commentary on these canons of the Council of Trent have we in the history of the Inquisition! Refractory Catholics born under the spiritual dominion of Rome, and Protestants originally baptized out of her pale, have equally tasted her flames and her racks.† Nothing, indeed, but want of power, nothing but the much-lamented ascendancy of *heresy*, compels the church of Rome to keep her infallible, immutable decrees in silent abeyance. But the *divine* authority of those decrees, the truth of their inspiration, must for ever be asserted by every individual who sincerely embraces the Roman Catholic faith. Reason and humanity must, in them, yield to the infallible decree in favour of compulsion on religious matters. The human ashes, indeed, are scarcely cold, which, at the end

of three centuries of persecution and massacre, these decrees scattered over the soil of Spain. *I myself saw the pile on which the last victim was sacrificed to Roman infallibility.* It was an unhappy woman, whom the Inquisition of Seville committed to the flames under the charge of heresy, about forty years ago; she perished on a spot where thousands had met the same fate. I lament from my heart that the structure which supported their melting limbs, was destroyed during the late convulsions. It should have been preserved, with the *infallible* and *immutable* canon of the Council of Trent over it, for the detestation of future ages."

Our extract has carried on our argument much farther than we thought it was to do. It is now proved that the *Universal Church*, in the acceptance of the Church of Rome, includes all who have received the rite of baptism. That was all we wished to have. The avowed right of the Papal Church to *punish, by other than spiritual inflictions*, every baptized being who dares to dissent from her system, has also been proved. We now begin to have some notion of the real meaning of the claim to feed, regulate, and govern the *Universal Church*.—But we have not done with this *governing* and *regulating*.

"The trial to which, as British subjects and Roman Catholics, (says Mr White,) you are still exposed, is perfectly unconnected with the *temporal* claims of your ecclesiastical head; it flows directly from the *spiritual*. Hence the constant efforts of your political advocates to fix the attention of the public on the question of temporal supremacy, in which they may make a show of independence. Hence the irrelevant questions proposed to the Catholic universities, which, as their object was known, gave ample scope to the versatile casuistry of those bodies. Their task, in assisting their brethren of England and Ireland, would have certainly required a greater degree of ingenuity, had the following question been substituted for the three which were actually proposed:—*Can the Pope, in virtue of what Roman Catholics believe his divine authority, command the assistance of the faithful in checking the progress of heresy, by any means not likely to produce loss or danger to the Roman Catholic church; and can that church acknowledge the validity of any en-*

* "I also profess and undoubtedly receive all other things delivered, defined, and declared by the sacred canons and general councils, particularly by the holy council of Trent, &c. &c."—Creed of Pius IV. in the Book of the Roman Catholic Church, p. 8.

† Llorente mentions the punishments inflicted by the Spanish Inquisition ON ENGLISH AND FRENCH SUBJECTS.

agement to disobey the Pope in such cases? This is a question of great practical importance to all sincere Catholics in these kingdoms. Allow me, therefore, to canvass it according to the settled principles of your faith and practice, since political views prevent your own writers from placing it in its true light.

"At the time when I am writing this, one branch of the legislature has declared itself favourable to what is called Catholic emancipation; and, for anything I can conjecture, Roman Catholics may be allowed to sit in Parliament before these Letters appear in public. A Roman Catholic legislator of Protestant England would, indeed, feel the weight of the difficulty to which my suggested question alludes, provided his attachment to the Roman Catholic faith were sincere. A real Roman Catholic once filled the throne of these realms, under similar circumstances; and neither the strong bias which a crown at stake must have given to his mind, nor all the ingenious evasions proposed to him by the ablest divines of the court of Louis XIV., could remove or disguise the obstacles which his faith opposed to his political duties. The source of the religious scruples which deprived James II. of his regal dignity, is expressed in one of the questions which he proposed to several divines of his persuasion. It comprises, in a few words, what every candid mind must perceive to be the true and only difficulty in the admission of Roman Catholics to the Parliament of these kingdoms. What James doubted respecting the *regal sanction*, a member of either house may apply to the more limited influence of his vote. He asked, 'Whether the King could promise to give his assent to all the laws which might be proposed for the greater security of the Church of England?' Four English divines, who attended James, in his exile, answered without hesitation in the negative. The casuistry of the French court was certainly less abrupt. Louis XIV. observed to James, that '*as the exercise of the Catholic religion could not be re-established in England, save by removing from the people the impression that the king was resolved to make it triumph, he must*

dissuade him from saying or doing anything which might authorise or augment this fear.' The powerful talents of Bossuet were engaged to support the political views of the French monarch. His answer is a striking specimen of casuistic subtlety. He begins by establishing a distinction between adhering to the erroneous principles professed by a church, and the protection given to it '*ostensibly, to preserve public tranquillity.*' He calls the Edict of Nantes, by which the Huguenots were, for a time, tolerated, '*a kind of protection to the reformed, shielding them from the insults of those who would trouble them in the exercise of their religion.*' It never was thought (adds Bossuet) that the conscience of the monarch was interested in these concessions, *except so far as they were judged necessary for public tranquillity. The same may be said of the King of England; and if he grant greater advantages to his Protestant subjects, it is because the state in which they are in his kingdoms, and the object of public repose, require it.* Speaking of the Articles, the Liturgy, and the Homilies, '*it is not asked, (he says,) that the King should become the promoter of these three things, but only that he shall OSTENSIBLY leave them a free course, for the peace of his subjects.*' 'The Catholics (he concludes) ought to consider the state in which they are, and the small portion they form of the population of England; which obliges them not to ask what is impossible of their King, but, on the contrary, to sacrifice all the advantages with which they might vainly flatter themselves, to the real and solid good of having a king of their religion, and securing his family on the throne, though Catholic; which may lead them naturally to expect, in time, the entire establishment of their church and faith.*'

"Such is the utmost stretch which can be given to the Roman Catholic principles in the toleration of a church which dissents from the Roman faith. A conscientious Roman Catholic may, for the sake of public peace, and in the hope of finally serving the cause of his church, *ostensibly give a free course to heresy.* But, if it may be done without such dangers, it is his unquestionable duty to under-

* The postscript to this letter by Lord Melfort, the minister of the exiled king, is in these words:— "Ce qu'il y a d'affaire n'est que pour EVITER LES CENSURES DE ROME, non pas pour faire examiner l'affaire, car il faut EVITER ET PRINCIPALEMENT LES CONGREGATIONS, ce que sa Majesté souhaite étant de satisfaire sa Sainteté en particulier des nécessités sous les quelles sa Majesté est tant à l'égard de son établissement que pour avoir la liberté de faire élever le Prince de Galles dans la religion Catholique, ce qui est un plus grand bien à la dit religion que aucun autre que puisse arriver. Il est aussi à considérer que sa Majesté a des assurances des principaux avec lesquelles elle a traité d'obtenir une liberté de conscience pour les Catholiques d'Angleterre, pourveu que sa Majesté ne le presse pas par son autorité, mais qu'il le laisse au Parlement. En fin celle cy j'entends LA DECLARATION N'EST QUE POUR RENTRER, ET L'ON PEUT BEAUCOUP MIEUX DISPUTER DES AFFAIRES DES CATHOLIQUES A WHITEHALL QU'A ST GERMAIN."

mine a system of which the direct tendency is, in his opinion, the *spiritual and final* ruin of men. Is there a Catholic divine who can dispute this doctrine? Is there a learned and conscientious priest among you, who would give absolution to such a person as, having it in his power so to direct his votes and conduct in Parliament as to diminish the influence of Protestant principles, without disturbing or alarming the country, would still heartily and steadfastly join in promoting the interest of the English Church? Let the question be proposed to any Catholic university; and, though I am fully aware of the inexhaustible resources of casuistry, I should not fear to stake the force of my argument upon its honest and conscientious answer. * * *

"The doctrine that he, who being able to prevent a sin allows its commission, is guilty of that sin and its consequences, requires no sanction from Pope or Council. No Christian will ever deny this position; and even a Deist, if he is to preserve consistency, will be obliged to admit its justness. This being so, it follows with unquestionable certainty, that a Roman Catholic cannot, without guilt, lend his support to a Protestant establishment, but is bound, as he wishes to save his soul, to miss no opportunity of checking the progress of heresy: the most grievous of all moral offences, according to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. Murder itself is less sinful, in the judgment of the Roman see, than a deliberate separation from her communion and creed. I need not prove this to those who are disposed to recognise the Roman Catholic doctrines in the face of the world; but if any one still doubts the place which heresy holds in the Roman Catholic scale of criminal guilt, let him explain away, if he can, the following passage of the papal bull, which is every year published in the Spanish dominions, under the title of 'The Crusade.' By that bull, every person who pays a small sum towards an imaginary war against infidels, is privileged to be released from all ecclesiastical censures, and receive absolution at the hands of any priest, of all, whatever sins he may have committed, 'even of those censures and sins which are reserved to the apostolic see, the crime of heresy excepted.' Is it then to cherish, foment, and defend this

heinous crime—the crime which the Pope exempts from the easy and plenary remission granted to the long list of abominations left for the ear of a common priest—is it *this crime*, as established, honoured, and endowed by the law of England, that you are anxious to sanction with your votes in Parliament?"

We pass over many pages in which this line of argument is powerfully enforced and illustrated; in order to come to that greatest of all the *veraxæ questionēs*—the dispute as to the Pope's power of dispensing with an oath. This is, in reality, a question into which the whole of the first branch of the controversy may, in one sense at least, be said to resolve itself.

"I will assume the most liberal opinion of the Catholic divines, and grant that the Pope cannot annul an oath in virtue of his dispensing power.* But this can only be said of a *lawful* oath; a quality which no human law can confer upon an engagement to perform a sinful act. A promise under oath, to execute an immoral deed, is in itself a monstrous offence against the divine law; and the performance of such a promise would only aggravate the crime of having made it. There are, however, cases where the lawfulness of the engagement is doubtful, and the obligation burdensome, or, by a change of circumstances, inexpedient and preposterous. The interference of the Pope, in such cases, is, according to the liberal opinion which I am stating, improperly called *dispensation*. The Pope only declares that the *original oath, or vow, was null and void, either from the nature of the thing promised, or from some circumstances in the manner and form of the promise; when, by virtue of his authority, the head of the church removes all spiritual responsibility from the person who submits himself to his decision. I do not consider myself bound to confirm the accuracy of this statement by written authorities, as I do not conceive the possibility of any Roman Catholic divine bringing it into question.*

"The Roman Catholic doctrine on the obligation of oaths being clearly understood, *sincere* members of that church can find no difficulty in applying it to any existing test, or to any oath which may be tendered, in future, with a view to define the limits of their opposition to doc-

* Thomas Aquinas, whose authority is most highly revered in these matters, maintains, however, that there exists a power in the church to dispense both with a vow, which, according to him, is the most sacred of all engagements, and, consequently, with an oath. *Sicut in voto aliqua necessitatis seu honestatis causa potest fieri dispensatio, ita et in furamento.* Secunda Secundæ Quest. lxxxix. Art. ix. The popes, in fact, have frequently exercised this dispensing power with the tacit consent of the church.

trines and practices condemned by Rome. In the first place, *they cannot but see that an oath binding them to lend a direct support to any Protestant establishment, or to omit such measures as may, without finally injuring the cause of Catholicism, check and disturb the spread and ascendancy of error, is in itself sinful, and cannot, therefore, be obligatory.* In the second place, it must be evident that if, for the advantage of the Catholic religion suffering under an heterodox ascendancy, some oaths of this kind may be tolerated by Catholic divines, the head of that church will find it his duty to declare their nullity upon any change of circumstances. THE PERSEVERING SILENCE OF THE PAPAL SEE IN REGARD TO THIS POINT, NOTWITHSTANDING THE ADVANTAGES WHICH AN AUTHORIZED DECLARATION WOULD GIVE TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, IS AN INDUBITABLE PROOF THAT THE POPE CANNOT GIVE HIS SANCTION TO ENGAGEMENTS MADE IN FAVOUR OF A PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT. Of this, Bossuet himself was aware, when to his guarded opinion upon the scruples of James II., against the coronation oath, he subjoined the salvo:—‘I nevertheless submit with all my heart to the supreme decision of his Holiness.’ If that decision, however, was then, and is now, withheld, notwithstanding the disadvantages to which the silence of Rome subjects the Roman Catholics, it cannot be supposed that it would at all tend to remove them. To such as are intimately acquainted with the Catholic doctrines, which I have just laid before you, the conduct of the Roman see is in no way mysterious.

“It would be much more difficult to explain upon what creditable principle of their church, the Catholic divines of these kingdoms can give their approbation to oaths tendered for the security of the Protestant establishment. The clergy of the church of England have been involved in a general and indiscriminate charge of hypocrisy and simulation, upon religious matters. It would ill become one in my peculiar circumstances to take up the defence of that venerable body;* yet I cannot dismiss this subject without most solemnly attesting, that the strongest impressions which enliven and sup-

port my Christian faith, are derived from my friendly intercourse with members of that insulted clergy; while, on the contrary, I knew but very few Spanish priests, whose talents or acquirements were above contempt, who had not secretly renounced their religion. Whether something similar to the state of the Spanish clergy may not explain the support which the Catholic priesthood of these kingdoms seem to give to oaths so abhorrent from the belief of their church, as those which must precede the admission of members of that church into Parliament; I will not undertake to say. If there be conscientious believers among them, which I will not doubt for a moment, and they are not forced into silence, as I suspect it is done in similar cases,† I feel assured that they will earnestly condemn all engagements on the part of the Roman Catholics, to support and defend the Church of England. Such an engagement implies either a renunciation of the tenet excluding Protestants from the benefits of the Gospel promises, or a shocking indifference to the eternal welfare of men.

“If your leaders, whom it would be uncharitable to suspect of the latter feeling, have so far receded from the Roman creed as to allow us the common privileges of Christianity, and can conscientiously swear to protect and encourage the interests of the Church of England, let them, in the name of truth, speak openly before the world, and be the first to remove that obstacle to mutual benevolence, and perfect community of political privileges—the doctrine of exclusive salvation in your church. Cancel but that one article from your creed, and all liberal men in Europe will offer you the right hand of fellowship. Your other doctrines concern but yourselves; this endangers the peace and freedom of every man living, and that in proportion to your goodness: it makes your very benevolence a curse. Believe a man who has spent the best years of his life where Catholicism is professed without the check of dissenting opinions; where it luxuriates on the soil, which fire and sword have cleared of whatever might stunt its natural and genuine growth; a growth incessantly watched over by the head of your church, and his authorized

* Since writing this passage, a most spirited and modest defence of the Church of England Clergy has been published by Doctor Blomfield, Lord Bishop of Chester.

† I recollect something about the persecution of one Mr Gandolphy, a London priest, who was obliged to appeal personally to Rome against the persecution of his brethren, for exposing too freely the doctrines which might increase the difficulties of Catholic emancipation. The Pope did not condemn him.—Since writing this note, I have seen the case of Mr Gandolphy stated in an able publication of the Rev. George Croly, entitled *Papery and the Popish Question*. Mr G.’s doctrines were highly approved at Rome.

representatives, the Inquisitors. Alas! *'I have a mother,'* outweighed all other reasons for a change, in a man of genius,* who yet cared not to show his indifference to the religious system under which he was born. I, too, *'had a mother,'* and such a mother as, did I possess the talents of your great poet tenfold, they would have been honoured in doing homage to the powers of her mind and the goodness of her heart. No woman could love her children more ardently, and none of those children was more vehemently loved than myself. But the Roman Catholic creed had poisoned in her the purest source of affection. I saw her, during a long period, unable to restrain her tears in my presence. I perceived that she shunned my conversation, especially when my university friends drew me into topics above those of domestic talk. I loved her; and this behaviour cut me to the heart. In my distress I applied to a friend to whom she used to communicate all her sorrows; and to my utter horror, I learnt that, suspecting me of anti-catholic principles, my mother was distracted by the fear that she might be obliged to accuse me to the Inquisition, if I incautiously uttered some condemned proposition in her presence. To avoid the barbarous necessity of being the instrument of my ruin, she could find no other means but that of shunning my presence. Did this unfortunate mother overrate or mistake the nature of her Roman Catholic duties? By no means. The Inquisition was established by the supreme authority of her church; and, under that authority, she was enjoined to accuse any person whatever, whom she might overhear uttering heretical opinions. No exception was made in favour of fathers, children, husbands, wives: to conceal was to abet their errors, and doom two souls to eternal perdition. A sentence of excommunication, to be incurred in the fact, was annually published against all persons, who, having heard a proposition directly or indirectly contrary to the Catholic Faith, omitted to inform the Inquisitors upon it. Could any sincere Catholic slight such a command?

"Such is the spirit of the ecclesiastical power to which you submit. The monstrous laws of which I speak, do not belong to a remote period: they existed in full force fifteen years ago: they were republished, under the authority of the Pope, at a later period. If some of your writers assume the tone of freedom which belongs to this age and country; if you

profess your faith without compulsion; you may thank the Protestant laws which protect you. *Is there a spot in the universe where a Roman Catholic may throw off his mental allegiance, except where Protestants have contended for that right, and sealed it with their blood?"*

In another place Mr White exposes a no doubt unintentional mis-statement of Mr Butler, in regard to the language of the creed of Pope Pius IV. The reader will immediately perceive the prodigious addition of strength which the whole of the able argument we have just quoted, derives from the words OMITTED by Mr Butler, in his translation of this far-famed creed.

"Let us," says Blanco White, "compare the last article in Mr Butler's translation of the creed, with the original.

"Mr Butler's translation:—*'This true Catholic faith, out of which none can be saved, which I now freely profess, and truly hold, I, N., promise, vow, and swear most constantly to hold and profess the same whole and entire, with God's assistance, to the end of my life. Amen.'*

"The Latin original.—*Hanc veram Catholicam fidem, extra quam nemo salvus esse potest, quam in præsentī sponte profiteor, et veraciter teneo, eandem integram, et inviolatam, usque ad extremum vitæ spatium constantissime (Deo adjuvante) retinere et confiteri, ATQUE A MEIS SUBDITIS, VEL ILLIS QUORUM CURA AD ME IN MUNERE MEO SPECTABIT, TENERI, DOCERI, ET PRÆDICARI, QUANTUM IN ME ERIT, CURATURUM EGO IDEM N. SPONDEO, VOVEO, AC JURO.'*

"Now, the words in small capitals, omitted by Mr Butler, contain the very pith and marrow of the strongest argument against the admissibility of Roman Catholics to Parliament. For if the most solemn profession of their faith lays on every one of her members who enjoys a place of influence, the duty of *"procuring, that all under him, by virtue of his office, shall hold, teach, and preach the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and this under an oath and vow; HOW CAN SUCH MEN ENGAGE TO PRESERVE THE ASCENDANCY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THESE REALMS?"*

The question, as shortly stated, in this last sentence, is, we do think, unanswerable.

Our Catholic advocates say, that the Protestant government of Great Britain refuses to them what Catholic governments on the continent yield,

* Pope: see his letter to Atterbury on this subject.

without fear or danger, to Protestants. It is, however, extremely difficult for them to make much of this branch of their argument. In most of the cases they allude to, the government is despotic, and in regard to such governments it is easy to see that no privileges of the same kind, or of anything like the same kind, with the most important ones now demanded by the British Catholics, can be either claimed or granted. Besides, were the privileges of which they speak infinitely greater than they are, it is obvious that a despotic government may often do that safely which a free government cannot. But where, after all, are these examples? Saxony, very nearly a pure, though certainly a temperately administered despotism, in which, be it observed, the whole nobility and people are Protestant, the royal family being the only one of the smallest importance in the kingdom that is Catholic. Necessity has no law—the King of Saxony rules over a Protestant nation. If he had not Protestant judges and ministers, he must of course have mere *creatures*, and run all the risk of offending the universal feelings of an enlightened population, who submit to the government of a Catholic family, only because that family have always abstained from interfering, in any way whatever, with the religion of the nation. Hanover is another example. It is needless for us to say much as to that matter. There are very few Catholics there—there are no Catholic families of any high rank or power at all—and the privileges to which all denominations of Christians are equally admitted, are not privileges which have, or can have, any influence whatever upon the civil polity of the state. There is no Parliament there—nothing like what we understand by a representative Senate—and the church of the state, above all, is as completely beyond any control but that of the Crown, as is the army itself. France is the only example of any *apparent* value—and when we consider, on the one hand, the history of the French Revolution, and the avowed infidelity which animated throughout its leaders; and, on the other, the steps which the re-established Catholic—*de bonne foi* Catholic—government of the Bourbons has already ta-

ken—when we consider, above all, the recent law about *sacrilege*, we must be permitted to say, that the time is not yet come for quoting, in regard to this matter, the example of the French Bourbons.

We think, therefore, that the question as to the safety of giving British Catholics seats in the British Senate, can only be answered in the negative by any one who really investigates the arguments of the two contending parties—above all, their *facts*.

We shall now proceed to the second branch of the whole subject, and see what is the bearing of Mr Blanco White's evidence as to the ulterior question—whether, even granting it to be *safe*, speaking politically, to give the Catholics the privileges they ask, the legislature of Britain does not lie under a sacred obligation to discountenance, by denying these, the growth, or at least maintenance of the Catholic faith within the empire. In regard to this matter, a very able article has already appeared in these pages*—an article the author of which, had circumstances permitted, would have done much more justice to the present work than the person into whose hands it has fallen. In the course of our quotations from Mr White as to the first question, much has also been extracted that bears strongly and clearly upon the decision of the second.

The doctrines of the Catholic Church, as to *persecution*, and as to *oaths*, have been detailed—they have been exposed. We say that these are immoral, most sinful doctrines, and that if there were nothing but these objectionable in the Catholic system, that system ought to be, on their account alone, discountenanced by the paternal legislature of this great and enlightened empire. But the matter does not stop here. We say, that every means *but persecution* ought to be used for discountenancing the soul-degrading system, which makes men slaves. Let the Roman Catholics EMANCIPATE THEMSELVES from the belief that such a man as the villain Borgia, or the avowed infidel Leo X., can be the infallible Judge of Christian Doctrine. Let them emancipate themselves from the belief in priestly authority, which makes all who receive it slaves to priestly craft. Let them do these things, and then let them ask of us the full right hand of

* See article on the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland, in vol. XVII. p. 255.

political fellowship—and they shall not ask it in vain. Let the Pope call a council, and wipe out the foul stains which disfigure the records of the Council of Trent, and then let Catholics appeal to Protestant liberality.

We have called this Faith soul-degrading. It is so in many different respects, but for the present we shall be contented with showing that it is so, by wilfully supporting superstitions, of which all its well-informed adherents are heartily, in their own souls, ashamed. Mr Butler distinctly says, at page 46 of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church, that “the Roman Catholics admit, without qualification, that no miracles, except those which are related in the Old and New Testaments, are ARTICLES OF FAITH: that a person may *disbelieve every other miracle*, and may even *disbelieve the existence of the persons*, through whose intercession they are related to have been wrought, *without ceasing to be a Roman Catholic.*”

“This,” he proceeds, “is equally agreeable to religion and common sense; for all miracles, which are not recorded in holy writ, depend on human reasoning: now, human reasoning being always fallible, all miracles depending on it rest on fallible proof; and, consequently, may be untrue. Hence the divines of the Roman Catholic Church *never impose* the belief of particular miracles, either upon the body of the faithful or upon individuals; they only *recommend* the belief of them; nor do they *recommend* the belief of any, the *credibility* of which does not appear to them to be supported by evidence of the *very highest nature*; and, while they contend that the evidence is of this description, and cannot, therefore, be rationally disbelieved, *they admit* that it is still no more than *human testimony*, and therefore *liable to error.*”

And, in another place, he has these words:

“May I not ask, if it be either just or generous to harass the present Catholics with the weakness of the ancient writers of their communion; and to attempt to render their religion and themselves odious by these unceasing and offensive repetitions?”

Now, what answers Mr Blanco White to this pathetic appeal?

“This complaint,” says he, “should be addressed to the Pope and the Roman Catholic bishops, by whose authority, consent, and practice, these *weaknesses* are *unceasingly* repeated for the instruction of the members of their communion. I can sympathise with the feelings of the author: I can easily conceive how galling it must be for a *modernized* Roman Catholic, in this country, to be constantly suspected of being a Roman Catholic indeed, and according to the Pope’s heart. His case is as deplorable as that of a man of fashion, who should be compelled to frequent the higher circles in company with an old, fantastic, half-crazed mother, who daily and hourly exposed herself to contempt and ridicule, in spite of his filial efforts to hide her absurdities. The truth is, that the Protestants have nearly forgotten the monstrous heap of falsehood and imposture from which Rome daily feeds her flock. But the offensive repetitions resound on the ears of your *harassed* apologist from the lips of every bishop, priest, deacon, and subdeacon of his communion: they are chanted incessantly in every Roman Catholic cathedral, in every convent of males or females: they are translated into popular tracts: * they are heard and read with avidity by the mass of straightforward, uncompromising Catholics, and cannot be scouted by the more fastidious, without a direct reproach on the most constant, solemn, and authorised practice of their church. In vain would the suffering scholar, the *harassed* man of refinement, attempt a distinction between the miracles of dark ages, and those of more modern times: in vain would he venture a smile on the ‘Golden Legend, and the patrician Metaphrastes.’ His mother-church has thrown her mantle over them, by borrowing from them all for her own peculiar book, her own corrected work, the task-book of all her clergy. He must remember that the *weaknesses* for which he implores the benefit of oblivion, are no more imputable to their original and ancient sources, but to the Popes who republished them at the Vatican, in 1631; to the church who, with one accordant voice, repeats them to the faithful of all climates and languages.”

But let us see a little more accurate-

* I believe that these stories are much circulated among the Roman Catholics of these kingdoms in the shape of popular pamphlets. I have not, however, been able to procure a copy, owing to the unwillingness of Roman Catholic booksellers to furnish unknown purchasers with a certain peculiar produce of their press. I had strong reasons to suspect the existence of this policy, when it was confirmed to me by the personal experience of a clerical friend.

ly how this matter stands. Hear once more Mr White:—

“I do not blame individuals for partaking the spirit of their age, but protest against a church which, having attained the fulness of strength under the influence of the most ignorant ages, would, for the sake of that strength, stop the progress of time, and reduce the nineteenth century to the intellectual standard of the thirteenth.* Moral as well as physical beings must love their native atmosphere; and Rome being no exception to this law, is still daily employed in renovating and spreading credulity, enthusiasm, and superstition—the elements in which she thrives. The charge is strong, and expressed in strong language; but, I believe, not stronger than the following proofs will warrant.

“A Christian church cannot employ a more effectual instrument to fashion and mould the minds of her members, than the form of prayer and worship which she sanctions for daily use. Such is the *Breviary* or Prayer-book of the Roman Catholic clergy, which, as it stands in the present day, is the most authentic work of that kind. In consequence of a decree of the Council of Trent, Pope Pius V. ordered a number of *learned and able* men to compile the *Breviary*, and by his bull, *Quod a nobis*, July 1566, sanctioning it, commanded the use thereof to the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church all over the world. Clement VIII., in 1602, finding the *Breviary* of Pius V. had been altered and depraved, restored it to its pristine state, and ordered, under pain of excommunication, that all future editions should strictly follow that which he then printed at the Vatican. Lastly, Urban VIII., in 1631, had the language of the whole work, and the metres of the hymns, revised. The value which the Church of Rome sets upon the *Breviary*, may be known from the strictness with which she demands the perusal of it. Whoever enjoys an ecclesiastical revenue; all persons of both sexes who have professed in any of the regular orders; † all subdeacons, deacons, and priests, are bound to repeat, either in public or pri-

vate, the whole service of the day, out of the *Breviary*. The omission of any one of the eight portions of which that service consists, is declared to be a mortal sin, *i. e.* a sin that, unrepented, would be sufficient to exclude from salvation. The person guilty of such an omission, loses all legal right to whatever portion of his clerical emoluments is due for the day or days wherein he neglected that duty, and cannot be absolved till he has given the forfeited sums to the poor, or redeemed the greatest part by a certain donation to the Spanish crusade. Such are the sanctions and penalties by which the reading of the *Breviary* is enforced. The scrupulous exactness with which this duty is performed by all who have not secretly cast off their spiritual allegiance, is quite surprising. For more than twelve years of my life, at a period when my university studies required uninterrupted attention, I believed myself bound to repeat the appointed prayers and lessons; a task which, in spite of a rapid enunciation, took up an hour and a half daily. A dispensation of this duty is not to be obtained from Rome without the utmost difficulty. ‡ I never, indeed, knew or heard of any one who had obtained it.

“The *Breviary*, therefore, must be reckoned the true standard to which the church of Rome wishes to reduce the minds and hearts of her clergy, from the highest dignity to the most obscure priest. It is in the *Breviary* that we may be sure to find the full extent of the *pious* belief, to which she trains the pastors of her flock; and the true stamp of those virtues which she boasts of in her models of Christian perfection. By making the daily repetition of the *Breviary* a paramount duty of the clergy, Rome evidently gives it the preference over all other works; and as far as she is concerned, provided the appointed teachers of her laity read her own book, they may trouble themselves very little about others. Nay, should a Roman Catholic clergyman, as is often the case, be unable to devote more than an hour and a half a day to reading, his church places him under the necessity of deriving his whole knowledge from the *Breviary*.

* The inveterate enmity of a sincere Roman Catholic against books which directly or indirectly dissent from his church, is unconquerable. There is a family in England who, having inherited a copious library under circumstances which make it a kind of heir-loom, have torn out every leaf of the Protestant works, leaving nothing in the shelves but the covers. This fact I know from the most unquestionable authority.

† Some orders have a peculiar *Breviary*, with the approbation of the Pope. There is no substantial difference between these monkish prayer-books and the *Breviary* which is used by the great body of Roman Catholic clergy.

‡ Among the many charges made in the name of the Pope by Cardinal Gonsalvi, against Baron von Wessenberg, Vicar-General of Constance, is, that he had granted dispensations of this kind to many clergymen in his diocese. This curious correspondence was published in London, by Ackermann, in 1819. It deserves the attention of such as wish to ascertain the temper of the court of Rome in our own days.

"Precious, indeed, must be the contents of that privileged volume, if we trust the authority which so decidedly enforces its perusal. There was a time when I knew it by heart; but long neglect of that store of knowledge had lately left but faint traces of the most exquisite passages contained therein. The present occasion, however, has forced me to take my old task-book in hand; and it shall now be my endeavour to arrange and condense the copious extracts made in my last revision.

"The office of the Roman Catholic Church was originally so contrived as to divide the Psalter by the seven days of the week. Portions of the Old Scriptures were also read alternately with extracts from the legends of the saints, and the works of the fathers. But as the calendar became crowded with saints, whose festivals take precedence of the regular church service, little room is left for anything but a few Psalms, which are constantly repeated, a very small part of the Old Testament, and mere fragments of the Gospels and Epistles. The great and never-ending variety consists in the compendious lives of the saints, of which I will here give some specimens."

Our limits do not permit us to copy many of Mr White's examples. We must be contented with a very small specimen of the specimens.

"The use which the Breviary makes of the forged epistles of the early Popes, known by the name of false Decretals, is frequently obvious to those who are acquainted with both. As these Decretals were forged about the eighth century, with a view to magnify the power of the Roman See, nothing in their contents is more prominent than that object. The Breviary, therefore, never omits an op-

portunity of establishing the Papal supremacy by tacit reference to these spurious documents. Yet as this would have but a slight effect upon the mass of the faithful, a more picturesque story is related in the Life of Pope St John.

"His Holiness being on a journey to Corinth, and in want of a quiet and comfortable horse, borrowed one which the lady of a certain nobleman used to ride. The animal carried the Pope with the greatest ease and docility; and, when the journey was over, was returned to his mistress; but in vain did she attempt to enjoy the accustomed services of her favourite. The horse had become fierce, and gave the lady many an unseemly fall: 'as if,' says the unauthorised record, 'feeling indignant at having to carry a woman, since the Vicar of Christ had been on his back.*' The horse was accordingly presented to the Pope, as unfit to be ridden by a less dignified personage.

"After these samples, no one will be surprised to find, in the same authorised record, all the other supposed miracles which, in different parts of Italy, move daily the enlightened traveller to laughter or disgust. *The translation of the house of Loreto from Palestine to the Papal States, is asserted in the collect for that festival; which being a direct address to the Deity, cannot be supposed to have been carelessly compiled.†* The two removals of that house by the hands of angels, first to the coast of Dalmatia, and thence, over the Adriatic, to the opposite shore, are gravely related in the Lessons; where the members of the Roman Catholic Church are reminded that the identity of the house is warranted by papal bulls, and a proper mass and service published by the same authority, for the annual commemoration of that EVENT.

* "Cum ei nobilis vir ad Corinthum, equum, quo ejus uxor mansueto utebatur, itineris causa commoddasset; factum est ut Domino postea remissus equus ita ferox evaderet, ut fremitu, et totius corporis agitatione, semper delinquebat dominam expulerit: tanquam indignaretur mulierem recipere ex quo sedisset in eo Christi vicarius." Brev. Rom. die 27 Maii.

The Breviary, true to its plan of giving the substance of every story that ever sprang from the fertile imagination of the idle monks, concludes the life by stating the vision of a certain hermit, who saw the soul of Theodoric the Goth, carried to hell by Pope John and Symmachus, through one of the volcanos of the Lipari Islands. "Paulo post moritur Theodoricus: quem quidam eremita, ut scribit Sanctus Gregorius, vidit inter Joannem Pontificem, et Symmachum Patricium, quem idem occiderat, demergi in ignem Liparitanum." "This legend," says Gibbon, "is related by Gregory I., and approved by Baronius; and both the Pope and Cardinal are grave doctors, sufficient to establish a probable opinion." Chap. xxxix. Note 108.

† "Deus, qui beatæ Mariæ Virginis domum per incarnati Verbi mysterium misericorditer consecrasti, eamque in sinu ecclesiæ tuæ mirabiliter collocasti," &c. &c. The account of the pretended miraculous conveyance of the house by the hands of the angels, is given in the lessons:—"Ipsius autem Virginis natalis domus divinis mysteriis consecrata, Angelorum ministerio ab Infidelium potestate, in Dalmatiam prius, deinde in Agrum Lauretanum Picenæ Provinciæ translata fuit, sedente sancto Cælestino quinto; eandemque ipsam esse in qua Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis, tum Pontificis diplomatibus, et celeberrima totius Orbis veneratione, tum continua miraculorum virtute, et cælestium beneficiorum gratia, comprobatur. Quibus permotus Innocentius Duodecimus, quò ferventius erga Matris amantissimæ cultum Fidelium memoria excitaretur, ejusdem Sanctæ Domus Translationem anniversaria solemnitate in tota Picenæ Provincia veneratam, Missa etiam et officio proprio celebrari præcepit."

"It is rather curious to observe the difference in the assertion of Italian and of French miracles; the unhesitating confidence with which the former are stated, the hypercritical jealousy which appears in the narrative of the latter. The walk of St Dionysius, with his own head in his hands, from Paris to the site of the present abbey of St Dennis, is given only as a credible report. 'De quo illud memorie proditum est, abscissum suum caput sustulisse, et progressum ad duo millia passuum in manibus gestasse.*' The French, indeed, with their liberties of the Gallican church, have never been favourites at Rome; but all is certainty in the accounts of Italian worthies. Witness the renowned St Januarius, whose extraordinary miracles, both during his life under Diocletian, and in our own days, are stated with equal confidence and precision. That saint, we are told, being thrown into a burning furnace, came out so perfectly unhurt, that not even his clothes or hair were singed. The next day all the wild beasts in the amphitheatre came crouching to his feet. I pass over the other ancient performances of Januarius to show the style in which his wonderful works, after death, are given. His body, for instance, on one occasion, extinguished the flames of Vesuvius.† This is no miracle upon vague report, but one which, according to the Breviary, deserves a peculiar remembrance. Next comes that 'noble miracle'—*præclarum illud*—the liquefaction of Januarius's blood, which takes place every year in Naples. The usual state of the blood, as a coagulated mass, and its change into a bubbling fluid, are circumstantially described, as might be expected, from historians, who convey the most minute information, even about the clothes and hair of a martyr that died fifteen hundred years ago. The liquefaction, indeed, with all its circumstances, they must have witnessed themselves, or derived their information concerning it from thousands of Neapolitan witnesses.

"And here let me observe by the way, the extraordinary liberality of his church upon these points, which Mr Butler sets forth to the admiration of the world. 'A

person,' he tells us, 'may disbelieve every other miracle, (except those which are related in the Old and New Testament,) and may even disbelieve the existence of the persons through whose intercession they are related to have been wrought, without ceasing to be a Roman Catholic.‡—We must, however, exempt from this very ample privilege those who thus solemnly publish the miracles themselves, or their honesty would certainly be placed in a strange predicament. Still, by a stronger reason, we must suppose them perfectly convinced of the reality of that annual wonder, which for ages has been repeated under their eyes. How, then, can they be so insensible to the forlorn condition of heretics and unbelievers, as not to allow a close inspection of that undeniable proof of the Roman Catholic faith? The present Pope invites us to see the manger where the infant Saviour lay at Bethlehem. Would it not be more charitable to allow one of our chemists to view the blood of St Januarius, and observe its change,—not surrounded by priests, candles, and the smoke of frankincense,—and thus convert us all at once."

This church, however, does not patronize mere absurdities, though it were charge enough that she was guilty, as she unquestionably is, of the *Antichristian* sin of degrading the miracles of the Bible, by loading them with the weight of her own vile inventions. The superstitions which she inculcates are not merely absurd, and consequently dangerous to the faith which they disfigure—they are often directly and distinctly of immoral, sinful, and most unchristian tendency.

"The first noxious ingredient which poisons charity in the Roman Catholic system of sanctity, is intolerance. The seeds of this bitter plant are, indeed, inseparable from a hearty reception of her doctrines, as I have proved before; but its mature fruit, persecution, is praised among the virtues of saints, whose circumstances enabled them to use force against pagans or heretics. Thus, in the life of Canute the Dane, his donations to the church are hardly more commended

* The Breviary, however, does not betray such hesitation as to the works of the said Dionysius the Areopagite—the most barefaced forgery which ever was foisted on the credulity of the world. *Libros scriptis admirabiles, ac plane cœlestes, de divinis nominibus, de cœlesti et Ecclesiastica Hierarchia, de mystica Theologia, et alios quosdam.*

† "In ardentem fornacem conjectus ita illæsus evasit ut ne vestimentum aut capillum quidem flamma violaverit.—(Fere) naturalis feritatis oblitus, ad Januarii pedes se prostravere.—In primis memorandum quod erumpentes olim e monte Vesuvio flammarum globos, nec vicinis modo, sed longinquis etiam regionibus vastitatis metum afferentes, extinxit.—Præclarum illud quoque, quod ejus sanguis, qui in ampulla vitrea concretus asservatur, cum in conspectu capitis ejusdem martiris ponitur, admirandum in modum colliquefieri, et ebullire, perinde atque recens effusus, ad hæc usque tempora certatur."

‡ Book of the Roman Catholic Church, p. 46.

than the zeal with which he conquered the barbarians, with the purpose of making them Christians." St Ferdinand, King of Castille, is represented as an eminent sample of that peculiar Roman Catholic virtue, which visits dissent from the faith of Rome with the mild correctives of sword and fire. 'In alliance with the cares of government, the regal virtues (SAYS THE BREVIARY) shone in him—magnanimity, clemency, justice, and above all, zeal for the Catholic faith, and an ardent determination to defend and propagate its worship. *This he performed, in the first place, by persecuting heretics, to whom he allowed no repose in any part of his kingdom; and for whose execution, when condemned to be burned, he used to carry the wood with his own hands.*'† Who then shall be surprised to find inquisitors canonized by Rome, or to hear her addressing a daily prayer to the great and merciful Father of mankind, 'that he would be pleased to bruise, by the power of his right hand, all pagan and heretical nations?' Such are the words which Rome puts in the mouth of every Spanish priest who celebrates high mass."‡

This is followed by an exposure, quite as complete, of the dreary nonsense inculcated in every page of this Breviary, about fastings, scourgings, eternal genuflexions, repetitions upon repetitions of Ave Marias, and so forth; and that again is followed by an equally clear and painful summary of the odious canting stuff with which the same book of books overlays everywhere the pure emotions of Christian piety. There are many passages in this last section which we do not hold exactly adapted *pueris virginibusque*. We shall, therefore, leave the whole untouched—but let us gratify ourselves and our readers by quoting the manly and Christian appeal, with which the author closes his text.

"In the name of the Father of Spirits, 'whose eyes are upon the truth,' I entreat such as love the Author of our common faith, more than the name of a religious party, not to efface the impres-

sion of shame which these passages must produce, by the usual method of recrimination. I protest before Heaven, that neither through these quotations, nor by any expression which in the course of this work may have flowed from my feelings, it has been my purpose to hurt yours. Remember, that whatever absurdities you might glean from Protestant writers, cannot affect a church whose authorised articles of faith and form of prayer, have nothing in common with such aberrations from common sense and the Gospel. Observe, on the other hand, how naturally the credulity and dangerous sentimentality with which your *pious books* abound, flow from the system of Rome, exhibited in her *prayer-book*, as well as in her whole conduct in regard to miracles and devotional practices. Remark the activity and watchfulness with which she has at all times persecuted all kinds of books, wherein the least insinuation was thrown out, not against her articles of faith, but even the least part of this her deluding system. Compare it with the supine indifference which she exhibits in giving free course to thousands of books which, at this very day, propagate everything that can degrade the understanding and enfeeble the mind, under the name of piety. When you have candidly and honestly weighed all this, decide with yourselves, if it be not the part of every ingenuous and liberal Catholic of these kingdoms, to strike out the *Roman* from his religious denomination, and place in its stead the noble epithet of *Christian*? Preserve, with God's blessing, so much of your tenets as may appear to you consistent with his word; but disown a church which, by her miracles, libels the Gospel history with imposture; and whose mawkish piety disfigures the sublime Christian worship into drivelling imbecility."

We are unquestionably of opinion, that of late years much ignorance has prevailed among the Protestants of Britain, in regard to the real character and effects of the Romish superstition. We cannot account for much of what has been done and said in Parliament, without believing that this ignorance

* "Religioni promovendæ sedulo incumbens, ecclesias redditibus augere, et pretiosa suppellectilium ornare cepit. Tum zelo propagandæ fidei succensus, barbara regna justo certamine aggressus, devotas, subditasque nationes Christianæ fidei subjugavit." Die 19 Januarii.

† "In eo, adjunctis regni curis, regie virtutes emicuerunt, magnanimitas, clementia, justitia, et præ cæteris Catholicæ Fidei zelus, ejusque religiosi cultus propagandi ardens studium. Id præstitit in primis hæreticos insectando, quos nullibi regnorum suorum consistere passus, propriis ipsæ manibus ligna comburendis damnatis ad rogam, advehabat." Propria Ss. Hispan. Die 30 Maii.

‡ The concluding collect contains a prayer for the Pope in the first, for the bishop of the diocese in the second, and for the royal family in the third place; it then proceeds to pray for peace and health, and concludes, "et ab ecclesia tua cunctam repelle nequitiam, ET GENTES PAGANORUM ET HÆRETICORUM DEXTERÆ TUE POTENTIA CONTERANTUR," &c. &c.

has prevailed to a great extent even among the best-informed classes of society in England. The absurdities and extravagancies of that system are in fact so glaring, that it is no wonder people should be slow of believing that it is really maintained among any nations who have at all profited by the light of modern civilization. This general aversion to believe a thing *ex facie*, so strange and unaccountable, coupled with the unceasing craft of the priestly leaders of the British Catholics, who have long had an exoteric doctrine for us, and an esoteric one for their flocks, goes far, we think, to explain at first sight the incredible and monstrous fact, that British statesmen, of the highest rank and talent, should actually be seen fighting in the British Parliament, in the 19th century, the cause of a Church, which degrades all that adhere to her, and holds no faith with those who do not. We no longer, after what we have quoted in this paper, fear to use these last words. We appeal to the proof, that the Pope claims the power of declaring any oath, the keeping of which is favourable to heretics, and therefore noxious to the Catholic Church, to have been *ab initio* null and void. We appeal to that proof, and we repeat distinctly, that this is a Church which holds no faith, as a Church, with those who, having received Christian baptism, deny the supreme authority of the See of Rome. The adherents of that Church must not, until that doctrine be disavowed by the highest authority of the Church herself, sit within the walls of Parliament, to affect by their votes the interests of the Protestant Church and Government of England.

Why should all the concessions come from us? Why should not the Catholic Church disclaim from the fountain-head the impious dogma, in which, even by Mr Butler's own account of the matter, a Roman Catholic *may*, as the matter stands, unrepentedly believe, viz. that the Pope's supremacy is not more inalienable than illimitable? What security have we that another Pope is never to appear in the Vatican, backed by great temporal power? What knowledge have we that an Austrian Archduke, or a Spanish Prince, may not one day sit on the chair of St Peter? We have at all events seen, even in our time, how liable the Pope may be to be

tempted into making himself the instrument of a powerful throne. Suppose the late Pope to have truckled to Buonaparte—suppose Buonaparte to be now emperor, with a submissive Pope at his beck, will any man say, that in that situation of things it would be safe to admit Catholics to sit in our Parliament, it being, by their own account, quite consistent with their good behaviour as Catholics, that they should believe in the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy, even according to the most violent *transalpine* explanation of that doctrine. We do not see the wisdom of doing that, in relation to a question of endless importance, in 1825, which, it must be conceded on all hands, could not have been done without absolute insanity in 1811. The thing that hath been may be again.

It is eternally said that we have no power, by political measures, to diminish the number of our Catholics, and that therefore we must admit them as they are into the *sanctum* of our government and legislature. We appeal to plain facts. England was, for the most part, a Catholic country for some time after the Protestant religion was the religion of the English state. The Popish sect has dwindled into nothing, comparatively speaking, in England—and even the few great families that adhere to it are split. The last Duke of Norfolk was a Protestant, and the brother of the present Duke was one also. We have no doubt, that if it were possible to make these people understand the deep-rooted aversion of the English mind to their superstition, and the absolute impossibility that their claims should be granted until after they have modified their tenets, we should soon see their ranks thinned, and thinned with a vengeance. If pride be a powerful motive, vanity and ambition are strong ones also. We have no sort of belief that there are many well-educated gentlemen in England who are *bonâ fide* Catholics. We utterly disbelieve this. There are few such either in France, or Italy, or Germany; and why should the breed flourish in England, when it is virtually extinct even in the Catholic countries themselves? This is a religion built up for the behoof of priests, propped up on the abject ignorance and superstitions of the vulgar, which it degrades, and advocated, we devoutly believe, by no

well-informed and intelligent layman, who at once understands its system thoroughly, and believes in it sincerely.

This religion is seen flourishing in all its vigour in Spain, and Portugal, and South America. Let us judge of it by what it is when it is at liberty to show itself as it pleases. Mr Brougham bids us judge of the King's sentiments on the Catholic question, not by what he does in the limited monarchy of England, but by what he does in Hanover. The inference as to that case is nonsense—but the principle is right. Apply it here. If you wish to know what Popery is, do not ask Mr Butler, who has lived all his life in Lincoln's Inn, mixing with ourselves, and reading our books—but ask Mr Blanco White, who comes with his story fresh and fearful from the unchallenged domain of Popish power in Spain. See the very democracies of South America avowing Popish intolerance on the front and forehead of their most jacobinical constitutions. Look at these things, and then talk to *men* about the smooth speeches of Dr Doyle—that thoroughly learned and judicious Prelate, who, not above a year ago, published two pamphlets, one of which was to prove, that all are damned who disbelieve Hohenlohe's miracles; and another, that *tithes* are an unlawful method of paying clergy. What! are we to be guided by the advice of men of this stamp? Are we seriously to follow the *advice* of a Catholic Bishop, who, in the face of all the decrees and councils of his own Church, denounces tithes—merely because it suits his particular purpose to attempt the overthrow of the Protestant Church of Ireland? Are we seriously to be affected as to our views of rational sense and policy, by the opinions of a man, who *asserts* his faith in that trumpery of Hohenlohe? That fact, we should have thought, might have spoken for itself.

Wherever the Catholic Church has the opportunity of managing matters as she likes, we find brutally degrading superstitions received by the lower classes, and Christianity itself sunk beneath the load of human inventions, so as to become virtually exploded among the higher classes, wherever education is diffused among them. Hear what this Mr White tells us of the upper clergy in Spain. Compare

that account with what *history* has bequeathed us about the Court of Leo X.—the last Pope, whose court and conduct were not checked by the knowledge that a tremendous proportion of the intellect of Europe was unceasingly observing the Vatican, with scrutiny quickened by deliberate hostility. Read Roscoe's *Life of Leo*, and observe the blasphemous jokes in which all those polite cardinals indulged themselves *then*. They are now more cautious; but, perhaps, when a cardinal comes over, we may hear a story not very different from what has now been told us by a reformed priest. Compare for a moment Catholic Germany and Protestant Germany—step across the line that divides them, and deny, if you dare, that you feel as if you had walked back three hundred years. Compare England or Scotland, with Catholic Ireland, and say whether it is possible to doubt, that *part*, at least, of the misery of the last named country is owing to her religion.

And yet we have lived to see a proposal for eternizing the Catholic Church of Ireland, by endowing her clergy directly from the purse of the state!

It may be proper that all clergymen should be paid by the state—old opinions are so much unsettled, that, perhaps, some one may be found to support even that notion. But we, for ourselves, must avow our opinion that, even if that be true, the Catholic clergy are the last body of dissenting clergy in this empire, who ought to have been selected whereon to commence the operation of such a system.

We cannot—however aware that our remarks have already extended to great length—we cannot close this paper without saying a very few words in regard to the abuse which has been showered upon the Duke of York, in consequence of a late (reported) speech of his Royal Highness in the House of Lords. That that speech should have excited emotions of the most bitter description in the breasts of such people as Mr Brougham, we by no means wonder; although, we must confess, the mean and dastardly revenge of introducing his Royal Highness's private and domestic affairs into a debate in the House of Commons, (if, indeed, the newspapers give anything like a fair account of that

proceeding,) was a stroke of utter baseness, beyond even our anticipations of what Mr Brougham might do. No matter what that ferocious and reckless partizan says or does; but we are surprised indeed, that any man, having the sense of a man, and the feelings of an Englishman, should, whatever his opinions on the Catholic Question might be, venture to find fault with what is attributed to the Duke of York upon this occasion. There are only two grounds, so far as we understand the business, on which the Duke has been blamed—the first, that it was indelicate in him to make, in the House of Lords, any allusion whatever to the possibility of his outliving his brother, and being one day King of England; the second, that it was unconstitutional in him to say anything, not being King of England, about what his conduct, in relation to any particular question of policy, would be if he should be King of England.

Now, in regard to the first of these heads of abuse, we wish to know who it is that is the best judge of what delicacy between these royal brothers demands. Is it Mr Brougham? or the Duke of York himself? We all know that the King and the Duke are not merely affectionate brothers, but intimate companions and friends. We all, as it happens, know also pretty surely, that they are, both of them, men of sense, talent, and knowledge, much above the contempt of Mr Brougham, or Mr Anybody. Now, really, this being the state of the case, a plain man, we think, would have naturally concluded, when he heard of the Duke's making such a speech as is ascribed to him, either that he had made it after telling the King what he meant to do, or in the knowledge, from long fraternal intimacy, that, by making such a speech, he should in no way whatever offend the feelings of his brother and his prince. That one or other of these was the real state of the case, we no more doubt than we doubt our own existence. Really, when one thinks a little of the matter, and remembers that the King and the Duke are brothers, with not two years of

difference between their ages, we must say, that it appears to us as if few things could be more ludicrous than the notion that the one of these two men could possibly have any idea of his own life as likely to last longer than the other's—certainly not to any extent worth mentioning. But any one who understands human nature will bring the question to an easy issue. The Duke of York must know the King rather better than Mr Henry Brougham. Is it not a pretty good specimen of impudence, to see a sulky lawyer like him laying down the rules of fraternal delicacy to George IV. and Frederick, Duke of York and Albany?

As to the *unconstitutional* nature of his Royal Highness's speech, we confess ourselves quite as much at a loss. Has the Duke of York, as a Peer of Parliament, no right to express his opinions, whatever they may be, about the Catholic Question? He is a man turned of sixty, and has seen something of the world. If his opinions as to questions of that sort be not pretty well fixed now, when are they likely to be so? And, they being fixed, has he not quite as good a right to say, that he intends to oppose the Catholic claims to the end of his time, as Mr Brougham has to tell all England, (as he has done we not how often, this very Session,) that he, Mr Brougham, intends to advocate them to the end of the chapter? The Duke of York said, "So help me God;" would it have altered Mr Brougham's *annonce*, if he had said, "So help me Devil?"

The Duke of York, by that solemn asseveration, declared his resolution to discharge his duty to his God and his country. He will never declare his opinion to be changed, until he has satisfied his mind that, by declaring and acting upon such a change, he is to serve his country and his God. Neither of these, if that should be, will record against him a manly disavowal, in whatever terms expressed, of an opinion deliberately formed, and of a consequent resolution, avowed in a manner alike worthy of a Peer, a Prince, and a Patriot.

No. III.

*On Babington. A Tragedy.**

GRANTING that a man possesses a powerful intellect, a vivid imagination, and a keen insight into human nature, especially its passions, where is the prodigious difficulty of writing a good tragedy? We think it self-evident that it is easier to construct such a composition, than any other of a lofty kind. A drama is, in fact, a representation of human life, as it exists, and acts, and suffers. Take an impressive story, and interesting agents—revolve incidents and characters in your mind, as you see them revolving in the real world, and a tragedy will almost create itself. Let there be the presence of strong, and if possible various passion, and let there be a processional march of events towards the accomplishment of some great catastrophe, of which the imagination is for ever dimly divining the consummation, and scene after scene will, of themselves, shift before the eye of Genius, till the curtain drops over the dead or dying, and shrouds up the stage in the darkness of destiny. In no other kind of composition—for example, take the epic poem—is life depicted in the order and colour of its real on-goings, but is subjected to the transformations of art and science. The *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*, are not life and death, like *Lear* and *Macbeth*. The Muse inspired them—but Shakspeare wrote from his human soul. Existence comes pouring upon him who conceives a tragedy—he has but to enter the body of a fellow-creature, whom fate may have placed in pathos or peril; and, retaining the self-possession of his own identity, in the midst of his impersonation of another, to tell what has been revealed to him of his nature by a closer intimacy with agonies hitherto unexperienced even by his imagination. We do not mean to say that the rules and laws of poetry, as a science, do not apply to the tragic drama. But we say, what every thoughtful reader will agree with us in thinking, that

the subject-matter of poetry undergoes less change from its original form in life, in tragedy, than in any other kind of dignified poetical composition. If so, then to minds of power it must be the easiest of all kinds of high poetry.

Accordingly, the multitude of noble tragedies is immense—say a thousand—while the number of effective, although not first-rate compositions of the same class, is altogether incalculable. People wonder at the endless succession of glorious novels, as they are called, from one extraordinary living writer. They are all dramas—many of them of the highest and deepest tragedy. Nor can any reason be shown in the nature of things why that great genius should not annually illustrate human life by a new creation. What a world of life breathes in what we call—the Old English Drama!

So far, therefore, from joining in the cry, “Where is dramatic genius?” we aver that it is kindling over the whole land. True, that the playwrights of the day are a miserable race, and fit only to round periods for the mouthing of a Macready. But turn away from the stage and its pompous whine, and the strong spirit of dramatic poetry will be found to animate the whole body of English literature. Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Baillie, Milman, Wilson, and Shelley, have indeed all written tragedies which may be compared, without obscuration of their power, with the compositions of our best dramatic writers. De Montfort, Basil, The Remorse, Sardanapalus, Cain, Fazio, The City of the Plague, The Cenci—Do they contain less poetry, less passion, less pathos, than the dramas of Ford or Massinger? In our opinion infinitely more; but with all our boasted freedom, we are still enslaved beneath the bondage of great names, and no tragic poet is thought great, unless his dimensions loom gigantic through the darkness of past

* *Babington; a Tragedy.* By T. Doubleday, Author of “*The Italian Wife*,” &c. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

time, and on the verge of that distant horizon.

We are now about to support these our opinions by some account of a tragedy—ay, a regular tragedy in five good acts—entitled *Babington*, by Mr Doubleday, a writer not altogether unknown to the public, and whose great merits cannot fail of very soon attracting general notice and admiration. Of the “*Italian Wife*,” an exceedingly beautiful, romantic, and affecting drama, suggested by the story of Fair Rosamond, we shall ere long present our readers with an account; but at present we must confine our attention to “*Babington*,” which is by far the more powerful composition of the two, and such as, unless we are greatly mistaken, will give Mr Doubleday a place among the best living poets.

The conspiracy of *Babington*, which is told by Hume in his best manner, is an excellent subject for tragedy—and although we do not think that Mr Doubleday, admirable as are his talents, has made the most of it, in an historical point of view, yet he has produced a composition truly tragic, and shown great mastery of the passions of pity and terror.

When we say that Mr Doubleday has not made enough of the conspiracy, we mean that the grand purpose of the conspirators here, no less than the dethronement and death of Elizabeth, does not sufficiently breathe and beat forth over the drama. There are no bold sentences ripening in our sight, no great events brought close upon our imagination, no alternations of hope and fear so quickly succeeding each other as to form one tumultuous passion. The atmosphere is not sufficiently grim and lowering—not tinged with lurid lights and a ghastly splendour. We are not made to feel that the chief actors are men designing to overthrow thrones and altars, and to set up a new Government and a new Faith. From the very beginning they are even caught in the toils. No desperate struggles are made—the danger does not sublime their characters—they do not play well the parts of lost and infatuated men. Indeed, the author has not so designed his drama. We have not to complain of inadequate power exerted in vain to produce a certain effect; but

of power far beyond the common pitch employed for other purposes, purposes legitimate in themselves no doubt, and full of the tenderest and deepest interest, but which, in our humble apprehension, ought to have been secondary and subordinate.

Having made this criticism, we shall not seek to establish its truth by any argument, but proceed to give extracts from Mr Doubleday's Tragedy, and to tell, in not many words, wherein its chief merits consist.

Babington, the chief conspirator, has long loved his ward—the gentle and beautiful Agnes—and, unknown to each other, that love has been mutual. The first intimation that there is affection between them, is very elegantly given in a playful dialogue between the lady and Plasket, a privileged character, a sort of philosophical jester, who bears his part admirably throughout all the five acts.

Methought I should come over you at last—

Said I not well? Tichbourne's the man.
Ev'n he,

The gallant Chidiok, gay Southampton's star,

As light and sparkling as the gossamer
That seems a thread of sunshine, and as quick,

And yet as gentle, as the swallow's flight;
Soft as the stream whereon the moon-beams sleep,

As clear in honour, and in soul as deep,
Ay, and as rash when stirr'd. I'faith, I clinch

Your choice—he is mine own favourite,
after all!

Agnes. Too fast, good Plasket. Trust me, you have ta'en

No easy gear in hand. Tichbourne's too light;

In course too like the summer butterfly,
That flutters on and on with glittering wing,

But recks not why nor whither. As the friend

Of *Babington*, I would not speak him ill,
But he's too gay, in truth.

Plasket. Now, say you so?
In truth, I would he might infect my lord
With that same gaiety you marvel at;

He's wondrous grave o' late. He hath almost sour'd

My store of jokes, as thunder doth small beer,

For the last two months.

Agnes. Fie, you wrong him, Plasket,
The noble *Babington* is not severe.

High-thoughted gravity may haply sit
Upon his brow enthroned, and loftier
promptings
Make the shrunk world look little, that
perchance

He reck's not of it, like a meaner man.
But mark that brow when it unbends it-
self;

And mark his eye, when it declines, at
last,

On Pleasure, who sits smiling at his feet;
And show me one whose port bespeaketh
more

High nobleness and courtly gallantry,
Friendship, and all that doth become a
man.

Pla. (Aside.) Comes the shaft thence?
You're an enthusiast, lady.

Agnes. It may be so. Hath he not been
my brother,

My play-mate, guardian, tutor, all in one?

Pla. (Aside.) And thou would'st make
him husband; would he were!

(Aloud.) It is true, lady. Marry, by my
fay.

Here comes our lady mother.

After this kind of conversation has
been for some time continued between
Agnes, Plasket, and Lady Maud, Ba-
bington's mother, Babington himself
appears. Throughout the whole drama,
with the exception already made, the
character of this conspirator is excel-
lently conceived and supported. The
following dialogue seems to us espe-
cially beautiful:—

Enter BABINGTON.

L. Maud. How now, son?
You are just in time to end a controversy,
Ay, and reclaim a dangerous heretic,
Who hath blasphemed against your dear
friend Tichbourne—

I pray you put in your authority.

Bab. That were much pity, madam.

When soft means

Will work a cure, the church disclaims
all violence,

And here they have done so ever. To
say truth,

I should most vilely play the guardian
now,

My place so long hath slept into disuse.
But if truth, honour, generosity—

A mind as pure as is the blood sustains
it—

A tongue match'd only by the speaker's
deeds,

May win a woman, why, then, gallant
Tichbourne

Can never lack an argument of mine.

What say you, Agnes?—How now?—
Not a word!

VOL. XVIII.

L. Maud. What should she say? List
to me, childish trifler;

In wedding Tichbourne, thou wedd'st
worth and honour:

That is the first; and, in the next degree,
Prosperity beyond the reach of chance—

A name, nobility, and splendour, grace,
Which shame nor poverty have e'er ob-
scured,

Nor ever shall, or can. If Heaven would
stoop

To please your sickly fancy with a husband,
And fashion him to the pattern, tell me,

girl,

What could'st thou ask for more?—Speak
to her, son.

Agnes. I pray you spare me, madam.

L. Maud.

Babington,

Are you dumb too?

Bab.

Madam, an' if my breath
Could, in its sway, outvie the winds of
spring,

That from their plumes drop beauty,
youth, and health,

'Twere not too much for my dear friend's
deservings.

Heaven hath shower'd down on him
prosperity,

And may God grant it lasting—may it
'scape

The blight of tyrannous power—ay, and
the sweep

That ever must attend on vengeance'
wing

Whene'er she lights upon a darken'd land.

L. Maud. This is another theme.

Bab.

Madam, forgive me
That I forestall your words. Pray, bear
with me

For once. You gave me life, and, next
to that

In value, Truth, and reverence for the
truth.

I will speak truly. Tichbourne is a spirit
That beauty's self might be content to
worship;

So let her take him. But, in this drear
time,

When to be faithful is to be suspected—
When to be honourable is to be distrust-
ed—

When change strides o'er men's heads,
and sets her foot

Upon the noblest necks—who is so good,
But he shall be a mark for those whose

archery

Is bent to strike the fairest? Who so
humble,

But he shall be an eye-sore unto those
Whose best religion lies in innovation?

In nature's throes, when inward motion
shakes

The frighted earth, and the tumultuous
waves

Rage like the wild despair, 'twere worse
than vain
Sometimes to cast an anchor.

I have spoken ;
Now, madam, say what you would say.

Agnes. Hear me.
Beseech you—here I have the deepest
stake,

Although the weakest player. Hear me,
sir,

For you are honourable; and hear me,
madam,

For you are kind.—Oh, sir! answer but
this.—

If in some storm, such as e'en you now
spoke of,

You were to risk your whole—if in one
cast

Went all that should be dearest—peace
and love,

And those you loved, and those that have
loved you—

State, happiness, content, soul, heart, and
all,

Would you not pause?—would you not
hesitate,

Tremble, and stop, and shrink, as I do
now?

Oh, press me not—am I not happy here?
And here I know I can be, so please
Heaven

And you to suffer me. Alas! alas!
I grieve you.

Bab. (With agitation.) No; no more—
I am not well.

L. Maud. Sure thou turn'st pale.—
How came these shadowy fancies

To cross your mind in such unlucky wise?
You take these things too strongly. This

springs, son,

From too much talk and indoors thought,
the while;

Where are your hawks, or those two fo-
reign hounds

That Charnock sent you? This is phan-
tasy.

Bab. I pray you chide me not. 'Tis
nothing, madam.

*Agnes and Lady Maud go out, and
Babington utters the following fine
soliloquy:—*

How light a whisper can awake the heart!
Methought my bosom steel—that I could

go

To danger as 'twere to a marriage rite—
With such composed cheerfulness—when

duty

And honour bade me there; and lo! the
softness

Of yon meek girl, and the unconscious
pleadings

Of maiden fearfulness, have moved my
heart

To very childishness.

I would not meet them
With trace of aught remorseful in mine
eyes,

Lest it infect theirs too—though it is
hard

To chase the bosom's shadows from the
brow.

They say, that when the Ocean's surface
stirs,

The depths are still at rest; but when
below

All is commotion, where's the power can
bid

The waves keep down their heads, and to
a calm

Smooth the blue superficial? Yet must I
Essay this task, and with sad bosom go

To welcome pleasure, while the heart says
no.

[BABINGTON goes out.]

The character which Mr Doubleday has most elaborated, is Ballard a Jesuit, who, if we mistake not, was a true conspirator, and died on the scaffold, but who is here represented as a traitor. Great knowledge of human nature, and admirable powers of composition, are exhibited in the delineation of this subtle villain. The scenes, too, in which he figures, are all essentially dramatic, and convince us that Mr Doubleday is the man to write a good acting tragedy. We quote the following passage, however, rather for its poetical than dramatic power.

Bal. Speak low.—Art thou sure?
Gif. As sure as one well-crafted poli-
tician

Is of another. What I did impart
They swallow'd, as you'd have them.

Bal. Art thou sure
They traced thee not? If thou hast been

a trail

To draw their bloodhounds hither, woe
to thee! mark me,

Art sure they track'd thee not?

Gif. I'll pawn my soul on't.
Bal. Pawn something better! noted'st
thou of any

That met thee on the way, or else out-
rode?

Gif. No one have I beheld,—except,
e'en now,

A squinting fellow in the corridor;
A falconer of Master Charnock.

Bal. Oh!
He hath been here belike to babble of

Some foreign hounds, or something of
such sort.

Thou hast done well; retire. The bu-
siness

That's now in hand requires some space
of thought.

Go! and be wary. [GIFFORD retires.

Now am I in mine element,
The world of subtle thought; ay, thoughts
that soar

Like eagles, 'mid the lightning-parted
clouds,

And play amid their flashes. Hover now
Round me, ye demons that o'er-rule the
storm;

That point the lightning at the stagg'ring
bark;

Or urge the rushing clouds; or, laugh-
ing, stride

The billow that engulphs the struggling
wretch,

And grin in his drench'd face.

Come to my breast,
Thou spirit, that can'st ride upon the
waves

Calmly, as if they roll'd not, and impel
The buried helm with an untrembling
hand;

For 'tis thytime;—now, when the lower-
ing clouds

And troubled ocean darkly seem to meet,
Brewing the coming tempest. Let it fall
As 'twill—small care of mine! I am the
master

In this momentous chase, and can un-
leash

My hounds on whom I will. Eye sees
them not.

Darkly they sweep, like the wild Indian
dog,

Through trackless forests and eternal
shades;

Aghast the traveller hears th' approach-
ing bay,

The savage rush, and headlong flying game,
And all is still again; nor sees he whence
It came, nor whither it goes—no matter
whither,

So that the spoil be mine.

I have two paths
Before me, and but pause which I must
take.

There was a time when, if I were but high,
I would have sat me on the rugged rock
As soon as the soft sward; 'tis not so now.
I have drank new passion since I saw this
house:

Ambition stoops to take a yoke-fellow;
And the strong speed of iron Resolution
Lags for a flower i' th' way. Why should
it not?

Say that there be two heights which I
may scale,

Still shall I choose the greenest; and
where'er

The flowers of dalliance shall the soonest
bud.

There do I fix my climate. (*A clock strikes.*

'Tis the hour;—
And now to govern the hot fiery spirits

That stoop to be mine instruments; to
blow

Their flames on high, as doth the cunning
smith

Until his work be forged—then—quench
them, haply

With blood instead of water.—Fools! but
ask them

What brings them to this venture; one
shall talk

Of loyalty, another whine of love,
Another friendship, and a fourth religion;

Ay, marry,—even so. If they will play
Without a stake, they get their rubs for
nothing.

Of all Love's, Loyalty's, or Religion's
jokes,

Your martyrs are the sorriest. I must be
gone. [BALLARD goes out.

The fraudulent hypocrisy of the Je-
suit, and the fiendlike joy, heightened
by jealousy, (for he too loves Agnes,) with which he lures on Babington to destruction, are depicted with the hand of a master—but the web he weaves cannot be judged of without more “verge” than we can well afford to give. Babington, in a converse with Ballard, thus speaks,

Bab. Sir, this is too lowly—
You are my bosom friend and counsellor,
Nor shall be counted less: no more of
this;

It grieves me more than I shall speak of
now.

My friends, this cloud being happily o'er-
past,

We will to business.

Wherefore we meet is known unto you
all;

A general wrong needs no interpreter.
Have we not seen the ruin that hath
roll'd

O'er our dear country; Pestilent heresy
Flame like a brand cast in the autumn
corn,

Till all the goodly harvest is burn'd up;
Holy Religion turn'd to robbery!

Her sacred shrines unroof'd, and made
the haunts

Of th' unclean fox and owl; Penance-
worn Age

Chased forth to die beside some bypath
ditch;

And stainless Innocence turn'd loose to
shiver,

And starve i' the causeway—Destitution
nipt;

Honour betray'd for of her sister Faith;
Beauty oppress'd, because she is not
false;

Goodness proscribed, because it will not
change?—

And who have done these things? not
savage Goths,
Who conquer only that themselves are
strong,
Who know not light because themselves
are dark;
But the wolf-Lucre, vested like the lamb;
And bat-like Sophistry, whose filmed eyes
Find day in twilight, and whose leathern
wings
Flit ever round the ruins that it loves;
Amphibious, miscreate; loathsome alike
To those who crawl, as well as those who
soar.
Is this not so? If then, or blood will
quench
This fiery pestilence, or fire burn out
The hideous reptiles that infest our fields,
Why should we pause or start? If that
your veins
Have ta'en a feverish, or an aguish taint,
Do ye not lance them? If a rabid tooth
Hath torn ye, sear ye not the wound?
My friends,
Which of us here shall not do for his
country
What for himself he doth?

We have said that Ballard loves
Agnes, and certainly he urges his suit
in a most Jesuitical spirit.

Agnes. What mean you, Father?

Bal. He that hath drunk new wine in
Paradise,
And banquetted upon immortal fruits,
And lived upon the breath that angels
breathe,
And tasted of the sleep where Death is
not;
Couch'd 'mid the fadeless amaranthine
flowers;
Not having loved, nor been beloved of
thee,
Hath known not what bliss is!

Agnes. What course is this?
Your practice, holy sir, should not be
false,
Nor yet your words be true—I am un-
used

To such a tone—much less from such a
tongue.

Bal. Hark thee: I'll tell a tale.—Nay,
shrink not from me;

As if or distance had the power to blunt
Th' impressure of thine eyes, or time to
heal

The gazer's hurt.—There sometime was
a maid,
Named Katharine—ay, De Boria was her
name—

Nursed in the German fields, by Wittem-
berg,

And she did spring the wonder of all eyes,
Till, in her womanhood, her estate of
beauty

Might bought the rubied hills of Samar-
cand,

Ay, or the golden bosom of Peru;
Rifest of sweets, since our first mother,
Eve;

Save, haply, one: but she, as thou, was
humble;

And all these charms did dedicate to God,
—But not the sanctity of holy walls;

Nor the heaven-melting breath of choral
praise;

No; nor the awful shadow of the Cross,
Could drown her accents in one eager ear,
Nor blind the gaze of an unhallow'd eye.

Ay; for the sake of those rare lineaments,
The sight of which had palsied Phidias'
hand,

And hue, at which the roses might out-
blush

Themselves for envy, God's eternal Faith,
Which heretofore had bound the world,
almost

In one unbroken bond of joy and love;
Even as the silken cincture round that
bosom;

Was torn and trampled on, and made the
pandar

Of the fierce passion of that aweless
monk,

Who drank his frenzy from her eyes—his
name?

What was't?—come, tell thou me.

Agnes. I know not, Father.
What mean you?

Bal. Thou dost know—his name was
LUTHER!

(*He pauses.*) What follows upon this? If
'twas permitted—

For evil is *permitted*, even as good—
If 'twas permitted that one fatal face

Should be the cause why sacrilegious
hands

Have broken the communion of the
Faith,

And bent the very word of God himself,
Unto the impious glosses of bold men,

Who dare cross-question the Redeemer's
self,

And make his laws a peg, whereon to
hang

Blasphemous cavils—If 'twas so permit-
ted,

What glory shall be hers who brings the
balm

To heal the wound again? Who would
not pledge

Her soul, however priceless, for the hope
Of such a ransom?—Thou do'st answer

not—
Deem that the fate of millions may be set
Upon that brow—thine eyes two con-
stellations

That tell of change and herald destiny.—
Oh! but methinks that I could foot the

waves,

Or pass unscathed into the furnace jaws;
Yea, live where all created beings else
Die ere they can breathe twice—so that
this hand

Did point me to the way—Nay, scorn
me not,

Nor play the prude with Fate—by Hea-
ven, I'll have't!

—I am not that I seem—

Agnes. Thou'rt not indeed!

Unhand me—monstrous and unhallow'd
villain—

Methinks the sight of thee e'en doth pol-
lute

The eye that sees.—O! what a film hath
lain

Upon our sight—Hence! ere that Ba-
bington

Hath found that Treach'ry and Ingrati-
tude

Are nestling at his very hearth, to sting
him.

—Begone—or ere I breathe what thing
thou art—

That mercy I afford thee.

(She is going out.)

Bal. Yea—so high?

Why, then, I must let fly another falcon.
In faith 'tis time! I hardly thought that
woman

Had been so hard to deal with.

(He seizes her arm, and leads her back.)
Soft you, lady,

A word or two or ere ye go, and in
Another key, since this doth please you
not.

—Sit there—nay, sit, I say—I will be
plain,

Since Flattery's out of fashion—Do not
tremble—

(He seats himself at a little distance.)

Now—what d'ye think me, lady?

The plot is discovered—the conspi-
rators betrayed, and Babington, with
the others, doomed to die. What can
be more beautiful than the following
dialogue between the orphan Agnes
and Plasket?

SCENE II.—*A mean Apartment in a House
in London.*

Agnes, (alone.) Darkness draws on—
Hath not the ruthless day

Sunk faster than his wont from out the
sky,

Because he would not look upon our
tears?

—Yet am I calm—Methinks, these gen-
tle elves,

(If, as they tell, such are our guardians,)
That love the ripple of the moonlight
sea,

Or silver bosom of the sleeping lake;

Or stilly grot that shades some sacred
spring,

Or rest mid myrtle groves, where no leaf
stirs,

On woven beds of languid odour'd flowers,
Have left their haunts, thus to o'ersway
my senses.

—Whence comes this calmness else? *Oh! Babington,*

Have I not drank from thy beloved eyes
Some of their high resolve mix'd with
their softness?

Methinks I am with thee still, and still
shall be,

And therefore do I sink not—There's a
shore

Beyond this troublous sea, where we shall
rest;—

So sorrow loves to dream.—Is it not
so?

I have heard that men, deep bowell'd in
the earth,

Can see the stars at mid-day—even so
grief,

When we are deepest plunged in the
abyss,

Points to the world beyond, and heavy
eyes

See clearest through their tears.

What was that noise?

A footstep sure—It is—He comes, and
all

Is over, ere 'tis spoken.

Enter PLASKET.

Thou hang'st back,
As if a freight of grief did clog thy steps.

Whate'er thou say'st say quickly—out!
alack!

Methinks thy speech is figured in thine
eye;

And both are full of death.

Plask. Compose yourself,

Beseech you, dearest lady.

Agnes. Is there none—

No hope? no stay? no way of refuge
left?

Their youth—their early time—the sub-
tle poison

Wherewith that fiendish traitor blinded
them,

Might plead to let them live—but only
breathe;

No matter how, or where.

Plask. I pray you, madam,
Call up your fortitude to bear what must
be.

Alas! too sure, there is no hope.

Agnes. Oh God!

How is it that presentiments of blessing
So oft are vain, and presages of horror
Be evermore fulfilled?

Plask. Madam, be calm,

Beseech you—

Agnes. I am calm.—I have been calm—
Yet who can choose but shrink whom the
red brand

Hath dazzled almost blind? 'Tis over now—

Speak to me—tell me what hath pass'd—fear not.

Now I am calm enough. Do ye not see? Look on my hand—methinks it trembles not. (*She holds out a miniature.*)

Mark ye—Thou know'st that brow? 'Tis Babington's.

In the fell shock and agony of his fate, Did he look aught like this?

Plask. Madam, he did.

Nor did his cheek blench colour. When his judges

Did tell him he must die, he answer'd calmly,

'He did not fear to die. Had he fear'd that,

He had not then stood there.'

Agnes. Thank God!—Thank God! And how beseech'd the rest?

Plask. Even as he did.

Little they said, all save the gallant Tichbourne,

Who, being ask'd, why he did join himself

To such companionship? with brow and eyes

Where indignation lighten'd, scornfully Replied—'For company!'

What heard you, madam?

Agnes. What noise was that?

Plask. Madam, I did hear none.

Agnes. Again! 'Tis nearer now.—

Heard'st thou not that?

They drag them to their death-cells through the streets!

Sweet Heav'ns, support me now.

(*Shouts drawing nearer.*)

If that thou canst,

Look forth, I pray, and tell me what thou see'st.

My limbs are powerless!—I am dead already—

If that we can die all but our despair.

Great God! 'tis Babington.—Support him, Heavens,

And let me not faint yet—not yet—not yet!

(*Shouts.*)

And yet my heart, that even dies within me,

Only to think of what I dare not look on, Doth almost burst its worthless tenement,

As that, perforce, it would be out of doors,

Despite its coward mistress.

(*A very loud shout. AGNES screams.*)

Plasket, speak!

Why dost thou hide thine eyes thus with thy hands?

It is the savage throng—have murder'd him!

Speak—speak—for mercy's sake!

Plask. It is past now;—

I could not bear to see the cruel herd Heap contumelies on his dying head, And mock the patience of his gentleness.

Stir not, dear lady. Oh! beseech ye, stir not,

It is a needless pang, and there's enough Of cruelty already. I beseech ye, Be patient now.

Agnes. Yes, I am calm.—'Tis past. Thou see'st that I am firm; and, were I not,

How should I bear that which is yet to come?

I would not die before him, if I might. There is yet much to do—Oh! much.—

How much!

And in how brief a time!—What agonies, Tearing of heart-strings, mortal throbs of the bosom,

Must make the business of a few short hours!

I must act now—whatever pangs await, They must not kill me in the thinking of;

Beyond, I care not.

The fifth act opens with a scene in an apartment in the Tower, where Babington lies alone, about to be led forth to execution.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Tower.*

(BABINGTON alone. *He starts from his couch.*)

Ha! burn the stars not dim?—What is the hour?

Surely, methought, I heard the midnight toll.

Wild fantasies spring in the troubled breast

As meteors from the fen. Did I not dream

I saw my mother married; and she stood Deck'd for the bridal in her winding sheet?—

—The tapers flicker'd bluely—and, e'en yet,

The choral voices ring within mine ear! Methought they issued from the vaults below,

And not the holy choir; and, when they ceased,

Died into sounds unearthly—horrible—That were not music—'Twas a ghastly dream—

I'll walk and watch awhile to calm myself.

This is the time, when round a wretch like me,

Will hover those ill beings, whose bad pastime

Is human ruin—such as crowd, they say,
To new-made graves ; or, like a wander-
ing fire,
Flit round the spot where murder hath
made feast ;
Or shroud them in the cloud, whose
smouldering bolt
Hath struck to earth the thunder-black-
en'd wretch ;
Or, with unnatural fears and fiendish
promptings,
Infect the restless sleep of those who
wake
To suicide.—

Doth not the lamp wax pale ? sure morn-
ing nears.
Well ; let it come. Haply they think to
scare me
By bringing death o' the sudden 'fore my
face,
As they would fright a child. 'Tis baf-
fled malice.
Had not his visage been familiar to me,
I had not been thus. I am now calm
again
As yesternight, when at my grated win-
dow
I watch'd the sun go down, lovely as e'er
He did in happier days—ere I knew sor-
row—
Yet did not shed one tear. Let them
deny
A friendly voice to smooth my waning
hours,
And work my death with more of cruel-
ty,
And less of sympathy, than they'd be-
stow
Upon a thievish cur—I can bear all.
Nor shall a dying eye 'mid all their tor-
tures,
Ask, ' How can ye do this ?'

How now ?

Enter GAOLER.

I come

To say that one would be admitted to
you.

Bab. One ? Who ?

Goaler. She will not say her name.

Bab. HER name !

Admit her straight, whoe'er she be ; and
who

That bears a woman's heart, can seek this
den

At such an hour as this ?

(*GAOLER retires.*)

Enter AGNES.

Whoe'er thou art,

That in an hour when others would for-
get,

Dost think of Babington—Welcome ;
and, lady,

Let me in pity see one face whereon
Some pity must be writ.

Look down, ye powers,
Sure I do know this hand. Oh speak !
unveil !

That I may know what I must yet en-
dure.

Agnes. (*Faintly.*) Babington !

Bab. Agnes, speak ! Alas ! she's pale
As death were on her brow. What !
have they sent thee

That it might kill thee, and thine inno-
cent breath

Be added to my debt.

Look up, dear saint,
Unless I may die too.

Agnes. Where am I ?—Babington !
I shall be strong anon. 'Tis past ; for-
give me

If, when I look'd upon this place, my
heart

Did die within me—but forgive me, sir,
It was a woman's weakness.

Bab. Thou art all good—
But who did guard thee here ? Why
would'st thou come ?

This is no place for gentleness like thine.

Agnes. Ask'st thou who guarded hi-
ther, Babington ?

Heaven ! Wherefore I would come, oh
ask me not !—

Bab. And wherefore not, dear child ?

Agnes. (*Solemnly.*) Because that where-
fore

Is nothing now either to thee or me.—
No breath hath ever known't, and, there-
fore, henceforth,

Let it remain unbreathed, till breath goes
too—

God grant not long—no matter. Only
say

My presence comforts you—say, that to
see me,

Or hear my voice, gives but a single ray
Unto the darkness of extremity ;—

Then you are answer'd, why I would
come here.

Bab. Comfort me !—yea, I am ama-
zed, blest creature,

Wrapt and uplifted, at the very thought
That excellence like thine should dare
these horrors

For my poor—ruin'd sake. O ! I do see
A glimpse—a ray, to which I have been
blind,

Even like the fool, that gazing at the sun
O'ertrud the precious jewel at his feet.—

Look down, great God ! But one half
hour ago,

The name of comfort to my loneliness
Were as a very echo, but the shadow

Of that which in itself was scarce a sound
—Oh ! what an hour of contrarieties !

Speak to me, Agnes.

Agnes. And what should I say ?
What contrarieties ?

Bab. Ay, what indeed?
Time is too short, e'en to o'errun them
now.
To seek for love, there, where it might
not be;
And to o'erpass it, there, where it hath
been;
To live long, watching hope which ne'er
could bloom;
To die, with hope unlook'd for, yet full-
fill'd,—
Is't not an hour of contrariety?
Answer me, Agnes, is it not?

Agnes. Oh! what—
What can I answer?

Bab. What can'st thou, indeed?
Nor would I have thee. Only answer
this,
Ere darkness hath made vain the utte-
rance—
Dost thou not love me?

See how forward, Fate
Can make a reckless wretch.

Agnes. Let my tears fall—
Believe me they are cold. Yes! I have
loved thee;
That is the word,—and will—thy me-
mory.

Bab. I die content. I will not utter
more;
Fate and the hour forbid. I must not
take

Those thoughts that should be God's, not
even to give them

To thee. So be't. Yet never, there-
fore, deem

That priceless love hath all been cast
away.

Half of my life thou hast preserved, which
else,

Alas! perchance had died.

The final catastrophe is thus de-
scribed:—

Gif. I saw the noble Babington
Stand on the scaffold with his dying
friends.

No man attended them. No pitying voice
Did bid, "God help them." There they
stood, alone,

With serene countenances, as't had been
Some solemn festival; until the wretches
Whose callous hands were to wring forth
their breaths,

Laid bare their patient necks. They stood
together

And silently join'd hands.

When Babington
Saw the young, gallant Tichbourne, his
dear friend,

Submit him to the cord—for on him first
The villain hangman laid his horrid hand,
—His manly visage changed, and on his
knees

He dropped aside to pray, the piteous
tears

Chasing the while down his averted face,
When suddenly was kneeling by his side
—Whence she did come I know not, nor
what power

Had oped her perilous road—one that
might seem

A vision from the skies; so pure her
beauty,

And so unseen her coming.

Bal. Who was this?
Villain—who could come there?

Gif. 'Twas Agnes.
Bal. Caitiff,

Thou liest!

Gif. Why, then, her pure and beautiful
spirit

Hath left its form of clay to wander thi-
ther.

By Heaven, they were her living linea-
ments.

Bal. (in a suppressed tone.) Go on.

Gif. That vision seemed to strike
around

A visible awe. It was most pitiful.
No sound broke in upon their parting
prayer;

The very ruffians that did do him dead,
They seem'd to wait his time. He came
to them.

Yea, when his friends had pass'd, he
calmly rose

And bent him to the executioner,
Whilst she remained still praying on her
knees,

Fair as the alabaster; and as fix'd
As is the marble—statue-like, all, save
Her lips, which faintly moved.

Bal. Why dost thou pause?

Gif. Because my voice is choked even
with the thought

Thou bid'st me to give words to.

Bal. Fool! go on.

Gif. When they had snatch'd him from
the fatal beam,

Still stirring with warm life—even at the
noise

She turn'd her head, and faintly moved
her hand;

And they did lay the dying Babington
down,

His head upon her lap.

I saw no more!

Bal. What would'st thou say, then?

Gif. When the crowd recoil'd
In horror from the scene that then was
closed,

I heard one saying through his tears, that
thus

He lay: and, seeming more like death
than e'en

The dying, she did look into his eyes,

And whisper'd comfort to his fading
senses,
And wiped the cold damps from his dying
brows,
And held the crucifix before his gaze,
E'en till the speechless orbs were glazed
in death ;
And the last savage mandates were fulfilled.

Agnes, in a delirium of unendurable grief, stabs the traitor Ballard to the heart, in the midst of his loathsome love, and dies of a broken heart—and the tragedy ends with the following fine moral:—

Wals. Such is the world ;
So vanity doth end. Thou shalt serve
me,
Though not i' the self-same way ; for now,
methinks,
Thy trade is out of tune. Is it not so ?
But be thou of my house—and, when-
soe'er
I would give Pride a purge ; and lesson
me
How fickle Fortune is, and Power how
vain,
Goodness how helpless, and Humanity
How frail—how sinful—and how full of
tears—
Be thou the minister—and relate to me
All the sad turns of this sad history.
Now look to thy dead mistress—cover
her face—
Mine eyes fill even like thine.

Take up the body.
She shall have fitting funeral and all duty.

We have not attempted any regular analysis of this tragedy, but have preferred giving copious extracts, which will speak for themselves, disjointed as they are, and reveal enough of the plot to enable our readers to perceive its drift and termination. The loves of Babington and Agnes constitute, indeed, the soul of the story. Nothing can be more beautiful. The pathos is simple, deep, and powerful. Without any apparent wish to excite tears, tears are made to flow over many a page. And passages there are containing thoughts and feelings that thrill through the heart. Mr Doubleday at all times writes like a scholar. His style is terse, concise, and elegant, to a degree rather uncommon in the writers of this age. He never overdoes anything. Conscious of his powers, he puts them forth with ease and command ; and admirable as this composition is, both as a whole, and in numerous detached

parts, we have not a doubt that Mr Doubleday is destined to produce something infinitely superior—something that will take its place, permanently and conspicuously, in English literature.

Now that our readers have been delighted with so much true and powerful poetry, are not their minds disposed to admit, that even in the drama there is not only a noble course still to be run, but men of genius enow in the world for the career ? Put Shakspeare out of existence, and what is there to hinder a hundred living men from equalling or surpassing all our other dramatic writers ? There is no want of penetrating and philosophical knowledge of human life, and of the human heart ; on the contrary, mental anatomy flourishes as a science. That the thews of life are now tame, its ongoings sluggish and monotonous, its spirit cold and unimaginative, are mere Cockney dicta, fit for London magazines, and arbours in tea-gardens. As magnificent events have “ flung their shadows before,” and then advanced in substance, during the last thirty years, as ever darkened or illuminated the theatre of the world. There has been no lack of terrible passions and crimes. The peace of nations, families, single bosoms, has been troubled. Tears of blood have flowed, “ the voice of weeping heard and loud lament.” The surface of life is not so smooth as many men-milliners have, in various periodical works, asserted it to be ; but still continues to enjoy alternate calm and tempest, like the watery world. Poets yet feel towards life the same awful emotion that Wordsworth speaks of, as being felt by all men towards the sea, “ of the old sea a reverential fear.” And therefore—in spite of all the prating of those poor creatures about the exhaustion of the soil, the dearth of passion, the decay of fancy, the torpidity of imagination—year after year, ay, month after month, is some new writer of power appearing, walking of his own accord into some fresh path and province, and gathering laurels on spots where no one suspected the growth of the sacred tree. Since the first faint light of Crabbe and Rogers, what a galaxy of genius ! Never, at any one period of English literature, did so many great poets co-exist ; and along with these so many lesser lights, each orb having

its own beautiful satellites. There may be much dross mixed with the ore, and the glow of the metal may be sometimes dim; but this is, beyond all doubt, the Golden Age of Poetry.

Suppose that a man of genius were determined to write dramas about private—domestic life, in cities, or in the country—among peers, or peasants—What mighty scope! How delightful might such a writer be, were he even to confine himself to what has been done already, contented with doing it over again, as well or better, but differently! How much more delightful, were he not only to beautify the old, but to invent the new! To do so dramatically in the drama is easier far, as we have already shown, than in any other form of poetry; and yet how numerous are the original pictures of domestic life, that have lately been painted in prose tales! Could not the authors of those tales have produced—may they not, will they not—produce domestic tragedies, in scenes and acts, and according to all the rules of the drama?

There is one field of dramatic composition almost entirely unoccupied—the romantic. Take for models, *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *As You Like it*, *The Tempest*, *the Winter's Tale*, &c. and some of the works of Ben Jonson and Fletcher. There pure poetry may prevail. The exuberant imagination of this age may there wanton as in its prime. We have many writers amongst us who would excel in

such pictures. There all the beauty, richness, splendour, magnificence of external nature, might be kept before our eyes from opening to catastrophe. Not mere descriptive poetry—not narration upon narration—but a peristrepthic panorama of hills, forests, and lakes, with red deer, hunters, and barges, oreads and dryads of flesh and blood, and, to please Barry Cornwall, Pan and Sylvanus, and “the rest,” climbing Helvellyn, Snowden, or Bennevis.

Indeed, this last notion suggests another—that of the pastoral drama. Have Theocritus, Virgil, Allan Ramsay, and Burns, exhausted—that is still the word—the shepherd's life? Why, they have done little more than say, “Behold an opening into another world!” In pastoral poetry we have been accustomed to see a couple of idiots sitting, “*sub tegmine fagi*,” with their pipes; far better had it been their cigars. But what we wish to see, is the spirit of the pastoral and of the agricultural life—shepherds and ploughmen people the earth. What signify a few millions of individuals congregated together in towns? What is a street in comparison with a glen—a square to a muir—boulevards to a twenty-mile-square pine forest?—The pastoral drama may be made to overflow with tenderness and beauty, like the brightest dream ever broken by morning sunshine; or to wail with universal grief, like the land of Rama when Rachel was weeping for her children.

PLAGIARISM BY MR THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MR EDITOR,—I admire Mr Campbell beyond almost any other living poet, and I admire Mr North beyond any other living critic. Your critique on Theodric was eloquent, just, and noble-minded. The truth is mighty, and, with such a champion as you, must prevail. Notwithstanding Theodric, Mr Campbell is an original poet, and he is very jealous of his originality; so much so, indeed, that he must needs vindicate his "Last Man" from any imitation of Byron's "Darkness." No two copies of verses were ever more unlike. But I call on Mr Campbell to notice, in the next edition of his poems, the following plagiarism. Give me leave, in this place, to copy out for you his exquisite address to the Rainbow.

TO THE RAINBOW.

"TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

"And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

"Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

"Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

"Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

"Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

"When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

"The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

"And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

"How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

"When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

"As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

"For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man."

There, sir, is poetry—simple, fresh, glowing, magnificent poetry. But since Mr Campbell is fond of notes, illustrative or explanatory, why did he not give us in a note the following verses of Vaughan?

THE RAINBOW.

"Still young and fine; but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish'd, flaming arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's grey fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair ;
 Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air ;
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
 Bright pledge of peace and sunshine ! the sure tie
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye !
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
 And minds the covenant betwixt all and One !"

If that be not plagiarism, what is ? "*The world's grey fathers*" is a somewhat uncommon expression. But the thing speaks for itself.

Perhaps the author never saw Vaughan's poem. Let him look for it, therefore, in Vol. IV. p. 349, of Campbell's Specimens, &c. There, too, he will find Mr Campbell's opinion of the poet thus plundered. "Henry Vaughan was a Welch gentleman, born on the banks of the Uske, in Brecknockshire, who was bred to the law, but relinquished it for the profession of physic. *He is one of the hardest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit* ; but he has some few scattered thoughts, that meet our eye, amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath." That is somewhat scurvily treatment of a writer, from whom you at the same time pillage his best thoughts and images, Mr Campbell.

DETECTOR.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO CELEBRATED LITERARY CHARACTERS.

No. XXII.

To John Murray, Esq. Publisher of the Quarterly Review.

DEAR SIR,

Do you remember reading once on a time a review of Mr Wordsworth's poem, called the Excursion, in the Edinburgh ? That admirable and profound critique came from the pen of that admirable and profound critic, Francis Jeffrey, and began with the following words—" *This will never do !*"

Mr Jeffrey, knowing nothing of the real principles of poetry, and being on that as on most other subjects, very shallow and flippant, is to be excused for such an opening of even a mock-criticism of one of the finest poems in the world. But when I take up the task of review-dissecting, I cannot claim the protection of shallowness, flippancy, and ignorance, like Jeffrey, being pretty generally considered as a very passable hand in doing up such concerns ; and therefore it is with grief I say, on the word of an old practitioner, on looking over your last Quarterly—

MR JOHN MURRAY, THIS WILL NEVER DO.

It is a bad thing for any one to come after Gifford—still worse when the result of comparison with that old article-

monger is as uncomplimentary as the process itself is proverbially odious.

It may seem to you, that the Quarterly is fixed on so firm a basis that no mismanagement can shake it. Believe me that is a dangerous mistake. The public, certainly, is long-suffering ; but there is a point of reaction. Besides, many a collector of libraries will have just now a fair plausible excuse for discontinuing his set. He has thirty volumes of Mr Gifford's Review already on his shelves,—all that was superintended by the author of the Baviad and Mæviad—the translator of Juvenal—the commentator on Ben Jonson, &c. &c. He may say, I am content with this,—so far is good ;—why should I tie it to the dead bodies of Mr Murray ? Now, I am not saying that your *corpora* will be of necessity dead—but the wind of such a word, such a joke, such a sneer, such a piece of mere scurrility or ill-nature, going afloat, will do no good. It will require no small degree of absolute vitality to counteract the impression it would make. Not even the former vigorous pace of the Quarterly review will do—they must, as the song has it, "skip like a flea ;"—instead of

which, under your platooning, they lumber on with the heavy tread of dismounted dragoons.

You may say—Why, the Edinburgh is still more stupid, and yet it subsists as flourishingly as ever. I allow the stupidity. I do not admit the flourishing state of the concern. They vapour about it, to be sure; but it is falling, and has been so these five or six years, in sale. But, my dear sir, you overlook one circumstance. Were the Edinburgh Review to become ten times more stupid, (if a lower deep than the lowest deep can be supposed to dip so far down into the realms of Bathos,) it must have still a sale. There is no chance, thank our happy stars, of the Whig party coming into power. They must, therefore, have some organ—some horn to cast down the truth, to grow and prosper under their favour. We shall always have Chancellors who will not reward brawling, insolence, sedition, and mediocrity with the recompence due to knowledge of law and decorous behaviour; and the victims of their own ill conduct will always be glad to heal the wounds of their smarting vanity by keeping up a work where they can bellow against the chieftain of their profession. There is no danger that the churches established in this island will fall—at least in our time—and *they* will, of course, be marks for the venomous to abuse in wholesale and detail. Nor, besides open enemies, will there be wanting ever and anon a jack-pudding parson, who, having built his hopes of preferment on toad-eating, and writing political libels for a party, has found these hopes annihilated by the overthrow of the gang to which he sold his crawling services, to crack anile jokes against his brethren. It is probable, also, that no knot of Ministers will be so insane as to hand over our colonies to spoil and massacre; and, therefore, the people, who are hostile to the West Indians from a thousand reasons, honesty, zeal, fanaticism, ignorance, roguery, cant, East India sugar, gunpowder-jobbing, &c. &c. will patronize a work devoted to their views. Ireland—manage it what way you will, emancipate or not emancipate—will always be a fine field for clamour. The *patriots* of that country, really wanting only a disunion from this country, and the establish-

ment of a Roman Catholic Hierarchy, will never be satisfied under any dominion of England. They, then, will be constant auxiliaries in the same good cause. And, of course, the temporary pieces of folly with which every Opposition has it in its power to possess the vulgar mind, will always afford full matter for farther swelling the feculent contents, and securing the adherents, of a Whig Review.

On these accounts, Mr John Murray, the Edinburgh Review is always sure of a sale—let its literary articles be as dull as its political articles are base. You have not these external muniments. You must recollect the vast difference between a triumphant and a persecuted sect. The Whigs stick to one another like so many burs. The Tories have not the same inducement. You remember the old Æsopic fable of the Wind and the Sun. They, in the storm of adversity, cling to everything around them—we, in the sunshine of prosperity, are not particularly anxious about any external defence to keep off the weather. They cannot support more than one such periodical as the Edinburgh Review—they *will* support that one. We could support fifty, if it so pleased us—and there is no necessity imposed on us of bestowing undue patronage on any. You may take my word for it, that if your Review went to the shades of Erebus—the deepest shades of Erebus and profound night—we could find within the land five hundred good as it. This, for a preface. I am sure, from your well-known moderation and quiet temper, you take everything I say to you in good part.

You cater for us this quarter, 1st, Church of England Missions by the Doctor. It is a paper full of his usual faults and merits;—the former, now impossible to be cured, and useless to be complained of—the latter, universally recognized. His late controversies with Butler have, I perceive, rendered him more than usually acrimonious against the “Romanists,” as he calls them; but they will find it hard to defend their humbug missions against a person so thoroughly armed with all the controversial weapons as Southey is. It gave me great delight, I own, to read his note on J. K. L.,—the great Irish ecclesiastical champion. Of the actual ignorance of this person, every educated man who had con-

demned himself to wade through his ferocious writings was of course persuaded; but in Ireland, among the literati of that learned country, there are no bounds to his panegyric. The "resplendent talents," the "transcendent learning," the "powerful reading," of that poor scribbler—are there the theme of all the speaking men. Shiel was quite awe-struck with his productions, and extolled him in the *New Monthly* in one of his Whiteboy articles as a second Bentley. Is it not delicious to see Southey extinguish the *learning* in this quiet way?

I am happy to hear Southey talking common sense about converting the Hindoos. I did not expect it from him, and therefore it is doubly agreeable. For the sake of it, I forgive him his emptying his note-book all over us; his wit (by the by, Mr John Murray, Southey ought never to be allowed to attempt wit on any consideration)—his discussions on the strong names of Dahomey—his philological dissertation on the *talkee-talkee* tongue, and the other absurdities brought in so uncereemoniously by the head and shoulders. Besides, they are only what I look for from the Doctor. They are his mark—his monogram; we should not know him if he did not set it to his performances.

In brief, the opening paper has but two defects; it has nothing to do with the present quarter any more than it had with this time five years, or will have to do with the month of June 1830, and that is a defect in a paper heading our actual, living, flourishing review; and, in the second place, it is too long. Forty-two pages, Mr John Murray—depend upon it, this is *talkee-talkee* far too much. It will be a bad name if they think fit to call your opening articles, *Twaddle*. Marshal the troops better in the next Number.

An Essay on Palladian Architecture is the next. Very good, I presume—but as I know nothing about the science, the less I say about it the better. Is this an article of pressing importance? Is it an article in place at all in your Review? Let me say, that I doubt. I have no doubt as to its not being worth the space of twenty-four pages immediately after Southey.—Bad tactics again.

The third article, on Early Roman History, does justice to the great Ger-

man scholars who have been employed on that interesting subject. You much mistake, however, if you think they were unknown to our scholars. The Early Roman History requires to be re-written. I have not, however, so low an opinion of Hooke as the reviewer appears to entertain. I am quite aware of his defects; but he carries into that period of history one great requisite, viz. total disregard for the Roman vapouring. It is evident that he has little respect for the history of the seven kings and their immediate successors in the government. I own, were I writing a history of Rome, I should pay Niebuhr's authorities far less respect than he does. I should have little scruple in casting overboard the whole early story as legendary as the tale of Brutus and Troynovant, or else of condensing it as rapidly as I should do the Saxon heptarchy. I look with a feeling, not very far from contempt, on disquisitions as to the motives, views, and policy of Servius Tullius. I laugh at such sentences as, "It was in the reign of Servius Tullius that the exclusive aristocracy of the earliest times was first mitigated at Rome,"—9. v. p. 79,—knowing, as I do, that the man must have been not two degrees above a savage. What did he know about aristocracy, or democracy? He was a leader of a banditti inside a rudely fortified town, and if he made classes, it was purely in a military, not a civil, point of view. The fault of historians in general is attributing the ideas of succeeding ages to those of the times of which they write. In English history, had Simon De Montfort, when he called in the burghers, any idea that he was changing the face of all the governments in the world, by commencing the representative system? Not he, in good sooth. And if the institutes of Servius made any alteration in the civil government of after ages in Rome, such alteration was as completely unlooked for by that venerable and enlightened monarch. A man of common sense is sadly wanted on the History of Rome. I should not trust a German. He would refine too much.

In saying this, I should be sorry if I were thought to cast any reflections on that great country. I have a high and unfeigned respect for the intellect of Germany; but owing to the way in which they have been governed, I

should not set much value on the practical remarks of the cleverest men of any party in Germany, on government. I agree with your reviewer on the nonsense of bawling about "German folly and infidelity." There are few greater theologians than the German commentators; but, my dear Mr Murray will you be so good as to recollect who it was that raised the cry against "German" reading. Let me whisper in your ear—the *Anti-Jacobin*!—and let me say it out aloud, that the cry was raised in sheer ignorance. Men who *knew* German literature, never joined in it. Schlegel expresses as low an opinion of the writers quizzed in that witty journal, as Mr Canning could have done; and after all, poor Kotzebue, who was the chief butt, fell a victim to his zeal for Anti-Jacobinism. Some of the conclusion of this paper is such mere inanity, that I suspect the admixture of a different hand. Is it not so?—If you wish to drop me a note on this important subject, by sending to Mr Hume you will save me postage, as he franks all my letters.

I suppose, by way of novelty, after the light papers on Palladio and Servius Tullius, you have concocted the fourth article—on the Origin of Equitable Jurisdiction. It is indeed very pretty summer reading, and important withal. My dear sir, instead of poking into these musty legal antiquities, you would have been much better employed in defending the great man at the head of equity against the filthy attacks made on him every day these last two months. It is such things that we expect from the Quarterly.* It should be as ready to answer all the slanders against the Earl of Eldon, as the Edinburgh and its coadjutors are to attack him. I confess I was so sure, from the words put at the head of the article, that we should have had something of the kind, that when I found I was called on to read dull disquisitions on antiquated jurisdictions, I could hardly refrain from throwing the book out of my hand. This will not do, Mr John Murray.

As I happen to have read Caldcleugh's South America, I can join in the praises of it in your fifth article. It is indeed an interesting book, and your

reviewer has made a pleasant review out of it. I am happy to see that the Quarterly, notwithstanding some of its defections, retains its geographical hands. But it is amazingly cowardly in Barrow, who, I suppose, is the reviewer, to shrink from noticing the pamphlet which demolished his mining article. Perhaps he judged silence best; it may be prudent, but it is not brave. We shall not in a hurry forget the pretty exposure of the critic who made Mexico a South American State, and talked of the *Mine* of Real del Monte with the same *savoir du pays* which would distinguish a gentleman talking of the *Mine* of Cornwall. He evidently is beaten; and, what is worse, everybody knows it. Such an article as his Rail-Roads, and the reply it drew forth, was not a very well-omened affair for our friend's commencement, my dear sir.

The Library Companion, by that immeasurable ass Dibdin, is, I see, your next. He is abused, of course; how could it be otherwise? I am sorry to see that there is no information brought to bear upon him. Carping at the *style* of such a creature is nothing. His real, solid, downright total ignorance ought to have been shown. I am afraid that your reviewer knew as little about the subject as Dibdin does. Have the goodness to compare the article in the Westminster Review, on the same subject, with your own, and you will just see the difference between a pretender to knowledge and a possessor of it. And as for the wit of *your* article, it is downright, horrible, disgusting stupidity, almost as bad as Dibdin's. He is an ass, no doubt—What is the reviewer, when he tells us that the Roxburghe Club, "if less enlightened, is not more numerous than Johanna Southcote's sect," when one of the first names on its roll is Sir Walter Scott? He might as well have looked before he made the assertion.

If I thought little of the last article, dear sir, I think very highly of the next—On the Past and Present State of the Country. I read with joy always the picture of our national improvement, for I love the country from north to south, from east to west, from high to low. I love it in every relation, and

* We must apologize to a valuable London correspondent for not inserting in this Number his article on Lord Eldon. He sent it too late. We must have articles before the 12th, or they will not do. It will appear in our next.—C. N.

that love thrills through every pulse of my heart. I read that picture also with vanity, for it fulfils anticipations and prophecies made by me in the darkest and gloomiest seasons, when even some of the most sanguine quailed. I wish I could copy the whole article—its details proving our improvement in agriculture, manufactures, and property of every kind—but that is impossible; I shall, however, make room for two *bits* of it. First, the improvement of the merchants, peasantry, &c.*

I am sorry that I must stop here, for the details that follow must gratify every friend of his country. The other morceau shall be on the national debt, for it is a view of the subject I have often taken. I even see my own phrases in this article.*

I rejoice to read this article, and hope never to live to see any other picture of the country.

What have we next? Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends*—a pretty book indeed, by an excellent young fellow. It only receives the commendation it deserves. North ought to have reviewed it long ago. I hope Croker will give us another volume.

The *Star in the East*, by a Mr Conder! In the name of goodness, why do you praise such trash, and put its doggerel in contrast with Cowper and Burns? The remarks on Milton are mere trash. It is objected to him that in *Paradise Lost* the female character is undervalued. Do you remember the subject of *Paradise Lost*?—the ruin of mankind by a woman's indiscretion. Could she in *that* poem appear otherwise than undervalued?

And again it seems the good angels insult the bad! My dear sir, the doctrine of Conciliation was not known in those days. There did not appear any great necessity to compliment the spirits of evil,

The authors of vice and wickedness, before unknown.

See Sir Morgan O'Doherty's *Maxims*, Maxim 89.

Again, Satan is drawn attractively, and is the hero. Satan is drawn as his name implies, the *Adversary* of Heaven, and therefore *must* be drawn as a being of power. It never would do to introduce, as you seem to wish, a devil in hoofs, horn, and tail. He was fallen—but he was an *Archangel* fallen. And I can assure you, he is *not* the hero of *Paradise Lost*. It was a false theory of Epic poets that made anybody think so. If you have nothing else to say, I recommend you to keep away from Milton. [*En passant*, as I shall prove some of those days, Milton was an Arian. I do not think anybody has yet noticed that curious fact, but you may take my word for it.] The article is altogether very paltry.

And the last of Henderson on Wines is dull, very dull indeed. There are higher authorities on that subject than yours, my dear sir.

Again I must say, MR JOHN MURRAY, THIS WILL NEVER DO, hoping the next will be better.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, June 13.

P. S.—A filthy and silly pamphlet has been published in Glasgow against you, for cutting up that poor thing Theodric. Never mind it. The chief argument against our promising young friend is, that as he is not known in our literature, he has no right to review Campbell. Mind the impudence of the Whigs. Jeffrey, who could no more write a book than yourself, has reviewed and abused Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Byron, and many others, all the time to the great delight of the sapient persons who believe in his review. But the moment a Whig is attacked, a man far inferior to *at least* three of them, if not to the whole five, an uproar is set up as if you had committed sacrilege. They are a neat set of fellows.

* At these places, Timothy had the assurance to expect that we should reprint screeds from the *Quarterly*.—Come, come, lad. As much of Timothy as you please, but we cannot afford space for what is in everybody's hands.—C. N.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CIII.

AUGUST, 1825.

VOL. XVIII.

PARRY'S LAST DAYS OF LORD BYRON.*

WE opened this volume with no very sanguine expectations either of instruction or of amusement. Medwin, Gamba, Dallas, had all published, and had all disappointed us most grievously. The last-named gentleman betrayed, in his own style of writing, the unpleasant fact, that he was an extremely dull person. The weakness, the puerile imbecility of Count Gamba's mind, was at once made manifest in the same manner; and everybody was satisfied that however fair, candid, and sincere their intentions, such men never could, by any chance, have comprehended the real character of Lord Byron. The lieutenant of light dragoons came out of the business with a still worse grace. He certainly proved himself to be a blockhead by his mode of writing; but he exposed himself to (at least) the suspicion of worse things than this, by the matter of his book. He exhibited himself between the horns of a woeful enough dilemma—either I have falsified Lord Byron's table-talk, or I have betrayed his confidence. There was no *tertium quid*. Between these two stools he must, and he did, fall to the ground. At the same time, it is only justice to Captain Medwin to concede, that the admitted fact of his mere stupidity is capable, in

our charitable eyes, of accounting for much the greater part, perhaps even the whole, of his offences. A great fool has seldom—very seldom indeed—a good memory; and a very egregious fool is, of course, a bad judge of what may, and what may not, be with honour and propriety revealed to the public, in regard to the private conversation of an illustrious character, whom the said very egregious fool ought never, on any pretence whatever, to have been permitted to approach on terms of anything like familiarity. With respect to a fourth author, who had also touched on the same subject, Colonel Leicester Stanhope, we shall, for the present, only observe, that his book was a fourth disappointment. In a word, to end where we began, we expected little from the appearance of a fifth Philo-Byron, in the person of Mr WILLIAM PARRY.

Nevertheless, we have been exceedingly interested by the perusal of the volume before us: Nor shall we deny that part of our satisfaction arises from the strong confirmation which this plain sailor's *facts* afford to the propriety of these views of Lord Byron's general character, and, above all, of his demeanour and conduct during his last and fatal stay in Greece, which

* The Last Days of Lord Byron. By William Parry. London; Knight and Lacey.

we ourselves laid before our readers some months ago;*—views which, we have reason to believe, the majority of our readers were pleased to receive at the time with a considerable portion of favour.

This Mr Parry is, as we have said, a plain man, or, to use a favourite phrase of his own, "a doing man." He had been not merely a fire-eater, but what is called a Fire-master, in our navy, and had, through a long life, served in such a way as to secure a high character for bravery, honesty, and intelligence and skill in his profession. He attracted the notice of Mr Gordon of Cairness, whose generous services in the cause of Greece must be well known to every reader, and was requested to spend some time with him at his seat in Aberdeenshire, in order to consider and draw up plans for supplying the Greeks with a train of field artillery arranged and served on the English model. Mr Gordon was much pleased with Parry's thorough knowledge of the subject, and with the manliness of his personal behaviour. It being calculated that, for £10,500, an useful and efficient corps of artillery could be organized in Greece, Mr Gordon sent Parry to wait upon the Greek Committee in London, with the estimates, which he accompanied with the munificent offer to take upon himself *one-third* of the whole expense, provided the Committee would defray the remainder. Mr Gordon also declared his willingness to repair once more to Greece, there to superintend Parry in the formation of the brigade, and to attend it in the field in whatever capacity he might be supposed best fitted to serve the corps and the cause.

The Greek committee, for reasons best known to themselves, declined Mr Gordon's proposals. They, however, set about an artillery corps on a much smaller scale, and at last sent out, under Parry's care, munitions of various sorts, and a small body of English artizans, who were expected to be of much service in equipping the guns, carriages, &c. in Greece. These men and stores Mr Parry entreated the committee to send direct to Greece by a fast sailing vessel. The committee grudged this expense, and embarked all on board a common heavy-laden merchantman, which had

to touch first at Malta, and then at Corfu. There was great risk here, because, had any one betrayed the secret, that English artizans and munitions of war were on board the ship, the authorities at either of these islands *must* have detained them. Accordingly Parry was obliged to bribe his own workmen in both ports, and encountered a variety of very unpleasant things, that might all have been avoided by the plan he himself had proposed. Worst of all, a great deal of time was lost:—Not less than four months, the most important of the year, were needlessly lost. However, after all this trouble and delay, the ship at last touched the shore of Greece at Dragomestri. Two days after, Parry received orders to debark his men and stores, and send them by boats to Missolonghi. To that place he accordingly proceeded without delay. He arrived there the 7th of February, 1823—about fourteen months before Lord Byron died.

He spent these months in continual intercourse with Lord Byron. Lord Byron was the colonel of the artillery corps—Parry the major. Lord Byron treated him with the utmost frankness and kindness from beginning to end. Parry nursed him on his deathbed: It was to him that Byron made the last effort towards explaining his dying wishes. In a word, the plain honest sense of this sailor—his practical knowledge, and scorn of theoretical notions of all sorts—his manly temper—his utter superiority to all personal fears and annoyances—these good qualities, with whatever humbler matters allied, seem to have effectually gained for Parry Lord Byron's respect and friendship.

This man now tells his story of what he saw and heard of Lord Byron's behaviour and conversation while in Greece. He makes no ridiculous professions of accuracy. He plainly says, the idea of noting down what Lord Byron was pleased to say to him in private conversation never once entered his head. But he adds, and who can doubt it, that finding himself thrown into close contact of this sort with a man of Lord Byron's extraordinary genius and celebrity, whatever things of any importance were said by Lord Byron did make a strong, an indelible impression on his mind. And, with-

* See the article "Lord Byron," at the beginning of No. XCVII. of this Magazine.

out pretending to give the words—unless when there is something very striking indeed about them—he does profess himself able and determined to give the substance. We need, indeed, but little of such professions, to make us believe, that the conversations which he relates did substantially take place between him and Lord Byron. They carry the stamp of authenticity upon their front. The man that said these things was a man of exquisite talent—of extraordinary reach and compass of reflection—of high education and surpassing genius. This is enough for us. Mr Parry is an excellent person in his own way, but he is plainly as incapable of inventing these things, as if he had written himself down on his title-page, “Author of Ahasuerus, a Poem.”

Our readers may free themselves from any apprehensions that we are about to bestow all our tediousness on the affairs-general of Greece. Nothing is farther from our thoughts. We are by no means sure that we thoroughly understand that subject in its breadth and in its details ourselves, nor, if we were, should we think of giving forth our views under the form of a review of Mr Parry's volume—a volume which owes almost the whole of its value to the light it throws on the personal character of our great departed poet.

To no inconsiderable extent, however, Lord Byron's personal character is illustrated by the facts which Parry brings out in regard to the general state of Greece during the period of his intercourse with him. The same facts, we are sorry to see and to say, tend to darken others of our countrymen quite as much as to illustrate and adorn the reputation of Byron. We shall merely give, in a single paragraph, what appears to us to be the result as to the one side and the other.

Lord Byron went to Greece, because the Committee-people from England, and Mavrocordato from Greece, had written to him the most pressing letters, assuring him that his presence there would be of the most incalculable service to the Greek cause. He delayed his departure from time to time, alleging that he could be of no use to Greece unless her rival factions would coalesce. Blacquiére assured him, that his appearance would be the signal for unanimity; and he at length

passed into the Levant. Even there he lingered for a considerable time, anxious to make it felt that the Greeks, by composing their internal feuds, might purchase his presence, and the command of his resources. He was at last worn out with this delay, and in an evil day and an evil hour he placed himself upon the soil of the Morea.

He was soon convinced that the animosities of the Greek parties were almost hopeless of cure; this, in part, he had looked to; but he found another thing, for which undoubtedly he had been entirely and completely unprepared. He found that the Greek Committee in London, although they had all along professed themselves willing to trust everything to him, if he would but repair to Greece, continued to acknowledge another agent, over whom he could exert no control there, who assumed, and was permitted to assume command, equal at least to what he could exert, over the money, arms, men, &c., transmitted from England to Greece.

This agent was the Honourable Colonel Stanhope, a crack-brained enthusiast of the regular Bentham breed—an officer who considered, and at all times declared, it to be the proudest recollection of his life, that he had had a hand in setting up a *free press* at Calcutta—and who, soldier though he was, evidently thought nothing of the military means necessary for the emancipation of Greece, compared with the opportunities afforded to him by the Greek insurrection, of trying, or rather of exemplifying upon a new and virgin soil, the efficacy of the thousand grand panaceas for all the evils of human character, laws, and government, which have germinated from the fertile brain of Jeremy Bentham. This man's absurdity of conduct throughout the whole business, absolutely passes the bounds of imagination; and, indeed, it seems impossible to reconcile it with any notions of sanity.

Nevertheless, here was this Colonel Stanhope protected, cherished, and approved in all his views by the parent Committee of London—allowed to do whatever he pleased—and making continual use of this precious privilege, by doing whatever a cunning fiend might have been expected to suggest, for the purpose of

ruining the cause he had undertaken to serve. From the beginning Byron saw through the quackery of this gentleman, who, while a Turkish fleet was hovering on the coast, and a Turkish army on the frontiers, was thinking of little but lithographic presses, and weekly newspapers, and Lancasterian schools, and Missionaries! In vain did Byron tell him that very few Greeks could read a newspaper, and that if they could, the soil ought to be freed ere an ignorant populace were tempted to confound their brains with the jarring theories of western politicians and statistes. In vain did he tell him that the Greek populace were profoundly under the influence of their priests, and that any attempts to interfere with the old management of religious and educational concerns *then*, could not possibly have any effect but that of irritating the clergy, and detaching them from the revolutionary side. In vain did he conjure him to lay aside all his "leading articles," or, to use the Colonel's own phrase, his "strong articles"—his gimcrack contrivances of panopticon schools, &c. &c., and to bend his mind to drilling and disciplining the Greek soldiers. The Colonel was "the favourite son of Bentham," and he remained true to his sect.

He did at last succeed in publishing his paper, and in one of the very first numbers of it he put forth a flaming address to the Hungarians, calling on them to imitate the example of Greece, and rise against the government of Austria. Byron, we all know, hated the Austrian government as cordially as Stanhope could do, but he was not such a driveller as to wish to see the Greeks *forcing* that gigantic member of the Holy Alliance into immediate and open hostility. His constant endeavour was to make the Greek cause stand by itself—as a thing entirely unconnected with the political squabbles of Western Europe—as the cause not of a Christian people dissatisfied with particular points in a Christian government, but of an European and a Christian people degraded by remaining under the iron yoke of a misbelieving Tartar tyranny, and endeavouring to shake off that oppression. We confess that it would have required no ordinary tact to keep the two matters quite separate under almost any circumstances;—but

the Stanhopes, the Blacquieres, the Bowrings, &c. &c., did all that in them lay to render that which was so obviously desirable, not difficult merely, but impossible. Stanhope, in his Gazette, called on Hungary to rebel against Austria. In his letters to the Greek Committee, since published, he everywhere writes as a hater of monarchy in the abstract—the very notion of a *King* in Greece was wormwood to him—he insultingly rebuked Mr Parry himself for giving Mavrocordato the style of *Prince*. This British officer, wearing our King's coat, and pocketing his pay, appears, even before he had arrived in Greece, (and this from the evidence of his own letters,) to have engaged himself, and at least *endeavoured* to engage Mr Bowring, in skulking intrigues against the British government of the Ionian Islands. In a word, his letters, his gazettes, and every one step of his conduct, teemed, to use the most compassionate language, with the merest visionary craziness of Jerry-benthamism.

Mavrocordato was, and is, universally admitted to be the most accomplished of the Greek statesmen, and he was at this period the President of the Provisionary Government; yet this agent of the Greek committee rates Major Parry, for giving Mavrocordato the title by which he had always been distinguished, and which Lord Byron, nay, even Sir Thomas Maitland, never thought of refusing him. But this was not all. He openly took part with the faction opposed to Mavrocordato and the existing Greek government; and why? Why, because Mavrocordato, a man of sense and education, who has travelled in Western Europe, and speaks her languages, and has read her books, was thoroughly aware of the unfitness of a free press for Greece in her actual condition, and accordingly discountenanced the setting up of a paper at Missolonghi; whereas Odysseus, a robber captain, in arms in reality against the Greek government as much as against the Turks, had no objections to let Stanhope print as many papers as he liked in Athens, which city the said Odysseus refused, according to the language of Colonel Stanhope's own eulogy, "to surrender to a weak government;" in other words, was keeping possession of, in opposition to the authorities which

he had the year before sworn to obey—the very authorities, too, be it observed, under which alone Colonel Stanhope was at the time acting. Odysseus knew that his wild barbarians could no more read a Greek newspaper than they could fly over Olympus, and therefore he cared not what Stanhope printed, so he and his people got, through Stanhope's means, a part of the loans transmitted from England, for the support of the Greek government and cause.

Lord Byron, then, had to contend first with the unutterable slowness, indecision, and greediness of Mavrocordato and the governing primates; secondly, with the barbarian violence of the robber captains, who had, in fact, joined the Greek cause only for the sake of plunder and free quarters; thirdly, with the actual presence of the Suliotes, who were as bloody as the one of these great factions, and as greedy as the other; and fourthly and lastly, with the eternal folly of Colonel Stanhope and the Greek Committee, who seem to have throughout the whole of this affair done every one thing which they ought not to have done, and neglected every one thing which they ought to have done. Nobody suspects Colonel Stanhope of being any more than a fool in this or in any other matter. We are sorry to say, that some of the other Gentlemen Philhellenes must be content to make considerable explanations ere we hold them entitled to sit down under no heavier suspicions.

The result of this miserable state of things was, that Lord Byron's naturally irritable, but long and admirably restrained temperament, at last exhausted itself. His nerves gave way. He was "worried to death," in Parry's homely phrase. The disease of such a mind soon tells upon the clay that environs it; and our immortal poet fell a sacrifice in the very prime and glory of his manhood, to the too ready zeal with which he had committed himself in this desperate cause—a cause which must continue to be, to all real purposes, desperate, until Greece learns to unite her own energies—and to exert them all in total independence of the brainless heads, and not very heavy purses, of the *soi-disant* Greek Committee of London.

We hope this little *precis* may be sufficient to make our readers under-

stand the specimens of Mr Parry's book, which we are now about to lay before them; and we shall make these with considerable freedom, because we perceive that the public, justly tired of a long sequence of silly and idle publications about Lord Byron, are at present rather slow to believe that any new volume, which professes to treat of his concerns, can possess legitimate claims upon their notice. The volume before us has accordingly, in so far as we can judge, attracted comparatively but little attention; and this it is precisely our business to set right.

We shall, of course, endeavour as much as possible, to adhere to Lord Byron. He, his personal character, is our present subject; and we confess that that is a subject about which we feel ourselves, at this moment, much more interested than the success, or non-success, of the Greek cause. That cause was originally a high and a holy source of interest to every educated European: but it has fallen into such miserable hands, that we can scarcely think of it now without heart-sickness. Besides, it has cost England Byron, at seven-and-thirty!

Our first extract shall describe Parry's first interview with Byron. It took place within a few hours after his arrival at Missolonghi.—

"I was somewhat impatient to see Lord Byron, and readily accepted this offer. Two of our men, who had arrived in the first boat, had already seen him, and had told me, with great warmth, of his kind and condescending behaviour. He had seemed, they said, overjoyed to see some of his countrymen; he told them he was glad they had arrived in safety, and behaved to them in the most hospitable and friendly manner. This cheered my spirits, which were much depressed by severe fatigue, and the information I had received from Colonel Stanhope, that he had no money at his command. Without this it was impossible for me to carry on the service, and I felt abashed and ashamed to come before Lord Byron for the first time in the character of a beggar. He was a nobleman, a stranger, and a man of exalted genius. I had understood I might be of service to him and to Greece, but, on the contrary, I found myself immediately obliged, that I might be enabled even to subsist my men, to have recourse to him for pecuniary aid.

"It was under these mingled feelings of regret and expectation, that I had my first interview with Lord Byron. In five

minutes after Colonel Stanhope had introduced me, every disagreeable thought had vanished; so kind, so cheering, so friendly was his lordship's reception of me, that I soon forgot every unpleasant feeling. He gave me his hand, and cordially welcomed me to Greece. 'He would have been glad,' he said, 'to have seen me before; he had long expected me, and now that I was come, with a valuable class of men, and some useful stores, he had hopes that something might be done.' This was highly flattering to me, and I soon felt a part of that pleasure which beamed from his lordship's countenance.

"On getting somewhat more at ease, I had time to look about me, and notice the room in which I was. The walls were covered with the insignia of Lord Byron's occupations. They were hung round with weapons, like an armoury, and supplied with books. Swords of various descriptions and manufacture, rifle-guns and pistols, carbines and daggers, were within reach, on every side of the room. His books were placed over them on shelves, and were not quite so accessible. I afterwards thought, when I came to know more of the man and the country, that this arrangement was a type of his opinion concerning it. He was not one of those who thought the Greeks needed education before obtaining freedom. As I can now interpret the language, there was legibly written on the walls,— 'Give Greece arms and independence, and then learning; I am here to serve her, but I will serve her first with my steel, and afterwards with my pen.'

"Lord Byron was sitting on a kind of mattress, but elevated by a cushion that occupied only a part of it, and made his seat higher than the rest. He was dressed in a blue surtout coat and loose trousers, and wore a foraging-cap. He was attended by an Italian servant, Tita, and a young Greek, of the name of Luca, of a most prepossessing appearance. Count Gamba, too, came in and out of the room, and Fletcher, his servant, was occasionally in attendance. His lordship desired me to sit down beside him: his conversation very soon became animated, and then his countenance appeared even more prepossessing than at first.

"He began to rally me on the length of my voyage, and told me he had supposed I meant to vie with my namesake, and that I was gone to explore the South Pole instead of coming to Greece. My arrival at length, he added, had taken a load off his mind, and he would not com-

plain, if he at last saw Greece flourishing and successful. 'Why,' he asked, observing that I did not share his satisfaction, 'was I not as well pleased as he was?' Then, with a hint at my sailor habits, he said he knew I wanted refreshment, and sent Tita to bring me some brandy and water. This, however, had not all the effect his lordship wished, and he still rallied me on my dissatisfied appearance, bade me be at home, and explain to him why I was not contented.

"I told his lordship, that I felt my situation very irksome; that I had come to render assistance to the Greeks, and found myself, on the instant of my arrival, obliged to ask him for assistance; that his lordship's kindness, and what he had said to me, had heightened my regret, and that if he had received me haughtily and proudly, I should have had less objection to trouble him; 'for,' I added, 'Colonel Stanhope informs me that he has no funds to assist me, and has recommended me to ask your lordship for money.' On hearing this, he rose, twirled himself round on his heel, (which I afterwards found was a common, though not a graceful practice, of his,) and said, 'Is that all?—I was afraid it was something else. Do not let that give you any uneasiness; you have only to tell me all your wants, for I like candour, and, as far as I can, I will assist you.' When his lordship rose, I observed that he was somewhat lame, but his bust appeared perfectly and beautifully formed. After a few moments reflection, he again took his seat, and said he would take some brandy and water with me, on condition that I should tell him all the news in England, and give him all the information in my power.

"I accordingly endeavoured to recollect all the events of any importance which had occurred, or of which I had heard before leaving England; I told him of the proceedings of the Committee, and of everything which I thought would be interesting.

"My first interview with Lord Byron lasted nearly three hours, and his lordship repaid my candour, and the information I had given him, by explaining to me how much he had been harassed and disappointed since his arrival in Greece. Of these subjects, I shall hereafter have more to say, and shall enter more into details; I shall therefore now only observe, that his lordship, when speaking on these topics, displayed a great degree of sensibility, not to say irritation,—that his countenance changed rapidly, and expressed great anxiety. He seemed al-

most to despair of success, but said he would see the contest out. There was then a pallidness in his face, and knitting of his brows, that indicated both weakness and vexation. I have since thought, that his fate was sealed before my arrival in Greece; and that even then he was, so to speak, on his death-bed."

The next passage we shall quote describes Byron's domestic habits in Missolonghi:

"Lord Byron had taken a small corps of Suliotes into his own pay, and kept them about him as a body guard. They consisted altogether of fifty-six men, and of these a certain number were always on duty. A large outer room in his lordship's house was appropriated to them, and their carbines were suspended against the walls. Like other soldiers, they found various means to amuse themselves when on guard. While some were walking about, discoursing violently and eagerly, with animated gestures, others were lying or sitting on the floor playing at cards.

"In this room, and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather. On such occasions he was almost always accompanied by his favourite dog Lyon, who was perhaps his dearest and most affectionate friend. They were, indeed, very seldom separated. Riding or walking, sitting or standing, Lyon was his constant attendant. He can scarcely be said to have forsaken him even in his sleep. Every evening did he go to see that his master was safe before he lay down himself, and then he took his station close to his door, a guard certainly as faithful, though not so efficient, as Lord Byron's corps of Suliotes. This valuable and affectionate animal was brought to England after Lord Byron's death; and is now, I believe, in the possession of Mrs Leigh, his lordship's sister.

"With Lyon, Lord Byron was accustomed not only to associate, but to commune very much and very often. His most usual phrase was, 'Lyon, you are no rogue, Lyon;' or 'Lyon,' his lordship would say, 'thou art an honest fellow, Lyon.' The dog's eyes sparkled, and his tail swept the floor, as he sat with his haunches on the ground. 'Thou art more faithful than men, Lyon; I trust thee more.' Lyon sprang up, and barked and bounded round his master, as much as to say, 'You may trust me, I will watch actively on every side.'—'Lyon, I love thee, thou art my faithful dog!' and Lyon

jumped and kissed his master's hand, as an acknowledgment of his homage. In this sort of mingled talk and gambol Lord Byron passed a good deal of time, and seemed more contented, more calmly self-satisfied, on such occasions, than almost on any other. In conversation and in company he was animated and brilliant, but with Lyon and in stillness he was pleased and perfectly happy."

"He always rose at nine o'clock, or a little later, and breakfasted about ten. This meal consisted of tea without either milk or sugar, dry toast, and water-cresses. During his breakfast I generally waited on him to make any reports which were necessary, and take his orders for the labours of the day. When this business was settled, I retired to give the necessary directions to the different officers, and returned so as to be back by eleven o'clock, or a quarter before. His lordship then inspected the accounts, and, in conjunction with his secretary, checked and audited every item in a business-like manner.

"If the weather permitted, he afterwards rode out; if it did not, he used to amuse himself by shooting at a mark with pistols. Though his hand trembled much, his aim was sure, and he could hit an egg four times out of five at the distance of ten or twelve yards.

"It was at this period of the day also, if he did not ride out, that he was generally visited by Prince Mavrocordato and the Primates. If he rode out, the latter visited him towards three or four o'clock, and the former came later in the evening, like one of his private friends. His rides were seldom extended beyond two hours, as he then returned and dined.

"The reader may form an idea of the fever of which Lord Byron died, when I mention his food. He ate very sparingly, and what he did eat was neither nourishing, nor heating, nor blood-making food. He very rarely touched flesh, ate very little fish, used neither spices nor sauces, and dined principally of dried toast, vegetables, and cheese. He drank a very small quantity of wine or cider; but indulged in the use of no spirituous liquors. He took nothing of any consequence during the remainder of the day; and I verily believe, as far as his own personal consumption was concerned, there was not a single Greek soldier in the garrison who did not eat more, and more luxuriously, than this tenderly brought-up, and long-indulged English gentleman and nobleman. He who had fed only on the richest viands of the most luxuriant parts

of Europe, whose palate had been tickled, from his earliest days, with the choicest wines, now, at the call of humanity and freedom, submitted to live on the coarsest and meanest fare. He was ready, like some general of old Rome, to share the privations of the meanest soldier; and he showed, both by what he submitted to, and by the dangers he braved, that his love of liberty, and of the good cause of mankind, was not limited to writing a few words in their favour, from a comfortable well-warmed library; or to sending from a table, smoking with all the superfluities of French cookery, a small check on his banker. The propriety and utility of some of his measures may possibly admit of a doubt, as in fact they have been censured; but of the purity of his intentions, and the intenseness of his zeal, the dangers he encountered, the privations he submitted to, the time and money he bestowed, and the life he forfeited, there are such proofs as no other man in this age and country has given.

"After his dinner Lord Byron attended the drilling of the officers of his corps in an outer apartment of his own dwelling. Here again he set an admirable example. He submitted to be drilled with them, and went through all those exercises it was proper for them to learn. When these were finished, he very often played a game of single-stick, or indulged in some other severe muscular exertion. He then retired for the evening, and conversed with friends, or employed himself, using the little assistance I was able to give him, studying military tactics. At eleven o'clock I left him, and I was generally the last person he saw except his servants, and then he retired, not however to sleep, but to study. Till nearly four o'clock every morning he was continually engaged reading or writing, and rarely slept more than five hours; getting up again, as I have already said, at nine o'clock. In this manner did Lord Byron pass nearly every day of the time I had the pleasure of knowing him."

The following little paragraphs are assuredly worth quoting. They relate to incidents which occurred only a few days before Byron was confined to his couch:—

"When the news arrived from England on April the 9th, of the loan for the Greeks having been negotiated in London, Lord Byron also received several private letters, which brought him favourable accounts of his daughter. Whenever he spoke of her, it was with delight

to think he was a father, or with a strong feeling of melancholy, at recollecting that her infantine and most endearing embraces were denied to his love. The pleasant intelligence which he had received concerning her, gave a fresh stimulus to his mind, I may almost say revived for a moment a spirit that was already faint and weary, and slumbering in the arms of death."

"Whether the following little anecdote may be regarded as a proof of the respect in which Lord Byron was held by the people, or only of the natural kindness of the peasantry, I will not decide; but as a mere specimen of their manner, it seems worth mentioning.

"He returned one day from his ride more than usually pleased. An interesting countrywoman, with a fine family, had come out of her cottage, and presented him with a curd cheese and some honey, and could not be persuaded to accept of payment for it. 'I have felt,' he said, 'more pleasure this day, and at this circumstance, than for a long time past.' Then describing to me where he had seen her, he ordered me to find her out, and make her a present in return. 'The peasantry,' he said, 'are by far the most kind, humane, and honest part of the population; they redeem the character of their countrymen. The other classes are so debased by slavery; accustomed, like all slaves, never to speak truth, but only what will please their masters, that they cannot be trusted. Greece would not be worth saving but for the peasantry.' Lord Byron then sat down to his cheese, and insisted on our partaking of his fare. A bottle of porter was sent for and broached, that we might join Byron in drinking health and happiness to the kind family which had procured him so great a pleasure.

"One of the sentiments constantly uppermost in Lord Byron's mind, and affording decisive evidence how deeply he felt his own disappointment, was caution in not lending himself to deceive others. Over and over again did he, in our conversations, dwell on the necessity of telling the people of England the truth as to Greece; over and over again did he condemn the works which had been published on the state of Greece. Lying, hypocritical publications he was accustomed to call them, deceiving both the Greeks and the English. To tell the truth on everything relating to Greece, was one of his most frequent exhortations. It was his opinion, that without English assistance, more particularly as to mo-

ney, the Greeks could not succeed; and he knew that if the English public were once imposed on to a considerable amount, no assistance could afterwards be expected, and Greece would either return under the Turkish yoke, fall under the sceptre of some other barbarian power, or remain for many years the prey of discord and anarchy. While the loan was negotiating, and after it was contracted for, he frequently congratulated himself that he had never written a single line to induce his countrymen to subscribe to it; and that they must hold him perfectly guiltless, should they afterwards lose their money, of having in any way contributed to delude them. 'I hope,' he was accustomed to say, 'this government which has enough on its hands, will behave so as not to injure its credit. I have not in any way encouraged the people of England to lend their money. I don't understand loan-jobbing, and I should make a sorry appearance in writing home lying reports.*'

"Lord Byron had a black groom with him in Greece, an American by birth, to whom he was very partial.† He always insisted on this man's calling him Massa, whenever he spoke to him. On one occasion, the groom met with two women of his own complexion, who had been slaves to the Turks, and liberated, but had been left almost to starve when the Greeks had risen on their tyrants. Being of the same colour was a bond of sympathy between them and the groom, and he applied to me to give both these women quarters in the seraglio. I granted the application, and mentioned it to Lord Byron, who laughed at the gallantry of his groom, and ordered that he should be brought before him at ten o'clock the next day, to answer for his presumption in making such an application.

"At ten o'clock accordingly he attended his master, with great trembling and fear, but stuttered so when he attempted

to speak; that he could not make himself understood; Lord Byron endeavouring, almost in vain, to preserve his gravity, reproved him severely for his presumption. Blacky stuttered a thousand excuses, and was ready to do anything to appease his Massa's anger. His great yellow eyes wide open, he trembling from head to foot, his wandering and stuttering excuses, his visible dread, all tended to provoke laughter, and Lord Byron, fearing his own dignity would be hove overboard, told him to hold his tongue, and listen to his sentence. I was commanded to enter it in his memorandum-book, and then he pronounced in a solemn tone of voice, while Blacky stood aghast, expecting some severe punishment, the following doom:—"My determination is, that the children born of these black women, of which you may be the father, shall be my property, and I will maintain them. What say you?"—"Go—Go—God bless you, Massa, may you live great while," stuttered out the groom, and sallied forth to tell the good news to the two distressed women.

"Lord Byron was a remarkably sincere and frank man, and harboured no thought concerning another he did not express to him. Whatever he had to say of or against any man, that he said on the first opportunity openly, and to his face. Neither could he bear concealment in others. If one person were to speak of a third party in his presence, he would be sure to repeat it the first time the two opponents were in presence of one another. This was a habit of which his acquaintance were well aware, and it spared Lord Byron the trouble of listening to a mob of idle and degrading calumnies. He probably expected by it, to teach others that sincerity he prized so highly; at the same time, he was not insensible to pleasure, at seeing the confusion of the party exposed."

Mr Parry thus describes the interview which he had with Byron on the

* "This cautious conduct may perhaps excite some suspicions in the minds of those who have subscribed to the Greek loan; or who are now holders of Greek bonds. Lord Byron, even when his existence was of such material service in assisting the Greeks, concluded, I suppose, that the chances for the payment either of the principal or the interest of the loan were not great, and therefore he congratulated himself that he had been in no wise instrumental in persuading, by any sort of representations, the people of this country to lend their money to the Greeks. Since Lord Byron's death, however, though they have met with some terrible disasters, their government seems to have triumphed over its domestic opponents, and to be now more than ever in a fair way of uniting all the Greeks in the pursuit of the one great object. The Turkish power also is evidently growing weaker, and cannot sustain even against this feeble opponent a protracted contest. When we see the ill-organized state of Turkey, the anarchy of its councils, the discontent of its soldiers, and the rebellion of its chiefs, our wonder is rather excited that so much time should have elapsed before the Greeks have completely achieved their independence, than that they should have struggled so long. This is partly explained by the division among their chiefs; and by circumstances not to the honour of some individuals in our country."

† "This man died in London a short time back."

evening after he was taken ill—the 15th of April, 1824.

“It was seven o’clock in the evening when I saw him, and then I took a chair at his request, and sat down by his bedside, and remained till ten o’clock. He sat up in his bed, and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and his family; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure, and though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from anything I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.

“‘Parry,’ he said, when I first went to him, ‘I have much wished to see you to-day. I have had most strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and no idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected, I am sure I am in my senses, but a melancholy will creep over me at times.’ The mention of the subject brought the melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations shewed what occupied Lord Byron’s mind when he was left in silence and solitude. ‘My wife! My Ada! My country! the situation of this place, my removal impossible, and perhaps death, all combine to make me sad. Since I have been ill, I have given to all my plans much serious consideration. You shall go on at your leisure preparing for building the schooner, and when other things are done, we will put the last hand to this work, by a visit to America.’ To reflect on this has been a pleasure to me, and has turned my mind from ungrateful thoughts. When I left Italy I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection. It was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of. I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do, and the prospect of retirement in England with my wife and Ada, gives me an idea of happiness I have never experienced before. Retirement will be everything to me, for heretofore my life has been like the ocean in a storm.’

“Then adverting to his more immediate attendants, he said, ‘I have closely

observed to-day the conduct of all around me. Tita is an admirable fellow; he has not been out of the house for several days. Bruno is an excellent young man, and very skilful, but I am afraid he is too much agitated. I wish you to be as much about me as possible, you may prevent me being jaded to death, and when I recover I assure you I shall adopt a different mode of living. They must have misinformed you when they told you I was asleep. I have not slept, and I can’t imagine why they should tell you I was asleep.

“‘You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. I fancy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian of every profession of faith. Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world, but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines, are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read with more attention than half of them the book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject, which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space who can conceive—none but God, on him I rely.’”

These passages cannot, we think, fail to gratify our readers. The view they give of Lord Byron’s kind, natural temper, frank and engaging manners, and noble self-possession in the midst of all the irritations of disease and disgust, must go far we think to convince the most sceptical, that the epithet of *Satanic* was not the happiest which a contemporary poet might have applied to the author of *Child Harold*. But we have no wish to resume a subject which we have already discussed at some length—

“Let them *blush* now who never *blush’d* before,
And those who have *blush’d*, let them *blush*
the more.”

We proceed to give a few extracts from the part of Parry’s book, in which Lord Byron’s conversation is described. First, hear Byron himself on the Greek Committee and their agents.

* This was in connexion with his Lordship’s views as to Greece, stated in another place. The object was to get the Americans to acknowledge the government and independence of Greece.

“ ‘I conceive,’ he added, ‘that I have been already grossly ill-treated by the committee. In Italy, Mr Blaquiere, their agent, informed me that every requisite supply would be forwarded with all dispatch. I was disposed to come to Greece, but I hastened my departure in consequence of earnest solicitations. No time was to be lost, I was told; and Mr Blaquiere, instead of waiting on me at his return from Greece, left a paltry note, which gave no information whatever. If I ever meet with him, I shall not fail to mention my surprise at his conduct; but it has been all of a piece. I wish the acting committee had had some of the trouble which has fallen on me since my arrival here; they would have been more prompt in their proceedings, and would have known better what the country stood in need of. They would not have delayed the supplies a day; and they would not have sent out German officers, poor fellows, to starve at Missolonghi, but for my assistance. I am a plain man, and cannot comprehend the use of printing presses to a people who do not read. Here the committee have sent supplies of maps, I suppose, that I may teach the young mountaineers geography. Here are bugle-horns, without bugle-men, and it is a chance if we can find any body in Greece to blow them. Books are sent to a people who want guns; they ask for a sword, and the Committee give them the lever of a printing press. Heavens! one would think the Committee meant to inculcate patience and submission, and to condemn resistance. Some materials for constructing fortifications they have sent, but they have chosen their people so ill, that the work is deserted, and not one *para* have they sent to procure other labourers.

“ ‘Their secretary, Mr Bowring, was disposed, I believe, to claim the privileges of an acquaintance with me. He wrote me a long letter, about the classic land of freedom, the birth-place of the arts, the cradle of genius, the habitation of the gods, the heaven of poets, and a great many such fine things. I was obliged to answer him, and I scrawled some nonsense in reply to his nonsense; but I fancy I shall get no more such epistles. When I came to the conclusion of the *poetry* part of my letter, I wrote, ‘so much for blarney, now for business.’ I have not since heard in the same strain from Mr Bowring.

“ ‘Here, too, is the chief agent of the Committee, Colonel Stanhope, organizing the whole country. He leaves nothing untouched, from the general gov-

vernment to the schools for children. He has a plan for organizing the military force, for establishing posts, for regulating the administration of justice, for making Mr Bentham the apostle of the Greeks, and for whipping little boys in the newest and most approved mode. He is for doing all this without a reference to any body, or any thing; complains bitterly of a want of practical statesmen in Greece, and would be glad, I believe, to impart a large supply of Mr Bentham’s books and scholars. Mayròcordato he openly beards, as if the Prince knew nothing of Greece, and was quite incapable of forming a correct opinion of its interests. At the same time, he has no funds to carry all his projects into execution. He is a mere schemer and talker, more of a saint than a soldier; and with a great deal of pretended plainness, a mere politician, and no patriot.

“ ‘His printer and publisher, Dr Meyler, is a German adventurer, who is quite in a rage with the quakers, for sending medicines to Greece. He knows nothing of the Greek or the English language; and if he did, who would buy his paper? The Greeks have no money, and will not read newspapers for ages to come. There is no communication with different parts of the country; there is no means of receiving any news; and no means of sending it, when got. Stanhope begins at the wrong end, and from observing that, in our wealthy and civilized country, rapid communication is one means of improvement, he wants to establish posts—mail-carts, I believe is his object, among a people who have no food. Communication, though a cause of increased wealth and increased civilization, is the result of a certain degree of both; and he would have it without the means. He is like all political jobbers, who mistake the accessories of civilization for its cause; they think if they only hoist the colours of freedom, they will immediately transform a crazy water-logged bark into a proud man-of-war. Stanhope, I believe, wants discussion in Greece—pure abstract discussion; as if he were ignorant, that in a country where there are one hundred times as many readers, proportionally, as in Greece, where the people have been readers of newspapers for a century, and read them every day, they care nothing about his favourite discussion, and will not listen either to Mr Bentham’s, or any other person’s logic. I have subscribed to his paper, to get rid of Stanhope’s importunities.

“ ‘I thought Colonel Stanhope, being a soldier, would have shewn himself dif-

ferently. He ought to know what a nation like Greece needs for its defence, and being on the acting Committee, he should have told them that arms, and the materials for carrying on war, were what the Greeks required. The country once cleared of the enemy, the land would be cultivated, commerce would increase, and if a good government were established, knowledge and improvement of every kind, even including a multitude of journals, would speedily follow. But Stanhope, I repeat, is beginning at the wrong end, and expects by introducing some of the signs of wealth and knowledge, to make the people rich and intelligent. He might as well expect to give them the opulence of London, by establishing a Long's Hotel in this swamp; or to make the women adopt all our fashions, by setting up a man-milliner's shop.

"Gordon was a much wiser and more practical man than Stanhope. Stanhope has brought with him Nabob airs from Hindostan; and while he cajoles the people, wishes to govern them. He would be delighted, could he become administrator of the revenue, or resident at the court of the Greek republic. Gordon has been in Greece, and expended a large sum of money here. He bought his experience, and knows the country. His plan was the one to have acted on; but his noble offer seems so far to have surpassed the notions and expectations of the Committee, that it staggered them. They had done nothing like it, and could not credit this generosity and enthusiasm in another. All their deeds have been only talk and foolery. Had their whole property been at stake in Greece, they would have shewn more zeal. Mr Gordon's offer would have been promptly acceded to; we should have had, by this time, an army regularly organized of three thousand men, Lepanto would have been taken, and Greece secured. Well, well, I'll have my revenge: talk of subjects for Don Juan, this Greek business, its disasters and mismanagement, have furnished me with matter for a hundred cantos. Jeremy Bentham and his scholar, Colonel Stanhope, shall be two of my heroes."

The following is a most important passage indeed. In it we have Lord Byron detailing, in a manner the sincerity of which it is impossible to doubt, his own views concerning the ultimate prospects of Greece; and surely the exposition is such, that it could have come from no mind in which sense, wisdom, and genius,

were not equally inherent. It is the only thing upon the subject that we have ever been able to think worth a second reading.

"The cause of Greece," said Lord Byron, "naturally excites our sympathy. The very name of the country is associated in our minds with all that is exalted in virtue, or delightful in art. From it we have derived our knowledge, and under the guiding hand of its wisdom, did modern Europe make its first tottering and feeble steps towards civilization. In every mind at all imbued with knowledge, she is regarded with the affection of a parent. Her people are Christians contending against Turks, and slaves struggling to be free. There never was a cause which, in this outline view of the matter, had such strong and commanding claims on the sympathy of the people of all Europe, and particularly of the people of England. But we must not at the same time forget what is the present state of the Greek population.

"We must not forget, though we speak of Greece and the Greeks, that there is no distinct country and no distinct people. There is no country, except the Islands, with a strongly-marked boundary separating it from other countries, either by physical properties, or by the manners and language of the people, which we can properly call Greece. The boundaries of ancient Greece are not the boundaries of modern Greece, or of the countries inhabited by those to whom we give the name of Greeks. The different tribes of men, also, to whom we give this one general name, seem to have little or nothing in common more than the same faith and the same hatred of the Turks, their oppressors. There is the wily money-making Greek of the islands, the debased, intriguing, and corrupted Greek of the towns on the continent, and there is the hardy Greek peasant, whose good qualities are the redeeming virtues of the whole population. Under their chiefs and primates, under their captains and magistrates, they are now divided by more local jealousies, and more local distinctions, than in the days of their ancient glory, when Greece had no enemies but Greeks. We must not suppose under our name of Greeks, an entire, united, and single people, kept apart from all others by strongly-marked geographical or moral distinctions. On the contrary, those who are now contending for freedom, are a mixed race of various tribes of men, having different apparent interests, and different opinions. Many of them differ from and hate one another, more

even than they differ from and hate the Turks, to whose maxims of government and manners some of them, particularly the primates, are much attached. It is quite erroneous, therefore, to suppose under the name of Greece, *one* country, or under the name of Greeks, *one* people.

“The people whom we have come to assist have also the name of insurgents, and however just their cause, or enlightened their own view of the principles on which they contend, they must and will be considered by the government of Europe as insurgents, with all the disadvantages belonging to the name, till they are completely successful. At the beginning of the insurrection, all the Turks in authority, and their adherents, were indiscriminately massacred, their property plundered, and their power, wherever the insurrection was successful, annihilated. Their places of worship were destroyed; the storks, a bird they reverence with a sort of idolatry, were everywhere shot, that no remembrance except hatred of the Turkish name, should exist in the country. Such acts are the natural consequences of long-suffering, particularly among men who have some traditional knowledge of the high renown of their ancestors; but they have not contributed to soften the Greek character; nor has the plunder of their masters failed to sow for the time the seeds of dissension and ambition among themselves. The insurrection was literally a slave breaking his chains on the head of his oppressor; but in escaping from bondage, the Greeks acted without a plan. There was no system of insurrection organized, and the people, after the first flushing of their hatred was over, were easily stirred up to animosity against each other, and they fell again under the dominion of some ambitious chiefs, who had before been either the soldiers or the civil agents of the Pachas. They now want all the energy and the unity derived from an organized system of government, taming some of the passions, and directing others to the public good. Time will bring such a system; for a whole nation can profit by no other teacher. A system of government must and will arise suitable to the knowledge and the wants of the people, and the relations which now exist among the different classes of them.

“I do not mean to say that they are not to profit by the experience of other people; on the contrary, I would have them acquire all the knowledge they can, but they cannot be a book-learned people for ages;—they cannot for ages have that

knowledge and that equality amongst them which are found in Europe, and therefore I would not recommend them to follow implicitly any system of government now established in the world, or to square their institutions by the theoretical forms of any constitution. I am still so much attached to the constitution of England personally, that were it to be attacked,—were any attempts made by any faction or party at home to put down its ancient and honourable aristocracy, I would be one of the first to uphold their cause with my life and fortune. At the same time I would not recommend that constitution to another country. It is the duty of every honourable man to assist every nation and every individual, as far as he can, in obtaining rational freedom, but before we can do this we must know in what freedom consists.

“In the United States of America there is more practical freedom, and a form of government both abstractedly better and more suited to the situation of the Greeks than any other model I know of. From what I have already said of the different interests and divisions which prevail in Greece, it is to me plain that no other government will suit it so well as a federation. I will not say a federation of republics, but a federation of states, each of these states having that particular form of government most suitable to the present situation and wishes of its people. There is no abstract form of government which we can call good. I wont say with Pope, that “*whate’er is best administered is best;*” but I will say, that every government derives its efficiency as well as its power from the people. Despotism cannot exist where they are not sluggish, inert, insensible to political rights, and careless of anything but animal enjoyment. Neither can freedom flourish where they confide implicitly in one class of men, and where they are not one and all watchful to protect themselves, and prevent both individual and general encroachment.

“In the Islands and on the Continent wealth and power are very differently distributed, and the governments are conducted on different principles. It would be absurd, therefore, and perhaps impossible, to give the Islands and the Continent the same sort of government. I say, therefore, the Grecian confederation must be one of states, and not of republics. Any attempt of an individual, or of any one state, to gain supremacy, will bring on civil war and destruction. At the same time the federation might

have a head like the United States of America. Each state might be represented in a congress, and a president elected every four years in succession, from one of the three or four great divisions of the whole federation. The Morea might choose the first president; the second might be elected by the Islands; Western Greece might select the third; and should Candia be united with Greece, which is necessary for the permanent independence of the whole, its inhabitants should in their turn elect a fourth president. On some plan of this kind a federation of the States of Greece might be formed, and it would be recommended to the Greeks by bearing some faint resemblance to the federation of their glorious ancestors; but any attempt to introduce one uniform system of government in every part of the country, however excellent in principle, will only embroil the different classes, generating anarchy, and ending in slavery.

“No system of government in any part of Greece can be permanent, which does not leave in the hands of the peasantry the chief part of the political power. They are warmly attached to their country, and they are the best portion of the people. Under a government in the least degree equitable, they must increase rapidly both in numbers and wealth; and unless they are now placed, in a political point of view, on an equality with other classes, it will soon be necessary to oppress them. They are not now sensible of their own importance, but they soon will be under a Greek government, and they can only be retained in obedience by gaining over their affections.

“Though the situation and climate of Greece are admirable, it has been impossible for the country to prosper under the yoke of the Turks. Their idleness, ignorance, oppression, and hostility to improvement, have nearly excluded the Greeks from any participation in the general progress of civilization. Where they have had the least opportunity of gaining either knowledge or wealth, they have eagerly embraced it. The inhabitants of the Islands are much better informed than those of the Continent, and they are the most skilful as well as the boldest seamen, and the most acute traders, to be found in the whole course of the Mediterranean. The people are naturally as intelligent as their ancestors, but they have been debased and brutified by the tyrannical government of the Turks. Now there is some hope of their living under a better system, they will soon become both industrious and enterprising. Not

only will they be more happy and flourishing as a nation, but having within them the elements of improvement, they must increase in power as the Turkish empire decays. There are numerous tribes in Asia connected with them by language and manners, which would be incorporated with them in their progress, and they might extend European civilization through the ancient empire of Cyrus and Xerxes, till they again met on the borders of Hindostan with those people, who held out to them the right hand of fellowship in their first struggles for freedom and independence. This is what Greece might do, what in fact she formerly did. Not that I want to see the Greeks gaining power by conquest, they have territory enough; but, as I have said, the divisions among her different tribes, the want of unity in their views, the discord of her chieftains, are now so great, that I am afraid all we can rationally hope for is, that by dint of hard fighting against the Turks in summer, and quarrelling among themselves in winter, they may preserve a troublesome sort of national independence, till the Turkish empire crumbles into ruins. They may then have a chance of forming a distinguished province of some one of those mighty European monarchies which seem destined gradually to supplant the despotisms of Asia with a more regular and milder despotism.

“The Greek chiefs taken collectively,” said Lord Byron, “are a very respectable body of men. With one of them (Londa,) I am particularly acquainted. I stopped at his house for some time when I was formerly in Greece, and he would not accept of a *para* for the trouble and expense I put him to. He presented me also with a very pretty horse at my departure. (This I shall not forget.) The only chiefs who are particularly suspected of ambitious views are Colocotroni and Ulysses. Colocotroni, I am informed, was a Captain in the Greek light infantry in the Ionian Islands; and at the commencement of the Greek contest, went over to the Morea with a number of adventurers. Whilst there was Turkish property to plunder, and whilst he could exact supplies from the poor peasantry, his force was respectably kept up. Of himself he has taken good care, having forwarded to the Islands, for his own private use, all the plunder he has been able to amass. He is said to have acquired great wealth. Except the power this may give him, and it will keep him afloat for some time, he will soon exhaust his resources. The peasantry are

now bare; he has swept their houses cleaner than ever the Turks did; and his mercenary followers, finding they can get nothing more under his standard, will soon leave him. *Mark my word*, Napoléon di Romania will soon be evacuated by him; and either the Greek cause will not flourish, or he will fail.

"Ulysses is suspected by the Greek government. A short time back two messengers were sent to him with orders from the government, and he put them both to death. He has been a robber, and was brought up in the service of Ali Pacha; both which circumstances excite suspicion. These difficulties will probably be surmounted when the government gets funds, for it is quite true in Greece, that he who has money has power. I have experienced this since my arrival, and have had offers * that would surprise you were I to tell you of them, and which would turn the head of any man less satiated than I am, and more desirous of possessing power than of contributing to freedom and happiness.

"To all these offers, and to every application made to me, which had a tendency to provoke disputes or increase discord, I have always replied, I came here to serve Greece; agree among yourselves for the good of your country, and whatever is your united resolve, and whatever the government commands, I shall be ready to support with my fortune and my sword. I am here to act against the external enemies and tyrants of Greece, and will not take part with any faction in the country. We who come here to fight for Greece, have no right to meddle with its internal affairs, or dictate to the people and government; since I have been here, I have seen and felt quite enough to try the temper of

any man, but I will remain here, while there is a gleam of hope.

"Much is expected from the loan, and I know that without money it is impossible to succeed; but I am apprehensive this foreign assistance will be looked on by each of the chiefs as a prize to be obtained by contention, and may lead to a civil war. The government, which has contracted for the loan, looks with no favourable eye on Colocotroni and Ulysses, and yet they are, probably, two of the bravest and most skilful of the military chieftains. I have advised Mavrocordato to recommend the government to supply these chiefs with money, but to keep them as short as possible. I have also recommended him, and if this advice is followed much good may be effected, immediately on the receipt of the loan to pay up the arrears of the troops, particularly of the Sullioti, and to take care that their families are provided for. They are the best mountain-soldiers in Greece, and perhaps in the world; but they are without a country, and without a home. I know that an offer has been made to restore them to their former country if they will forsake the Greek cause; and I see no means of firmly attaching them to it, but to pay them regularly, and, by providing for their families, to secure hostages for their continued services.

"Mr Canning may do much for Greece: I hope he will continue in office. He is a clever man, and has an opportunity, beyond all his predecessors, of effecting great things. The ball is at his feet, but he must keep a high hand, and neither swerve to the right nor left. South America will give him an opportunity of acting on sound principles: on this point he will not be shackled. The

* "I should have left this part of the subject in the obscurity of the text, had I not seen it stated in the 'London Magazine;' I think, that Lord Byron had a bad motive for his exertions in the cause of Greece. It is insinuated that he was actuated by the vulgar ambition of a conqueror, and wished to be something like a king in Greece. No insinuation was ever more unfounded. He had offers of this kind made to him, but he refused. With his pecuniary resources, such is the mercenary disposition of the Greeks, it was, I am persuaded, only necessary for him to have devoted his fortune to the purpose, and he could have formed an army that would have incorporated in it all that was brave and ambitious in Greece. No single chieftain could have resisted; and all of them would have been obliged, because they could not trust one another, to join their forces with his. The whole of the Sullioti were completely at his beck. He could have commanded and procured the assassination of any man in Greece, for a sum too trifling to mention. The task would have been full of danger undoubtedly, but what attempt to gain such power is not? It was not however beyond his abilities, had his inclination inclined him to undertake it. He was too certain of commanding the respect of mankind by his admirable talents, to hunt after their admiration by any kind of vulgar atrocity. He never wished to possess political power in Greece, though he fought for her freedom; and he might have been the head man of the country, had he chosen to oppose the government.

"That he was sensible of his power, is quite evident from what he frequently said to me. 'Any man who had money,' he said, 'may arrogate consequence to himself. What prevents me, if I were so minded, from forming a large military force in Greece? I might send to England and procure a set of veteran practical non-commissioned officers and practical mechanics, by whose means, and my own resources, I could set many things in motion. If I had only men to teach the Greeks some of the necessary arts, and were able to supply their want of warlike stores, I could find plenty of men; and an army might be at my command. The fortifications I could repair so as to make them secure against all attacks. The navy I could set afloat, and, if I liked, have my own way in Greece; but I repeat I came here to serve the Greeks on their own conditions, and in their own way, and I will not swerve while life remains, from this intention.'

great mechanical power of England, her vast ingenuity, gives him the control of the world; but the very existence of England's superiority hangs on the balance of his decision. This minister bears all the responsibility. With respect to Greece it is different. The Turkish empire is our barrier against the power of Russia. The Greeks, should they gain their independence, will have quite sufficient territory in the Morea, Western Greece, and the islands.

"It will take a century to come to change their character. Canning, I have no doubt, will proceed with caution—he can act strictly honourably to the Turks. I have no enmity to the Turks individually—they are quite as good as the Greeks: I am displeased to hear them called barbarians. They are charitable to the poor, and very humane to animals. Their curse is the system of their government, and their religion or superstition."

Our readers must turn to Mr Parry's own page for a great deal more of Lord Byron's table talk. They will find many sound English sentiments, even in regard to the English politics of the day—they will find views as to America equally just and liberal—they will find the most contemptuous allusions to the *soi-disant* liberals with whom Lord Byron had come into personal contact, such as old Cartwright, Leigh Hunt, &c.; and upon every occasion an open avowal of the deepest respect for the aristocracy of Britain, which these poor creatures have spent their lives in endeavouring to overthrow.

Of all this, and also of the affecting narrative which Mr Parry gives of Lord Byron's *last days*, strictly so called, we shall quote nothing. The main outline of his illness is already sufficiently before the public; and these new details are so painful, that though we do not wish not to have read them, we certainly shall never torture ourselves with reading them again. The spectacle of youth, and rank, and genius, meeting with calm resolution the approach of death, under external circumstances of the most cheerless description, may afford a lesson to us all! But Mr Parry has painted this scene with far too rude a pencil; and, indeed, the print which he has inserted of Byron on his miserable bed, and almost in the agonies of death, attended by Parry himself and Tita, ought to be omitted in every future edition. It is obviously

a got-up thing—a mere eyetrap—and for one person whose diseased taste it pleases, will undoubtedly disgust a thousand who ought to be acquainted with this book.

In order that our article may terminate pleasantly, we have reserved wherewithal to wind it up, Parry's description of an interview which he had with the personage whom Colonel Stanhope mentions as "*the finest genius of the most enlightened age, the immortal BENTHAM.*" We shall give the sailor's rough sketch of the Patriarch without note or comment—in truth it needs none; and, we have no doubt, posterity will not disdain to hang it up alongside of the more professional performance of that other fine genius of our enlightened century—the immortal HAZLITT—in his noble gallery of portraits, entitled "THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE."

"Lord Byron asked me, in the course of my conversations, did I know Mr Bentham? I said I had seen him previously to my leaving England; that he had invited me to dine with him, and had been with me to see the preparations for the expedition. He had behaved very civilly to me, I said, but I thought him a little flighty. Lord Byron eagerly asked me in what way, and I told him. At hearing my account his lordship laughed most immoderately, and made me repeat it over and over again. He declared, when he had fished out every little circumstance, he would not have lost it for a thousand guineas. I shall here relate this little occurrence, not out of any disrespect for Mr Bentham, but because he is a great man, and the world are very fond of hearing of great men. Moreover, Lord Byron has been somewhat censured, chiefly, I think, for not having a most profound respect for Mr Bentham; and the following little story goes at least to prove, that some of this philosopher's peculiarities might very naturally excite the laughter of the poet. Mr Bentham is said also to have a great wish for celebrity, and he will not, therefore, be displeased by my sounding another note to his fame, which may, perchance, convey it where it has not yet reached.

"Shortly before I left London for Greece, Mr Bowring, the honorary secretary to the Greek Committee, informed me, that Mr Jeremy Bentham wished to see the stores and materials preparing for the Greeks, and that he had done me the honour of asking me to break-

fast with him some day, that I might afterwards conduct him to see the guns, &c.

“ ‘Who the devil is Mr Bentham?’ was my rough reply, ‘I never heard of him before.’ Many of my readers may still be in the same state of ignorance, and it will be acceptable to them, I hope, to hear of the philosopher.

“ ‘Mr Bentham,’ said Mr Bowring, ‘is one of the greatest men of the age, and for the honour now offered to you I waited many a long day; I believe for more than two years.’

“ ‘Great or little, I never heard of him before; but if he wants to see me, why I’ll go.’

“ It was accordingly arranged that I should visit Mr Bentham, and that Mr Bowring should see him to fix the time, and then inform me. In a day or two afterwards I received a note from the honorary secretary, to say I was to breakfast with Mr Bentham on Saturday. It happened that I lived at a distance from town, and having heard something of the primitive manner of living and early hours of philosophers, I arranged with my wife over-night, that I would get up very early on the Saturday morning, that I might not keep Mr Bentham waiting. Accordingly I arose with the dawn, dressed myself in haste, and brushed off for Queen’s Square, Westminster, as hard as my legs could carry me. On reaching the Strand, fearing I might be late, being rather corpulent, and not being willing to go into the presence of so very great a man, as I understood Mr Jeremy Bentham to be, puffing and blowing, I took a hackney coach, and drove up to his door about eight o’clock. I found a servant girl a-foot, and told her I came to breakfast with Mr Bentham by appointment.

“ She ushered me in, and introduced me to two young men, who looked no more like philosophers, however, than my own children. I thought they might be Mr Bentham’s sons, but this I understood was a mistake. I shewed them the note I had received from Mr Bowring, and they told me Mr Bentham did not breakfast till three o’clock. This surprised me very much, but they told me I might breakfast with them; which I did, though I was not much flattered by the honour of sitting down with Mr Bentham’s clerks, when I was invited by their master. Poor Mr Bowring, thought I, he must be a meek spirited young man if it was for this he waited so impatiently.

“ I supposed the philosopher himself did not get up till noon, as he did not

breakfast till so late; but in this I was also mistaken. About ten o’clock I was summoned to his presence, and mustered up all my courage and all my ideas for the meeting. His appearance struck me forcibly. His white thin locks, cut straight in the fashion of the Quakers, and hanging, or rather floating, on his shoulders; his garments something of their colour and cut, and his frame rather square and muscular, with no exuberance of flesh, made up a singular looking, and not an inelegant old man. He welcomed me with a few hurried words, but without any ceremony, and then conducted me into several rooms, to shew me his ammunition and materials of war. One very large room was nearly filled with books, and another with unbound works, which I understood were the philosopher’s own compositions. The former, he said, furnished him his supplies; and there was a great deal of labour required to read so many volumes.

“ I said inadvertently, ‘I suppose you have quite forgotten what is said in the first, before you read the last.’ Mr Bentham, however, took this in good part, and taking hold of my arm, said we would proceed on our journey. Accordingly, off we set, accompanied by one of his young men, carrying a portfolio, to keep, I suppose, a log of our proceedings.

“ We went through a small garden, and passing out of a gate, I found we were in Saint James’s Park. Here I noticed that Mr Bentham had a very snug dwelling, with many accommodations, and such a garden as belongs in London only to the first nobility. But for his neighbours, I thought (for he has a barrack of soldiers on one side of his premises,) I should envy him his garden more than his great reputation. On looking at him, I could not but admire his hale, and even venerable appearance. I understood he was seventy-three years of age, and therefore I concluded we should have a quiet comfortable walk. Very much to my surprise, however, we had scarcely got into the park when he let go my arm, and set off trotting like a Highland messenger. The park was crowded, and the people, one and all, seemed to stare at the old man; but, heedless of all this, he trotted on, his white locks floating in the wind, as if he were not seen by a single human being.

“ As soon as I could recover from my surprise, I asked the young man, ‘Is Mr Bentham flighty?’ pointing to my head. — ‘O, no, it’s his way,’ was the hurried answer; ‘he thinks it good for his health, but I must run after him,’ and off set the

youth in chase of the philosopher. I must not lose my companions, thought I, and off I set also. Of course, the eyes of every human being in the park were fixed on the running veteran and his pursuers. There was Jerry a-head, then came his clerk and his portfolio, and I being a heavier sailer than either, was bringing up the rear.

"What the people might think, I don't know, but it seemed to me a very strange scene, and I was not much delighted at being made such an object of attraction. Mr Bentham's activity surprised me, and I never overtook him, or came near him, till we reached the Horse-Guards, where his speed was checked by the Blues drawn up in array. Here we threaded in amongst horses and men till we escaped at the other gate into Whitehall. I now thought the crowded streets would prevent any more racing, but several times he escaped from us, and trotted off, compelling us to trot after him till we reached Mr Galloway's manufactory in Smithfield. Here he exulted in his activity, and inquired particularly if I had ever seen a man at his time of life so active. I could not possibly answer, No, while I was almost breathless with the exertion of following him through the crowded streets.

"After seeing at Mr Galloway's manufactory not only the things which had been prepared for the Greeks, but his other engines and machines, we proceeded to another manufactory at the foot of Southwark Bridge, where our brigade of guns stood ready mounted. When Mr Bentham had satisfied his curiosity here also, and I had given him every information in my power, we set off to return to his house, that he might breakfast. I endeavoured to persuade him to take a hackney-coach, but in vain. We got on tolerably well, and without any adventures, tragical or comical, till we arrived at Fleet Street. We crossed from Fleet Market over towards Mr Waithman's shop, and here, letting go my arm, he quitted the foot-pavement, and set off again in one of his vagaries up Fleet Street; his clerk again set off after him, and I again followed. The race here excited universal attention. The perambulating ladies, who are always in great numbers about that part of the town, and ready to laugh at any kind of oddity, and catch hold of every simpleton, stood and stared at, or followed the venerable philosopher. One of them, well known to all the neighbourhood by the appellation of the *City Barge*, given to her on account of her extraordinary bulk, was coming with a consort full sail down Fleet Street,

but whenever they saw the flight of Mr Jeremy Bentham, they hove too, tacked, and followed to witness the fun, or share the prize. I was heartily ashamed of participating in this scene, and supposed that everybody would take me for a mad doctor, the young man for my assistant, and Mr Bentham for my patient, just broke adrift from his keepers.

"Fortunately, the chase did not continue long. Mr Bentham hove too abreast of Carlile's shop, and stood for a little time to admire the books and portraits hanging in the window. At length one of them arrested his attention more particularly. 'Ah, ah!' said he, in a hurried indistinct tone, 'there it is—there it is,' pointing to a portrait which I afterwards found was that of the illustrious Jeremy himself.

"Soon after this, I invented an excuse to quit Mr Bentham and his man, promising to go to Queen Square to dine. I was not, however, to be again taken in by the philosopher's meal hours; so, laying in a stock of provisions, I went at his dining hour, half past ten o'clock, and supped with him. We had a great deal of conversation, particularly about mechanical subjects, and the art of war. I found the old gentleman as lively with his tongue as with his feet, and passed a very pleasant evening, which ended by my pointing out, at his request, a plan for playing his organ by the steam of his tea-kettle. This little history gave Lord Byron a great deal of pleasure; he very often laughed as I told it; he laughed much at its conclusion, and he frequently bade me repeat what he called JERRY BENTHAM'S CRUIZE.

"In the course of the conversation at Mr Bentham's, he enquired of me if I had ever visited America in my travels? I said, 'Yes; I had resided there for some time.'—'Have you read Miss Wright's book on that country?'—'Yes.'—'What do you think of it; does it give a good description of America?' Here I committed another fault. 'She knows no more of America,' I replied, 'than a cow does of a case of instruments.' Such a reply was a complete damper to Mr Bentham's eloquence on the subject. No two men could well be more opposed to each other than we were, and our whole conversation consisted in this sort of cross-firing. Opposition appeared to be something Mr Bentham was not accustomed to, and my blunt manner gave it still more the zest of novelty. He laughed, and rambled to some other subject, to get another such a damper. In my talk there was much want of knowledge and of tact. No man acquainted with party

feelings, or with that sort of minor literary history which is so much the topic of conversation, I am told, among literary people, could have been guilty of my blunder. He would have known that Miss Wright spoke what Mr Jeremy Bentham and his friends wished to be true, and that she was, in an especial manner, a favourite of his. It was not till I was informed of these things, by Lord Byron, I believe, that I discovered how very rude

I had been, and how much reason Mr Bentham would have to find fault with my want of manners."

The whole of this is, we think, quite delightful. Indeed, the absurdity of the scene is touched with so light and knowing a hand, that we are in hopes the volume which we now dismiss is not to be the *labor supremus* of our literary Fire-master.

THE COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No. VIII.

Bacchus in Tuscany. By Leigh Hunt. London, 1825.

MR LEIGH HUNT and we have been so long separated by cruel time and space, whom the gods will not annihilate so as to make two lovers happy, that our meeting now is of the warmest kind; nor would it be right, if it were possible, to restrain the ardour of our friendship. Heaven knows, that any little disagreements that have ever occurred between us, were attributable solely to his own petulance, and that he has always found us ready to forgive and forget. Mr Hunt is well known to be an amiable man, in spite of his Cockneyisms; and, for a long series of Numbers, we did our best to cure him of that distemper. We purged him—we bled him—we blistered him—we bandaged him—but all would not do—we could not reach the seat of the disease. It was in his blood, his bone, and his brain; and to have cured, it would have been absolutely necessary to have killed him, which our feelings would not permit. We therefore let him alone, and ordered him to Italy. He obeyed our mandate with laudable alacrity; and from the following letter to his brother John, it would seem that our interesting patient is in the way of convalescence:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I cannot send you, as I could wish, a pipe of Tuscan wine, or a hamper of Tuscan sunshine, which is much the same thing; so in default of being able to do this, I do what I can, and send you, for a new year's present, a translation of a Tuscan bacchanal.

"May it give you a hundredth part of the elevation which you have often caused to the heart of

"Your affectionate Brother,

"LEIGH HUNT.

"Florence, January 1, 1825."

This is written in a pleasant vein; yet, strange to say, it makes us melancholy. We anticipate the most serious consequences to Mr Hunt's ultimate health, from the sudden and violent change of regimen indicated in this epistle dedicatory.

For many years—indeed during the whole of his youth and prime of manhood—Mr Hunt lived on the poorest diet. When editor of the *Examiner*, he used to publish a weekly bulletin of the state of his bowels, which, we are sorry to say, were almost always weak and sadly out of order. Contrary to our earnest and urgent entreaties, he would drink nothing stronger than saloop. He absolutely drenched his stomach with that beverage; occasionally, to be sure, he had recourse to the weakest of teas—nor in hottest weather did he not indulge in a limited allowance of lemonade. But it is sufficiently correct for general purposes like ours, to say that he abjured all potent potations—that his liquids were thin and attenuated to a degree—and that nothing generous was suffered to mingle with his daily drink. His solids were equally unsatisfactory. A mere wafer of fatless ham, between the finest shives of bread, constituted a breakfast—of the forenoon abstinences of *Lisson Grove*, a lunch would have been a ludicrous misnomer—at the sight of a sirloin, he would have immediately fainted away beside the dinner-board—and an ounce of tripe would to him have been a heavy supper. These are all matters of private concern; but our amiable patient endeavoured to create for them a deep public interest. He made frequent appeal to the people of England on his temperance, and often concluded a

leading article on the state of Europe, by information concerning the state of his own stomach, which for the present shall be left to the reader's imagination. Kings knew when he had a cough—the People were summoned to behold the wry face with which he took a purge or a bolus emetic—and both Houses of Parliament were told to suspend their deliberations when he moved an adjournment to the garden. Many, indeed, were the daily, as well as weekly, periodicals, which he at that time edited; and it did not require a person of our perspicacity to see, that the King of Cockney-Land was fast hurrying to an untimely grave. “O for a blast of that dread horn,” to warn him from such deleterious diet! But, Cassandra-like, we prophesied in vain, ruin, shame, expatriation, and death to this great Trojan. What got we for our truly Christian pains, but infatuated disregard, or still more infatuated abuse? Cup after cup of saloop did he continue to swallow in defiance of us—his inspired oracle. With a libation of unmixed water from the New-River did he devote us to the infernal gods—or, with long and loud gulps of thrice-distilled bohea, desecrate us to the Furies. With an air of offended majesty, that was meant to wither us into annihilation, he drew on his yellow breeches till their amplitude embraced his regal seat of honour, and perking up his little finger, that glittered with a crisp brooch containing a lock of Milton's hair (congenial spirit), he ever and anon for our poor sakes cast Scotland with all her pines into the sea. Still our affection for our unhappy patient was unabated. We, Z., were called in; and that severe practitioner sent him first to Coventry, then to Pisa, and finally to Florence.

“In medio tutissimus ibis,” were the last words that Z. addressed to his majesty on his embarkation for Italy. How miserably that wisest advice has been neglected too clearly appears from this volume! Always in extremes, Mr Hunt must needs now tippie all day long. “Wine—wine—generous wine,” is his waking and sleeping war-cry! His slokening slogan! What a change, from a four-cup-o-tea-man into a three-bottle toper o' strong drink! He that used to sip like a grasshopper, now swills like a hippopotamus. Instead of “praying for another dish of saloop,” he calls with an oath for a bumper of

“Monte Pulciano, the king of all wine.”
Hear, Cockney-land! the Audacious Apostate.

“Cups of chocolate,

Aye, or tea,

Are not medicines

Made for me.

I would sooner take to poison,

Than a single cup set eyes on

Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye

Talk of by the name of coffee!

Let the Arabs and the Turks

Count it 'mongst their cruel works:

Foe of mankind, black and turbid,

Let the throats of slaves absorb it.

Down in Tartarus,

Down in Erebus,

'Twas the detestable Fifty invented it:

The Furies then took it,

To grind and to cook it,

And to Proserpine all three presented it.

If the Mussulman in Asia

Doats on a beverage so unseemly,

I differ with the man extremely.”

Was there, in the whole history of men or angels, ever such another shocking abandonment of principle! Here is a king, who, during a long and prosperous reign, had ruled over Cockney-land according to those principles which seated him on the throne of those realms. And now, hear it, O Heaven! and give ear, thou Earth! He breaks through every tie held most sacred within sound of Bow-Bell, abjures all that he ever gloried in, and, not satisfied with forgetting the objects once dearest to him in life, bids them all go to hell together!

“Down in Tartarus,

Down in Erebus,”

and sends after their descent into those dismal regions a shower of curses, to embitter their final fall and irretrievable ruin. What is the worst conduct of the Holy Alliance to this! What a crash among the crockery! cups and saucers, poories and tea-pots, muffin-plates and sugar-basins, all kicked to the bottomless pit in one undistinguishable overthrow! If there be any public spirit, any patriotism, any independence, any freedom in that Land, the present King's crown is not worth three weeks' purchase. Where sleepest thou, O Tims the Avenger? We are willing to pawn our pen that thou wilt not suffer this sacrilegious despot long to trample upon the charities of life.

“I would sooner take to poison,

Than a single cup set eyes on,

Of that bitter and guilty stuff ye

Talk of by the name of coffee!”

Monster of iniquity ! are you not afraid that the bolt of heaven will strike you dead in your impiety ? Yet mark how, in spite of, and unknown to, himself, he abjures the dearest principles in the choicest language of Cockneydom ! He curses the coffee that he drew in with his mother's milk, in language that proves his lineal descent from King Lud ; and avows his preference of poison, in terms redolent of saloop, the most innoxious of liquids that gurggle from the fountains of Cheapside.

Nothing is so tiresome in criticism as dwelling too long on one key. Let us therefore change the key, and strike a different note. What think you, gentle reader, of Leigh Hunt, who so long enacted the character of "Apollar in Cockaigne," undertaking that of "Bacchus in Tuscany?" Must he not be a perfect Jack of all trades ? In good truth, Leigh Hunt is never in his proper element, unless he be a Heathen God. We remember he once performed Jupiter Tonans, but his thunder was so poor that it would not have soured small beer. As he shook his locks, his wig fell off, a disaster which convulsed Olympus. His mode of handling the eagle betrayed a most ungodlike timidity of his talons, and his behaviour to Hebe, "with such an air," was about as celestial as that of a natty Bagman to the barmaid of the Hen and Chickens. As he swore by Styx, his face was as prim as that of an apprentice to a button-maker making an affidavit, and in the character of Cloud-compeller, he could not have been backed against ODoherthy with a cigar. In Bacchus he is equally droll. Instead of rolling on in a car drawn by tigers, or lions, or panthers, Leigh makes his entrée in a sort of shandry-dan, lugged along by a brace of donkeys. What a conqueror of India ! Lord have mercy upon him, he could with difficulty cross the kennel. As well might the poor starved apothecary assert himself to be Sir John Falstaff. Why, he cannot even look rosy about the gills. He cannot show an "honest face." That is a most ineffectual stagger. But, hear ! hear !

"God's my life, what glorious claret !
Blessed be the ground that bare it !
'Tis Avignon. Don't say 'a flask of it,'
Into my soul I pour 'a cask of it !'
Artiminos finer still,

A tun !—a tun !
The deed is done."

We much fear that Mr Hunt never was drunk ; and if we are right in our apprehension, pray what right has he to enact Bacchus in Tuscany ? Is he not, Adjutant, shamming Abraham, pretending to be bouzy, in the following dismal chaunt of merriment ?

"Ciccio d'Andrea himself one day,
'Mid his thunders of eloquence bursting
away,

Sweet in his gravity,
Fierce in his suavity,
Dared in my own proper presence to talk,
Of that stuff of Aversa, half acid and
chalk,

Which, whether it's verjuice, or whether
it's wine,

Far surpasses, I own, any science of mine.
Let him indulge in his strange tipples
With his proud friend, Fasano there, at
Naples,

Who with a horrible impiety
Swore he could judge of wines as well as I.
So daring has that bold blasphemer grown,
He now pretends to ride my golden throne,
And taking up my triumphs, rolls along
The fair Sebetus with a fiery song ;
Pampering, besides, those laurels that he
wears

With vines that fatten in those genial airs ;
And then he maddens, and against e'en me
A Thyrsus shakes on high, and threatens his
deity :

But I withhold at present, and endure him :
Phœbus and Pallas from mine ire secure
him.

One day, perhaps, on the Sebetus, I
Will elevate a throne of luxury ;
And then he will be humbled, and will
come,

Offering devoutly, to avert his doom,
Ischia's and Posilippo's noble Greek :
And then perhaps I shall not scorn to
make

Peace with him, and will booze like Hans
and Herman

After the usage German :
And 'midst our belying bottles and vast
flasks

There shall be present at our tasks
For lofty arbiter (and witness gay too)
My gentle Marquis there of Oliveto."

Thou pimpled spirit of Drunken
Barnaby ! What thinkest thou of this
Bacchanal, nay, of this Bacchus ? Is
he not enough to set the table in a
snore ? However, let him drivel on,
and then sounce him in a tumbler of
salt and water.

"Let me purify my mouth
In an holy cup o' the south ;
In a golden pitcher let me

And drink of the wine of the vine benign,
That sparkles warm in Sansovine;
Or of that vermilion charmer
And heart warmer,
Which brought up in Tregonzano
An old stony giggiano,
Blooms so bright and lifts the head so
Of the toasters of Arezzo.
'Twill be haply still more up,
Sparkling, piquant, quick i' the cup,
If, O page, adroit and steady,
In thy tuck'd-up choral surplice,
Thou infusest that Albano,
That Vaiano,
Which engoldens and empurples
In the grounds there of my Redi."

Come now, Hunt, off with your
salt and water.—What! will you re-
bel against the chair? you have been
sconced for an hour's consummate and
unprovoked drivelling, which you are
pleased to call drunkenness; but that
won't go down in such a company as
this—so—that's a good boy—a little
wider—that will do!

See how it runs down his gizzern,
His gizzern, his gizzern,
See how it runs down his gizzern,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho!!

Now that you have submitted your-
self with a tolerably good grace to
lawful authority, O Bacchus in Tus-
cany, another strain!

"What wine is that I see? Ah,

Bright as a John Dory:
It should be Malvagia,
Trebbia's praise and glory.
It is, i' faith, it is:

Push it nearer, pri'thee;
And let me, thou fair bliss,
Fill this magnum with thee.
I' faith, it's a good wine,
And much agrees with me.
Here's a health to thee and thy line,
Prince of Tuscany."

Bravo! Bravissimo! Encore! En-
core! still a small smell of saloop—
but very fair—very fair for a novice.
Go on, my dear Leigh. Never mind
the Aspirates. Come, be classical.

"To the sound of the cymbal,
And sound of the crotalus,
Girt with your Nebrides,
Ho, ye Bassarides,
Up, up, and mingle me
Cups of that purple grape,
Which, when ye grapple, ye
Bless Monterappoli.
Then, while I irrigate
These my dry viscera,
For they burn inwardly,
Let my Fauns cleverly
Cool my hot head with their
Garlands of pampinus.

Then to the crash of your
Pipes and your kettle-drums,
Let me have sung to me,
Roar'd to me, rung to me,
Catches and love-songs
Of wonderful mystery;
While the drunk Mænades,
And glad Egipani,
To the rude rapture and mystical word-
ing

Bear a loud burden.
From the hill before us
Let the villagers raise o'er us
Clappings to our chorus;
And all around resound
Talabálacs, tamburins, and horns,
And pipes, and bagpipes, and the things
you know, boys,
That cry out Ho-boys!"

Bacchus! my worthy fellow, have
you forgot Ariadne?
"The ruby dew that stills
Upon Valdarno's hills,
Touches the sense with odour so divine,
That not the violet,
With lips with morning wet,
Utters such sweetness from her little
shrine.

When I drink of it, I rise
Over the hill that makes poets wise,
And in my voice and in my song,
Grow so sweet and grow so strong,
I challenge Phœbus with his delphic eyes.
Give me then, from a golden measure,
The ruby that is my treasure, my treasure;
And like to the lark that goes madden-
ing above,

I'll sing songs of love!
Songs will I sing more moving and fine,
Than the bubbling and quaffing of Ger-
sole wine.

Then the rote shall go round,
And the cymbals kiss,
And I'll praise Ariadne,
My beauty, my bliss!
I'll sing of her tresses,
I'll sing of her kisses;
Now, now it increases,
The fervour increases,
The fervour, the boiling and venomous
bliss."

Hush—halt. You are bringing the
blush into the virgin cheek of ODo-
herty. Change the measure into some-
thing more chaste.

"He who drinks water,
I wish to observe,
Gets nothing from me;
He may eat it and starve,
Whether it's well, or whether it's fountain,
Or whether it comes foaming white from
the mountain,
I cannot admire it,
Nor ever desire it:

'Tis a fool, and a madman, and impudent wretch,
 Who now will live in a nasty ditch,
 And then grow proud, and full of his whims,
 Comes playing the devil and cursing his brims,
 And swells, and tumbles, and bothers his margins,
 And ruins the flowers, although they be virgins.
 Moles and piers, were it not for him,
 Would last for ever,
 If they're built clever;
 But no—it's all one with him—sink or swim.

Let the people yclept Mameluke
 Praise the Nile without any rebuke;
 Let the Spaniards praise the Tagus;
 I cannot like either, even for negus.
 If any follower of mine
 Dares so far forget his wine,
 As to drink an atom of water,
 Here's the hand should devote him to slaughter.

Let your meagre doctorlings
 Gather herbs and such like things;
 Fellows, that with streams and stills
 Think to cure all sorts of ills.
 I've no faith in their washery,
 Nor think it worth a glance of my eye:
 Yes, I laugh at them for that matter,
 To think how they, with their heaps of water,
 Petrify their skulls profound,
 And make 'em all so thick and so round,
 That Viviani, with all his mathematics,
 Would fail to square the circle of their attics.

Away with all water,
 Wherever I come;
 I forbid it ye, gentlemen,
 All and some;
 Lemonade water,
 Jessamine water,
 Our tavern knows none of 'em,
 Water's a hum.
 Jessamine makes a pretty crown;
 But as a drink, 'twill never go down.
 All your hydromels and flips
 Come not near these prudent lips.
 All your sippings and sherbets,
 And a thousand such pretty sweets,
 Let your mincing ladies take 'em,
 And fops whose little fingers ache 'em.
 Wine! Wine! is your only drink;
 Grief never dares to look at the brink;
 Six times a-year, to be mad with wine,
 I hold it no shame, but a very good sign.
 I, for my part, take my can,
 Solely to act like a gentleman."

Why, Bacchus, your enemy Somnus has been in the room all the time you were singing. He has this mo-

ment gone to the door; but give us another stave, and there can be no doubt of his speedy return.

"Hallo! What phenomenon's this,
 That makes my head turn round?
 I'faith I think it is
 A turning of the ground!
 Ho, ho, earth,
 If that's your mirth,
 It may not, I think, be amiss for me
 To leave the earth, and take to the sea.
 Hallo there, a boat! a boat!
 As large as can float,
 As large as can float, and stock'd plenteously;
 For that's the ballast, boys, for the salt sea.

Here, here, here,—here's one of glass;
 Yet through a storm it can dance with a lass.

I'll embark, I will,
 For my gentle sport,
 And drink as I'm used
 'Till I settle in Port—
 Rock, rock,—wine is my stock,
 Wine is my stock, and will bring us to Port.

Row, brothers, row,
 We'll sail and we'll go,
 We'll all go sailing and rowing to Port—
 Ariadne, to Por—to Port.
 Oh what a thing

'Tis for you and for me,
 On an evening in spring,
 To sail in the sea!
 The little fresh airs
 Spread their silver wings,
 And o'er the blue pavement
 Dance love-makings.
 To the tune of the waters, and tremulous glee,

They strike up a dance to people at sea.
 Row, brothers, row,
 We'll sail and we'll go,
 We'll sail and we'll go, till we settle in Port—

Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
 Pull away, pull away,
 Without drag or delay:
 No gallants grow tired, but think it a sport,
 To feather their oars till they settle in Port.

Ariadne, in Por—in Port.
 I'll give you a toast,
 And then, you know, you,
 Arianeeny, my beauty, my queeny,
 Shall sing me a little, and play to me too
 On the mandôla, the coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 The coocooroocoo,
 On the mandôla, the coocooroocoo.

A long pu—

A strong pu—

A long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether!

Gallants and boaters, who know how to feather,

Never get tired, but think it a sport,
To feather their oars, till they settle in port—

Ariadne, in Por—Port;

I'll give thee a toast—

I'll give thee a toast—and then, you know,
you

Shall give me one too.

Arianceny, my quainty, my queeny,

Sing me, you ro—

Sing me, you ro—

Sing me, you rogue, and play to me, do,

On the viò—

On the viòla, the coocoorooocoo,

The coocoorooocoo,

The coocoorooocoo.

On the viòla, the coocoorooocoo."

Enter Mr AMBROSE.

Mr Ambrose. I beg pardon, sir,—didn't you ring the bell?

North. Yes, Ambrose. Take Bacchus in Tuscany to the Cherry Chamber. You see that he has reached an era of the highest civilation.

Bac. On the viòla, the coocoorooocoo!

The coocoorooocoo,

The coocoorooocoo,

On the viòla, the coocoorooocoo!

ODoherty. Damn the ninny—more oysters.

A LECTURE, &c.*

By W. Ellery Channing, D.D. Boston, New England.

THIS is an unassuming little work, of six-and-forty pages, thrown upon the world, unrecommended by any pompous display of deep learning or metaphysical subtlety. We had scarcely read half-a-dozen pages, however, before we were quite convinced that the author was a man of sound judgment and clear understanding, and the remainder of the work proved that he was equally correct in feeling, and refined in taste. We think that it unites all the requisites of a standard treatise on the Christian religion. In the first place, it is short. In the next, there is much for the head, good plain common sense, intelligible to all; and, in the third place, there is very much for the heart.

Paley's Evidences, excellent as it is as a work, is much too long. Not one man in twenty thousand has a command over his attention sufficient to sit down doggedly to understand his two propositions, each of which, if we remember right, requires eight or ten chapters to develop it entirely. The distance between the first and last links of the chain of reasoning, is too great to allow us to retain all the intermediate connexions. Then the style is as uninviting as it could be, at least to us. Addison is too diffuse. Grotius, which in our opinion is by far the most satisfactory work upon the subject, is too dry and learned for the generality. Christianity is preached

to the peasant as well as to the philosopher. Its evidences, therefore, should be accessible to the one as well as to the other. There is nothing incompatible in the idea, the best works are those which are always most popular. Leslie's most excellent work contains irrefutable arguments in favour of Christianity, but it is rather too logical, requiring more attention than men in general are willing to afford any subject, however important.

A treatise on the evidences of Christianity should be deeply imbued with the spirit of Saint Paul. It should be, "All things to all men." The reasoning should be plain, manly, and profound, for the logician. The style should be elegant for the man of taste—and the man of feeling should be moved by the portraiture of the most exalted characters that ever sojourned on this earth. For our own part, we must own that our Saviour's character, considered as that of a man only, affords one of the strongest proofs of his being a God, that we can imagine. And yet how rarely is this view of the subject ever brought forward! The saints may talk as they will of our depravity, but we assert, that it is out of our power not to be moved with the good and the beautiful, and equally so, not to detest the vicious and the deformed. Who ever rejoiced in the successful villainy of Iago—(this, by the way, should be a sufficient answer

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to the modern cant against play-going,) or who does not feel his detestation of vice strengthened, rather than weakened by such a display? It is a principle of the mind, as stable as the mind itself, to venerate the good, and detest the bad; and no man, however depraved, fails to acknowledge the force of this power—where did the ancients find their gods? In their heroes—for such was the strength of this instinctive feeling, that they could not but people the heavens with those beings, who had been the benefactors of the human race while on earth. And yet, if they deserved the veneration of enlightened nations, how much more so the “man Jesus!”

This view of our Saviour’s character has many advantages, we were almost saying over every other—we are all of us capable of appreciating the social and kindred affections, of recognizing the sacrifices that one man makes for another. These touch the heart, and for them we have a *human sympathy*. But place before us a long train of intricate reasoning, to prove that there is a wonderful Being, at whose command the elements are congregated into form, and whose powers are illimitable—we may fear, we may wonder—but we shall rarely love. We, who are laymen, and who do not trouble ourselves much with controversial divinity, must confess that it was in the sublimity of its precepts, and in the loveliness of the conduct of its founder, that we felt the truth of the Christian religion.

Tell any person unacquainted with Christianity, that there was such a character as Jesus, and he must venerate him.

Tell him that he was possessed of so wonderful a mind, that even as a boy the most learned of his nation hearkened unto him, and were amazed at his doctrines; and yet, withal, that his character, too, was so simple, mild, unaffected, and kind, that little children loved to approach and be near him—that his whole life was dedicated to the good of others—that he was so disinterested, that when consulted by the rich, he bade them divide their fortunes with the poor and needy, although he himself “had not where to lay his head”—that he was so tender a son, that even in the pangs of an agonizing death, he enjoined the friend whom he loved to take his mother

age—so warm a patriot, that he wept bitterly when he thought on his country’s downfall—so patient and meek of spirit, that when hanging on the cross, and pierced, he uttered not a single complaint—so forgiving, that amid the ten thousand curses of his enemies who had crucified him, one solitary prayer broke from his lips, alone, and mingling with them, ascended to the footstool of the Almighty, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!”

In a popular work on the evidences of Christianity, therefore, this view should not, in our opinion, be lost sight of,—Let all the overwhelming reasons, too, which the talent and industry of our divines have collected, be mingled with those deductions from Scripture, which, from their innate beauty, have furnished innumerable subjects for the poet and the painter, and we will venture to say, that such a work, so executed, will ensure the gratitude of all mankind.

Such a work is really wanted. Atheism is not so rare a blindness of intellect as is generally thought. We ourselves are acquainted with more than one who retain such opinions—men of exemplary conduct, too. So far from abhorring, we consider them as objects of our sincere commiseration. We were told of one old gentleman, who, at the age of eighty, wrote down the grounds of his dissent, in the hopes that the friend to whom he showed the manuscript, might answer them satisfactorily. He would have given half his fortune to have been convinced of the truth of Christianity. A work of the nature we mean might have effected the desirable change, for he was a man who had been *reasoning* all his life.

To write such a work requires a combination of excellencies which rarely co-exist. Dr Channing might probably attempt it himself; a very little enlargement of the plan, and a little more attention to the detail of his “lecture,” would embrace all that we mean.

By the way, while we recommend the attention to those beauties with which Scripture abounds, we beg leave to put in our dissent to those “*appeals to the heart*,” as they are called, which we have too often heard in Scotland, and even in England. In us these rhapsodies have only pro-

they are made up of scraps of scripture snatched at hazard, and sent forth like grape-shot, to hit whom they may. The men that utter them are, for the most part, illiterate, and, what is strange, proud in being unlearned—why, we know not.

We presume, however, that a discourse in bad English must be of wonderfully greater efficacy than one in which the rules of grammar are observed.

It is a fashion to follow them, because it is said they are in earnest. We give them all the credit they desire for being sincere Christians; but, do their followers imagine, that because a man is a sincere Christian, therefore he is fit for a Christian teacher? At that rate, the peasant, who is touched by the wonders of astronomy, is admirably calculated for expounding the Principia of Newton. It has been thrown in our teeth that the Apostles were illiterate fishermen, and that twelve cobblers of London were as fit instruments as twelve fishermen of Judæa. We wish these people would turn to a sermon of that sound divine and accomplished scholar, Horsley. They would there learn that the Apostles were inspired with that knowledge for which the Christian teacher of our day is expected to toil. We certainly regard such teachers of the “word” as really mischievous, being convinced that half our mad-houses are furnished from their tabernacles. To the weak and sensitive they make the mild doctrines of Christianity terrific. As for ourselves, who of course look upon ourselves as neither weak nor sensitive, their rhapsodies only recall the butt-end of an ancient cavalier song—

From cushion-pounders and from those
Who snuffle out their unlearned zeal in
prose,

As if the road to heaven was through the
nose!

Libera nos!

It is time, however, to present the reader with a few specimens of our author's little work.

“We are never to forget that God's adherence to the order of the universe is not necessary and mechanical, but intelligent and voluntary. He adheres to it not for its own sake, or because it has a sacredness which compels him to respect it; but simply because it is most suited to accomplish purposes in which he is engaged. It is a means, and not an end; and, like all other means, must give way

when the end can best be promoted without it. It is the mark of a weak mind to make an idol of order and method; to cling to established forms of business, when they clog instead of advancing it. If then the great purposes of the universe can best be accomplished by departing from its established laws, these laws will undoubtedly be suspended; and though broken in the letter, they will be observed in their spirit; for the ends, for which they were first instituted, will be advanced by their violation. Now the question arises, for what purposes were nature and its order appointed? and there is no presumption in saying, that the highest of these is the improvement of intelligent beings. Mind, (by which we mean both moral and intellectual powers,) is God's first end. The great purpose, for which an order of nature is fixed, is plainly the formation of Mind. In a creation without order, where events would follow without any regular succession, it is obvious that Mind must be kept in perpetual infancy; for, in such a universe, there could be no reasoning from effects to causes, no induction to establish general truths, no adaptation of means to ends; that is, no science relating to God, or matter, or mind; no action; no virtue. The great purpose of God then, I repeat it, in establishing the order of nature, is to form and advance the mind; and if the case should occur in which the interests of the mind could best be advanced by departing from this order, or by miraculous agency, then the great purpose of the creation, the great end of its laws and regularity, would demand such departure; and miracles, instead of warring against, would concur with nature.”

The following views are quite novel to us, and we think them so deserving of attention, that we shall not apologize in extracting the passage.—

“Before quitting the general consideration of miracles, I ought to take some notice of Hume's celebrated argument on this subject; not that it merits the attention which it has received, for infidelity has seldom forged a weaker weapon; but because it is specious, and has derived weight from the name of its author. The argument is briefly this,—‘That belief is founded upon and regulated by experience. Now we often experience testimony to be false, but never witness a departure from the order of nature. That men may deceive us when they testify to miracles, is therefore more accordant with experience, than that nature should be irregular; and hence there is a balance of proof against miracles, a presumption so strong as to outweigh the strongest testimony.’

"1. This argument affirms, that the credibility of facts, or statements, is to be decided by their accordance with the established order of nature, and by this standard only. Now, if nature comprehended all existences and all powers, this position might be admitted: But if there is a Being higher than nature, the origin of all its powers and motions, and whose character falls under our notice and experience as truly as the creation, then there is an additional standard to which facts and statements are to be referred; and works which violate nature's order will still be credible, if they agree with the known properties and attributes of its author; because for such works we can assign an adequate cause and sufficient reasons, and these are the qualities and conditions on which credibility depends.

"2. This argument of Hume proves too much, and therefore proves nothing. It proves too much; for if I am to reject the strongest testimony to miracles, because testimony has often deceived me, whilst nature's order has never been found to fail, then I ought to reject a miracle, even if I should see it with my own eyes, and if all my senses should attest it; for all my senses have sometimes given false reports, whilst nature has never gone astray; and therefore, be the circumstances ever so decisive or inconsistent with deception, still I must not believe what I see, and hear, and touch; what my senses, exercised according to the most deliberate judgment, declare to be true. All this the argument requires.—And it proves too much; for disbelief, in the case supposed, is out of our power, and is instinctively pronounced absurd; and what is more, it would subvert that very order of nature on which the argument rests; for this order of nature is learned only by the exercise of my senses and judgment, and if these fail me, in the most unexceptionable circumstances, then their testimony to nature is of little worth.

"Once more: This argument is built on an ignorance of the nature of testimony, and it is surprising that this error has not been more strikingly exposed. Testimony, we are told, cannot prove a miracle. Now, the truth is, that testimony, of itself and immediately, proves no fact whatever, not even the most common. Testimony can do nothing more than show us the state of another's mind in regard to a given fact. It can only show us that the testifier has a belief, a conviction, that a certain phenomenon or event has occurred. Here testimony stops: and the reality of the event

from the circumstances under which it exists. This conviction is an effect which must have a cause, and needs to be explained; and if no cause can be found but the real occurrence of the event, then this occurrence is admitted as true. Such is the extent of testimony. Now, a man who affirms a miraculous phenomenon, or event, may give us just as decisive proofs, by his character and conduct, of the strength and depth of his conviction, as if he were affirming a common occurrence. Testimony, then, does just as much in the case of miracles as of common events; that is, it discloses to us the conviction of another's mind. Now, this conviction, in the case of miracles, requires a cause, an explanation, as much as in every other; and if the circumstances be such, that it could not have sprung up and been established but by the reality of the alleged miracle, then that great and fundamental principle of human belief, namely, that every effect must have a cause, compels us to admit the miracle."

This celebrated sophism of Hume is very well answered, we think, in the above extract.

We offer one short passage more, in illustration of the force of evidence arising from a view of our Saviour's character.—

"These various particulars I cannot attempt to unfold. One or two may be illustrated, to show you the mode of applying the principles which I have laid down. I will take first the *character of Jesus Christ*. How is this to be explained by the principles of human nature?—We are immediately struck with this peculiarity in the Author of Christianity, that whilst all other men are formed in a measure by the spirit of the age, we can discover in Jesus no impression of the period in which he lived. We know with considerable accuracy the state of society, the modes of thinking, the hopes and expectations of the country in which Jesus was born and grew up; and he is as free from them, and as exalted above them, as if he had lived in another world, or, with every sense shut on the objects around him. His character has in it nothing local or temporary. It can be explained by nothing around him. His history shows him to us a solitary being, living for purposes which none but himself comprehended, and enjoying not so much as the sympathy of a single mind. His apostles, his chosen companions, brought to him the spirit of the age; and nothing shows its strength more strikingly, than the slowness with which it yielded.

REMARKS ON MR COVENTRY'S ATTEMPT TO IDENTIFY JUNIUS WITH LORD GEORGE SACKVILLE.*

EIGHT years have now elapsed since the public attention was strongly seized by an attempt to identify the author of the Letters of Junius with a political character of considerable importance then surviving—Sir Philip Francis. The volume in which this thesis was maintained had the fortune to attract, in an especial manner, the notice of the Edinburgh Reviewers, and the article in which its propositions were retailed, was, at the time, looked upon as among the most successful of their efforts in this kind. Our attention is now solicited to another volume, which has for its object the identification of Junius with another person altogether, a person of infinitely greater importance in every respect, the late Viscount Sackville, better known under his earlier appellations of Lord George Sackville, and Lord George Germaine.

Sir Philip Francis, when the attempt above alluded to was made known to him, made no answer except this,—“It is a malignant falsehood and calumny.” Lord Sackville has been dead these forty years, so that he has no opportunity to make or to withhold a similar disavowal. This we consider, we must distinctly say, as of no consequence whatever. The Edinburgh Reviewer thought that after the lapse of near half a century, Sir Philip Francis need have no unpleasant feelings in seeing the Letters of Junius traced to his pen. We take quite a different view of the matter, and are firmly persuaded that no man who had any fragment of the feelings of a gentleman left within him, could have suffered himself and Junius to be identified after the lapse of whatever period of time, without emotions of the most perfect agony. Junius, whoever he was, was a man of extraordinary genius. His book must always preserve its place high among the classics of England; but beyond this intellectual praise all is dark. Junius was a first-rate master of the art of rhetorical invective; but he was also one of the meanest, the basest of libellers:

He had for ever forfeited his character as a gentleman by what he had done; for he had raked together, without even the pretence of any public grounds for so doing, all the most secret domestic calumnies he could muster, and mixed them up in the chalice which he held to the lips of his political enemies. He had, in innumerable instances, libelled the men of a family through its women. This one trait is enough for us. We say nothing even of the rancorous attacks upon his innocent, amiable, and respectable Sovereign. We take one broad position. The political writer who had permitted himself to assail his opponents, by insulting their wives and sisters, could never hope to acknowledge his trespass, and yet to maintain his place in society; and therefore no man capable of writing Junius could ever, by possibility, witness without torture any attempt to identify him with that Gigantic Shadow. If the Edinburgh Reviewer be still of an opposite opinion, we are sorry to differ from so great an authority; but we cannot help it.

The fact is, that Junius and Sir Philip Francis were, both of them, Whigs; and the fact is also, that, up to the time at which the Edinburgh Review about Junius appeared, the Whigs of our own time held and maintained (ay, and acted upon too) very different notions, as to some rather important matters, from those which they have since found it convenient to adopt—or at least to proclaim. The article in question appeared long before any Edinburgh Reviewer had dreamt that the day might ever come, when he should find it convenient to represent *personality* either as a modern or as a Tory invention. In those days, the “Twopenny Post bag” was the *beau-ideal* of elegant satire; and nobody need blush to own himself author of Junius’ attacks upon the Tory ladies of his time! We leave our friend to read over his admirable and admired article *now* with what feelings he may, and proceed at once to the subject of the volume before us.

* A Critical Enquiry regarding the real author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville. By George Coventry. London: William Phillips, George Yard, Lombard Street, 1825.

We say to its subject; because, before we come to itself, we must advert to a very interesting chapter in the venerable Mr Charles Butler's "*Reminiscences*," which work was first published in 1822. Mr Butler was living on terms of great intimacy with Wilkes soon after the time of Junius's publications, and these two gentlemen conjunctly amused themselves with a deliberate inquiry into the claims of the different persons who had, up to that day, been suspected. Their inquiry terminated in nothing. Mr Wilkes *inclined* to suspect the late Bishop Butler. The other saw no strength in any of the arguments on which Wilkes' suspicion (for, after all, it was no more) relied. He gave the result of the investigation in a letter, which, ere long, found its way into the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, then flourishing.

The subject, however, had continued to occupy Mr Butler's able mind; and, in his "*Reminiscences*,"* he takes up the state of the controversy as it had been left by the publication of the attempts to identify Junius with Sir Philip Francis, and, upon the whole, treats of it with equal ingenuity and candour. The general result was, that he thought the external evidence for Sir Philip was very strong, the internal of the very weakest, and concluded that Sir Philip had indeed been connected with Junius, but this only as an amanuensis. This theory sufficiently accounted for the many striking facts which had been alleged in evidence of Sir Philip's connexion with the terrible Letters;—among others, it accounted for the fact, that Sir Philip was promoted from a very obscure rank here, to a very high office in India shortly after Junius ceased to write, because, argued Mr Butler, Junius might be a man not above entering into a compromise with Lord North, yet entirely above seeking any *pecuniary* compensation for his silence to himself, and such a man might easily have been able to have his amanuensis provided for, even in the high style in which Sir Philip Francis's *then unknown merits* were certainly most suddenly and unexpectedly rewarded.

The question remained as to Junius

himself. Mr Butler says, that he himself recollects the first person who was generally suspected was Lord George Sackville. He adds, that Sir William Draper lived and died in the belief that Lord George was the man. In fact, no other *feasible* guess was made at the time, except one; we allude to the suspicions of *Burke*. These suspicions have, we think, been entirely disproved. The evidence of style is here so strong, that it alone might be sufficient; but further, the politics of Junius differed essentially from those of Burke as to the Stamp Act, the Triennial Parliaments Bill—in short, as to some of the most important questions of the time. Thirdly, and lastly, and conclusively, there is nothing either in Burke's character, or in Burke's history, to account for the tone and temper of those ferocious diatribes, in relation to persons with whom, in many instances, Burke lived and died on terms of friendship, respect, and affection. Who can believe, for example, that Burke was ever capable of writing the famous letter to the King?—Burke, whose life had been, on the whole, a most fortunate one—Burke, who had met with nothing to sour a naturally delightful temper—Burke, who was, his enemies themselves being judges, the very soul of candour and sincerity, as well as of gentleness. As to the arguments drawn from Junius's railing a little at the Irish, his throwing a sarcasm on Burke's own eloquence,—these we certainly think of no consequence. Junius, whoever he was, wore a mask with deeper layers than such as these; nor, if there were any strong evidence against Burke, should we hold Burke's own language about Junius in the House of Commons as of any avail. Whoever Junius was, we may be quite sure that he was in the habit of abusing Junius in society; and, of course, if he knew himself to be suspected, (as both Burke and Sackville did,) he would rail so much the more vigorously.

In all such cases, we confess we are inclined to give very considerable weight to the *first guess that finds general favour*. In this case, the first such guess was Lord George Sackville. The only other guess that has been supported with very strong arguments,

* One of the most agreeable volumes of our time, and not the least instructive.

is Sir Philip Francis. Let us then lay the two claims together, and try, if possible, to determine where the balance falls.

The principles from which the defenders of the two different hypotheses set out, are, generally, the very same. The question turns upon the comparative success with which they have brought the facts of the cases to coalesce with these admitted tests.

And, first, it is admitted on both sides, that Junius must have been a man who had some reasons of gigantic force for hating the chief members of the British government at the time, with not merely a political, but a personal rancour.

Now Mr Francis was, at that period, a very young man, a clerk in the War-Office. He was, during the period of Junius's publications, dismissed from his office by the nobleman at the head of this department, Lord Barrington; and the very dismissal forms one topic in Junius's attack upon that lord.

But—Lord George Sackville had a history of a far darker sort to look back upon. The most remarkable incident in his life was one well calculated to sour for ever the temper of a man born, as is now admitted on all hands, with high talents and high spirit. He had entered early into the army: he had distinguished himself and bled profusely in almost every battle of the time: he had risen to nearly the highest dignities of his profession: he had been lieutenant-general of the ordnance in England, and commander of the English forces in Germany during the campaign of Minden. In the course of that battle, he was, whether justly or unjustly, charged with a neglect of Prince Ferdinand the commander-in-chief's orders; and a charge of cowardice was openly insinuated. He was, upon this, dismissed immediately from all his offices in the army, his name erased from the list of the privy council, and a valuable sinecure he had long held in Ireland taken from him. All this was done without trial, although, from the first moment, he did nothing but demand investigation. The government of George II. did all they could to prevent a trial—the King himself personally intimated, that if he were tried, and found guilty, his fate should be the same as that of Ryng. Lord George persisted, and he was at length tried.

He was found guilty of neglecting to execute the commands of his general with sufficient alacrity, and declared incapable of serving the King thenceforth in any military capacity. The King did not merely approve of this sentence, but commanded it to be published at the head of every regiment in the service, "in order that officers being convinced that neither high birth nor great employments can shelter offences of such a nature; and, that, seeing they are subject to censures that are much worse than death to a man who has any sense of honour, they may avoid the fatal consequences arising from disobedience of orders."

It is no part of our present object to inquire into the justice of the sentence, thus aggravated by the personal re-script of George II. We profess ourselves to have long been thoroughly convinced that Lord George was perfectly blameless. Prince Ferdinand was a heavy German, jealous of Sackville's brilliant talents, and the haughty independence of his address and conduct. The second British officer in the field was Lord Granby, a very brave man certainly, but as surely a very dull one. He also hated and dreaded Lord George Sackville's brightness of parts and assumption of utter superiority. One of the Grafton family was aid-de-camp to Prince Ferdinand; Granby succeeded to the employments taken from Sackville, and this Fitzroy (afterwards Lord Southampton) was one of the fatal witnesses on his trial.

We cannot remember all this, and hesitate to agree with Mr Butler, in admitting that—

"There certainly was an event in his lordship's life which would sour him against mankind, and fill his soul with bitter hatred against the King in whose reign it happened, and his immediate successor on the throne; against Lord Mansfield, their secret and confidential adviser in all state prosecutions; and against the Duke of Grafton, the brother of Lord Southampton, a strong witness against Lord George in the court-martial which was held upon him."

In addition to this, be it noticed, that although the very day after George the Second's death, Lord George Sackville went and kissed the young King's hand, and was received very graciously, yet he was immediately afterwards informed (from Lord Bute of course,)

that his presence at St James's would be dispensed with. He was sworn in to the privy-council again, and appointed one of the vice-treasurers in Ireland, when Lord Rockingham formed his administration, in July 1765; was turned out when Lord Chatham formed his, in 1766, on the score of the court-martial sentence still remaining in force against him, and remained out of office from that time until 1775, when he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies, and First Lord of Trade and Plantations. During this last period, between 1766 and 1775, Junius was written.

The two sides also agree in this, that Junius used to write for other reasons than fear of detection, far less exhaustion of topics. And they state accordingly, the former, that Mr Francis received a lucrative and highly honourable appointment in India within a few months after the last letter of Junius appeared; the other, that Lord George Sackville was, as we have just seen, taken into power and office in 1775, *not quite three years* after Junius had ceased to write. Here the *Franciscans* bring the effect much nearer to the cause than the *Sackvillians*; but these last reply, that a man of Mr Francis's humble rank, and no fortune, might indeed refuse to stop writing until his demands were complied with; but that such conduct was out of the question in regard to a person of Lord George's high station and ample wealth, who, of course, must have ceased to be Junius the moment any *negotiations* between him and Lord North commenced. For these negotiations they allow three years, and think that but a moderate allowance, when the wideness of the previous breach (above all, if Lord North really knew Sackville to be Junius) is taken into consideration.

The next great object is to connect the rival claimants with the various personal opinions, prejudices, and, above all, spleens of Junius. Here is, in reality, the most difficult part of the business; and we are sorry to say, that, in the issue, neither Sackville nor Francis could have been Junius, without violating the laws, not of civility merely, but of friendship and gratitude. But let us see how the account stands.

1. There is the King.—The *Franciscans* have nothing to say here. No

attempt has been made by them either to account for the minute knowledge which [their] Junius had, or rather thought he had, of the King's temper and nature, or for the rancorous ferocity with which his Majesty was attacked in Junius's Letters. On the other hand, Lord George Sackville had been bred up in the immediate court circle from his earliest days, and he had been twice subjected to deadly insults since the accession of George III., once on being forbid the court, and more lately, in being turned out of office on pretence of a sentence which Lord George conceived the King to have *virtually* annulled when he suffered him to be put on the Privy Council, &c. in 1765, and of which the non-annulment formally continued, it is probable, to be gall and wormwood to his proud spirit until it ceased to breathe.

2. Then comes Lord Mansfield.—Here also the *Franciscans* have nothing to say, whereas the *Sackvillians* show that Mansfield was the great crown lawyer at the time of Lord George's original and never-pardoned degradation. Both parties, to be sure, mention his behaviour at Woodfall's trial; but Lord Mansfield had been insulted grievously in Junius ere then, and it is not easy to believe that either Sackville or Francis could have so seriously resented his lordship's conduct on that occasion, when all the rest of the world agreed he did nothing but his duty.

3. The Duke of Bedford.—Here also the advocates of Sir Philip's claim are silent; while their opponents show, that, to say nothing of political differences, properly so called, the Duke and Lord George were closely connected by marriage, and lived on bad terms through life; and that the Duke not merely consented to his connexion's degradation after Minden, but himself succeeded to the Irish office, then taken from him. They point, too, to the threat of Junius, that he could "*privately* raise a storm which would shake the Duke's ashes, were he in his grave," and ask how, except from knowledge of secret domestic concerns, this terrible power could be vaunted by one who seldom, if ever, threatened rashly, or in vain.

4. The Duke of Grafton.—What part this family had in Sackville's degradation has already been mentioned.

The Duke was also a member of *both* administrations during which Lord George was kept out of office after he had been restored by Lord Rockingham; as to this matter also the Franciscans are dumb.

5. Lord Chatham.—Junius attacks him bitterly, although he uniformly lauds his genius, and on *most points* coincides with his general politics.—Lord Chatham, though an old friend of Sackville's, was one of the ministry who suffered him to be degraded without trial, and it was his own government that turned Sackville out in 1766. The Franciscans are silent.

6. Lord Barrington and the army.—The Franciscans account for Junius's hatred to Lord Barrington by the dismissal of Mr Francis from a desk in the war-office, and they account for his intimate knowledge and deep interest in all military matters, by Mr Francis's having been in that office.—The other party show that Barrington was the organ of Sackville's ignominious dismissal by George II., and that he wrote and acted on that occasion like no unwilling agent. They say, that Lord George, who had spent all his best years in the army, and had even been lieutenant-general of the ordnance, and a commander-in-chief in Germany, could never have ceased to occupy himself with military matters, even with those which might have no great attraction to unprofessional persons. They then enter into a minute examination of Sackville's relations with the military men mentioned in Junius, and are successful certainly in showing, that Amherst and others, whom Junius always supports, were Lord George's old and intimate friends, while Granby, Burgoyne, &c. whom he attacks, were his enemies. The advocates of Sir Philip's claim deny that a man of Sackville's rank could have troubled himself so much about mere understrappers in the war-office, such as Chamier, &c. The others reply, that Sackville detested Barrington, and wounded him through his creatures, and, for his sake, did not disdain to make himself master of their concerns.

N.B. This is one of several points which would be at once cleared up, should we adopt Mr Butler's notion, that Sackville used Francis as his amanuensis. As for Mr Coventry's long enumeration of the military phrases used by Junius, from which he infers that Junius must have been an *actual*

soldier, we shall only say, that we have read his catalogue attentively, and found *not one phrase* which had not been quite common to all dealers in the merest paper-war long before Junius had a being. If such arguments were to be gone into, nothing could be more easy than to prove Swift an old dragoon; ay, or Dryden, or even Shakespeare. In all ages, all imaginative men have profusely drawn their similes from the favourite pastime of our bloody race.

We have no leisure to follow these details farther; indeed, the exquisitely confused and illogical manner in which Mr Coventry has put his materials together, would render it very difficult to do so to much purpose, without altogether fatiguing ourselves. Our readers who are curious as to such matters, will examine the book for themselves; and what we have already done, will at least be of use to them, as pointing out something like an intelligible order, in which the various items of the account ought to be investigated. Perhaps, indeed, Mr Coventry himself might do worse than to recast his materials in his next edition; and we hope a gentleman who, with very respectable talents, possesses obviously no literary habits, will easily forgive this suggestion.

Take the following specimens:—

"On the 8th Nov. 1771—Junius in a note to Mr Woodfall says, 'Beware of David Garrick, he was sent to pump you, and went directly to *Richmond* to tell the King I should write no more.'

"This is the first time Garrick's name is mentioned. It must have been matter of inquiry with every reader, how Junius should know that Garrick was employed to find him out?

"How Junius should know that Garrick had been to Richmond after Mr Woodfall's communication with him?

"How Junius should know what passed between Garrick and the King, on the subject of his writing no more?

"Junius not only knew every circumstance above mentioned, but was apprised of the whole transaction on the *ensuing morning*, as appears from the following note to Garrick, which he requested Mr Woodfall to forward:—

"TO MR DAVID GARRICK.

"November 10, 1771.

"I AM very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was

received. *I knew every particular of it the next day.* Now mark me, vagabond—keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with—JUNIUS.—No. 41.

“We have no other means of accounting for the quickness of the communication, but by supposing that Junius was at Richmond on that day.

“The palace which the King occupied at that time was situate near Richmond Green. The entrance to the grounds was exactly opposite to a house formerly the residence of Thompson the poet.

“At the era in question, *this house was rented by Lord George Sackville*, who, during this eventful period of his life, spent part of his time here, which not only offered him an occasional retirement, but facilitated his means of information on what was passing in the King’s household.

“The front of the house so completely overlooked the palace, that, without exciting suspicion, he could notice the daily arrivals with the utmost facility.

“His friend Colonel Amherst, also, who was one of the King’s aid-de-camps, would naturally be of service to him with regard to any particular intelligence.” ***

Again,

“A few days after Junius’s violent letter to the Duke of Grafton, Mr Woodfall received a most extraordinary letter from his correspondent, wherein he says, *‘I really doubt whether I shall write any more under this signature.* I am weary of attacking a set of brutes, whose writings are too dull to furnish me even with the materials of contention, and whose measures are too gross and direct to be the subject of argument, or to require illustration.

“‘That Swinney is a wretched, but a dangerous fool. He had the impudence to go to Lord George Sackville, whom he had never spoken to, and to ask him whether or no he was the author of Junius—take care of him.’

“‘Whenever you have anything to communicate to me, let the hint be thus, C at the usual place, and so direct to Mr John Fretley, where it is absolutely impossible I should be known.’

“From a perusal of this letter, eight distinct questions arise:

“I. Why should Junius think of altering his signature?

“II. How could Junius know that Swinney had called upon Lord George Sackville?

“III. How could Junius know that

Swinney had never spoken to Lord George before?

“IV. Why should Junius alter the direction of Mr John Middleton to Mr John Fretley, in consequence of Swinney’s call?

“V. How could this alteration operate, so that he could not possibly be known?

“VI. What difference could it make to Junius, Swinney having called upon a wrong person?

“VII. Would not Junius, who was so anxious to preserve strict secrecy, have rejoiced at Swinney’s mistake, instead of being angry with him?

“VIII. Is not the language used by Junius in speaking of Swinney, directly in unison with Lord George Sackville’s language to Mr Luttrell in the House of Commons, where the word ‘wretched’ occurs in both instances?

“The internal evidence of the communication to Mr Woodfall which gives rise to the above queries, in my opinion, cannot be satisfactorily explained in any other way than that Junius and Lord George Sackville were one and the same person.”

There are still great difficulties in this controversy. How should Lord North have submitted to bring Sackville into his government, if he really knew him to be the Junius who had so relentlessly assailed him? Coventry answers, that Sackville, though his enemy at almost all other points, took his part from the beginning as to the American business; and we know well that Lord North always held Lord George’s talents in the very highest veneration. If this accounts for it, it is well; but observe, there is no reason to say that Lord North knew Sackville to be Junius. Lord George spoke in Parliament on his side of the American question at a most critical time, when many old friends were daily deserting him. Junius might have ceased to write, not because Junius was discovered, but because Sackville was soothed. But then how to account for the sudden elevation of Francis? We know, indeed, that Francis was befriended by Sackville; but could he have elevated Francis so high two years ere the negotiation, which ended in his own coming into office with Lord North, had terminated?

We have already said, that if either of these men wrote Junius, he acted basely; because they both stooped to accept personal favours from George

IIK, whom Junius had so fabidly insulted. In either case, this baseness was not confined to the instance of the sovereign.

The handwriting part of the controversy is as puzzling as any other, but much less important. Junius, of course, disguised his handwriting. By turning to the pamphlets reviewed in the Edinburgh Review, the reader may see some ingenious efforts to identify, nevertheless, the handwriting of Junius with that of Sir Philip Francis. By turning to Mr Coventry's volume, he may see, in like manner, copious specimens of Junius's penmanship, contrasted with that of Lord George Sackville. In truth, the two gentlemen seem to have written very much like each other, and therefore it is the less wonder there should be many traces of likeness between their handwritings and that of Junius. The fact is, that the educated men of the same period often do write extremely like each other; nay, without going so far back, we have ourselves met with many autographs quite as like that of Junius as either Francis's or Sackville's.

The great question of all still remains: which of these men has shown, in his general history, the talent and the temper most akin to Junius?

The life of Sir Philip Francis has not yet been written; that of Lord George Sackville has been extremely well written by Mr Coventry. We know, in general, that Sir Philip was a clever speaker and writer, and that he bore a very high character both in India and in England. The specimens of his composition given in the Edinburgh Review were there pronounced to be worthy of Junius. Mr Butler thinks quite otherwise, and so do we. Let the reader turn either to the Review or the Reminiscences, and judge for himself.

With the exception of a few friendly and official letters, we have as yet no specimens of Lord Sackville's mode of writing. To these letters the laboured compositions of Junius bear no resemblance—neither do Cicero's Epistles to his Philippicks. But we have abundant specimens of Lord George's mode of speaking on important occasions; and above all, we have many highly interesting specimens of his method of acting, in cases where his personal character and temper were put to the severest trial, and his talents

rouse'd by the most powerful of all stimulants.

But before we quote anything from this part of Mr Coventry's volume, let us see what he has collected in the way of *virorum clarorum testimonia*, in regard to the intellectual character of his hero.

"Having shown, that the enemies of Junius were the enemies of Lord Viscount Sackville; that the friends of Junius were the friends of Lord Viscount Sackville; and that the line of politics laid down by the former, was strictly pursued by the latter, it now only remains to affix further testimonials of his lordship's abilities, which have occasionally been called in question, as inadequate to the performance of the letters. The able speeches which have been brought forward, as evidence of his lordship's opinions, clearly prove that he was competent to speak or write on any subject. There were very few topics that came before the House, on which his lordship did not enlarge. These speeches have, undoubtedly, been read with interest by all statesmen and members of Parliament. For the satisfaction of other readers, I shall lay before them a few testimonials of eminent men who were well acquainted with him, and who were competent judges to discriminate between natural and acquired talent:—

" 'There was no trash in his mind.'—William Gerard Hamilton.

" 'Lord Sackville never suffered the clearness of his conceptions to be clouded by any obscurity of expressions.'—Richard Cumberland.

" 'Lord Sackville's countenance indicated intellect, particularly his eye, the motions of which were quick and piercing.'—Sir N. Wraxall.

" 'I thank the Noble Lord for every proposition he has held out: they are worthy of a great mind, and such as ought to be adopted.'—Lord North.

" 'Lord George Sackville was a man of very sound parts, of distinguished bravery, and of as honourable eloquence.'—Lord Orford, Vol. I. p. 244.

" 'During the seven years that his Lordship was Secretary for the Colonies, he had, principally, Charles James Fox to contend with. Throughout this long and arduous period, he displayed signal ability in his replies.'—Parliamentary Debates.

" 'In business, Lord George Germain was rapid, yet clear and acute; rather negligent in his style, which was that of a gentleman and a man of the world, unstudied, and frequently careless, even in

his official dispatches. But there was no obscurity or ambiguity in his compositions.—Sir N. Wraxall.

“Mr Pitt styled Lord George Germain the Agamemnon of the day.”—Sir N. Wraxall.

“In the debate on the Mutiny Bill, Lord Orford says that Lord George Sackville displayed more ability than Mr Pitt.” [afterwards Earl of Chatham.]—Memoirs—Nov. 1754.

“Among the persons of eminence to whom Mr Pitt had recourse for support, at this delicate crisis of his ministerial life [1783], when every parliamentary aid which could sustain him against the coalition, was anxiously sought after, the late Lord Sackville attracted his attention. That nobleman had, hitherto, taken no decided part in the debates during the progress of the East India Bill, though he voted against it personally,” &c.—Sir N. Wraxall.

“On the Marquis of Carmarthen’s motion, in 1782, after Lord George Germain had been created a viscount by the King, Sir N. Wraxall observes:—

“His enemies confessed, that never was a more able, dignified, or manly appeal made within the walls of the House of Peers, than Lord Sackville pronounced on that occasion.”

“Debates on the Treaties in the Committee, 1755:

“Among the parliamentary orators of 1755, Lord George Sackville stands pre-eminent. Lord George informed and convinced; with a frankness in his speech, *there was a mystery in his conduct, which was far from inviting.*”—Lord Orford.

“In 1757—A Commission of Enquiry was directed concerning the Miscarriages at Rochfort, composed of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave. Upon this occasion, Lord Orford observes that ‘Lord George Sackville was *more* than a balance to the other two in abilities.’

“At the conclusion of Lord George Sackville’s trial in 1760, Lord Orford portrays a certain character so applicable to Junius, that I cannot withhold inserting it here:—

“Lord George’s own behaviour was most extraordinary. He had undoubtedly trusted to the superiority of his parts for extricating him. Most men in his situation would have adapted such parts to the conciliating favour of his judges, to drawing the witnesses into contradictions, to misleading and bewildering the court, and to throwing the most specious colours on his own con-

duct, without offending the parties declared against him. Very different was the conduct of Lord George. From the outset, and during the whole process, he assumed a dictatorial style to the court, and treated the inferiority of their capacities as he would have done had he been sitting amongst them. He browbeat the witnesses, gave the lie to Sloper, and used the judge-advocate, though a very clever man, with contempt. Nothing was timid, nothing humble, in his behaviour. His replies were quick and spirited. He prescribed to the court, and they acquiesced. An instant of such resolution at Minden had established his character for ever.”

“This intrepid and daring spirit was peculiar to Lord George through life; it fully accords with the description given in a letter to a certain nobleman on the intricate question before us, wherein the writer says—

“Whenever Junius appears in a probable character, he is great and generous, above every idea of deriving a mercenary emolument from his writings, impatient and indignant at opposition, and fiery and implacable in his resentments. I have long felt assured this is no common man; and when you desire me to search for Junius amidst the discontented of his day, *I look instinctively to the discontented of the noblest rank.*

“Think of a genius not born in every country, or time; a man gifted by nature with a penetrating and aquiline eye, with a judgment prepared with the most extensive erudition, with an Herculean robustness of mind, and nerves not to be broken by labour; a man who could spend twenty years in one pursuit.—Such a man was Junius.

“I cannot seek him among discontented politicians, for he was apparently bound to no set of men; and though he thought with Mr Grenville, he is less distinguished by any political attachments or sympathies, *than by his abomination of one particular administration*; on the score of politics alone he has hitherto eluded our curiosity. As an injured person, to whom should we particularly direct our attention?”

N.B. We have given only a part of this section of Mr Coventry’s volume.

The reader has seen Horace Walpole’s Account of Lord George Sackville’s behaviour on his trial. He must be interested with Mr Coventry’s narrative of his celebrated duel with Governor Johnstone, which arose out

of an allusion to the Minden affair in the House of Commons.

"On the 14th December 1770, Lord George moved, 'That the Speaker do write to such eldest sons and heirs apparent of Peers, Kings, Serjeants, and Masters in Chancery, as are members of this House, and to the Attorney and Solicitor-General, requesting them to attend in their places every day at two o'clock to assist in carrying Bills to the Lords.'—Seconded by Lord George Cavendish.

"Among other things in support of his motion, Lord George said, that what he had been urging was for the honour of the nation, *in which he did declare he greatly interested himself*. It was thought a very remarkable motion altogether.

"Governor Johnstone* in reply, took occasion to say, 'that he wondered that noble Lord should interest himself so deeply in the honour of his country, when he had hitherto been so regardless of his own.'

"These words occasioned a duel, the particulars of which are as follows: Governor Johnstone's speech was not, at the time it was delivered, heard by Lord George Germain; and he declared he was sorry that he had missed the opportunity of making an instant replication; but that, however, he would take proper notice of it. On Monday, the 17th December 1770, Governor Johnstone was attending the Committee who were sitting on the petitions relative to the embarkment at Durham Yard, when Mr Thomas Townshend† came to him, and desired to speak with him: he took him into another room, when he told him, after making a very polite and gentlemanly excuse as to what share he had in the business he came upon, that the reflection he had cast on the character of Lord George Germain, though not heard by himself at the time, had been communicated to him by his friends; and that, in consequence, Lord George had begged of him to wait on Governor Johnstone, to desire that he would retract what he had said; that for his own part he should be exceedingly sorry to have a quarrel happen between two gentlemen whom he knew, and for whom he had a great respect, and he therefore hoped that, to prevent the consequences, Governor Johnstone would retract what he had said respecting Lord George.

"The Governor said, it was very true, he had made use of such and such ex-

pressions in the House; that they conveyed his opinion, and that he would maintain and support it. Upon which Mr Townshend said, in that case, Lord George demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman from him, which the other declared he was ready to give his lordship at any time. Mr Townshend then said, Lord George was in an adjoining room, and, if the Governor pleased, they would go to him. The Governor assented; and Mr Townshend conveyed him to the room in which Lord George was waiting. Lord George repeated the cause of quarrel, and the demand of satisfaction, which the other acquiesced in, desiring his lordship would appoint his own time and place. Lord George then mentioned the ring in Hyde Park; and as, in affairs of this kind, all times were alike, the present was, in his opinion, as good a one as any. Governor Johnstone entirely agreed with Lord George as to place; but said, that as he was now attending his duty in a committee on a subject he had very much at heart, he hoped the meeting Lord George an hour hence would make no difference. Lord George said, no; and then spoke as to seconds, informing the Governor, at the same time, that he had desired Mr Townshend to attend him in that light. Governor Johnstone said there was little occasion for seconds, and that therefore Mr Townshend should stand in that light as to both of them. Governor Johnstone further said, that as he had at that time an open wound in his arm, and his legs very much swelled, he could wish they would use pistols; to which, Lord George saying it was equal to him what the weapons were, they separated, and Governor Johnstone returned to the committee.

"In this conference, as well as through the whole affair, both the gentlemen behaved with the greatest politeness to each other, as well as with the greatest courage.

"At the appointed hour, Lord George and Mr Townshend were in the ring; and soon after, Governor Johnstone, accompanied by Sir James Lowther, whom he happened to meet on his way, and had requested to go with him. Lord George accosted Governor Johnstone, and desired he would mention the distance, declaring he was then upon his ground, and the Governor might take what distance he pleased. The Governor was taken back by the seconds about twenty small paces.

The antagonists having prepared their pistols, Lord George called on the Governor to fire, which the Governor refused, saying, that as his lordship brought him there, he must fire first. Upon which Lord George fired, and then the Governor. Neither of the shots took effect. Lord George then fired his second pistol, and as he was taking down his arm, the Governor's second ball hit his lordship's pistol, broke some part of it, and one of the splinters grazed his lordship's hand. The seconds immediately interfered, and the affair ended. Governor Johnstone afterwards declared to his friends, that in all the affairs of the kind which he ever knew, or was ever concerned in, he never found a man behave with more courage and coolness than Lord George did on this occasion.

"This testimony of Governor Johnstone in favour of Lord George's courage, is directly in unison with that of Lord Orford, who knew him well in earlier life. The latter affirms, that he was endowed by nature with a high spirit, a high sense of honour, and undaunted courage. Can we then for a moment suppose that he would shrink from his natural propriety at the battle of Minden, when he had, previous to that event, been among the first to court danger in various other engagements? The tongue of malice is at all times a more formidable enemy than the cannon's mouth. The former inflicts a wound oftentimes incurable; the latter gives a man three chances: that of not injuring him at all, killing him on the spot, or giving him a wound that time is sure to heal.

'The tooth of malice never rankles more,
'Than when it bites, and healeth not the sore.'

"Sir James Lowther, who was Governor Johnstone's second, all readers of Junius must be well acquainted with. His being son-in-law to Lord Bute, was quite sufficient for Junius to take up the Duke of Portland's case, which is fully examined, 12th May, 1768. It had previously been discussed in the House of Commons, in the course of the debate on Sir George Saville's quieting bill, for which Lord George was a strong advocate.

"Sir James formed part of the expedition to St Malos, with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord George, to the latter of whom he had given offence. I cannot find that Sir James went out in any official capacity, but merely as a looker-on. Some imprudent observation might easily have given this umbrage. After the Nullum Tempus affair in 1768, he was not again noticed by Junius, un-

til this duel had taken place, when the subject, which appeared fully at rest, was again resumed, to expose the litigious spirit of Sir James. The coincidence is not a little singular, although it was matter of no moment to Lord George who was the Governor's second; nevertheless, it appears to have awakened recollections of former enmity."

Lord George Sackville was our colonial Minister at the time when the news of Lord Cornwallis's fatal defeat in America reached this country. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall—an author, let us say *en passant*, who has been treated by no means according to his deserts, who has only told too much truth to please either the Whigs or the Tories—and whose authority will not suffer in consequence of the few trivial slips that have been so ostentatiously enlarged upon,—Sir N. Wraxall dined the day that these sad news came to London, at Lord George's table, and he has thus detailed his recollection of the scene:—

"During the whole month of November 1781, the concurrent accounts transmitted to government, enumerating Lord Cornwallis's embarrassments, and the positions taken by the enemy, augmented the anxiety of the cabinet. Lord George Germain, in particular, conscious that in the prosperous or adverse termination of that expedition, must hinge the fate of the American contest, his own stay in office, as well as, probably, the duration of the ministry itself, felt, and even expressed to his friends, the strongest uneasiness on the subject. The meeting of Parliament, meanwhile, stood for the 27th November. On Sunday the 25th, about noon, official intelligence of the surrender of the British forces at York Town, arrived from Falmouth, at Lord George Germain's house, in Pall-Mall. Lord Walshingham, who, previous to his father Sir William de Grey's elevation to the peerage, had been under-secretary of state in that department, and who was selected to second the address in the House of Peers, on the subsequent Tuesday, happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any other person, Lord George, for the purpose of dispatch, immediately got with him into a hackney-coach, and drove to Lord Stormant's residence in Portland-place. Having imparted to him the disastrous intelligence, and taken him into the carriage, they instantly proceeded to the Chancellor's house in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, whom they found at

home; when, after a short consultation, they determined to lay it themselves, in person, before Lord North. He had not received any intimation of the event when they arrived at his door in Downing-street, between one and two o'clock. The first minister's firmness, and even his presence of mind, gave way, for a short time, under this awful disaster. I asked Lord George afterwards, how he took the communication when made to him? 'As he would have taken a ball in his breast,' replied Lord George. For he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the apartment, during a few minutes, 'Oh, God! it is all over!' words which he repeated many times, under emotions of the deepest agitation and distress. When the first agitation of his mind had subsided, the four ministers discussed the question, whether or not it might be expedient to prorogue Parliament for a few days; but as scarcely an interval of forty-eight hours remained before the appointed time of assembling, and as many members of both Houses were already either arrived in London, or on the road, that proposition was abandoned. It became, however, indispensable to alter, and almost to model anew, the king's speech, which had been already drawn up and completely prepared for delivering from the throne. This alteration was therefore made without delay; and at the same time, Lord George Germain, as secretary for the American department, sent off a dispatch to his Majesty, who was then at Kew, acquainting him with the melancholy termination of Lord Cornwallis's expedition. Some hours having elapsed before these different, but necessary acts of business could take place, the members separated, and Lord George Germain repaired to his office in Whitehall. There he found a confirmation of the intelligence, which arrived about two hours after the first communication, having been transmitted from Dover, to which place it was forwarded from Calais, with the French account of the same event.

"I dined that day at Lord George's; and though the information which had reached London in the course of the morning, from two different quarters, was of a nature not to admit of long concealment, yet it had not been communicated either to me, or to any individual of the company, as it might naturally have been, through the channel of common report, when I got to Pall-Mall, between five and six o'clock. Lord Walsingham, who likewise dined there, was the only person present, except Lord George, ac-

quainted with the fact. The party, nine in number, sat down to table. I thought the master of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no discomposure. Before the dinner was finished, one of the servants delivered him a letter, brought back by the messenger who had been dispatched to the King. Lord George opened and perused it; then looking at Lord Walsingham, to whom he exclusively directed his observation, 'The King writes,' said he, 'just as he always does, except that I observe he has omitted to mark the hour and minute of his writing, with his usual precision.' This remark, though calculated to awaken some interest, excited no comment; and while the ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George having acquainted us, that, from Paris, information had just arrived of the old Count de Maurepas, first minister, lying at the point of death, 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I first minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America.' 'He has survived to see that event,' replied Lord George, with some agitation. Utterly unsuspecting of the fact which had happened beyond the Atlantic, I conceived him to allude to the indecisive naval action, fought at the mouth of the Chesapeake, early in the preceding month of September, between Admiral Graves and Count de Grasse; which, in its results, might prove most injurious to Lord Cornwallis. Under this impression, 'My meaning,' said I, 'is, that, if I were the Count de Maurepas, I should wish to live long enough to behold the final issue of the war in Virginia.'—'He has survived to witness it completely,' answered Lord George; 'the army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper;' taking, at the same time, one from his pocket, which he delivered into my hand, not without visible emotion. By his permission I read it aloud, while the company listened in profound silence. We then discussed its contents, as affecting the country, the ministry, and the war. It must be confessed they were calculated to diffuse a gloom over the most convivial society, and that they opened a wide field for political speculation. After perusing the contents of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at York Town, it was impossible for all present not to feel a lively curiosity to know how the King had received the in-

telligence, as well as how he had expressed himself in his note to Lord George Germain, on the first communication of so painful an event. He gratified our wish by reading it to us, observing at the same time, that it did the highest honour to his Majesty's fortitude, firmness, and consistency of character. The words made an impression on my memory, which the lapse of more than thirty years has not erased; and I shall here commemorate its tenor, as serving to show how that Prince felt and wrote, under one of the most afflicting, as well as humiliating occurrences of his reign. The billet ran nearly to this effect: 'I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germain has made to me, of the unfortunate result of the operations in Virginia. I particularly lament it, on account of the consequences connected with it, and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord George Germain, nor any member of the cabinet will suppose, that it makes the smallest alteration in those principles of my conduct, which have directed me in past time, and which will always continue to animate me under every event, in the prosecution of the present contest.' Not a sentiment of despondency or of despair was to be found in the letter; the very hand-writing of which indicated composure of mind. Whatever opinion we may entertain relative to the practicability of reducing America to obedience by force of arms at the end of 1781, we must admit, that no Sovereign could manifest more calmness, dignity, or self-command, than George the Third displayed in his reply.*

We would willingly quote, instead of referring to, Mr Coventry's narrative of the events which followed—Lord George's loss of office—his elevation to the peerage, by the personal kindness of the King—the attack on that occasion made upon him in the House of Lords in relation still to the old Minden business, and his masterly—most masterly defence of himself. But all this our limits forbid.

Lord Sackville was attended in his latter years by Richard Cumberland, as his private secretary. It is from him that we have the account of the closing scenes of his life—and among the rest, of an interview he had very shortly before his death with Lord

Mansfield. To this interview Mr Coventry attaches very particular importance.

Lord Sackville feeling himself very near his end, though still able to take a little airing on horseback, inquired of Cumberland if Lord Mansfield were at the neighbouring wells of Tunbridge. Hearing that he was, he sent Cumberland to tell him, that he requested the honour of a visit from him. Be it observed, there had been no intimacy between them—no visits exchanged—for a long series of years. Cumberland proceeds,

"I was present at their interview; Lord Sackville, just dismounted from his horse, came into the room where he [Lord Mansfield] had waited a very few minutes: he staggered as he advanced to reach his hand to his respectable visitor; he drew his breath with palpitating quickness, and, if I remember rightly, never rode again. There was a death-like character in his countenance, that visibly affected and disturbed Lord Mansfield, in a manner that I did not quite expect, for it* had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shown, and less, perhaps, of other feelings, than a friend, invited to a meeting of that nature, must have discovered, had he not been frightened from his propriety.

"As soon as Lord Sackville had recovered his breath, his visitor remaining silent, he began by apologising for the trouble he had given him, and for the unpleasant spectacle he was conscious of exhibiting to him, in the condition he was now reduced to, 'but, my good lord,' he said, 'though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my unfeigned thanks for all your goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shown me through the course of my unprosperous life, that I could not know you were so near me, and not wish to assure you of the inviolable respect I have entertained for your character, and now, in the most serious manner, to solicit your forgiveness, if ever, in the fluctuations of politics, or the heats of party, I have appeared in your eyes, at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favours.†

"When I record this speech, I give it to the reader as correct: I do not trust to memory at this distance: I transcribe it: I scorn the paltry trick of writing speeches for any man whose name is in

* Lord Mansfield's countenance.

† There is no instance on record of Lord Sackville having received any favours from Lord Mansfield, which makes the interview the more extraordinary.—COVENTRY.

these Memoirs, or for myself, in whose name these memorials shall go forth respectable at least for their veracity; for I certainly cannot wish to present myself to the world in two such opposite and incoherent characters, as the writer of my own history and the hero of a fiction. Lord Mansfield made a reply perfectly becoming and highly satisfactory: he was far on in years, and not in sanguine health, or in a strong state of nerves: there was no immediate reason to continue the discourse; Lord Sackville did not press for it: his visitor departed, and I staid with him. He made no other observation upon what had passed, than that it was extremely obliging in Lord Mansfield, and then turned to other subjects."

"This affecting interview," says Mr Coventry, "requires but little comment; it speaks volumes. Would any nobleman, I ask, unconscious of having wounded the feelings of another, take the trouble to send seven miles to request an interview, and to ask forgiveness for political errors which he might have committed? No—but the wounds inflicted by Junius were of too deep and penetrating a nature ever to be healed, unless at a moment like the present. That heart, indeed, must have been callous to all feeling, which could leave the world without atonement, if it had it in its power; and it does honour to the memory of Lord Viscount Sackville, that he had sufficient fortitude left for the present occasion. He undoubtedly felt relieved in the performance of a duty, which the erring spirits of men owe one to another. Yet Lord Mansfield does not appear to have betrayed those symptoms of forgiveness, which were suited to so solemn an interview: he left the house somewhat abruptly; not a word transpired, how concerned he was at finding the dying nobleman in so weak a state; nor a hint escaped his lips at the afflictive situation of his family, who were about to be bereft of his society for ever. 'It was the only opportunity,' says Cumberland, 'I had of knowing something of the movements of Lord Mansfield's heart; I caught a glimpse, as it were, through a crevice, but it soon shut up, and the exterior remained as before, totus teres atque rotundus.'"

We shall leave our readers to follow Mr Coventry in his opinion as to this visit, or not, as they can; and shall now conclude our paper with Mr Coventry's narrative of some of his own proceedings, in the course of the inquiries that have terminated in the publication of the volume before us. In our view, what follows is, and that

in more ways than one, among the most important parts of Mr Coventry's book.

"Understanding that the family still possessed documents of great interest, and considering the political ferment of the day too long subsided to awaken any unpleasant feelings, I resolved to write candidly to the Duke of Dorset on the subject.

"I stated to his Grace, that I was engaged in a literary inquiry, with which his illustrious father was intimately connected, and should feel particularly obliged by his permitting me to see the letters which were written by Lord George from Culloden and Minden; hoping that the liberality which so conspicuously characterizes the nobility of the present day, in elucidation of any literary pursuit, would plead as an excuse for my freedom in thus addressing him. It is from such authentic sources alone, that we have an opportunity of gaining a correct account of interesting events, upon which history is too often silent, or of which it merely records the dates and a few leading facts. The world at large is, in general, guided by the statements of biographers or historians; and we know that particular circumstances are often misrepresented, which evidence of this nature would satisfactorily explain. This was the object I had in view.

"I subsequently waited on his Grace by appointment. *He received me in the most polite manner, but told me it was out of his power to render me assistance, not having any of his father's letters in his possession. Upon the whole he considered, that as the affair in question was now at rest, it would be as well not to revive it, lest animadversions should be made that would tend to recall past events.* His Grace more than once observed during the interview, that his father was an injured man; but he believed there never existed one who naturally possessed a better or more susceptible heart. I told him that this was my firm belief, and that the inquiry in which I was engaged, would not, in the slightest degree, tend to alter that opinion."

We must say that we think the rank, fortune, history, temper, and talents, of Lord Sackville, are all of them more reconcilable with the supposition of his being the haughty, proud, ferocious, and relentless Junius, than the corresponding qualities of any other person whose claims have as yet been brought forward. Had Junius belonged to any obscure or ordinary family, we should probably

have had the secret revealed ere now. If he was indeed the father of the Duke of Dorset, we can by no means wonder either that his letters should be withheld from such inquirers as Mr Coventry, (who, by the way, took a rather unwarrantable liberty in his method of asking for them,) or that the remarkable *vellum-bound* copy of Junius, which, it is well known, was

requested and received by the author from Woodfall, should not yet have been discovered. Mr Butler hints that Lord Grenville could tell something about that copy if he pleased. Without doubt, the last of the generation to which that eminent statesman belongs, must have passed away ere this mysterious controversy can be finally settled.

LEXICOGRAPHY, NO. I. JON BEE'S DICTIONARY. *

WE take shame to ourselves for not having long before noticed this excellent work, but various important matters interfered. Jon did wrong in not sending us a presentation copy, for such works haul but slowly into this northern region. We think, moreover, that it has not made so much noise in the world as it has deserved; and we doubt the fact of its having even arrived at a second edition. A disgrace to the age.

We intend now to remedy our former obliviousness, and to gut the book in the most industrious fashion. Concerning the author, we are sorry to say, that we are considerably in the dark, farther than that he is the editor of a periodical work which we read with great delight—The Annals of Fancy. A periodical it is which we consider to be the very cleverest in London. Taylor's or Colburn's are not to be compared with it; and it is a magazine, in fact, which is what it pretends to be. Its rivals in London make pretensions to knowledge which they do not possess—talk of what they know nothing—and gentlemanlike feelings or manners, in which they are sadly at fault. Jon's periodical pretends to none of these things. What it says it will give it *does* give, and that is a merit of no small magnitude.

Some lights as to his personal history he has scattered up and down in

this volume before us, thereby judiciously deserting the example of Homer to follow that of Milton. We learn, that his countenance so much resembles that of Shakspeare as to be substituted as a likeness of our great dramatist, (page xiv.); and that he “underwent *cognominans* chiefly on account of the sweetness of his disposition, his industrious habits, and stinging capabilities;” and that his family, though generally esteemed of the *fieri. gen.* (*hæc apis*) are, nevertheless, well assorted, and he himself *vir-apis* (*vel potius* manbee,) p. 203, 204. We also gather from various narrations, that some twenty-nine years ago he belonged to the Brilliants in Chandos Street, p. 17; and that, at present, he is an active member of the Treponions at Tom Rees's Coffee-house in the Strand, p. 180. He is the author of a compressed history of 700 battles, p. 202; and has a great aversion to Pearce Egan, *passim*, bestowing on that eminent writer a very unsavoury appellation, which he pretends to have derived from a member of the Cymmrodosian, p. 126. Of our magazine he is a most determined reader, as we shall show more at length by-and-by, and frequently not a laudator, as he ought. It would, we suppose, be superfluous to state that he is an active frequenter of all sorts of public houses, chaffing cribs, fives-

* Slang.—A Dictionary of the Turf, the Ring, the Chase, the Pit, the Bon-ton, and the Varieties of Life, forming the completest and most authentic Lexicon Batlatronicum hitherto offered to the notice of the Sporting World, for elucidating words and phrases that are necessarily or purposely cramp, mutative, and unintelligible, outside their respective spheres, interspersed with anecdotes and whimsies, with tart quotations and rum-ones; with examples, proofs, and monitory precepts, useful and proper for novices, flats, and yobels. By Jon Bee, Esq. Editor of the Fancy, Fancy Gazette, Living Picture of London, and the like of that. London: Printed for J. Hughes, 35, Ludgate Hill. 1823.

courts, eccentrics, &c. as well as a most ardent and indefatigable street-walker at all hours and seasons—a man also well acquainted with the fair, and not unacquainted with those whose ways of life are generally foul. In his own words, p. 113, he has seen every variety of life, “except being presented at court, and feeling the delights of a prison.” We fear he has not much chance of the former, and we sincerely hope is in no danger of the latter. His name those who will may conjecture; but we must congratulate him on the way he has discovered of spelling John. It is Grecian *Ionian*, in which it would be in vain to look for an aspirate. He appears sensible of its true Hebrew introduction into our language; for he remarks, *in voce*, Jack-the-Jew, or Jew-Jack, that no Jew parent would think of naming his child after the Baptist or Evangelist, p. 102; thereby, of course, discriminating that the name must have come to us from them; for a man of Jon’s erudition must be aware that they, being Jews themselves, must have had the name from the Hebrew, as indeed they had, it being Johanan. See, for example, Neh. chap. vi. verse 18, where it is recorded that a gentleman of that name was son of Tobiah, and married to the daughter of Meshullam, the son of Berachial. This *obiter*.

In a luminous and well-written preface, (Jon prides himself on his style, which he assures us (p. xv.) is both macaronic and fustian,) he goes over the various authors who have written dictionaries before him on the same subject. N. Bailey, whose claim to this honour appears to be rather questionable—Bamfylde Moore Carew, the anonymous author of *characterism*, circa 1750—G. Parker—Captain Grose—Dr Clarke—Hardy Vaux—all of those he speaks of rather with disparagement. It is probable that he could extend the list, and talk a little learned on the occasion, but there is no need; nor shall we stop to panegyrize Grose, as we could do, and that most truly. Burns has been beforehand with us. As for Vaux, Jon is right—he is a blackguard; so is the person whom he mentions as being in the pay of the St James’s blacklegs; but these people are now forgotten. The peculiar sources from which our

author draws, are Harry Lemoine, Harry Dimsdale, General Joc Nestor, Billgrames, Mr G. Pound, Mr W. Perry, Bill Gibbons, Jack Scroggins, Jack Carter, Jack Atcherlee, Harlequin Billy, and Jack Goodlad—a worthy dozen of eminent men, some of whom have met with accidents in the course of their practice. With respect to one of them, Mr William Perry, (a relative, we believe, of the late Mr James Perry, *alias* Pirie, of the *Morning Chronicle*,) Jon brings a charge of plagiarism on his behalf against Pearce Egan, which it will be well if that pyxosophous historiographer can answer. We read it with unfeigned regret.

But omitting all squabbling, etymological and otherwise, let us come to the vocabulary. We are sorry that Jon deemed it necessary to intermix words of hunting, and other sporting, in his collection. He might as well have introduced words of law. A slang dictionary should contain nothing but slang words—viz. the language of thieves, pickpockets, jailors, prize-fighters, reporters, &c.—in a word, the dialect used by gentlemen and ladies of the town, the family, the fancy, and the press. Jon’s first word is, “*Abatures*, foiling—the sprigs and grass that a stag thrusts down in passing out of or into cover.” How does this word belong to slang, more than Leigh Hunt’s “springy freshness,” or his “perked-up countenance”? Slang they are in a certain sense, but not the slang of such a dictionary as this. As well you might put in *ca-sa-fi-fa*, et cetera of the lawyers; or the equally wonderful words of the M.D.’s; or the *surplus produce* and the *replaced capital* of the political economists. This should be amended in the next edition. Let him in that omit hunting affairs.

The music of the chase, we may remark, ere we quit this department, is rather singularly explained by Bee.

“*Tontaron*—pron. *Tantaran* by the red stag-hunters of the west country, and frequently without the final (n.) Either gives pretty nearly the sound of a huntsman’s notes on his horn, which, being variously modified, convey his wishes and intelligence to the hearers; it is a corruption of *tontavon*, the repetition of the last syllable—‘tavon, tavon, tavon,’—quickly, being the call away; a change this

which hath been effected within a century past by the warblers, for sake of the liquid (r) :

But vain is *his* speed—
They faster proceed,
In hopes to o'ertake him anon ;
While echo around,
With the horn and the hound,
Responsive replies Taron-ton.

“ They have gone farther, (see *Tuntivy*), and made an addition also, viz, after three repetitions of ‘ tontara, tontara, tontara,’ they add a ‘ ton-tay ;’ their *tay* being of the same length as *tone*, which terminated almost every *recheat*. *Tara* would seem the feminine of *taron*, when used substantively ; probably the lady and lord of the mansion in which the hunters caroused—

For, no joys can compare
To hunting of the hare ;

‘ Sing *Tara*,’
Echo, in *mezzo voce*—‘ and Tontaron.’
‘ Sing *Tara*’—*Echo*, ‘ and Tontaron,’
Both voices aloud,
‘ Sing *Tara*, my brave boys, and Tontaron.’

The *tara*, however, may have been older than *taron*, or *tavon*, in some parts of the empire of G. B. Among the Celts of Ireland, *Tara* was the baronial castle, or seat ; and the large hall was, in like manner, *Tara*, where the lord, or petty king, gave audience, settled disputes, awarded justice, (in *aula regia*), caroused his retainers after hunting, and heard music.

The harp that once through *Tara*'s halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on *Tara*'s walls
As if that soul had fled.

Here, of course, the horn was heard in every variety of modulation, with its ‘ ton, ton, ton, tara ; tontara—tontara—tone.’ Rory, King of Connaught, and Brian B’ru, had their assemblages of chiefs, called *Tara*, a council, or parliament. Tom Moore sings,

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of *Tara* swells,
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

This derivation of the halls of *Tara* will, no doubt, amaze its little minstrel somewhat ; but, indeed, the whole speculation is admirable.

We have not yet, however, touched on the staple commodity of the book, which we shall divide into as few heads as possible. We begin then with ourselves. We are the object of Jon’s remark, under the words *Bellows*, *Cockney*, *Ebony*, *Havidge*, *Jargonic*, *Ironing*, *Modesty*, *Muck*, *Slang*, *Slangwhanger*, *Stot*, *Training* ; and in the *Addenda*, under *A-la* and *Gaffawing*, which shows how much he must have studied our instructive pages. We re-

gret that we cannot quote the observations in *voce*, *Ebony*, for they are of that kind which is not fit for the perusal of virgins or boys. Under the words *Stot* and *Bellows*, Bee appears to labour under some misapprehension of our meaning. *Stot*, says Jon, is an ox which never can have progeny, and the term has been applied by *Ebony* to writers of the milk-and-water genus. If Mr Bee will have the goodness to peruse again our much-admired paper in the royal number, entitled, *The Sorrows of the Stot*, he will see that the writer to whom that appellation was applied, was *not* milk-and-water. Under *Bellows*, he quotes a passage from that paper thus :—“ Each sentence of a slang discourse has been considered ‘ a *bellows*,’ i. e. as a puff of wind from that machine.” *Blackwood* says, ‘ but hear a *few bellows* farther forwards of this inconsistent *stot*.’ Yet is old *Ebony* no authority, though a *Slangwhanger*.” Now *Ebony* is not old—but passing by this, it is evident that Jon is ignorant of the application of the word *bellow* altogether in that passage. We having applied it to the bestial roaring of the stultified brute who at that time infested the Scotsman. His other notices of our immortal publication, are worth consulting in the original, though not of transferring to our pages. We shall the rather give *échantillons* of his ideas of, I. The Latin Language. II. Public Life. III. The Press ; and fourthly, a few miscellaneous articles, not reducible to any of these three heads, which last department, we fear, we must adjourn to another paper.

Jon’s ideas of Latin are chiefly to be gathered from the following words. *Addenda*, A. M., *Clicket*, *Corum*, *Crummy*, *Cyprian*, *Diabolus*, *Duel*, *Ebony*, *Gin*, *Lud*, *Monosyllable*, *Patter*, *Plebs*, *Poney*, *Quackery*, *Spinsters*, *Tits*, *Tot*, *Tulip*, *Twopenny-men*, *Virago*, and perhaps some others. Let the following specimens suffice.

“ A.M. 10 o’clock A.M. is anti-meridian—forenoon.”

“ *Corum*, or *Coorum*—*Coram*, or sessions, technically wrong written, ‘ quorum,’ justice of the quorum. The judges at Westminster-Hall sit ‘ in coram domini rege.’ K. B.” [What do these letters mean ?—we ask for information.]

"*Diabolus Regii*, the King's attorney-general; so appelled by the great 'little Waddington,' radically speaking, in *coram Banco Regis*. The radical used *Diabolus*, which would be the same thing, hispanically speaking; and the Timerian critic was out, hypercritically out, when he attempted to alter the nominative into *regius*!!"

We rejoice to see Jon thus learnedly chastising the Times, or, as he more beautifully expresses it, the Timerian critic. The controversy between those great stars of erudition must have been a truly edifying one.

"*Poney*. Poene is a Latin word for pain or painfulness, and all the little wild horses being malformed, [Not fact, however, Jon; ask Glengarry,] so as to give one an idea that they walk in pain (or poëne,) thence comes poney. Doctor Johnson knew no more of a poney or of a horse, than a horse knew of him." [The reason of this sarcasm against the L.L.D. will appear under the head A B C-darian, which we shall quote.]

"*Tot*, the whole, from *totius*, (Latin.) By amplification, 'tis said, 'I'll take the whole *tots*.' Mr Hook says,

There's Hume with his *tots*, and his *vots*,
Gaffer Grey."

"*Tulip* - - Jack Carter evolved *ex carcerâ*, a tulip of no common colour."

"*Virago*, derived from *vir*, Latin for mankind, and *acu*, sharp!!"

"*Bazaar*. A market-place in the Eastern countries; imported here 1815; and applied by a host of speculators to certain uninhabitable houses, fitted up with myriads of yardling shops for little dealers, like nests of Dutch pill-boxes—*parorum succubit magno*. The tumour absorbed in three years."

En passant, we may say, that if this last phrase be meant to imply that the Bazaars have been knocked up, Jon is in error. Half-a-dozen of them are flourishing this moment in London, and from one of them (Soho) Trotter draws a rent of 8000*l.* a-year.

There are many more such flowers as these. Jon displays herein as much classical knowledge as we generally find in the papers of Taylor the Platonist. Indeed, the one is to Latin what the other is to Greek. In French, Jon shines every whit as brilliantly,

but we have not room to copy his specimens of what he might call Latini-cally the Gallicus lingue.

His Public Life is excessively diverting.

"*Brilliant*—bright, sparkling. Having been applied to certain ale sold by one Fulham, in Chandos Street, near St Martin's Lane, the name was assumed by a few choice spirits meeting there to drink said ale. Their sittings were permanent. 'The *Brilliant*s' had the complete use of their tongues; and when, in 1796, 'the Gaggling-bills, so called, became law, clogging liberty of speech and the right of assembling, the orators of *experience*, as well as those requiring juvenile *trials*, joined 'the *brilliant*s,' and talked pompously of trifles. The subjects of debate sprung up on the spur of the occasion, or, if notice of motion were given from night to night, it was but to attain higher burlesque upon 'the other houses,' in the *adjoining parish*. On these bases were engrafted much good and elegant flower of speech. The speakers usually ran away with the argument for that purpose, and successfully ridiculed a law that would stop men's mouths, and its authors (Pitt and Grenville) got laughed out of conceit with themselves. At the introduction, members paid 9*d.* each, the price of 'a *brilliant*' pot of ale; and, in 1797, two thousand names had been inscribed. The admission was increased to half-a-crown when we *travelled*, and ten thousand members might have been introduced altogether when it ceased. See *Eccentrics*."

No wonder that Pitt and Grenville were alarmed at the eloquence of their neighbours—the Lads of the Lane. Of the *Eccentrics* we are only told.

"*Eccentrics*—an assembly of high fellows, similar to, and springing out of, 'The *Brilliant*s,' (which see,) held at Tom Rees's, in May's Building's, St Martin's Lane, *circa* 1800."

We believe the *Eccentrics* are now in rather a sickly state.

The Cogers are not in favour with our Della Cruscan.

✧ *Cogers*—a society instituted in 1756, by some of the people of the Inner Temple, who imagined their free thoughts of profound cogitations worthy of attention, and charged half-a-crown for the *entrée*. Complete inanition as a society mark their nightly meetings, unless during elections of members of the hon. H. C., &c. &c. Meet in Bride Lane."

Of the Finish it is pleasant to hear.

“*Finish* (The)—nearly obsolete, but connected with many an *early* recollection. ‘Carpenter’s coffeehouse,’ in Covent-Garden, opposite Russell Street, is that building; which being opened soon after midnight for the reception of market gardeners, admitted also [not *like-wise*] of other folks, who might have been keeping it up, at Vauxhall, at the Go, or elsewhere. Whence the expression for ‘going the rounds of several public places:’ ‘the *jump*, the *go*, and the *finish*, *finished* me last night.’ Carpenter, whose portrait even now overlooks the bar, was a lecher; his handy bar-maid, Mrs Gibson, a travelled dame, *suck-seed*-did Carpenter. Her daughter Bob Way wedded, but

Bobby Way he vent away
To Southern Africa-y;
And, at the present day,
’Tis kept by *Georgy* Way.

For about the half century just sketched, Theodore Savage, an octogenarian, was the presiding genius of the little ale-room, and often boasted to how many he had shown ‘the road *home*,’ by dint of the potent extract of malt and hops—*cum max. et multis aliis*. The savage was a scholar and chemist.”

Poor Sheridan! many a time we saw him there in the last years of his life, swallowing ceaseless tumblers of brandy and water, and cracking jokes with Mother Butler. Never be her kindness to him forgotten. We hope Tom Moore will give her a chapter in his life, for, if our information be not erroneous, many a *go* she gave Tom for nothing but his chaunt. He ought not to forget this.

The Free and Easy must be pleasant associations.

“*Free-and-Easy*—an occasional or stated meeting of jolly fellows, who sing and

recite in turn, (having a chairman and a deputy-chair,) call for what they like, and go as freely as they come. Twenty-seven years ago, the cards of invitation to that at the Pied Horse, in Moorfields, had the notable ‘N.B. Fighting allowed.’ See *Brilliantes, Eccentrics, Rum-ones. Freeman’s Quay*—Drink gratis.”

Commend us to that truly British N.B.

The Rum Ones, he tells us, meet at the Blue Posts in the Haymarket, and he ratifies them by his approbation; but we think, from various indications, that he prefers the Triponions.

“*Triponions*—a small lot of persons fond of cows’ stomachs, and the most pungent of edible roots, who take an occasional snap at Tom Rees’s coffee-panny, in the Strand. Card of invitation—‘The *Triponions* congregate to masticate, to vocalise, and fumigate.’

Thomas Rees,
At his ease,
A fine treat,
About eight,
Nought gaudy but neat.”

These must be gay fellows to spend an evening with. Tom Rees is a wit, ex. gr. p. 147.

“On one occasion, a ‘suitable reward’ being offered for the restoration of a lost five-pound note, Tom Rees defined it to mean a kick as hard as the rewarder was *able* upon the third person in a *suit* of clothes.” Very droll. Again, p. 21.

Carnigal-body—a corruption of *carnal* by Tom Rees. “What shall ye do with your carnigal-body on Monday? Bring your carnigal body down to my triponions on Tuesday night.” Under this president the Tripers *must* be a gay association.*

The kind of conversation at these

* We have casually omitted two or three notices of sports commemorated in the volume, and as we hate meddling with our text after we have once written it, we must put them here in a note.

“*Chaunt*—a song and singing. The best conducted chaunt in London is at the White Hart, Bishopsgate Street; a good one is ‘The Eccentrics,’ in May’s Buildings. Glee-singing by the Harmonics at the Ram, and also at the Globe, in Titchfield Street, are prime chaunts.

‘The men struck up a chaunt, and the beer went round galore,
Till the publican sent word he wou’dn’t trust no more.’”

At the cider-cellar there is sometimes, though not often now-a-days, some good singing. The chair of that assembly is not taken till one o’clock in the morning, which insures good hours. At the Coal-hole, also, on Thursdays, there is occasionally a good chaunt, and Rhodes himself is a poet. It may be remembered, that the Times libelled the Coal Hole, and then made a most sneaking apology. Coveney sometimes gets up a good thing enough at the Wheat Sheaf, particularly on Wednesdays.

places, may be gathered from various specimens of the company. For instance, the A, B, C-darian.

"A, B, C-darian—a schoolmaster or mistress; or one who pretends to uppishness in spelling. 'My pony eat plum-pudd'n out of a barber's bason,' no one in the room can spell *that*—for a guinea, *except myself*," says the A, B, C-darian; whereas he *himself* ever neglects the preterite, *etc.* Cockneyfies *pudding*, and expects Johnson should be the rule for *bassin* and *pony*, in which latter his orthography is not right. See our '*pony*,' 'tis a rum one."

The Ad libitum Men. "Ad libitum is high flash for freedom of the will. Fine fellows with frog buttons, and halfpayers who affect the highflights, drink ad libitum, give orders ad libitum, and pay for them ad libitum."

The Argument Men.

"Argument.—He attains the best of any tavern-argument, who has the best pair of lungs; whence we are inclined to fall in with that pronunciation of the word which calls it 'hardgumment.' The next best to him, is he who can offer to lay very heavy sums that are quite un-coverable."

A Chevaux Man must be a nice fellow.

"Chevaux—pron. Shivaugh by Jack Burdett, who often holds one at Bill Wendy's, or up at the Popper. Dinner, wine, song, and uproar, constitute a *chevaux*."

But we should think a Spout-billy-boy must be a bore.

"Spout—to make a speech. 'To spout Billy,' (v.) to recite passages out of Shakespeare, in a pompous mouthing manner. Many there are who go about from club to club, and from Free-and-easy, to mid-

night, 'spouting Billy,' to gaping mechanics, ground-rent bricklayers, and lucky-escape shop clerks."

The other frequenters of these classic haunts are equally well described—the pickpockets, flashmen, grab-coupers, radicals, (not the political party, but one who is turbulent in company—alehouse, to wit—a rumpus in the club-room; in this respect, "Vot a riddekel is that there Jim Jinnavay surelye,") raws, ratiocinators, &c. &c., but we have not room to refresh ourselves in this amiable solution of individuals, wishing to give Jon's character of the gens de la plume, who are great men at these places,—the Wrekin, Cart and Horses, Horse and Groom, &c. &c.

"Reporters—some three or four hundred persons, boys and men, who are employed, 1st, in collecting scraps of intelligence for the newspapers, as to fires, accidents, and coroners' inquests; 2d, another set procure the initial examinations of culprits at the police-offices, (who are sometimes the clerks in those offices,) also of trotting-matches, aquatic excursions, &c.; 3d, Gentlemen of learning, with habits of industry, take short notes of debates in Parliament, of law proceedings, and judgments in civil law. These invariably write better stuff than is spoken. The former exaggerate invariably, in order to make their articles read well. See *Two-pence a-line*."

"Twopenny-men—i. e. twopence per line for fabricating articles of intelligence for the newspapers, paid to men calling themselves reporters [qu. porters? carriers] forsooth. When the types used for such minor purposes ceases to be minion (e. mignon, little) and devolves into bourgeois, (or commonalty letter)—into brevier, or short letter—then three half-

"Shades (The)—at London Bridge are under Fishmongers' Hall. Sound wine out of the wood, reasonable and tolerably good, are characteristics of this establishment. The Shades at Spring Gardens is a subterranean ale-shop."

There are several other shades besides these. A new and very good one—rather splendid in appearance, though the ceiling is too low—has been subterraneously opened under Mother Linwood's worsted caricatures of good pictures in Leicester-Square. Drink not bad. Shades also are to be found in Adam-Street, Adelphi, not commendable—and at Westminster-Bridge, infamous.

"Journeyman-parsons—those who work by the job, and had recently a house-of-call at the King's Head, near St Paul's, now removed."

Whither the journeyman-parsons have gone, we cannot say, but the house here commemorated, is now better known by the title of the Pig-and-Whistle, and is in a great measure in the hands of the Scottish nation. It rejoices in a most particularly pretty waitress.

pence is the dignè payment per line. Sometimes called 'permy-a-line-men;' but this applies only to such as work at under price—*dungs*; an invidious kind of generalising. Consult *Caddlee* and *Kedger*, without prejudice; and see *Patin*, who characterises the whole race of news-scribers as '*hominem genus audacissimum mendacissimum avidicissimum.*' See *Reporters*."

"*Literary pursuits*—subscription to a library, and access to talking company; the production of a scrap or two occasionally in a favourite paper, busy intercourse (monthly) with a magazine, and the announcement of a volume once in ten years. Of such quacks, and their ad-

mirers, we find there are two classes,—'those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without research.' We shall obtain second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other."

Other notices are scattered up and down of this interesting body, whose flourishing existence is an agreeable feature of our times. On all which we shall in our next number dissertate more purposely, and wind up by a selection of the beauties of Bee, with some remarks on the whole. A *Lexicon* is not to be disposed of in one article.

LETTERS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF INDIA.

No. III.

THE changes introduced by the Mahomedans into the civil and political arrangements of Hindostan, were neither so numerous nor so important as might have been expected. At first, indeed, it is more than probable that they entertained the design, not only of reducing their new subjects under the yoke of the Koran in temporal affairs, but of abolishing Hindooism, and substituting Moslemism in its room; such, at least, appears to have been the object of Mahmood's cruelties, as well as the professed end of Timour's invasion. But they were soon taught, that, though to overthrow the armies of the Rajahs might be no difficult matter for the hardy and disciplined warriors of Tartary, to root out, at least by violence, the prejudices of a populous nation, long entertained and fondly cherished, is a work too stupendous for human accomplishment. Nor was this the only lesson which experience conveyed to them. The Mahomedan princes gradually discovered, that all hope of amalgamating the one race of men with the other was vain. The religion of the Hindoos, which is quite as adverse to the reception of converts as it is hostile to the conversion of its professors, opposed to such an attempt insuperable barriers; and, as the civil institutions of the country were seen to hold a close connexion with its religion, neither the one nor the other were, in any material degree, invaded. A sort of compromise, if we may so express ourselves, was, on the

contrary, entered into between the conquerors and their subjects; of the nature of which a very few words will suffice to convey to you an adequate idea.

Among the Mahomedan subjects of the Mogul, wherever resident, or however employed, the laws of the Koran were naturally enforced. For the administration of these, there were stationed in all large towns, and especially at the capital cities of Viceroyalties and provinces, certain functionaries, denominated *Foujdars*, *Cazees*, and *Meer-Aduls*. The *Foujdar* acted as a sort of police magistrate and criminal judge. In the former of these capacities, he extended his watchfulness to all classes of the people. He observed the Rajahs, *Zemindars*, *Poligars*, and other great men—hindered them from forming conspiracies against the government of his master—or arrested and reduced to obedience such as were in actual rebellion. In the latter capacity, he awarded punishments to such delinquents as might be brought before him, ostensibly after the directions given in the Koran, but more truly, I believe, according to his own caprice. Be it observed, however, that, to his jurisdiction as a criminal judge, a Hindoo *Ryot*, unless resident in a populous city, could hardly be subjected. To the Hindoos their own magistrates were preserved, who dispensed justice according to their own laws, and the customs of their fathers; and, as the one people kept almost

wholly aloof from the other, their laws and customs ran little risk of being brought into collision.

In civil affairs, again, the Cazee and Meer-Adul acted in a manner completely analogous to that pursued by the Foulidar in criminal cases. To their Cutcheries were brought all causes pending between one Mahommedan and another. They settled disputed successions, they tried the validity of alleged compacts, they decided in cases of obligations resisted, and performed all the other functions of civil judges among the professors of their own faith. When a dispute arose likewise between a Mahommedan and an Hindoo, the matter would, I apprehend, be referred to their decision; but such disputes were not very likely to occur, at least with frequency; whilst in the adjustment of differences between one Hindoo and another, they were never consulted. Thus the professors of the rival religions may be said to have dwelt together in the same country as strangers; they certainly never became, and never could become, one people.

Whilst the worshippers of the Prophet were thus kept in subordination by their Cazees and Meer-Aduls, the old village system continued to work with unabated vigour among the Hindoos. To his fellow-parishioners the Potail still acted as an hereditary judge and magistrate; the Culcurnee still pursued his occupations of public register and notary; the Mahars or Talhars still preserved the peace of the little community, watched their crops, protected their property, and arrested thieves; the Punchayet still sat to hear causes, and to give its verdict; the Gooroo still officiated in his Pagoda, and the schoolmaster under his projecting roof or tree; all things, in short, went on throughout the country at large, as if the ancient dynasties were still in possession of the Musnuds.

In my former letter I stated, that, as long as the different Rajahships comprehend a narrow tract of country, and a moderate population, the probability is, that there existed not any class of public magistrates intermediate between the Potails of villages and the sovereign. It must, however, be confessed, that we have very little knowledge,—indeed, we can hardly be said to possess any certain knowledge at all of the internal state of these petty principalities.

Even in the days of Alexander the Great, many of the weaker powers had become absorbed in the stronger, and, at the period of Mahmood's first expedition, not a few of the native kingdoms comprehended respectively the whole of those districts which were afterwards kept together under the title of Soubaships. Thus circumstanced, it will readily be imagined that the Rajah could not, in his own person, sit to hear appeals from the decisions of the village municipality, or determine disputes respecting the boundaries of separate parishes; neither could the Potail at once convey the revenue which he had collected to the treasury of the sovereign with punctuality or expedition. An intermediate class of collectors and magistrates was accordingly appointed after the following fashion,—if, indeed, that may be called an appointment, which seems to have been the mere continuation of authority and rank in those who held it.

Of the petty Rajahs subdued, some were left in the condition of vassal, or tributary princes; to others was committed the care of their ancient territories, under special restrictions and regulations. The former class paid a fixed annual tribute in money or grain, and managed their principalities as themselves saw best, being liable, however, to assist the Mahar-Rajah, or king of kings, with troops and supplies, in case of need. These retained their ancient title of Rajah. The latter became that class of functionaries to whom the Mahommedans, in later times, gave the title of Zemindar. The title which they bore under the ancient dynasties is not accurately known.—By some they are called Chouderies, by others Molongees; but whether either of these be the correct title, I am not competent to decide. The thing, however, is of little consequence, seeing that the ancient name of office, be it what it may, has long been swallowed up by that of Zemindar. Let me then use the word Zemindar as if it were the original Sanscrit title, warning the reader all the while that it is a word of Persian extraction, and of, comparatively speaking, modern use in Hindostan.

The Zemindar of the native dynasties was to his Pergunnah, or district, in every respect what the Potail of a village was to his village. Of the extent of

a Pergunnah, it is impossible to speak with accuracy, one differing from another as much, and perhaps more, than the counties of England or Scotland differ among themselves; but if I may venture to strike an average, I would say, that they comprehended respectively a population of six hundred thousand, or from that to a million of souls. The number of villages comprised within each depended likewise on circumstances; but whether these were numerous, or the reverse, the Zemindar stood to the whole collectively in exactly the same relation in which the Potal stood towards one of them. Such was the case with the functionary, be his title what it may, who intervened between the more powerful Rajah and his local magistracy; such was, beyond all doubt, the case with the Zemindar of the Moguls.

The Zemindar of the Moguls was regarded by his master rather in the light of an officer of revenue, than anything else. He was permitted, indeed, to exercise, at the same time, the functions of a magistrate and civil judge, because, as I have already hinted, the internal arrangements of the country were preserved by the descendants of Nadhir Shah, as nearly as possible, in their ancient order. But it was chiefly in the collection of the revenue that he could be said to be employed by the emperor; and it was as a compensation for the discharge of that duty that he received his pay. From what source the pay of the Zemindar was derived may be shown in few words.

It has been stated, that to the public functionaries of villages, to the Potal and Culcurnee in particular, was granted a per centage on the gross amount of revenue, as a compensation for their labours in collecting it, and in preserving the peace of the village. Exactly similar was the situation of the Zemindar. Whilst the Potails collected from their fellow-parishioners, and, deducting their official dues, forwarded the surplus to the treasury of the Zemindar, the Zemindar in like manner deducted his per-centage, from the total collections of the various villages; and then, having satisfied another public officer, (the Conongoe,) whose duties I shall presently take occasion to describe, passed on the revenue to the treasury of the Dewan. Thus was he, both with respect to his duties, and

to his emoluments, precisely the counter part of the Potal.

His revenue duties, however, consisted not only in collecting the tribute and taxes, but in making agreements with the Potal, in encouraging, as far as might be, the extension of cultivation, in taking charge of the waste lands, in granting them out to proper applicants, and in superintending, generally, the financial affairs of his Pergunnah. The kind of agreements into which the Zemindars entered with the heads of villages, may require explanation.

On a former occasion I shortly stated, that Akber, having abolished sundry vexatious taxes imposed upon the people by his predecessors, fixed the amount to be taken from each cultivator, as the government share, at one-third of the produce of the land. But though the amount to be paid by each cultivator was thus arbitrarily fixed, permission was granted to the local functionaries, and to the people themselves, to make such arrangements as might appear most beneficial for all parties, touching the precise mode of its collection. In ancient times, the universal practice throughout India, was to measure the crop after it had been reaped; and then the Potal, removing from the field the portion due to government, the Ryot was at liberty to place the remainder in his own barn. Latterly this practice had not been so closely followed. It was still, indeed, regarded as the most equitable mode of all; and it could be claimed by either party, in case of a dispute arising relative to the fairness of other arrangements. But to take charge of so much grain was, as may be imagined, neither agreeable nor convenient to the government, and hence we find Akber recommending, that his Zemindars should, as far as possible, enter into terms with the heads of villages, and accept compositions in money, in lieu of the public share of the crop.

To enable the Zemindar to do justice to his employer, and at the same time to hinder the people from suffering through his avarice or unjust exactions, periodical surveys of all the land in each Pergunnah were regularly held. This was effected by certain persons, at the head of whom was the Conongoe; the individuals actually employed being, indeed, no others

than his deputies, or servants. On such occasions the Culcurnees of villages brought in their registers and accounts to the Conongoe, who was to the Pergunnah in every respect what they were to their own communities. If he had reason to be satisfied with these statements,—if, on comparing them with the statements of other years, he saw no cause to suspect the Culcurnees of an intention to deceive, he was generally content to go by them; if otherwise, or, indeed, if he felt so disposed, he was at liberty, without assigning any reason, to survey and measure the fields in his own proper person. Be it observed, moreover, that such surveys were meant to ascertain, not only the quantity of land in cultivation, but the nature of the crop which each particular field produced; and of these the most exact registers were preserved, not by the village notary alone, but by the Conongoe.

The survey being completed, and the Zemindar made acquainted with the state of cultivation in each village, he proceeded to strike a bargain, on the part of government, with its head. In case they came to terms, both parties were bound to fulfil their engagements, let happen what would. If otherwise, the Zemindar, as the agent of the Mogul, waited till the season of reaping arrived, and then, by the aid of the village officers, subtracted his share. By this means a fruitful season was at once beneficial to the cultivator, and to the public treasury; in an unfavourable season, on the contrary, both suffered. But their sufferings were proportionable the one to the other; nor was the Ryot ever compelled to pay heavy taxes, when the elements had taken away his only means of paying them.

Among the various public officers employed in the revenue-department of the Mogul, none seems to have been more useful, or more important, than the Conongoe. He was invariably an Hindoo, of respectable family, and good education. He acted the double part of protector of the cultivators, and of the public interests; he was a check upon the Zemindar, on the one hand, and upon the Ryot, on the other; a reference to his register could at once put the government in possession of any information which might be required relative to the internal state of the country. If, by his report of one

year, it were found that cultivation had decreased in any Pergunnah, from its amount and value during the year preceding, inquiry could at once be set on foot, and the cause ascertained; and in case the Zemindar should appear to be in fault, he was punished. If, on the other hand, the cultivation of his district was extended, the Zemindar seldom failed to receive both commendation and reward. No speculation could occur among the collectors of the revenue; or if attempted, it might easily be detected; nor was it possible for the government to be deprived of its just share in the increasing prosperity and opulence of the country. Yet this functionary Lord Cornwallis abolished as utterly useless!

To return to the Zemindar. The Zemindar was not only a collector of revenue, but he was a judge, a magistrate, and the head of a very efficient police. It is probably needless to inform you, that in all oriental governments there is a natural tendency to combine offices, which, according to our more refined notions, appear wholly incompatible with one another. Thus the Zemindar, who was himself a collector of revenue, acted at the same time as judge in all questions relating to its collection. In case the Ryot felt himself aggrieved by the conduct of the Gomosta, or servant of the Zemindar, it was to the Zemindar that he brought his complaint; and though no doubts of oppression, on the part of the agent, would sometimes be countenanced by the employer, these could not, under a vigilant prince, prove very frequent. At all events, the Ryot or Potail, or whoever the complainant might be, knew where to carry his complaint; he was heard without form or delay; and if his grievances were not always redressed, they were at least not increased by the vexations which now attend the prosecution of a suit in our courts of justice. Nor is this all. Whilst an active and vigorous prince, such as Akber, or Humaioun, sat at the helm of state, a Zemindar felt that he could not oppress the people with impunity,—and hence there is no period of Indian history, during which the country at large appears to have enjoyed a better government, or a greater degree of prosperity, than whilst its affairs were administered by the monarchs just named.

I have hitherto spoken of the Zemindar only as an established officer of revenue, under the Mogul; it was not, however, in that capacity alone that he acted; he preserved the peace of his district; he administered to his countrymen justice, both civil and criminal; he decided, with the help of a Panchayet, disputes between one village and another; he received into his prison decoits, or grievous offenders, whom the Potails were unable adequately to punish. He looked to the state of the roads, saw that they were safe for travellers, guarded the ghauts, or passes, where robberies had either been frequent, or were apprehended; and was ever ready to assist the village police, in case of serious riots, an excursion of plunderers from the hill countries, or an attack from decoits. All this, too, was done, not according to the law of the Koran, but according to the only law generally acted upon among the Hindoos, that of custom: a fact, the mention of which brings me to a very important point in my discussion; and to the exposition, perhaps somewhat prematurely, of one of the most egregious blunders into which the framers of the perpetual settlement of 1793 have fallen.

If you have given any attention to the subject of Indian politics, you cannot have forgotten the melancholy accounts with which the British public were greeted, about the period of Lord Cornwallis's assumption of supreme authority in the East, of the total absence of all law and justice throughout the provinces. By these accounts the Zemindars were represented as feudal barons or chiefs, who exercised the most arbitrary power over their unfortunate vassals, and set the authority of the emperor and of the laws at defiance. Now, upon what grounds, think you, was this opinion formed?

Why, our legislators remembering that India had lain during many centuries under the yoke of Mahomedans, took it for granted, as a matter of course, that the Mahomedan law was the only law of the country; and that wherever that law was not administered, there the law of force and of oppression alone prevailed. But what is the fact of the case? That the Mahomedan law was never established, either in civil or criminal matters, as the only law of the land. As I have already said, that law prevailed in populous

cities, and, as was natural, among all the followers of the Prophet; but it was not so much as known, far less acted upon, throughout the country at large. How, indeed, could the case be otherwise? The Zemindars, to whom the Mogul intrusted the management of Pergunnahs, were, almost to a man, Hindoos. They were the lineal descendants, in very many instances, of persons who had governed these districts ages ago as independent Rajahs. Few, if any among them, knew aught of the Koran, or of its injunctions; and by those who were acquainted with them they could not be acted upon. The Moguls were not so absurd as to endeavour to force upon their Hindoo subjects, laws, every one of which, or almost every one of which, was at open war with their religious prejudices. It was the policy of the Emperors to leave each tribe to the management of those magistrates, and to the guidance of those customs which were familiar to it, they themselves keeping entirely aloof, as it were, from their infidel subjects. They promoted the Hindoos to the highest honours, indeed, intrusted them with the command of armies, and gave into their hands the whole charge of the revenue; but, as long as they continued to execute the offices assigned to them with punctuality and faithfulness, no attempt was made to molest their prejudices, or to interfere with their administration of justice. Hence, in truth, it arose, that the Mahomedans, though frequently quarrelling among themselves, retained the sovereignty of India for nearly eight centuries; for, as I have formerly shown, leave to the gentle Hindoo his village system entire, and he will not so much as inquire by whom that system is supported.

To enable him to discharge those numerous and important duties, the Zemindar was authorized to keep in pay bodies of armed retainers, called Paiks, or Peons. These persons, like the Talliars of villages, and, indeed, like their immediate chief the Zemindar, enjoyed their nauncars, or service-lands; that is, farms free of rent or taxes in different parts of the Pergunnah. They were not all on duty at the same time. They took it by turns to attend at the Cutcherry, and to guard the various points which

were necessary to be guarded; but, in the event of an incursion of plunderers from the hills, or any violent commotion in the country, the whole body, amounting in some instances to ten, twenty, and even thirty thousand men, might be at once called out. In ordinary cases, the peace of the country was sufficiently preserved by the Mhars, or village watchmen; but whenever these were found insufficient, the Paiks were at hand to support them. The Paiks farther attended upon the Zemindar on occasions of state or show; they guarded his prisoners—they assisted to bring in the revenues—and were prepared to employ force where the public demands were resisted. They were, in short, a species of local militia, if I may so express myself, and, when embodied, received a daily or weekly pay out of the public taxes.

Having said so much of the duties of the Zemindar, it may be necessary to explain the kind of responsibility under which he lay; or, to express myself more clearly, the pains and penalties to which he was liable in case of malversation of his trust. A few words, likewise, touching his proprietary rights, and the source from which they were derived, may not be amiss in this stage of our inquiry.

First, with respect to the rights of the Zemindar, I need not inform you, that, by our regulations, the Zemindar has been pronounced the actual proprietor of the soil of his Pergunnah; and that the Ryots are universally spoken of as labourers, or peasantry, or, at best, as his tenants or renters. This distribution of property, too, is said to be in strict accordance with the ancient usages of the country; and to have been determined upon, after a faithful and minute inquiry on the part of Lord Cornwallis and his coadjutors. It is not my intention to enter at length into the controversies of 1786 and 1795; but I cannot avoid remarking, that no man can peruse the works of Mr Grant, Mr Rouse, and the other gentlemen who wrote upon the landed-tenures of India, without being struck with the degree of prejudice which pervades them all. Whilst one party strenuously contends for the absence of all private property whatever, affirming that an Indian sovereign has ever been regarded as the sole landed proprietor

within his dominions, the other, full of European notions, and determined to find in the institutions of Hindostan the counterpart of the feudal system of the dark ages, has declared in terms equally decided, that each Zemindar was the lord of his Pergunnah, and that the Ryots were no other than his vassals and serfs. The most extraordinary part of the matter is, moreover, that all parties appeal to ancient records, and to the delivered sentiments of intelligent natives; and that they not unfrequently refer you to the same document, each claiming it as giving support to his theory. Thus Mr Grant, for the purpose of proving that the Zemindar neither was nor could be other than an officer of revenue, and that the sovereign was the only owner of the soil, transcribes for us the "Sunnud," or form of appointment granted to him by the Mogul. Mr Rouse, on the other hand, who is a strenuous advocate for the proprietary rights of the Zemindar, quotes the same Sunnud for a purpose directly the reverse: namely, to prove that the Zemindar was not a mere officer of revenue, but that he was an hereditary noble, and landed proprietor. In like manner Mr Harrington, whose opinions clearly coincide with those of Mr Rouse, has given us, at the end of his valuable *Analysis of the Regulations of the East India Company's Government*, a sort of compend of all the arguments on both sides of the question, together with the answers of certain eminent natives who were examined on the subject. The reader who wishes to make himself thoroughly master of this interesting subject, is referred to the works above mentioned; to the Fifth Report of a Committee of the House of Commons, dated July 5, 1812, with its Appendices, especially one entitled *Ryotwarry and Zemindarry Tenures*; to a vast collection of Parliamentary papers on the interior affairs of India; to the numerous volumes of printed records at the India House, particularly to vol. II. For our present purpose, it will be sufficient to give a copy of a Zemindarry Sunnud, and to transcribe one or two sentences from the answers of the natives, in order to show that both parties are mistaken; that neither the Sovereign nor the Zemindar asserted any claim to property in

the soil, but that the land really belonged to that class of persons of whom I spoke in my last letter, as Meerassce Ryots.

The opinion of Gholam, Hosein Khan, the author of a valuable historical work called Sizur-ool-Mula Akheveen, relative to the proprietary rights of the Mogul, is thus recorded:—

“The Emperor is not so far lord of the soil as to be able, consistently with right and equity, to sell, or otherwise dispose of it, at his own mere will and pleasure. ** The Emperor is proprietor of the revenue issuing out of the territory under his authority; but he is not the proprietor of the soil. Hence it is, when he grants Aymas, Altumgahs, and Jageers, he only transfers the revenue from himself to the grantee.” Again: “He who obtains land by gift, sale, or inheritance, is the proprietor of it; and he whose ancestors have been in the possession of it from generation to generation, beyond the memory of man, is, to all appearance, the proprietor of it.” (See the Appendix to Mr Shore’s Minute.)

Now, if we couple these sentences with the laws relating to property, which we find in the books of Menu, and in the compilation by Mr Halhed, we shall be convinced that there certainly did exist a private property in the soil *somewhere*, as well under the Moguls as under the Rajahs. The question which next arises, therefore, is, Were the Zemindars really the proprietors?

The same Gholam Hosein, from whom I have just quoted, when asked “Whence, and from what period has the term Zemindar obtained?” replies, “From the earliest establishment of sovereign sway, and from the practice of demanding revenue. Whoever possessed a tract of land for which he paid revenue, was, literally speaking, a Zemindar; but as this word is of Persian origin, it is most probable that the Persians, when they originally invaded Hindostan, and assumed the reins of empire, introduced the term Zemindar, and applied it to the deposed Rajahs, from whom they exacted tribute.” The Persian scholar will perceive, that the preceding definition of the term Zemindar has reference to its etymology, the word literally signifying “one who derives his support from the land:” whilst

Gholam Hosein’s account of its application by the Moguls, gives confirmation to what I have already said on the subject. The question relative to the proprietary rights of the Zemindar will, however, be placed in a clearer light by the following statement of another eminent Asiatic,—Royroyam: “The rights of a Zemindar are restricted to his Birt, Khoman, and Muykooat; that is to say, his Zemindarry charges, (his percentage out of the revenue,) Nanceaur, (a portion of land free from government demands,) &c.; and the duties of a Zemindar comprehend a complete discharge of his revenue; the cultivation and improvement of his country; the protection and security of his Ryots, in conformity to the usages of the country; his conduct of any other affairs committed to him; and a constant observance of the orders and regulations of the ruling power.” With respect, again, to the right of succession vested in the Zemindars, I have hitherto spoken of it as hereditary. That it was so, *de facto*, cannot be denied; that it ever became so *de jure*, is, to say the least of it, extremely doubtful. Let me explain this apparent contradiction.

I have said, that the Mahomedan princes were taught by experience, that if they desired to retain quiet dominion over their Indian territories, it would be necessary to leave the Hindoos, as far as possible, to the management of their own laws, and to the care of their own magistrates. In revenue matters, in particular, the Moguls found that the aboriginal functionaries were far more efficient than the warlike followers whom they brought with them into the country, whose ignorance, not only of local usages, but of the whole science of accounts, proved an insuperable obstacle to their employment in the business of finance. The spirit of the Mahomedan governments, however, recognizes no rank which depends not immediately, and continually, upon the will of the sovereign. Hence the Omrahs, and other nobles of the Asiatic court, left not their titles and emoluments to their children; but the son of one, who had filled the high offices of a Subadar, or a prime minister, returned, at the decease of his father, to the rank of an ordinary citizen. In like manner, the Nancears, Jageers, and other grants made to the parent, returned as a nat-

ter of course, at his decease or disgrace, to the Mogul; or, if continued to the son, it was by express permission and appointment of the sovereign.

I think it is quite evident that the course which they adopted with respect to other nobles, they likewise adopted, during the vigour of the empire, with the Zemindars. These personages they found in office as independent princes, or as tributaries and vassals of some Mahar Rajah. They continued them in their situations because they proved useful; but the Zemindar was, nevertheless, given to understand, that his continuance was an act of grace on the part of the Mogul, and might be revoked at pleasure. As a proof of this, every Zemindar was presented with a Sunnud, or commission. On the decease of the father, the son, who, under the Hindoo institutions, would have entered upon the office as a matter of right, applied to the Mogul for his deed of appointment. The deed was invariably granted, provided the parent had conducted himself to the satisfaction of the Emperor, and provided the son was willing to pledge himself to a similar course of proceeding; but till the commission arrived, the Ryots were not obliged to submit to his authority. They did submit, it is true, because to them these forms were wholly without weight, but they might have done otherwise, had they so chosen.

Nor was the jealousy of the Mogul government satisfied to confirm the authority of the Zemindar, unless he brought forward other security besides his own, for the punctual payment of the revenue derived from his Pergunnah. The Conongoe was accustomed to act in this capacity. He pledged himself for the punctuality of the Zemindar's payments, and, in case of defalcation, for his personal appearance when called upon. The following is the form of a Sunnud by which the rank and emoluments of a Zemindar were conveyed, as well as of the note of obligation, signed by the Conongoe, as security for the newly-appointed functionary:—

“Be it known to the Mutsuddies,” &c.—(here follows a long list of names, which it is needless to transcribe,) that “the office of Zemindar of the aforesaid Pergunnah, has been bestowed, agreeably to the indorsement annexed, from the beginning of the year 1177 B. S. to the expiry of his power

Chitun Sing, the grandson of Gopaul Sing, Zemindar deceased, on his consenting to pay the royal Pishcush, &c. It is required of him, that having executed the duties and functions of his station, he be not deficient in the smallest respect in diligence and assiduity, but observing a conciliatory conduct towards the Ryots and inhabitants at large, and exerting himself to the utmost in punishing and expelling the refractory; let him pay the revenue of government into the treasury at the stated periods; let him encourage the body of the Ryots in such a manner that signs of an increased cultivation and improvement of the country may daily appear; and let him keep the high-roads in such repair that travellers may pass and repass in the fullest confidence and security; let there be no robberies or murders committed within his boundaries; but (which God forbid!) should any one, notwithstanding, be robbed, or plundered of his property, let him produce the thieves, together with the stolen property, and, after restoring the latter to the rightful owner, let him assign the former over to punishment; should he fail in producing the parties offending, he must himself make good the property stolen. Let him be careful that no one be guilty of misconduct in his behaviour, or commit irregularities of any kind. Let him transmit the accounts required of him to the Huzzoor, under his own and the Canongoe's signature, and after having paid up the whole revenues completely to the end of the year, let him receive credit for the Muskooraat (the per-centage,) agreeably to usage; and finally, let him refrain from the collection of any of the Aboab (arbitrary taxes repealed by Akber,) abolished or prohibited by government.

“It is required of the aforesaid Mutsuddies, &c. that having acknowledged the said person Zemindar of the above-mentioned Pergunnah, they consider him invested with the powers and functions appertaining to that office. Regarding this as obligatory, let them not deviate herefrom.”

To this document the Zemindar replies by another, similarly expressed, in which he undertakes to fulfil all the duties intrusted to him, after which comes the deed of surety on the part of the Conongoe, as follows:—

“I who am Conongoe of Bengal,

the paradise of countries—Whereas the office of Zemindar of Pergunnah Bishenpore, in Sircar Bangush, &c., has been bestowed on Chitun Sing, the grandson of Gopaul Sing, Zemindar, deceased ;—Having become security to government for his appearance, do engage and bind myself, that in case the aforesaid person should abscond, I will produce him ; and in the event of my not being able to do so, I myself will be responsible for his engagements.

“ I have therefore written these few lines, in the nature of a Hazer Zameeny, that they may be called for when necessary.”

Were there no other evidence to go upon than these deeds, they alone are, in my opinion, sufficient to convince any impartial person that the Zemindar was not the proprietor of his Pergunnah, nor was ever treated as such by the Mogul. But there is another matter which ought not to be kept out of view: The Zemindars being almost to a man Hindoos, their property, according to the usages of the country, was of course subject to the common law of Hindostan. That law I can compare to nothing so aptly as to the custom of Gavelkind, which prevails in some parts of England, particularly in Kent ; by the operation of which, the estate of a parent descends not to his eldest son, but in equal portions to all his children. The Zemindarry property, however, be it what it may, did not thus descend. It passed, at the decease of one functionary, whole and entire, to another, which other was invariably the nearest heir-male of the late Zemindar.

But whilst I thus argue against the proprietary rights of the Zemindars, I profess not to wonder that it should have been regarded by the earlier European settlers as a species of feudal nobility. From the death of Arungzebe in 1707, indeed for several years previous to that event, the Mogul empire, like all other overgrown empires, fell fast into confusion. The emperors, instead of receiving from the Zemindars the government share of the crops, or money payments, fluctuating in amount according to the increase or decrease of cultivation, adopted the practice of leasing out the revenues of their respective Pergunnahs to these functionaries ; who, pledging themselves to pay into the royal treasury a certain stipulated sum, were left to

make the best bargain they could with the Ryots. The profits of the Zemindar henceforth arose from his success in under-leasing the said revenues. Dividing his Pergunnah into sundry Talookdarries, or districts, he let them out each to a separate Talookdar, and whatever sum he obtained from these under-farmers above the amount required by the Mogul, became his own property. So far, indeed, was this custom at length carried, that the Moguls scrupled not, in case the Zemindar demurred about farming the revenue, to set him aside ; and permitting him to enjoy only his lawful percentage, to give up the management of the collection to any stranger who was willing to take it on the stipulated terms.

Under these circumstances, it is by no means surprising, that by the earlier European writers the Zemindars should be spoken of as feudal barons, and hereditary chiefs. Our countrymen beheld them surrounded by a crowd of armed followers, administering justice in a summary manner,—collecting their dues from extensive renters, and performing all the other offices of baronial aristocrats. There was in all this so great a resemblance to the state of society in England during the times of the Plantagenets, that men, accustomed only to European customs and usages, could hardly fail to pronounce the one a mere counterpart of the other. But what was the fact? Even then the Canon-goe still made his surveys, and still sent in his reports to government, nor was it till the sceptre became too weighty for the weak emperors to wield, that the body of the people, the real land-owners, that is to say, the Ryots, suffered any serious inconvenience from this partial change of system. It was with the government share of the produce, and with it alone, that the Zemindars and Talookdars speculated ; they had no more property in the soil itself than they ever had.

The pains and penalties to which the Zemindars, under the Mahomedan government, were liable, are soon described. There appears ever to have been, with the Moguls, a remarkable disinclination utterly to ruin or degrade the ancient Hindoo families. When a Zemindar committed a crime, therefore, or fell in arrear with his revenue, though the individual de-

faulter suffered severely, no disgrace attached to his offspring or relatives. He was himself cast into prison, was tortured, sometimes had the choice submitted to him to embrace Mahomedanism or perish. His private property, (for the Zemindars generally possessed private property independently of the Russoom and Nancar,) was seized. He might even be deposed, but, in such a case, his office invariably passed to the next heir, or was administered by the guardians of that heir, provided he were a minor. Nor was it the office alone which thus descended to the son of a delinquent. All the honours, profits, and emoluments arising from it, came undiminished to the new occupant, nay, they were not unfrequently restored to the delinquent himself, after he had made good his deficiencies, or endured his allotted punishment. By this means, though individuals might occasionally undergo extreme misery, the ancient families of the country were upheld, and the hereditary magistrates, to whom the people had, for ages, been wont to look for protection and support, preserved their respectability.

I have said nothing in this sketch of the courts of Nizamut Adawlut or Dewanny Adawlut, established at the seats of the provincial governments; nor will I swell an account, already too prolix, by giving any description of them here. Enough is done when I state in few words, that the former was the supreme court of justice, the latter, of revenue, to which all appeals might be carried from subordinate courts, and before which all disputes between high functionaries might be settled. The latter was wholly administered by Hindoos; indeed, the revenue affairs of the Mogul government were entirely managed by the infidels.

One word of general remark upon the systems described, and I relieve you and your readers from the annoyance of pursuing such inquiries farther.

It will be seen, that in the systems of government acted upon as well by the Rajahs as the Moguls, there were many arrangements totally at variance with all our notions of propriety. Of these, the combination of offices, the intrusting to the collectors of the revenue, for example, any authority to decide disputes arising from the mode of its collection, cannot fail to strike a

European in the light of a political paradox, and such was the light in which it was viewed by Lord Cornwallis. Neither can it be denied that the whole was rude. I mean rude, in comparison with the more perfect system of our native country. Still there was a foundation to build upon. A wise legislator would have taken advantage of it, and introduced improvements slowly and cautiously, as the progress of refinement and of knowledge authorized. In the institution of Panchayets, in particular, there was not only the ground-work, but almost the essence of that boast of British legislation, the trial by jury. Nor was it only in the adjustment of civil disputes that Panchayets were employed. Under the native governments, each caste had its Panchayet, or Paranimic, to decide questions of caste, each trade had its Chowdry, or head man, with its Panchayet, to decide questions of trade, and, above all, each village had its well-known resident hereditary magistrate, possessing just authority sufficient to keep the peace, and not power enough to disturb it. Then there was the village police, the Pergunnah Paiks, and at the head of the whole the Zemindar. No doubt everything depended upon the vigour and activity of the supreme government. Whilst it was ably administered, the subordinate functionaries dared not neglect their duty, or oppress the people; when it became feeble, the hinge of society was broken. But with a British Governor-General and Council at the head of affairs, such could not have been the case; and the people might have been at this day happy, and comparatively virtuous, had we only left them to the guidance of their own institutions.

The difference between our government and that of the Moguls lies shortly here. The latter hardly interfered at all with the ancient customs of the Hindoos. They advanced their Hindoo subjects to places of the highest honour, and threw open to them all offices and employments; they respected their prejudices, upheld their consequence, and exacted from them no more than a fixed tax, and a nominal allegiance. We, on the contrary, have pursued a course diametrically opposite. By way of conferring upon our subjects an equal government, we have struck at the root of all their prejudices, and overthrown

all their favourite institutions. We shut them out from all offices of trust; we hold out to them no hopes of rising to honour and respectability in their own country. We have ruined the ancient families, without increasing the prosperity of the lower orders; and with the words justice and law continually in our mouths, we confer none of the blessings consequent upon these on our native population. In my next letter I shall give you a faithful account of our enactments, and, in the meanwhile, I conclude my present with the following quotation. It is a continuation of Mr Davis's report, of which you have given the first part in my former letter.

"The objection most insisted against the native system, is the check to industry that arose from the share taken by the government in the produce from extended cultivation, and the revenue received in kind by a division of the crop; and it must be acknowledged, that integrity in the officers employed, or a vigilant superintendence of them, was indispensable to a just administration of such a system. It may, on the other hand, be observed, that under that system no individual concerned could be dispossessed of his land, or deprived of his subsistence. If crops were abundant, the advantage was mutual between the cultivator, the government, and its officers; if scanty, each party bore its share of the hardships. The rent, or the government share on the land cultivated, was already as fixed as any ordinance could make it, and in perpetuity; the proprietary right, if it resided anywhere consistently with our definition of the thing, resided with the cultivator who best deserved it, or with the Mundul or Malik, who first established the village in which the land was situated. No Zemindar, Moccuddim, or others of the divers classes dependent on the state, could be exposed to ruin, while their services were duly rendered under an equitable administration of the government. It remained for the Bri-

tish government, in the progress of its reforms, to ruin most of the ancient families of high distinction,* and to dismiss the long-established classes above-mentioned from possessions which had descended to them from a period when, perhaps, the ancestors of their reformers 'were in the woods,' but certainly from a period long antecedent to the discovery of that road by which Europeans now resort to India.†

"It is the more remarkable, and to be deplored, that this ruin of the Zemindars should have proceeded from views originally directed to a redress of their alleged grievances, and have immediately followed from measures conscientiously undertaken for their benefit. The object of the legislature was, 'to inquire into the alleged grievances of the land-holders, (represented to have been dispossessed of the management of their lands,) and to afford them redress, and establish permanent rules for the settlement and collection of the revenue, and for the administration of justice, founded on the ancient laws and long usages of the country.' No one can doubt, that Lord Cornwallis meant, by his new arrangements, to bestow upon the Zemindars, and the natives in general, the full measure of the benefits intended for them; nor is there any room for the least imputation, on the integrity of those by whose counsels he was influenced in the prosecution of his benevolent views. But his lordship had no experience of the people; it was impossible for him to become acquainted with them. The same, or little short of it, might be said of some of his lordship's advisers; for time spent in India does not confer a knowledge of the people and their concerns, unless it be spent in particular situations, where that knowledge is to be acquired.

"The field of inquiry, too, in Bengal, was disadvantageous; for, in that part of India, the innovations of the Mahomedans, and the frequent changes of the government, had introduced a

* I do not object to the Zemindars being considered recent in the state, (as some consider them,) and no part of the ancient system of Shudossam; but when once adopted by the British Parliament, and their interests so warmly espoused by Lord Cornwallis, it might have been expected that those interests would have been better guarded than they proved to be by the regulations his Lordship introduced.

† On the fallen condition of the very ancient families in Birkenpore, see a letter from the Collector of Burdawan to the Board of Revenue, 12th February, 1794.

state of things, wherein little system or regularity could be found. The respectable authority of Sir John Shore, (now Lord Teignmouth,) represented the amounts and detail of the land revenue in Bengal, as a labyrinth, where no system could be discovered, no uniformity could be traced. Enough, however, remained to have suggested further inquiries, which, if prosecuted, would have shown that something better had existed in former times. Subsequent inquiries, particularly in the Carnatic, and on the western side of the peninsula, have shown that a regular system of internal administration has, from ancient times, existed, and does still exist, under which property is attainable, and protection afforded to it when attained; and not a doubt can now remain, that it is the same system under which the country arrived at the high degree of prosperity and opulence alluded to by Mr Hamilton. Had the same information been possessed by Lord Cornwallis, it is not unlikely that his lordship would have been influenced by it, and have conformed, more strictly than he did, to the instructions he carried out, by accommodating his institutions to the 'subsisting manners and usages of the people, rather than by any abstract theories drawn from other countries, or applicable to a different state of things.' Instead of conforming to these views of the Court of Directors, it must appear that most of the enactments of the code of 1793 are theoretically founded on European notions, and wholly adverse to the practice and feelings of the natives of India; but more especially to such of them as have been designated, I will not say how correctly, as 'the princes, the great lords, the numerous nobility and gentry, freeholders, religious communities, and public functionaries.*' Most of the classes meant in this quotation, have, in the operation among them of the code in question, experienced more and greater calamities,

than it is probable their ancestors ever did, amid the vicissitudes arising from conquest and despotic sway. Their lands are sold, their offices abolished, their followers and dependents dispersed, all reverence for them has ceased with their power and influence, and no means exist whereby they might attain to any portion of their former rank and opulence. They are shut out from offices of confidence and dignity, and their descendants, however high their birth or caste, must now mix with the lowest ranks of the community, or perish through want. To the great Zemindars, almost without exception, and to a large portion of the lesser ones, the gift of proprietary right in the land, combined with the regulations under which it was to be enjoyed, has proved a Pandora's box, full of evil consequences to them, and working ultimately their utter ruin. The theoretical enactments which accompanied this great measure, and were consequent to it, have proved equally fatal to the class composed of the officers of the state. The Moccudims, or heads of villages, except where there was no Zemindar, were reduced to the condition of mere cultivators; the Canon-goes, with their Gomostas, or agents, were dismissed; the Chowderies, of which every class of tradesmen, or mechanics, had one at their head, were no longer recognized as possessing authority; the Zemindarry servants employed in the police, a very numerous body, were dismissed, and their land resumed.

"After what has been said, it may appear no unreasonable presumption to assume, that were Lord Cornwallis to commence his career in India anew, he probably would pause on the question of a perpetual settlement of the land revenue, at least until some more practicable means should be discovered, for relieving the exigencies of the government, by a participation in the increasing wealth of the people, than at present are known to exist."

* Burke.

THE SUBALTERN.

CHAP. XVIII.

As the circumstances attending our present tour of duty had in them more of excitation than usual, I shall describe them at greater length.

The air was cold and bracing ; it was a fine clear wintry day, when the corps to which I was attached, strengthened by the half of another battalion, began its march to the front. Instead of employing eighteen hundred men at the outposts, nine hundred were now esteemed capable of providing for the safety of the left column of the army ; and such was accordingly the extent of the force, which, under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, took the direction of the mayor's house. On arriving there, we found matters in a somewhat different order from that in which we were wont to find them. The enemy, it appeared, had abandoned the ground, which, up to the preceding night, their picquets had occupied. Our advanced parties were, in consequence, pushed forward, and the stations of the extreme sentinels were now in front of that ground, upon which so much fighting had taken place in the beginning of last month. The guards themselves, instead of being hutted in and about the chateau, were disposed among a range of cottages, in the very centre of the field of battle ; and the objects which were by this means kept constantly before their eyes, were certainly not of the most cheering or encouraging description.

It fell not to my lot to take charge of a picquet guard on the immediate day of our advance. My business, on the contrary, was to superintend the erection of works, which appeared to me to be erected, as much for the purpose of giving the soldiers employment, and keeping their blood in circulation, as to oppose an obstacle to the troops of Marshal Soult, from whom no serious attack was now apprehended. On the following morning, however, I led my party to the front ; nor have I frequently spent twenty-four hours in a state of higher excitement than I experienced during the progress of those which succeeded the movement.

In the first place, the weather had

changed greatly for the worse. The frost continued, indeed, as intense, perhaps it was more intense than ever ; but the snow came down in huge flakes, which a cold north-east wind drove into our faces. The hut into which the main body of the guard was ushered, presented the same ruinous appearance with almost every other house similarly situated ; it furnished no shelter against the blast, and very little against the shower. Intelligence had, moreover, been conveyed to us by a deserter, that Soult, irritated at the surprisal of his post upon the Nive, had issued orders to retaliate whenever an opportunity might occur ; and it was more than hinted, that one object of the late retrogression from our front, was to draw us beyond our regular line, and so place us in an exposed situation. The utmost caution and circumspection were accordingly enjoined, as the only means of frustrating his designs ; and of these the necessity naturally increased as daylight departed.

That I might not be taken by surprise, in case any attack was made upon me after dark, I devoted a good proportion of the day to a minute examination of the country in front, and on each flank of my post. For this purpose I strolled over the fields, and found them literally strewed with the decaying bodies of what had once been soldiers. The enemy, it was evident, had not taken the trouble to bury even their own dead ; for of the carcasses around me, as many, indeed more, were arrayed in French than in English uniforms. No doubt they had furnished food for the wolves, kites, and wild-dogs from the thickets ; for the flesh of most of them was torn, and the eyes of almost all were dug out ; yet there was one body, the body of a French soldier, quite untouched ; and how it chanced to be so, the reader may judge for himself, as soon as he has perused the following little story, for the truth of which I solemnly pledge myself.

About the middle of the line covered by my chain of sentries, was a small straggling village, containing a single street, about twenty cottages,

and as many gardens. In the street of that village lay about half a dozen carcasses, more than half devoured by birds and beasts of prey ; whilst in several of the gardens were other little clusters similarly circumstanced. At the bottom of one of these gardens a Frenchman lay upon his face, perfectly entire, and close beside the body sat a dog. The poor brute, seeing us approach, began to howl in a very melancholy manner, at the same time resisting every effort, not on my part only, but on the part of another officer who accompanied me, to draw him from the spot. We succeeded, indeed, in coaxing him as far as the upper part of the garden ; for, though large and lank, he was quite gentle ; but he left us there, returned to his post beside the body, and, lifting up his nose into the air, howled piteously. There are few things in my life that I regret more than not having secured that dog ; for it cannot, I think, be doubted, that he was watching beside his dead master ; and that he defended him from the teeth and talons which made a prey of all around him. But I had, at the time, other thoughts in my mind ; and circumstances prevented my paying a second visit to the place where I had found him.

Among other happy results, the more forward position in which the picquets were now placed, furnished me with an opportunity of obtaining a less imperfect view of the city and defences of Bayonne, than any which I had yet obtained ; I say less imperfect, for even from the tops of the houses in the village above referred to, no very accurate survey could be taken of a place situated upon a sandy flat, and still five or six miles distant ; but I saw enough to confirm me in the idea which I had already formed, that the moment of attack upon these entrenchments, come when it might, could not fail to be a bloody one.

Day-light was by this time rapidly departing, and it became incumbent upon me to contract the chain of my videttes, and to establish my party a little in the rear of the cottage where we had been hitherto stationed. By acting thus, I contrived to render myself as secure as a detachment numerically so small can ever hope to be. There were two lakes, or rather large ponds, in the line of my position, one on the left of the main road, and the other on

the right ; indeed, it was near the opposite extremity of the last-mentioned lake, that we unexpectedly found ourselves exposed to a charge of cavalry, during the late battle. Of these lakes I gladly took advantage. Planting my people in a large house, about one hundred yards in rear, I formed my sentinels into a curved line, causing the extremities to rest, each upon its own pond, and pushing forward the centre, in the shape of a bow. "Now, then," thought I, "everything must depend upon the vigilance of the watchmen ;" and to render that as perfect as possible, I resolved to spend the entire night in passing from the one to the other. Nor did I break that resolution. I may safely say, that I sat not down for five minutes at a time, from sun-set on the 24th till sun-rise on the 25th.

The snow, which during an hour or two in the afternoon had ceased, began again to fall in increased quantities after dark. The wind, too, grew more and more boisterous every moment ; it roared in the woods, and whistled fearfully through the ruined houses ; whilst at every pause I could distinctly hear the wolf's long howl, and the growl and short bark of the wild-dogs, as they quarrelled over the mangled carcasses scattered round me. Near the margin of the right-hand lake, in particular, this horrible din was constantly audible. There lay there, apart from each other, about ten bodies, of whom seven wore the fragments of an English uniform, and on these a whole troop of animals from the thickets beyond gorged themselves. Close beside one of these bodies I had been under the necessity of planting a sentinel ; and the weakness of my party would not permit me to allow him a companion. He was rather a young man, and had selected the post for himself, in order to prove his contempt of superstition ; but he bitterly lamented his temerity, as the situation in which I found him showed.

I visited his post about half an hour after he had assumed it, that is to say, a little before midnight. He was neither standing nor sitting, but leaning against a tree, and was fairly covered with a coat of frozen snow. His fire-lock had dropped from his hand, and lay across the chest of the dead man, beside whom he had chosen to place himself. When I spoke to the fellow,

and desired to know why he had not challenged as I approached, he made no answer; and, on examining more closely, I found that he was in a swoon. Of course, I dispatched my orderly for a relief, and kept watch myself till he returned; when, with the assistance of my comrades, I first dragged the dead body to the lake, into which it was thrown, and then removed the insensible but living man to the picquet-house. There several minutes were spent in chafing and rubbing him before he opened his eyes; but being at length restored to the use of speech, he gave the following account of his adventure.

He said that the corporal had hardly quitted him, when his ears were assailed with the most dreadful sounds, such as he was very certain no earthly creature could produce. That he saw through the gloom a whole troop of devils dancing beside the water's edge, and a creature in white came creeping towards his post, groaning heavily all the way. He endeavoured to call out to it, but the words stuck in his throat, nor could he utter so much as a cry. Just then he swore that the dead man sat up, and stared him in the face; after which he had no recollection of anything, till he found himself in the picquet-house. I have no reason to suspect that man of cowardice; neither, as my reader will easily believe, did I treat his story with any other notice than a hearty laugh; but in the absolute truth of it he uniformly persisted, and, if he be alive, persists, I dare say, to this hour.

Besides this adventure with my fool-hardy, and at the same time superstitious follower, nothing occurred during the entire night calculated to stir up any extraordinary sensation in my own mind, or deserving of particular notice at the distance of nearly twelve years. As I have already mentioned, I took care to visit the sentinels so frequently, that every danger of surprisal was effectually averted. That these constant perambulations would have been undertaken as a matter of choice I by no means pretend to say; for it was a night of storm and of intense cold: but I felt my situation to be a critical one, and, feeling so, I should have been less at ease by the side of a comfortable fire than I was whilst forcing my way against the

wind and snow. Nor had I any reason to find fault with the conduct of my men. They had been warned of their danger in good time, and were now thoroughly on the alert to avert it; and thence I found each sentry more watchful than his neighbour—in other words, one and all of them completely on the *qui vive*.

I recollect, indeed, on one occasion, being put a little upon my mettle. It was about two in the morning, when I was informed by a soldier, who kept watch at the extremity of the hamlet already described, that he had heard within the last ten minutes a more than usual noise, in a large house about a hundred and fifty yards in front of his post. He described it to me as if people were tearing up the boards, or thumping down heavy weights upon the floor; and he himself seemed to think, that a body of the enemy's infantry had newly arrived, and had established themselves within the building. I listened attentively, in order to catch any sound which might proceed from that quarter, but none reached me. He persisted, however, in his story, and added, that if the noise which he had heard proceeded not from men, it must come from spirits. "And why not from dogs or wolves?" said I. "Because dogs and wolves cannot split wood," said he; "and I will swear, that if ever I heard planks torn asunder, I heard it now." Being little inclined to leave the matter in doubt, I remained with the sentinel, and dispatched my orderly to bring up half a dozen men for the purpose of making a recognizance.

The reader has probably anticipated that I found the house empty. It was so: for after stealing through the street with the utmost caution, stopping every two minutes, and applying my ear to the ground in order to catch the slightest noise,—after peeping over the garden-wall, listening at the entrance, and creeping up the front steps with the pace of a burglar,—I found that the chateau was wholly tenantless; and what was more, that not a trace of its having been recently visited, at least by human tenants, could be discovered. Nevertheless, I commended the soldier for his watchfulness, advised him to continue equally watchful as long he should remain on duty; and leaving it to himself to decide

whether the sounds which he had reported proceeded from ghosts or more tangible creatures, I quitted him.

It may not be amiss if I state here, what I have already more than hinted, that on all these occasions I was accompanied by a little spaniel bitch. I had brought the creature with me from England, when she was a puppy of only nine months old, and she became attached to me in a degree such as would not, in all probability, have been the case, had my mode of life been more settled, and she in consequence less my companion. Nor was it only because I was fond of the animal that I taught her to follow my fortunes thus closely. A well-trained dog is no bad help-mate to an officer who has charge of an outpost ; indeed, I was never greatly alarmed, notwithstanding the communications of my videttes, unless my little four-footed patrol confirmed their statements. If she barked or growled, then I felt assured that something dangerous was near ; if she continued quiet, I was comparatively easy. To that dog, indeed, I owe my life ; but the circumstance under which she preserved it occurred in a different quarter of the world, and has no right to be introduced into my present narrative.

In this manner was the night of the 24th of January spent. About an hour before day-break on the 25th, I mustered my picquet, according to custom, and kept them standing under arms, in front of the house, till dawn appeared. This measure was necessary, not only because it is a standing order in the British army for advanced corps to get under arms thus early, but because experience has proved that the first of the morning is the favourite moment of attack, inasmuch as, by commencing hostilities at that young hour of the day, good hopes are held out of effecting something decisive before the day shall have ended. On the present occasion, however, no attack was made ; and hence, after waiting the usual time, I prepared again to shift my ground, and to take post at the more advanced station which I held yesterday, and which I had evacuated solely for the purpose of making myself less insecure during the hours of darkness.

We had returned to our day-light position about a quarter of an hour, when a patrol of light cavalry arri-

ved, and proposed to plant a vidette upon the top of an eminence, about a mile in our front. The person who commanded the party appeared, however, to be a little in doubt as to the practicability of performing the orders which he had received. He said, that the enemy were not willing to allow that height to be occupied by us ; that the last relief which had attempted to establish itself there, was driven off, and that he was not without apprehension of an ambuscade, and of being taken, with his whole party. In a word, he begged that I would allow a portion of my men to follow him, and that I would support him in case he should be attacked, either by infantry or cavalry.

To say the truth, I was a great deal puzzled how to act, for nothing had been communicated to me on the subject ; nevertheless, I determined to lend as much assistance as I could spare, and accordingly commanded about a dozen men to follow the dragoons. Not deeming it right, however, to intrust a detachment of my own people entirely to the charge of a stranger, I resolved to accompany them, and, perhaps, it was well I did.

We were yet a half musket-shot from the hill which the cavalry were desired to occupy, when we observed a superior force of French dragoons advancing from the lines towards the same point. The push now was for the high ground. We foot-soldiers could not, of course, keep pace with our mounted comrades, but we followed them at double quick time, and arrived at the base just as they had crowned the height. They were hardly there, however, when a discordant shout, or rather yell, told us, that the French were ascending by the opposite side. Our dragoons, I observed, instantly formed line ; they discharged their pistols, and made a show of charging ; but whether it was that the enemy's numbers overawed them, or that their horses took fright at the report, I cannot tell, but before the caps of their opponents were visible to our eyes, their order was lost, and themselves in full retreat. Down they came, both parties, at full speed ; and now it was our turn to act. I had already placed my men behind a turf fence, with strict orders not to fire till I should command them. It was in vain that I stood upon the top of the

wall, and shouted and waved to the fugitives to take a direction to the right or left. They rode directly towards the ditch, as if their object had been to trample us under foot ; and, what was still more alarming, the enemy were close behind them. In self-defence, I was therefore obliged to give the pre-concerted signal. My people fired,—one of our own, and three of the French dragoons dropped. The latter, apparently astonished at the unlooked-for discharge, pulled up. “ Now, now,” cried we, “ charge, charge, and redeem your honour.” The dragoons did so, and we rising at the same instant with loud shouts,

the enemy were completely routed. Two of their troopers were taken, and of all who escaped hardly one escaped without a wound.

After this trifling skirmish the French no longer disputed with us the possession of the hill. Leaving the cavalry, therefore, to maintain it, I fell back with my men to the picquet house, and about an hour after my return, was by no means displeased to find another party arrive to relieve us. Having given to the officer in command of that party as much information as I myself possessed, I called in my sentries and marched to the rear.

CHAP. XIX.

FROM the 26th of January up to the 20th of the following month, nothing occurred either to myself individually, or to the portion of the army of which I was a member, particularly deserving of notice. During that interval, indeed, a fresh supply of wearing apparel, of flannels, stockings, and shoes, reached me, being a present from kind friends at home ; and seldom has any present proved more acceptable, or arrived more opportunely ; but the reader is not, I dare say, over anxious to know whether the articles in question were too large, too small, or whether they fitted to an hair's-breadth. Neither would it greatly amuse him were I to detail at length how ships freighted with corn reached Secoa ; how fatigue parties were ordered out to unload them ; and how the loads, being justly divided, were issued as forage for the horses, which stood much in need of it. It may, however, be worth while to state, that previous to the arrival of these corn ships, even the cavalry and artillery were under the necessity of feeding their horses chiefly upon chopped furze, and hence that disease had begun to make rapid progress among them, many dying almost every day, and all, even the most healthy, falling rapidly out of condition. But for this providential supply of wholesome oats and barley, I question whether we should have been able to take the field, at least effectively, till later in the season.

On the 16th of February, 1814, the

allied troops may be said to have fairly broken up from their winter quarters. The corps to which I belonged continued, indeed, under cover till the morning of the 21st ; but we were already, in a great measure, at our posts ; seeing that our cantonments lay immediately in rear of the picquets. Such divisions as had been quartered in and about St Jean de Luz began, however, to move towards the front on the 16th, and pitching their tents on the crest of the position, they waited quietly till their leader should see fit to command a farther advance. On these occasions, no part of the spectacle is more imposing than the march of the artillery. Of this species of force, six, sometimes eight pieces, form a brigade, each gun is dragged by six or eight horses ; by six, if the brigade be intended to act with infantry ; by eight, if it belong to what is called the flying artillery. In the former case, eight gunners march on foot beside each field-piece, whilst three drivers ride *a la postillion* ; in the latter, the gunners are all mounted and accoutred like yeomanry cavalry. Then the tumbrils and ammunition-waggon, with their train of horses and attendants, follow in rear of the guns, and the whole procession covers perhaps as much ground as is covered by two moderately strong battalions in marching order.

The greater part of the infantry attached to the left column had passed, when brigade after brigade of guns wound through our village.

These halting, just after they had cleared the street, diverged into some open fields on the right and left of the road, where the whole park, amounting to perhaps thirty pieces, was established. In another green field at the opposite side of Bidart, four heavy eighteen-pounders took their station, to be in readiness, in case of need, to be transported to Fort Charlotte. Last of all came the cavalry, consisting of the 12th and 16th light dragoons, and of two regiments of heavy Germans; nor could we avoid remarking, that though the 12th and 16th dragoons are both of them distinguished corps, the horses of the foreigners were, nevertheless, in far better order than those of our countrymen. The fact, I believe, is, that an Englishman, greatly as he piques himself on his skill in farriery, never acquires that attachment for his horse which a German trooper experiences. The latter dreams not, under any circumstances, of attending to his own comfort till after he has provided for the comfort of his steed. He will frequently sleep beside it, through choice, and the noble animal seldom fails to return the affection of his master, whose voice he knows, and whom he will generally follow like a dog.

There was another striking difference in the two brigades of cavalry, which I remarked. The English rode on, many of them silent; some chatting of a thousand things; others whistling or humming those tuneless airs in which the lower orders of our countrymen delight. The Germans, on the contrary, sang, and sang beautifully, a wild chorus—a hymn, as I afterwards learned, to the Virgin—different persons taking different parts, and producing altogether the most exquisite harmony. So great an impression did this music make upon me, that I caught the air, and would note it down for the benefit of my reader, were I sufficiently master of the art of notation; but as this happens not to be the case, he must wait till we become personally acquainted, when I promise to play it for him, in my very best style, upon the flute.

Nor was it only on the left that warlike movements occurred. The whole army took the field; and that a serious campaign was already commenced, the sound of firing at the extreme end of the line gave notice. I had wandered

abroad with my gun on the morning of the 18th, not indeed venturing to proceed far from home, but trying the neighbouring copses for a hare or woodcock, when my farther progress was arrested by the report of several cannons in the direction of Lord Hill's division. These were succeeded by a rapid but short discharge of musketry, and my sport was immediately abandoned; but I found, on my return, that no alarm was excited, and that every description of force which I had left in a state of inaction continued still inactive.

The same degree of suspense prevailed amongst us during the 19th and 20th. On the latter of these days my mind, at least, was kept employed by a journey to the harbour, for the purpose of bringing up a fresh supply of corn for the horses; though it was a species of employment with which I would have readily dispensed, inasmuch as the day chanced to be particularly cold, with snow. But our anxiety was destined not to be of long continuance; an order reaching us that night, at a late hour, to be accoutred and in line of march by three o'clock in the following morning. Now, then, at length, we applied ourselves to the task of packing the baggage. The tents were once more summoned into use; their condition closely examined; such rents as appeared in the canvass were hastily repaired, and every deficiency in pegs and strings made good. Then the ordinary supply of *prowend*, as Major Dalgetty would call it, being put up, we threw ourselves down in our clothing, and fell asleep.

It was still dark as pitch, when the well-known sound of troops hurrying to their stations, roused me from my slumber. As I had little to do in the way of accoutring, except to buckle on my sabre, and to stick my pistols in a black leathern haversack, which, on such occasions, usually hung at my back, abundance of time was given for the consumption of as much of breakfast as at that early hour I felt disposed to consume; after which I took post between my men. The reader will have doubtless noted, that, like the good soldier already named, I never set out upon any military expedition, without having, in the first place, laid in a foundation of stamina to work upon. And here I would recommend

to all young warriors, who may be gathering laurels when nothing of me shall remain, except these Memoirs, happily preserved from oblivion by being recorded in the immortal pages of Maga, invariably to follow my example. They may rely upon it, that an empty stomach, so far from being a provocative, is a serious antidote to valour; and that a man who has eaten nothing previous to either an advance or a retreat, runs no little risk of finding his strength fail at the very moment when its continuance is of vital importance to him. No, no, your hot-brained youth who is too impatient to eat, is like your over-anxious hunter, which refuses its corn because the hounds pass the stable. Neither the one nor the other will go through a hard day's work.

The troops being formed in marching order, the word was given, and we advanced in the direction, now so familiar to us, of the Mayor's house. As we passed the park of artillery, we heard rather than saw the drivers limbering up, and preparations busily making for service. The tramp of many feet, too, could be discerned, as well as the clattering of horses' hoofs, the jingling of steel scabbards, and the rattle of canteens and cartouch-boxes; but it was not till these various sounds had become faint and distant that day-light began to break upon us. We had, however, been conscious of having struck into a sort of by-lane, and of having proceeded for some time in a direction towards the right; and hence, when objects became visible, we were not surprised to find that we had passed even the village of Arcanques; and that all the country hitherto traversed by us, was left behind. As may be guessed, this circumstance alone excited pleasurable feelings; for we were weary of the eternal Mayor's house and Fort Charlotte, and anxious to reach some other field on which to prove our courage.

The point towards which our steps were turned, was a lofty eminence, distant about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the Nive, and commanding an extensive view of a country extremely beautiful. The height had been occupied during the preceding day by a part of the 5th division, which now resigned the charge to us, and descending into the plain, crossed the river, and pushed off in a direction to

the right. For ourselves, we were commanded to halt here; and as neither the tents nor baggage had arrived—as indeed we soon learned that they were not to follow—we sedulously set about lighting fires, and prepared to bivouack. These were, however, as yet early days for bivouacking; and hence arrangements were made for getting us under cover during the night; in accordance with which, we descended soon after sun-set to a large chateau, close beside the advanced sentries, where ample accommodation was found for all of us. There the night was passed, not altogether free from apprehension, seeing that no picquets—only a chain of sentinels, were between us and the enemy—but as everything remained quiet, without any attempt being made to molest us, no evil consequences resulted from the adoption of a plan, agreeable enough, it is true, but savouring perhaps of rashness, rather than excess of caution.

As soon as the morrow's early parade was dismissed, and I perceived that no indication was given of further movements, I took my gun, and set off to the woods, where I hoped to find game enough to furnish out a comfortable repast in the evening. Nor was I disappointed. Hares and woodcocks abounded here; there were moreover numerous flocks of golden plover; and of these I contrived to bring home a sufficient number to satisfy my own wants, and the wants of others. But it was not alone because I chanced to be particularly successful in shooting, that the day's excursion gave me pleasure. The country around was more romantic and striking than any which I had yet seen, and came nearer to a realization of my previous notions respecting the scenery in the south of France, of what it really was, or rather of what it ought to be. All was hill and dale, sweeping groves and green meadows, with here and there a vineyard, already beginning to give signs of vegetation, and to put forth its delicate fibres, like our hop plant in the month of May. The proximity of the Nive, too, added not a little to the beauty of the prospect, as it flowed gently and quietly on, winding for a while between sloping grass-fields, and then eluding the eye amid the thick groves which overhung its banks. It would have been altogether as sweet and pastoral a landscape

as the imagination can very well picture, but for the remote view of the entrenched camp, which from various points might be obtained, and the nearer glimpse of numerous watch-fires, round which groups of armed men were swarming. To me, however, these were precisely the most interesting objects in the panorama, and those upon which I chiefly delighted to fix my attention.

The game which the sporting members of the corps contrived this day to pick up was so abundant, that we resolved to admit the whole of our brother officers to a participation in it, and to spend an evening together, after the fashion of an evening at home. For this purpose, all the culinary utensils within reach were put in requisition, and all the individuals skilled in the gastronomic art were invited to give proof of their abilities. Beef—lean beef—that everlasting and insipid food of soldiers—was disguised in every imaginable form, whilst hares were melted down into soup, wood-cooks stewed, golden plovers roasted, and sundry rabbits curried. In a word, we sat down, in number about five-and-twenty, at six o'clock, to a dinner which would have done no discredit, in point of cookery, to the favourite disciple of Dr Kitchener, and which even Sir William Curtis himself would not have deemed unworthy of his notice. Good cheer, moreover, is generally the parent of good humour, and good humour is the source of benevolence; nor would it be easy to point out in this selfish world of ours, five-and-twenty persons whose hearts overflow more richly with the milk of human kindness, than did ours, as we took our seats by the well-filled board. Fervently did we wish that every corps in the British army, ay, and in the French army too, could that day fare as well; whilst we proceeded to prove, in the most satisfactory of all manners, that delicate viands were not thrown away, at least upon us.

These praise-worthy expressions had hardly ceased, and we had just begun to pay our addresses to the well-boiled soup, when the tread of horses' hoofs attracted our notice. It would have been a positive sin had the enemy come on at such a moment as this; and I verily believe, that we in our wrath would have given him no quar-

ter. Nevertheless, sins are daily committed; nor were we by any means at ease, touching this important matter, till the cause of the alarm appeared. It was a wounded officer who had been shot in a skirmish this morning, and was now slowly travelling to the rear, being with difficulty held on his horse by a couple of attendants. Our dinner was instantly abandoned, and we all ran to offer such assistance as it lay in our power to offer. But the poor fellow was too seriously hurt to accept of our invitations to eat. The surgeon accordingly took him in charge, and having amputated the arm which one ball had broken, and striven in vain to extract another from his side, he left him to the care of his servant. The man was dead before morning.

It is impossible to describe the chilling effect of this adventure upon all of us. Steeled, as men necessarily become, in a continued state of warfare, against the milder and more gentle feelings of our nature, they must be hardened, indeed, if they can behold a dying fellow-creature arrive among them, in an hour of jollity and mirth, without viewing the contrast in so strong a light as to damp, if it be unable utterly to destroy, their own hilarity. For our own parts, we returned, indeed, to table, and we chatted, or rather endeavoured to chat, as if no such guest had come among us. But it would not do. Our party, which we had designed to keep together till dawn, broke up soon after ten o'clock, and we lay down to sleep with minds more full of our suffering brother-in-arms, than of our own joviality.

The wounded officer belonged to a regiment of the fifth division. He had acted, with a small party, as one of the flank patrol, during an oblique movement of his brigade, along the front of the enemy's line, and falling in with a body of their skirmishers, had been wounded in a wood, where the rapid advance of the column left him. His servant and another man, having procured a horse from one of his friends, returned to his assistance. But before they could discover him the division was too far on its way to be overtaken, consequently they took with him a direction to the rear, which brought them to our house. He had received his wounds at an early hour in the day, and had been

preserved from bleeding to death only by the cold ; but the long period which elapsed ere his hurts could be dressed, rendered them doubly severe. Our surgeon, indeed, assured us, that no care, however speedily bestowed, could have saved him ; and therefore it was perhaps as well that the absence of medical assistance shortened his misery, by protecting him from the torture necessarily attendant upon useless dressings.

We had just begun to drop into a forgetfulness of all causes, both of joy and sorrow, when a dragoon arrived with orders for the commanding officer, by which it appeared that we were to be under arms at three o'clock next

morning, and to follow where the bearer—a soldier of the corps of guides—should lead. Something, too, was whispered about a general attack upon the enemy's lines ; of passing the Adour, and investing Bayonne ; but these were mere surmises, naturally following upon such vague directions. For myself, I permitted them not to occupy much of my attention, or to keep their places long in my mind ; but philosophically concluding that I had no choice submitted to me, and that I must go wherever I should be sent, and act exactly as I should be desired to act, I once more threw myself on the floor, and closed my eyes. Sleep was not long a stranger to my eyelids.

CHAP. XX.

OF the appearance of the country through which we marched, on the morning of the 23d of February, I can say but little, the greater part of the journey having been performed in the dark. When day dawned, however, we perceived that we had been defiling by a new road towards the left ; and at eight o'clock we found ourselves in a green field, about a musket-shot from the high road, and within three miles of the works in front of Bayonne. At the other end of the field was a picquet of the enemy, which instantly turned out, and lined the ditches, whilst we contented ourselves with forming into column ; and then piling our arms, we stood still till farther instructions should arrive. In the meanwhile, I was not unemployed. By the help of my telescope I took as accurate a survey of the stupendous fortifications before me as circumstances would permit, and the following is, as nearly as I recollect, the aspect which they presented :—

The position which Marshal Soult had taken up, and which has long been justly regarded as one of the most formidable positions in the south of France, ran parallel, or nearly parallel, for about four miles, with the Adour. Its right rested upon the strong and extensive fortifications of Bayonne, its left upon the small river Joyeuse, and the formidable post of Hilletre. When I state this as being the position of Marshal Soult's army, I mean to say, that such was the line which that army occupied, previous to the re-

newal of hostilities on our part. Towards his right no change had, indeed, taken place ; but on his left he had been driven back, first from Hilletre upon St Martin, and then through St Palais, as far as the village of Arriverente. From this again he was dislodged on the 17th by the 92d regiment, under the command of Colonel Cameron ; till finally falling back from post to post, the strength of his forces became divided ; the entrenched camp near St Jean Pied de Pont was abandoned, and Soult, after defending as long as they were defensible, his strongholds, principally at Hastings and Oyergave, retired with his extreme left within the *tete-du-pont* at Payrhourade. When I glanced my eye, therefore, along the entrenchments this morning, I was able to take in only so much of the formidable line as extended from the city to the hamlet of Villeneuve, on the Gave d'Oleron ; and of the last mentioned of these places I obtained a view so indistinct, that had I not previously known that it formed one key of the position, I should not have been aware of its vast importance.

It is not my design to attempt an accurate detail of the eventful operations of this and the following day. On the left of the centre, (the point where I chanced to be stationed,) comparatively little fighting took place. We made, indeed, from time to time, demonstrations of attack, drove in a few picquets, and ever and anon sent out a body of skirmishers, just by way of keeping

the attention of the enemy awake ; but it was on the right of our line that the most important proceedings took place. Lord Wellington's plan was to cut off the army of Soult entirely from Bayonne, and to draw him, if possible, from the works which he had thrown up ; and in the execution of that plan, he was as successful as he generally proved to be in all his schemes. Whilst, therefore, we were thus amusing ourselves on the heights above Bayonne, Sir Rowland Hill, with the light, the second, and a Portuguese division, passed the Gave d'Oleron at Villeneuve ; Sir Henry Clinton crossed, at the head of the sixth division, between Montfort and Laas ; and Sir Thomas Picton, with his own favourite third division, threatened the bridge of Sauviterre, and obliged the enemy to blow it up. The effect of these numerous attacks was to break the line which Soult had formed, in no less than three points, and to oblige him to draw off the main body of his army from his entrenched camp, and to establish himself on the heights above Orthes.

In the meanwhile, the first division, on the extreme left, was not inactive. It formed a part, and a prominent part, in this stupendous plan of operations, to take possession of both banks of the Adour, as well below as above the city ; and to place Bayonne in a state of blockade, at the very moment when the army which covered it should be driven from its position. To render that scheme effectual, it was necessary to push a detachment of infantry across the Adour on rafts, for the purpose of protecting the formation of a bridge, which Lord Wellington had resolved to erect. This was effected at a part three miles from the sea, where the river is full eight hundred yards wide ; and so little was the movement anticipated, that six hundred men, under the command of Major-General Stopford, were actually ferried over before the enemy exhibited any symptom of alarm or of consciousness that an attempt of the kind had been made.

The bridge itself was destined to be composed of small vessels, decked boats, and chasse marees, placed at the distance of twenty or thirty yards from one another, and connected by strong cables and deals laid transversely across. The vessels had, indeed, been collecting in the harbour of Secoa during the last ten days ; and now only

waited for a favourable breeze to effect their entrance into the Adour. Nor is that an easy matter, even for a vessel of forty or fifty tuns burthen. At the mouth of the Adour is a bar or bank of sand, quite impassable at low water ; which, even at ordinary full tides, is so little covered, that nothing larger than a large fishing-boat can float. During the season of spring-tides, I believe ships of a considerable size may enter ; but nothing approximating to a ship can hope to cross at any other season.

When the army broke up from winter quarters, it was not the season of spring-tide ; neither could military operations be delayed till that season should arrive. It was accordingly determined by Rear-Admiral Penrose, who commanded the squadron cruising off the coast, to force his way up the stream at all hazards, as soon as a breeze should spring up ; and the command of the boats dedicated to this perilous service, was intrusted to a gallant officer from the sister isle, by name O'Reily. No man could be better cut out for such an enterprize. Brave, impetuous, perhaps somewhat rash, Captain O'Reily was not a little galled when he found his progress delayed, during the whole of the 23d, by a dead calm ; but he was not therefore useless. Perceiving that nothing could be done on his own element, he came to land, and was not a little serviceable in constructing the rafts, and putting the soldiers in proper order for crossing.

It was about ten in the morning, when the posts which the enemy occupied in and near Anglette, as well as among the sand hills on the left banks of the Adour, being carried, General Stopford's little corps began to pass the river. To facilitate this operation, or rather to hinder the enemy from observing it at all, our brigade, which had hitherto remained idle upon the brow of the identical rising ground, where, after the action of the 9th of the preceding November, we had halted, was directed to execute various manoeuvres. We first deployed into line, then extended our files into skirmishing order ; next threw out half a dozen companies, who rushed forward at double quick time, and with loud shouts, as if an assault were seriously intended. Nor were our movements unnoticed. In less than five minutes, several batteries and breast-works in our immediate front, which had previously remained

almost empty of defenders, were crowded with soldiers, whilst three pieces of light artillery came galloping from the right, and took post in a field, across which our route, had we pursued it, must have lain.

To meet the detached companies, a body of tirallieurs advanced, and a very entertaining skirmish began. For myself, I was, during the entire day, in a place of perfect safety; out of reach even of the light cannon, which were turned against us; and hence I had every opportunity of observing, with an easy mind, the progress of those about me. Immediately on our left was a division of Spanish infantry, which occupying the village of Anglette, kept up the communication between us and the guards. On our right again was a Portuguese corps; and it is curious enough, that whilst the French were satisfied with watching us, and of giving proof that they were determined to oppose any attack on our part, they made several spirited assaults upon our allies. By the Portuguese they were met with as much gallantry, and in as good order, as they would have been met by ourselves; towards the close of the war, indeed, the Portuguese infantry were inferior to none in the world. From the Spaniards, on the contrary, they received no very determined opposition; and but for the sight of our column on one side, and of a column of guards and of the German legion on the other, they would have made there, in all probability, a breach in the line. As it was, they contented themselves with driving the troops before them, ever and anon, from the village; and then fell back, as soon as they found themselves in danger of being taken in flank, by us, or the Germans.

It was a positive relief to avert my eyes from the operations of the Spanish corps, and to turn them towards the Portuguese. The latter consisted of three battalions of caçadores, and two of heavy infantry; of which the caçadores alone could, in strict propriety, be said to be engaged. Covering the front of the others, and communicating with our skirmishers, they spread themselves in extended order over the fields, and kept up a steady, cool, and well-directed fire, upon the cloud of tirallieurs which vainly endeavoured to drive them back upon the reserve.

In looking at such a scene as this, you generally fix your eye upon one or two individuals, whose progress you watch so long, that you become at last as much interested in their safety, as if they were personal acquaintances of your own. I recollect that one Portuguese soldier, in particular, attracted my notice that day; he seemed, if I might judge from his proceedings, to be animated with a more than ordinary degree of hatred towards the French; that is to say, he looked neither to his right nor to his left—paid no attention either to the momentary retrogression or advance of his comrades; but steadily kept his ground, or varied it only for the purpose of obtaining a better aim at his opponents. He had posted himself considerably in advance of his own line, behind a large furz-bush, or rather in the middle of a furz-bower, from which I saw him deliberately pick off three Frenchmen, one after another. At length he was noticed by the enemy, and six or seven of them turned towards his place of ambushade. Nothing daunted, the Portuguese remained perfectly steady; he crouched down, indeed, to load, but the moment his rifle was charged, he leant over the bush, and fired. One of his assailants fell; whilst the rest, pointing their pieces to the spot from whence the smoke issued, gave him a volley; but it was harmless; he had darted to the other side of the bush, and every shot missed him. He knelt down and loaded again; the enemy were now within twenty yards of him; he fired, and an officer who accompanied them, walked off the field, grasping his left arm in his right hand. The rest of his adversaries, as if panic-struck, retreated; and there he staid, till the close of the affair; after which, he returned to his ranks, apparently unhurt. That man killed and wounded not fewer than eight French soldiers during the day.

It was now drawing towards evening, when our attention was powerfully, and somewhat painfully, attracted to the little corps which had crossed the Adour upon rafts, and now occupied a position among the sand hills on the opposite bank. Hitherto, they had been either unnoticed, or disregarded by the enemy. The only serious fighting indeed which had as yet taken place, on the extreme left of our line,

was a sort of struggle, between a French frigate, assisted by two gun-boats, and a British battery of eighteen-pounders, well supplied with red-hot shot. The result of that struggle was, as may be anticipated, the complete destruction of the gun-boats, and the compulsory retreat of the ship; but to the passing of our infantry, no regard seemed to have been paid—at least no endeavour was made to cut them off, or to hinder them from strengthening their post. At length, however, the French general appeared to have discovered his error. A column of five thousand infantry, with several pieces of cannon, was accordingly formed, and marched in firm array, to the attack of only six hundred soldiers of the British guards, supported by a small detachment of rockets.

The ground which General Stopford held, was, happily for him, extremely favourable. It was full of inequalities; each of which formed, as it were, a natural parapet, behind which troops could shelter themselves. Perceiving the approach of his assailants, the general formed his people to the best advantage in rear of one of the sand hills; and causing them to lie down, so as to be completely concealed, he waited patiently till the head of the attacking column had arrived within twenty yards of him. Then the word was given to start up; and the rocket men throwing in their diabolical engines with extraordinary precision, at the very instant when the infantry fired a well-directed volley, the confusion created in the ranks of the enemy beggars all description. I saw and conversed with a French serjeant who was taken in this affair. He assured me, that he had been personally engaged in twenty battles, and that he had never really known the sensation of fear till to-day. A rocket, it appeared, had passed through his knapsack without hurting him; but such was the violence with which it flew, that he fell upon his face, and the horrible hissing sound produced by it was one which he declared that he never could forget. Nor is it the least appalling part of a rocket's progress, that you see it coming, and yet know not how to avoid it. It skips and starts about from place to place in so strange a manner, that the chances are, when you are running to the right or left to get out of

the way, you run directly against it; and hence the absolute rout, which a fire of ten or twelve rockets can create, provided they take effect. But it is a very uncertain weapon. It may, indeed, spread havoc among the enemy, but it may also turn back upon the people who use it, causing, like the elephant of other days, the defeat of those whom it was designed to protect. On the present occasion, however, it proved materially serviceable, as every man can testify, who witnessed the result of the fire.

Having thus briefly detailed the issue of the engagement, it may appear almost superfluous to state, how we were affected by the expectation of its occurrence. We knew well that a mere handful of our fellow-soldiers were unavoidably thrown into such a position, that, let their case be what it might, no succour could be afforded them. We saw by the dense and lengthened mass which was moving down, and by the guns and horses which accompanied it, that this little corps was about to sustain an assault from a force capable of overwhelming it by absolute bodily weight; and feeling that we could render no other aid, than that which empty wishes supply, we cast no imputation upon the bravery of our comrades, when we trembled for their safety. All eyes were directed to the sand-hills; scarce a word was spoken by the spectators, and the greater number absolutely held their breath, till the shock was given.

The battery of eighteen-pounders, of which I have already spoken, failed not to salute the enemy's column as it passed. The range was a long one; but our gunners were skilful, and it was consolatory to see, from the occasional checks and disorders in various parts of the advancing corps, that its salute was more than honorary. But what had become of our own people?—they had all disappeared; and it seemed as if the French troops might march without molestation to the margin of the sea. The problem was speedily solved; and the very first discharge, given as I have described above, decided the business. It was followed, as such a fire is generally followed in the British service, by a charge with the bayonet, and we, who, but a moment before, had been breathless with apprehension, now shouted in triumph,

as we beheld the mass, of late so formidable, scattered and put to flight by a single battalion.

Darkness was by this time setting in so rapidly, that objects could no longer be discerned at any distance, and hence, farther military operations were put a stop to on both sides. The French, by way, I presume, of wishing good night to their invaders, made one more spirited attack upon the Spanish and Portuguese posts, which they supported by a demonstration in our front, and by a discharge of cannon upon our skirmishers. Being as usual successful on one part, and defeated on the other, they called in their stragglers, and fell back within their lines, leaving us to push forward our picquets, and to keep quiet possession of all the ground that we had gained. For our parts, having been informed, about an hour ago, that we should be required to march to the left, as soon as the night could screen the movement, we stood, or rather lay down, inactively, on the brow of the hill, where we had spent the day ; till a division of Spaniards coming up,—the same division which had so feebly defended the village of Anglette during the morning,—we resigned to them the care of a post abundantly defensible, and took the direction of the sand hills, and the Adour.

Whether it was the intention of Sir John Hope to carry us farther towards his left this night, I cannot tell ; but on arriving in rear of Anglette, we were by no means displeased at being told that we were destined to remain there until the morrow. The roads were all choked up with tumbrils, ammunition-waggons, baggage, and troops, filing to different points, apparently in not the best of order. Around the village, in par-

ticular, a vast bivouack, chiefly of Spanish infantry and muleteers, had been formed ; insomuch that it was not without some difficulty that we made our way into the street. Then the sounds which saluted us as we passed—the Babel-like confounding of all languages—the laugh, the cry, the oath, and here and there the low moan or wild shriek of the wounded,—formed altogether a species of concert which certainly gave no evidence of strict discipline or accurate arrangement. It was, however, altogether a wild and a striking scene ; and a sort of wavering and dull light which the fires of the bivouack shed over it added not a little to its sublimity.

At length we reached the houses which were set apart for our accommodation, and truly they were far from being over commodious. About three hundred men were ushered into a cottage consisting of two apartments, or, as they say in the north, of “ a but and a ben ;” and here, upon the earthen floor, we were fain to cast ourselves down, in order to obtain in sleep an escape from the cravings of hunger, which for several hours past had been somewhat urgent. We had eaten nothing since three o’clock in the morning, nor had any supply of provisions arrived. The poor cottage was, as may be imagined, wholly unfurnished with viands ; indeed we were as much surprised as pleased when the peasant to whom it belonged, and who had remained to keep possession, produced us a bottle of very bad brandy, called in the language of the country *aguadent*. This we divided among us as far as it would go ; and having wished in vain for the arrival of the quarter-master and commissary, we wrapped our cloaks about us and lay down. Sleep soon came to our relief.

CHAP. XXI.

THE night of the 23d passed by in quiet, and long before dawn on the 24th we stood, as usual, in our ranks and under arms. Thus passed about half an hour, when orders were given to form into marching order, and to file towards the left in the direction of the Adour. These orders were promptly obeyed ; and, after a journey of about a league, we found ourselves

commanded to halt upon a sandy plain, at the distance of perhaps a couple of miles from the walls of Bayonne, and half that distance, or something less than half from the outworks. Though thus placed within point-blank range of the enemy’s advanced batteries, we were nevertheless amply secured against their fire ; for a little sand-hill stood in our immediate front, of height

sufficient to shut out not only the soldiers, but the tops of the tents, from the gaze of the besieged.

Though we reached our ground at an early hour in the morning, a considerable space elapsed ere the baggage and provisions came up. The reader will therefore imagine that the setting forth of a substantial breakfast, which immediately ensued, proved a source of no trifling gratification to men who had fasted for upwards of forty hours, and whose appetite, though stifled by sleep, had revived of late in a very troublesome degree. It consisted, I well recollect, of slices of beef, hastily and imperfectly broiled, with mouldy biscuit, and indifferent tea; but the coarsest viands are sweet to the hungry, and we were in no humour to find fault with the quality of ours.

Having finished our meal, we were by no means displeased to learn that, for the present at least, we were doomed to be stationary. The camp was accordingly pitched in due form; sundry ruinous dwellings in its vicinity were taken possession of, chiefly as stables for the horses. Guns, fishing-rods, and grey-hounds, were desired to be put in serviceable order; and every disposition was made to secure comfort. The sole subject of complaint, indeed, was found to be in the unfavourable state of the weather, which had become since yesterday boisterous, with heavy showers of rain and hail; but this very circumstance, at which we were disposed to murmur, chanced to be of all others the most favourable to the operations of the army. By means of these squalls, the boats and chasse-marees, which had hovered about the mouth of the Adour for several days, were enabled to pass the bar, and the groundwork of the floating bridge (if such an Iricism be admissible) was laid.

As the passage of the bar was an operation of considerable difficulty, and as I was fortunate enough to be an eyewitness to the daring intrepidity and nautical skill of those who effected it, I shall take the liberty of describing the occurrence somewhat more at length.

My friend and myself, having seen a little to the comforts of our men, and added in an important degree to our own, by a change of habiliments, walked forth, with no other view than

that of whiling away certain hours, which might have otherwise hung heavy on our hands. We took the direction of the river's mouth, because there a dark pine-wood promised to shelter us from the blast; and because we were anxious to see how far the engineers had proceeded in the construction of the bridge. At this time, be it observed, we were wholly ignorant of the kind of bridge which was about to be formed. We knew not so much as that it was to consist of sailing vessels at all, but concluded that pontoons only would be anchored, as had been the case at the Bidassoa. Our astonishment may therefore be conceived, when, on mounting an eminence, we beheld a squadron of some thirty craft, bearing down with all sail set towards the bar; over which the waves were dashing in white foam, being driven inwards by a strong gale from the north east. But we were not the only anxious spectators of this animating show. The bank of the river, and all the heights near, were crowded with general and staff officers, conspicuous among whom were Sir John Hope, and, if my memory fail me not, Lord Wellington himself. The groups were, one and all of them, speechless. The sense of sight appeared to be the only sense left in full vigour to the individuals who composed them, and even from it all objects were apparently shut out, except the gallant squadron.

Down they came before the breeze with amazing velocity; but the surf ran so high, and there seemed to be so little water upon the sands, that I for one felt as if a weight had been removed from my heart, when I beheld them suddenly put up their helms, and tack about. The prospect from the sea was indeed by all accounts appalling; and even British sailors hesitated, for once in their lives, whether they could face the danger. But the hesitation was not of long continuance. A row-boat, Spanish built, but manned by Lieutenant Cheyne, and five seamen from the Woodlark, threw itself, with great judgment, upon a wave. The swell bore it clear across the shoal, and loud and reiterated were the shouts with which it was greeted as it rushed proudly through the deep water. The next which came was a prize—a large

French fishing lugger, manned by seamen from a transport, closely followed by a gun-boat, under the command of Lieutenant Cheshire. They, too, were borne across; but the fourth was less fortunate. It was a schooner-rigged craft, full of people, and guided by Captain Elliot. I know not how it came about, whether a sudden change of wind occurred, or a rope unfortunately escaped from its fastening, but at the instant when the schooner took the foam, the main sail of her hinder mast flapped round. In one second her broadside was to the surf, in another she was upset, and her gallant captain, with several of his crew, perished among the breakers. The rest were dashed by an eddy towards the bank, and happily saved.

The horror which we experienced at contemplating this event, though extreme for the moment, was necessarily of short duration; for our attention was immediately attracted to other vessels, which, one after another, drew near. Of these, all except one particular *chasse mée*, succeeded in making good the passage;—it shared the fate of the schooner. It was upset upon the curl of a wave, and went down with the whole of its crew. This last was even a more awful spectacle than the former. The little vessel, after being tossed round, rocked for a moment, as it were, upon the surf, just long enough for us to see the despairing gestures of the sailors, and to hear their shriek of consternation,—and then a huge wave striking her, she fell, not upon her broadside, but absolutely with bottom upwards. Not a man escaped of all who had conducted her; and several fine promising midshipmen were among them.

Five-and-twenty vessels having now entered the Adour, besides four or five gun-boats destined to protect them, no time was lost in running them up to their proper stations, and in bringing them securely to anchor, at equal distances from one another. The whole were then strongly bound together by cables, the ends of which were made fast to winches prepared for the purpose on each bank; and which, running both by the bows and sterns, kept the craft tolerably steady, notwithstanding the violence of the current. I need not add, that no economy was exercised in the matter of

anchors, of which two were dropped from each bow, and a like number from each stern.

The boats being thus rendered sufficiently secure, half a dozen strong ropes were extended along their centres, at equi-distances of about two feet from one another. These were so disposed as not to bear any continual weight upon the smaller vessels. They were indeed steadied as they passed over each, by being fastened to capstans, and so kept from swinging too widely; but it was upon four or five of the largest class only that they were made to lean, the intervals between being in reality so many hanging bridges. Across these ropes again were laid down planks, made fast by ties only; and the whole was so nicely balanced, that the tread of a single passenger caused it to swing backwards and forwards, whilst an entire army might pass with the most perfect safety. Such was the famous bridge of boats across the Adour, which connected the two banks of the river where it measures eight hundred yards in width, and which, in itself, including ground-work on both sides, covered a space little short of nine hundred yards.

Ahead of the bridge, with their broadsides towards the town, were moored five gun-boats, each armed with six long twenty-four pounders. These again were in part defended by a slight boom; whilst a boom infinitely stronger, capable of repelling any substance which might be floated down by the tide, hung between them and the bridge. A boom somewhat similar, but more in the shape of a break-water, was placed behind the bridge, to shelter it from any sudden swell of the sea, such as might be apprehended during spring tides; and each boat being manned by a party of seamen, well skilled in the management of such craft, the fabric was justly regarded as abundantly secure. To complete its construction, however, gave employment to the artificers of the army during two whole days, though they contrived to render it passable for infantry in less than half that space of time.

In the meanwhile, neither the right nor the centre of the allied army were inactive. The operations of the 23d, of which I have already said as much, and perhaps more than one who profess-

es not to speak from personal observation is entitled to say, having been concluded, Soult, alarmed at the determined advance of his enemies, and confounded by the celerity of their movements, retired in the night of the 24th from Sauveterre across the Gave du Pau, and destroying all the bridges in his flight, assembled the strength of his army on the morning of the 25th, near the village of Orthies. Hither Lord Wellington immediately followed. Pushing forward a numerous body of Spaniards, so as to cut off all communication between the French Marshal and the garrison of Bayonne, he manœuvred with the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th British divisions, during that and the succeeding days, and finally on the 27th, fought the glorious battle of Orthies, of which, as I had no share in it, I shall attempt no description. The result of it, as everybody knows, was the hasty and disastrous retreat of Marshal Soult upon Toulouse; the capture of Bourdeaux, and the first public declaration which had yet been made by any part of the French nation, of the renewal of their allegiance to the house of Bourbon.

Whilst these great deeds were performing elsewhere, a corps, consisting of the 1st and 5th British divisions, of two or three brigades of Portuguese, and a crowd of Spaniards, proceeded, under the command of Sir John Hope, to invest the town and citadel of Bayonne. As the rest of my journal will consist entirely of such occurrences as befell during the progress of the siege, it may not be amiss if I endeavour to convey to the mind of my reader something like a correct idea of the important city against which our efforts were turned, and of the general face of the country immediately around it.

The city of Bayonne stands upon a sandy plain; the citadel, upon a rock or hill which closely overhangs it. Between them runs the river Adour, with a sluggish current, resembling, in the darkness of its water, and the sliminess of its banks, the Thames, near Gravesend or Blackwall, but considerably narrower, and more shallow. Both town and fortress are regularly and strongly fortified; and, on the present occasion, a vast number of field-works, of open batteries, fleshes, and redoubts, were added to the more permanent masonry which formed the ramparts. Nor was the

erection of these the only method adopted by the enemy to give unusual strength to this most important place. Various sluices were cut from the river, by means of which, especially in our immediate front, the whole face of the country could be inundated at pleasure to the extent of several miles; whilst ditches, deep and wide, were here and there dug with the view of retarding the advance of troops, and keeping them exposed to the fire from the walls, as often as the occurrence of each might cause a temporary check. The outer defences began, in all directions, at the distance of a full mile from the glacis. The roads were everywhere broken up and covered with abattis and other incumbrances; nothing, in short, was neglected, which promised in any degree to contribute to the strength of a city which is justly regarded as the key of the southern frontier of France.

Such was the condition of the works about Bayonne. With respect to the country which these works commanded, it varied considerably both in its nature and general appearance, the soil being in some directions tolerably fruitful, in others, little better than sand. It was, however, universally flat, and very slightly wooded or broken, to the distance of three or four miles in every direction from the ditch. A few hamlets were, indeed, scattered here and there, (and wherever there is a French hamlet a certain quantity of foliage will be found,) the largest of which was Anglette, where we had spent the night of the 23d, and through which runs the great road to Bourdeaux and Paris; but, in general, the desolate aspect of things seemed to indicate, that the labours of the builder and planter were prohibited, lest a village or a grove might shelter the assailants, or furnish a point of establishment within cannon shot of the walls. In the direction of the sea, again, and parallel with the left bank of the river, deep sands prevailed. These were, for large patches, totally bare of verdure, but thick woods of dark short pine more frequently overspread them, which, rising and falling, as the sands had broken up into little eminences and vallies, gave a very striking and romantic appearance to that side of the panorama. As I afterwards learned, the Llandes, those vast forests which stretch all the way

to Bourdeaux, and which, according to the tradition of the natives, were originally planted to render firm what had previously been an huge moving quicksand, begin here.

The description which I have hitherto given of Bayonne, and the scenery near it, applies only to the city and to the track of country situated on the southern, or Spanish side of the Adour. The citadel, again, being built upon a hill, or, rather, upon the crest of a range of heights which rise gradually from the sea, and extend upwards in a sort of inclined plane for about eight miles, differs entirely from the preceding sketch, both in its style of fortification, and in the nature of the prospect which it presents to the gaze of a traveller. Like all hill-forts, its works are constructed rather as the natural inequalities of the ground permit, than after any scientific plan or model. One of its fronts, that which faces the village of St Etienne, and the mouth of the river, presents, indeed, the regular appearance of being part of an octagon; but, in other directions, the abrupt and uneven course of the rock has compelled the engineer to draw his wall around without any respect to form or figure. Yet it is a place of prodigious strength; the only assailable point in it being that which the regularity of the ground has permitted to receive the most perfect kind of fortification.

The view from the ramparts of that pile is extremely pleasing. Vast woods of pine are seen in the distance, whilst nearer the face of the country is beautifully diversified, by the intermingling of corn fields, meadows, groves of magnificent cork trees, vineyards, octages, and several chateaus. Close beneath the wall, moreover, lies the romantic village of St Etienne, with its neat church and churchyard, sloping along the side of a ravine, and having all its cottages surrounded by pretty gardens, well stocked with fruit trees and shrubs. This village was completely commanded, not only by the guns from the citadel, but by a redoubt which General Thouvenot, the French governor, had caused to be erected on a sort of table land near it, and which, though no addition to the beauty of the landscape, added greatly to the general strength of the castle, by occupying the only level spot across which

the besiegers might hope to push a sap with any success.

Though Bayonne was already, to all intents and purposes, invested—that is to say, though the garrison and inhabitants were fairly cut off from holding any open intercourse with other parts of the country, nothing of the confinement of a siege was yet felt by them. The besiegers had, indeed, drawn an extended line around the works; but the French picquets were still posted at the distance of three, four, and some of them five miles from the glacis; whilst their patrols continually broke the chain of connection, and made excursions as far as the camp of Marshal Soult at Orthies. This was the case, at least, up to the evening of the 24th. There being no direct or safe communication between the two banks of the Adour below the town, Sir John Hope could not venture to tighten the cord, or to convert the investment into a strict blockade. As yet, all reinforcements to the little corps, which, under the command of General Stopford, had passed on the 23d, were floated across by means of rafts; the men and guns sitting upon the beams of wood, and leading the horses, which swam after them. Yet even in this rude way, so great a force contrived to establish itself among the sand hills, by evening on the 24th, that all apprehension of a renewed attack from the enemy was laid aside. Nevertheless the artificers were anxiously pressed to render the bridge trustworthy, with as little delay as possible; and they strenuously exerted themselves to meet the wishes of the General.

In the meanwhile, about forty thousand men of the Spanish army were posted along those faces of the town and citadel which looked towards Helletre and the Joyeuse. The left of this semi-circular line resting upon the heights, where, during the late affair, I stood in safety to watch the progress of the skirmishers on both sides of me, swept round, through the abandoned entrenchments, to the brink of the river. Here the stream being narrow, a pontoon-bridge was already formed, and the line recommencing on the opposite bank, wound on till it formed a junction with a corps of Portuguese, at the back of the citadel. But as yet, the chain was continued from that point, only by occasional patrolling

parties; and through this opening the enemy daily sent out his foragers, and brought in supplies. Such a state of things, however, could not be long permitted to exist. It was essential to the prosecution of Lord Wellington's future operations that the gap should be filled up previous to the renewal of hostilities between his army and that of Soult; nor was much time wasted in making preparations for driving in

the garrison within the walls. Working parties laboured hard, not only during the day, but during the whole night of the 24th; and at dawn on the 25th, it was declared that infantry might cross the floating-bridge with safety. This was the signal for action; and hence the 25th was again, at least to part of the army, a day of hostile employment.

ATTACKS ON THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

THE storm which the party-press has been endeavouring to raise against Lord Eldon is subsiding, and will probably keep quiet until the next opening of Parliament or the Law Courts. Of the manner in which the attacks on him were carried on, it is needless to speak—it was acrimonious, noisy, and ceaseless. We quarrel not with those who have so conducted them—they laboured in their vocation—nothing more—they knew for whom they were working, the honourable feelings they had to gratify, and the gentlemanlike individuals they had to please. Having made their election of the party they were to serve, they are not to be blamed for serving it in the only manner their leaders could appreciate. You might as well blame Grimaldi for not acting as John Kemble, when he was advertised in the bills as the Clown, not Coriolanus.

Waiving, therefore, all consideration of the nature of the attacks made by the diurnal or hebdomadal press on the Chancellor, we must only say that the continual recurrence of it was at least in bad taste. It resembled altogether too much the yelping of a spiteful cur dog against an unconcerned passenger. Day after day paragraph succeeded paragraph on the same key. A collection of the jokes (Heaven help us!) made on Lord Eldon, would be the most monotonous thing in the world. A cuckoo-clock is more various, and more original in its note. The authors of them were men of two half ideas, each of which chased the other in unmeaning round, like a pair of paltry daubed grotesques on a smoked lantern. And the arguments! We engage to write them all in a few lines—the Chancellor is old—the Chancellor likes office—the Chancellor is illiberal—the Chancellor

will not make his decrees as fast as he ought—all of which, except the first, found an answer of some sort, but there remained behind one which we cannot answer—the palmarian charge of all, the charge into which all the rest could be reduced, the climax of his sins, negligences, and offences—THE CHANCELLOR WILL NOT GIVE A SILK GOWN TO MR HENRY BROUGHAM!

There is, however, something sneaking and cowardly in not putting this grand delinquency in the front of the array. There is no one in the country so *soft* as not to know, that his Lordship might be as ignorant of law, and as destitute of decorum as Lord Erskine—that he might be as enamoured of place, as Mackintosh and Tierney are hungry for it—that he might be as old as Jeremy Bentham, and as sorely decayed in his intellects as that elderly gentleman, without a murmur of complaint being uttered, provided he did not display his *illiberality* in keeping Whigs out of office by staying in it, and in hindering that eminent person—at whose marvellous powers of universal talent the Edinburgh Review opened its eyes lately with such disinterested astonishment—that second admirable Crichton, before whom the ancient flower of Edinburgh must hide his diminished head—from receiving, as the reward of his exertions in the cause of Queen Carolina, the recompence given usually to legal knowledge, honourable character, and decorous conduct. We repeat, there is something peculiarly sneaking in this. Let the loud-tongued foes of Lord Eldon honestly state why they abuse, and they will rise some fifty per cent in our estimation. We own that our old friend Jeffrey does it, and that is one of the many reasons why we

prefer that learned gentleman to his worthy coadjutors, in the Times or the Morning Chronicle.

Enough then of these things. The motive is seen and valued. The manner in which that motive has operated, is only what it ought to have been. The newspaper squib, the leading paragraph, the authentic anecdote, the veracious letter from A. B., or such other great authority, were employed, and did as much business as was to be expected. They imposed upon those whom they could impose upon. *Valleant quantum*. They are already forgotten, and another set of dung-flies of the same nature is at present in the chrysalis state, doomed to harass in the same noble way, for an equal period of respectable existence, with the same ultimate fate. As Parliament is not sitting, we may venture to say, that similar in power, in truth, in honesty of intention, and elegance of execution, were the attacks in the House of Commons by Mr John Williams. If Parliament sate, we should have the refutation of Newgate ready before us, if we were to say that that gentleman's statements, false in fact, false in assumption, false in inference, deserved not the immediate and ample reply which they met with on the very moment they were uttered. We are almost sorry an answer was vouchsafed—decidedly sorry, if the object aimed at were merely to refute the utterer. There are some creatures who cannot insult a man, and it is a pity that their exertions should be so treated as if anybody had a suspicion of their having the power.

Let us turn to something of higher mood. Mr Miller of Lincoln's Inn has just published a book, entitled, "An Inquiry into the Present State of the Civil Law of England." We meddle not with the argument said to be current in London, which attributes this work to the very sensible motive of speeding its author's way in his profession. If he has written what he does not believe to be true, for such a motive, he is, of course, paltry and contemptible enough. If he believe in the truth of his statements, there is nothing dishonourable—on the contrary, there is everything laudable—in his so displaying his knowledge and acquirements, as to further his progress in life. *Kunst macht gunst*, as Jonathan Oldbuck truly observes. As,

therefore, we have no means of prying into his motives, we shall be silent as to the whispers which have reached us. Be they honourable or dishonourable, they do not alter his facts, or refute his reasoning.

Every one who peruses his work must admit the respectable reading and research which it displays. They must admit also the determined dogmatism of its tone on every subject therein noticed. A man takes it into his head to write on all the intricate subjects of the law, not only of this empire, but in a great measure of Europe, and he decides with a rapidity on all of them, which would gratify the heart of a Turkish cadi. The number of courts, of judges in each court, the times of sitting, the officers they should consist of, the causes of which they should have cognizance, the whole minutiae of evidence, of decrees, of motions, of instruments, are regulated with a despotic hand. The absurdity of the common law, in all its provisions, the whole theory of estates, the doctrines of allegiance, and marriage, the protection of infants, heirs, expectant heirs, charities, the poor laws, limitation laws, in short, everything, *Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli*.

Now, nobody knows better than Mr Miller, that every one of these things—we have not enumerated half of what he discourses on—has been the subject of thought and attention to some of the greatest, some of the most laborious, and some of the most acute men in the world; he well knows that the books written on these subjects have been innumerable; and yet he imagines he can convince us of the right way of doing them all, as if with the waving of a Harlequin's wand, in a pretty, trim, neatly printed, hot-pressed octavo of five hundred pages; a space not sufficient for a catalogue of the titles of the works devoted to the consideration of the topics, of which he disposes with all the ease and eloquence of an auctioneer.

We do not mean to deny that Mr Miller has brought a very tolerable quantity of knowledge to his task—we do not deny that he has occasionally made a good hit—for instance, in his proposal for the consolidation of laws on the same subject, which, however, does not smack particularly of originality, after Peel's labours. We admire

very often his well-selected quotations, and now and then give him credit for the pointing out a defect before unknown. On the subpoena, for instance, he is very original, and in such things he shines. A Chancery subpoena orders you to appear in Chancery, "wheresoever it shall then be."—Now, says Mr Miller, p. 191, "everybody knows that the Chancery Court is in London, and therefore these words are redundant."

This is important, and we hope every future subpoena-drawer will attend to the valuable suggestion. It is evident it will tend much to diminish the expense, delay, and vexation complained of in the Court. He is excellent also on the propriety of breaking open an outer door; another material grievance, which has tended to the "demoralization," as he says, (p. 242,) of the interesting order of bailiffs. There is a vast deal of ingenuity again in his proposal for abolishing the grievance of sealing bonds; he justly observing that seals were only of use when people could not write; whereas now, in the universal diffusion of the art of writing, sealing is reduced to the mere form of having their seals appended by the law stationers. We do not, however, see whether the grievance complained of is the manifest bad faith of the law stationer in appending his own seal, as that of another man, or the act of sealing itself. In either way, it is a deplorable thing, and it reflects credit on the enlarged mind of Mr Miller to have first discovered it. In all these, and many, very many, similar things, Mr M. is quite at home, and really of use. Everywhere else, we rather think his note-book has been more employed than his brains.

In this work we have the following account of the Chancellor. The passage begins by a quotation from D'Aguesseau, who thus describes the duties of such a functionary.

"Peu content de cette attention particulière qui se renferme dans le cercle étroit de la cause des plaideurs, la supériorité de son génie lui inspirera cette attention générale qui embrasse l'ordre entier de la société civile, et qui est presque aussi étendue que les besoins de l'humanité. Etre encore plus occupé du droit public que du droit privé; avoir toujours

les yeux ouverts sur la conduite des ministres inférieurs de la justice; venger le client trompé de l'abus qu'on a fait de sa confiance, et punir l'avidité du défenseur infidèle, dans le temps que l'équité du magistrat fait éclater le bon droit de la partie; répandre un esprit de règle et de discipline dans tous les membres du vaste corps de la magistrature; arrêter l'injustice dans sa source; et par quelques lignes d'un règlement salutaire, prévenir les procès avec plus d'avantage pour le public, et plus de véritable gloire pour le magistrat que s'il les jugeoit :—voilà le digne objet de la suprême magistrature. C'est là ce qui couronne le mérite de son application dans le temps qu'elle exerce ses jugemens."* Lord Eldon has not thought fit to follow these directions. He came into power at a conjuncture when the decided change which was taking place in the texture of society, wealth, commerce, and population of the country, indicated that a greater change in our law and legal institutions would soon become desirable, than had taken place at any antecedent period of our history. Had he prompted, promoted, or superintended this great work, the length of his reign, and extent of his influence, would have enabled him to bring it almost, or altogether to its completion, and thus to have left a monument to his memory, which it falls to the lot of few individuals to have the power of erecting. Unfortunately for the country and his own reputation, he has pursued a totally opposite course. Feeling that his strength did not lie in the depth and comprehensiveness of his general views, so much as in the extent of his acquaintance with the minutiae of precedents and practice, and perceiving also that the surest way of continuing in place is to abstain from all innovation, his love of power combined with his love of superiority, to induce him to withhold from all decided improvements himself, and to look with an unfavourable eye on those which were proposed by others. In this course he has invariably persevered. It can hardly be expected that confirmed habits and opinions should be changed at seventy-five, but it is one of the greatest disadvantages of permitting an aged person too long to occupy the same office, that he is apt to look upon it as a private possession which he is entitled to manage according to his own will and pleasure, instead of regarding it as a public trust, which he can neither conscientiously desire, nor ought to be permitted to

retain any longer, than while he is both able and willing to discharge the whole of the duties appertaining to it. It is probable that at this moment Lord Eldon has no conception of the sentiments which are almost universally entertained of his judicial administration, either by the persons who frequent his court, or by those who are capable of judging out of it. He has never heard the truth spoken with that freedom and affection with which it flows from the lips of friends of equal understanding. It is one of his greatest misfortunes that through life he has made age, submissiveness, and mediocrity the passports to his favour, and has as studiously kept aloof from men of liberal and independent minds, as he has kept them aloof from him. There are several reasons, both public and private, why I should have abstained from these observations if I thought I properly could, and there are none of a private nature which could have led me to express them. I never asked a favour at his hands, or met with any fancied incivility or disservice from him, or through his intervention. I am not aware of being actuated by any other motive in giving them publicity, but a conviction of their truth, and a firm persuasion that with all the knowledge, industry, and sagacity which Lord Eldon possesses, he is even now grievously hindering the improvement of the law as a science, and has done an injury to it as a profession which is almost irreparable. While he feels no reluctance to testify the sense he entertains of the errors and imperfections of the law and its procedure, with the most unaccountable inconsistency he omits no opportunity of ridiculing and resisting every attempt which is made for its rectification. But there is every prospect that this state of things will not long continue. It is almost impossible that Lord Eldon's opinions can accord with those of his colleagues, to the wisdom of whose policy they are in such direct and manifest opposition, and the government will at length see the indispensable necessity of no longer permitting the obstinacy or procrastination of one man to stand in the way of the wants and wishes of a whole people. The fountains of inquiry and discussion have been opened up; the streams of information which they are sending forth are augmenting and collecting; and whether he resigns his office or retains it, he must either yield to the current, or with all his doubts and difficulties he will find himself carried away before it."

This is, at all events, readable and rumbling language. It made a sensation (quoth the Anti-Cancellaria newspapers) immediately, and was pretty much quoted. Now let our readers take the trouble of finding out the ideas in this mass of words, and they will see that we have set them on a difficult quest. With infinite trouble we have hunted them out, and here they are: 1. Lord Eldon did not "prompt, promote, and superintend," (how deliciously technical!) a desirable change in our law. 2. He felt that his strength does not lie in depth. 3. He is seventy-five. 4. He has never heard truth spoken. And, 5. He ridicules all who endeavour to rectify the system.

And this is reasoning !!!—We must go back again to school. There is a new logic to be learned. What we were taught is, it appears, no longer in fashion.

1. Lord Eldon did not promote changes in the law. Is this, then, the duty of a judge? We used to imagine that it is the duty of a legislator. Hear Mr Miller himself.

"The last imperfection which shall be alluded to, consists in that departure which has too often taken place in courts of Common Law, from the strictness of established legal rules, as well as from the letter of the acts of parliament. So fully aware was Justinian of the inconvenience of judges deviating from the literal meaning of legislative enactments, that he has prohibited this license in the strongest language. *Illud autem quod statim cum hanc compositionem legum congregare mandaremus, jussimus: iterum et nunc sancimus illud confirmando: omnibus similiter interdicemus, ne quis audeat hominum qui sunt nunc aut in posterum erunt, commentarios scribere harum legum, præterquam si velit quis in Græcam linguam hæc transferre, quem etiam volumus sola secundum pedem, seu *κατὰ πόδα* nuncupata uti legum interpretatione: et si quid secundum nominatorum paratitlorum adscribere voluerint usum: aliud autem nihil omnino, ne tantillum quidem circa ea facere, nec rursum dare seditionis et dubitationis aut infinitæ multitudinis legum occasionem. Si quid enim forte ambiguum fuerit visum vel litium certatoribus vel his qui rebus judicandis præsent, hoc Imperator interpretabitur recte: nam hæc facultas illi soli legibus permissa est.*" This power has,

however, been more or less exerted, under every system of judicature," &c. &c.

We see judges who deviate from the *litera scripta*, have Justinian flung in their faces. Yet Lord Eldon is abused for sticking to it. A loop-hole exists, we admit. Lord Eldon is a legislator also—in his place in the House of Lords—as a member of a commission for examining the state of courts, he might have made changes consistent with the genius of the age, which of course is an admirable genius. Does not Mr Miller see that he is taking for granted the very thing in dispute?—A great many persons are not inclined to think *all* the alterations proposed valuable; and Lord Eldon may have the misfortune of being in that number. All the improvements in the system which emanated from the Cabinet, must be his; and it is rather too much to expect him to be actually a regular mover and drawer-up of bills. That he opposed many things by others called improvements, is true. We rather imagine he is not alone in his opinion. Be then his opinion right or wrong, this accusation, it is plain, affects not the judge, according to Mr Miller's own showing.

2. He felt that his strength does not lie in depth. *Transeat*—it is not worth an answer. It is Mr Miller's opinion that Lord Eldon is not deep. We have no doubt that he would take his oath on it, if required to give evidence on the point before a jury; but it would lie with the jury to decide not only on the honesty, but the capacity, of the witness. How say ye, gentlemen?

3. Lord Eldon is seventy-five. We are sorry for it: because, in the course of nature, he cannot long remain among us. But even on this point, hear Mr Miller:—

"The mind of one is as unbroken at seventy, as that of another at forty or fifty, and an abler judgment cannot easily be pointed out either in respect of reasoning or expression, than that which was delivered by Baron Wood in the Exchequer in 1822, when he was on the brink of fourscore.* This and other instances, AMONG WHOM THE PRESENT CHANCELLOR HOLDS A CONSPICUOUS PLACE, seems to me to prove in the most conclusive manner, that no period of life ought to be fixed, at which a judge ought to be obliged to abdicate his situation."

4. He has never heard the truth about himself spoken. By truth, in this sentence, is meant the torrent of falsehood with which he has been assailed. He must then have had two of the three warnings—he must have been deaf and blind, if he has not. Our version of the story is, that he must have heard it, and despised it.

5. He ridicules all who undertake to rectify the system. A great crime indeed! Listen to the logical Mr Miller. He calls upon us to admit, not only the good intention, but the wisdom of all who want to rectify what they think wrong. Put the Millerian argument into a syllogism, and it will be delicious. By a sort of intuitive sagacity, he asks us to take for granted, that the Chancellor should think everything wrong which "John Williams, or Tom Fool," as old Gifford says, does not approve of. And, secondly, that because the aforesaid John Williams, or Tom Fool, does not approve of a certain system, he cannot set about mending it in a ridiculous manner. Let Mr Miller apply the same text to anything not merely metaphysical. Suppose some of the tailors in his neighbourhood, Shire-lane, Bell-yard, &c., should assure him that his coat was not cut in a proper fashion, would not Mr Miller think the audacious Snip answered, by assuring him, that having got it from Nugee, he thought it a good coat; and if the fractional artist persisted in his assertion, and proposed, by way of mending it, to cut off both its skirts, so as better to qualify Mr Miller for walking in Bond-Street, to the admiration of the gentlemen and ladies therein, would he not burst out laughing, or kick him down stairs? Yet the conduct he wants the Chancellor to pursue to John Williams, is just the reverse of what he would pursue on the occasion we have supposed. The Chancellor should not only swallow the proposal, but not even dare to smile at the nonsense with which it was accompanied. Mr Miller may believe us, that the schneider of St James's Street does not surpass his humble brother of the purlieus of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in coat-making, in any degree as much as Lord Eldon surpasses the tribes of Williamses, and other such sweepings of the courts, in law and jurisprudence.

We have copied the gravest and most eloquent attack lately made on the Chancellor at length, and leave it in our readers' hands. We have not spoken with unnecessary disrespect of Mr Miller's work, and we are ready to repeat our former testimony to the respectability of its reading, and its occasional good sense. As ready also are we to cry out against its dogmatic tone, its affectation of knowledge, almost oracular, and its flippancy. We must add, that we know nothing of Mr Miller's principles; he occasionally speaks with respect for our institutions, and affection for our country, which make us truly sorry that he should, from any motive, have lent himself as a new and zealous recruit, to aid any of the

purposes of those who hate the former, and care for the latter only as far as its revenues may be made applicable to their paltry purposes.

What we have written is, we own, no defence of the Chancellor. We now only wished to advert to the recent attacks on him; and this article would have swelled to too great a length had we gone into the consideration of his judicial character. But we shall not shrink from the task; and our next paper on the subject will be to appreciate the real merits or demerits of the system over which Lord Eldon presides, and how far his administration of it entitles him to the thanks or to the detestation of the country.

THE LATE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

ALTHOUGH we have already expressed our opinions on most of the leading questions that have occupied the attention of Parliament, still the Session offers us abundance of materials for another article. We think we could not employ a few pages more profitably than in using them. We will begin with the state of parties, and look first at that of the Opposition.

The surge of ruin still breaks over the Whigs; they are even in a more helpless condition than they were in twelve months ago. The character and strength that they retain flow principally from the differences of the Ministry touching the Catholic Question, and the countenance and favour which they receive, for some occult reason unknown to us, from a part of the Ministers. Perhaps Mr Brougham made the most abject confession of party impotence and degradation that ever was made, when he called upon Mr Canning to play the knave towards his colleagues. "Force them out—become the Premier—take the best offices yourself—and we, the Opposition, we, the Whigs, will become your understrappers!" We protest we should have choked before we could have made such a confession. Mr Brougham has in late years, by his violent and outrageous conduct, done far more injury to the Whigs, as a body, than any other man in the empire, and certainly he should have left it to other

people to trumpet forth their disgrace and ruin.

Some of the Whigs have, however, apparently profited by adversity. The more respectable and exalted part of them are displaying a very creditable portion of moderation and good feeling. They have, it seems, discovered, what Mr Brougham cannot discover, that the slang and violence of faction are only calculated to excite the abhorrence of the nation, and that they can only prosper through propriety of conduct. We rejoice in being able to say this in their favour, because we wish to see them reasonably powerful, and they never can be so, neither ought they to be so, without being well-principled. Our praise, however, only applies to a part of them; Mr Brougham and certain others show no symptoms of reformation.

The Burdettites seem to exist no longer as a distinct party; the desertion of the populace has left them no separate ground to stand on. Sir Francis has declared that "Reform" may be safely deferred, and he has betaken himself to Catholic Emancipation and Chancery matters. He may now be regarded as joint leader, with Mr Brougham, of the violent and impenitent part of the Whigs. It must be exceedingly mortifying to him, after all his efforts to create a third party of his own, to be compelled to become a Whig at last, and to mix with the very men whom he formerly

so mercilessly reviled. He has pleased us beyond measure by taking up the business of the Catholics. In the first place, we think it will render essential service to the friends of the Church ; and, in the second, we imagine it will go far towards the utter destruction of his influence with the lower orders.—Mr Hobhouse has applied himself to chanting the praise of Mr Peel ; and the Member for Southwark has, for obvious reasons, been hugely Ministerial on various occasions, to the no small annoyance of Mr Hume.

Looking at the Opposition as a whole, we doubt whether it ever before exhibited such a perfect picture of disorganization, anarchy, and hopelessness. It seems to have no regular leader ; and the five or six individuals who head it in turns, differ somewhat more from each other than from the Ministry. Formerly, a due division of labour, and a proper distribution of duties, were observable among its leading Members. One devoted his attention to foreign affairs, another to matters of finance, a third to trading interests, and so on. This yielded great benefits to itself and the nation ; it qualified its Members for office, it gained them public confidence, and it secured to public affairs due examination and discussion. But now each leader must monopolise every department of public business : the very Mr Hume must not only seize upon the Estimates, but he must have under his care the reduction of taxes, the changing of commercial law, the currency, India affairs, the Irish Church, and we know not what beside. As the Jack-of-all-trades is always worthless in every trade, this renders it impossible for a Ministry to be formed from amidst the Opposition. If a new Ministry were now necessary, where must it be found ? Granting the Marquis of Lansdown to be qualified to be the Premier, who must be the Foreign Secretary ? who the Chancellor of the Exchequer ? who the head of the Admiralty ? and who the Home Secretary ? No one can give us an answer. No individual can be found amidst the Opposition, who has regularly devoted his particular attention to the duties of any particular office ; and who has thus not only duly qualified himself to fill such office, but has convinced the nation that he is so qualified. Of course, were a Ministry to be selected from the Opposition benches,

it would not possess the confidence of any part of the community. If the Ministers only avoid quarrelling with each other, they may do almost what they please, without being in danger of losing their places.

This is a state of things which we do not love to see. We do not wish the Sovereign and the country to be bound to any set of Ministers whatever. We do not wish any Ministers whatever to know that they must be retained—that they cannot be parted with—that public affairs cannot be managed without them. The evils reach far beyond this ; the Ministers have no sufficient check upon them. Who amidst the Opposition is sufficiently versed in foreign policy to be qualified to sit in judgment on the conduct of the Foreign Secretary ? who knows sufficient of finance to be able to decide on the measures of the Chancellor of the Exchequer ? No one. The measures of the Government may be opposed by vague generalities, but they are never subjected to proper examination and discussion.

This gross want of knowledge is rendered infinitely more pernicious, by being united to the most wild speculative opinions. To the conduct of the Foreign Secretary, Mr Brougham, Sir J. Mackintosh, and Mr Hobhouse, seem to direct their attention. The grand object of these people is, to fill the whole earth with republics, or democracies without a name ; and they examine everything solely with reference to this object. To expect from them any sober, sound, statesmanlike views of foreign policy—any knowledge of, and regard for, British interests, would be preposterous. They could descend to nothing so mean and illiberal as partiality for their own country. The whole that proceeds from them amounts simply to this,—“ In proportion as you favour republicanism, please republics, undermine monarchy, and vex monarchs, you are right ; and in proportion as you do the contrary, you are wrong. Disregard national interests—care not for enemies—array the whole Continent against you—and cast from you colonies by wholesale—but by this sacred rule be governed.” It is impossible for us to say who amidst the Opposition pays any particular attention to matters of trade and finance, but these are judged of solely with reference to

certain abstract doctrines. The situation and general interests of the nation are never looked at. In a word, this gross ignorance on the part of the Opposition is combined with an ardent wish to change nearly everything in the empire that is capable of being changed.

From this it happens, that, instead of having an Opposition to fight the battles of our institutions, laws, and systems, we have one that is eternally seeking their alteration and subversion. The Ministry may be opposed in the discharge of its regular and necessary duties, but it must be assisted in everything that partakes of change and innovation. It was resisted to the utmost in its efforts to crush the Catholic Association, and to provide for the education of the Duke of Cumberland's son; but its measures for making the most sweeping alterations in our commercial and colonial systems were, without evidence, argument, and debate, carried unanimously and by acclamation. It has nothing whatever to fear from the Opposition in making its changes and abolitions, save reproaches for not going far enough; it is, in respect of such changes and abolitions, perfectly despotic, so far as regards the House of Commons. This is a state of things most unnatural and portentous, and it will in due season yield a plentiful crop of public calamities.

There is one point, relating to this, which deserves special notice. We need not enlarge on the affection with which the nation has always hitherto regarded its Navy. The Whigs have constantly declared that they felt far more friendship for it, than other people. Well now, not a single member of the Opposition appears to pay the least attention to the interests of the Navy. Changes have been made in our laws, which bear vitally upon these interests; yet no one has deigned to examine the former with reference to the latter. It has been shown, that these changes are driving our seamen from certain important branches of the carrying trade, and yet not a single Whig, Burdettite, or Humite mouth, has opened on the matter.

We must now turn to the Ministry—a Ministry, which, if properly united in principle and personal feeling, would be powerful beyond all precedent, and which, from its want of union, acts as though it knew not how

to maintain itself in office. It is an unhappy thing that the leading portion of the Ministers in the Lower House have thought good to throw themselves for support, principally upon the Whigs. There was no necessity for it, and none will suffer from it in the end so severely as themselves. The Whigs must be courted, their praise must be obtained, their friendship must be preserved; without this, one part of the Ministry must split from the other and tumble out of office. One part drags the other after it, or the two parts keep up such a rivalry for Whig favour, that we are presented with the incongruous spectacle,—the most weak and worthless Opposition that the country ever possessed, guides the Ministry in most of its leading measures! The Ministers may say what they please, but their present measures are Whig ones; they are what they formerly resisted, not for being ill-timed, but for being false in principle. The whole nation knows this, and it is the topic of conversation in every circle. We say this with pain, but it is necessary to justify ourselves for not following them. We differ from them, but it is because we adhere to opinions which were long their own, and which we drew in a great measure from their speeches. We have made no change of faith, we have made no sacrifice of consistency; deserted by our fellow-travellers, we, nevertheless, keep the same path, and we will keep it.

It has been said, that the Catholic Question must soon bring matters to a crisis between the two parties of the Cabinet. We doubt this. If the friends of these parties were pretty fairly balanced in the country, then very high authority has told us that such a crisis would immediately take place; but the same high authority has told us, and every one knows it to be true, that they are not so balanced. We therefore think such a crisis is not to be expected. There is one circumstance, connected with the divisions of the Ministry, which, as independent men and sincere friends to the due working of the Constitution, we cannot pass in silence. It was distinctly proved, during the late session, that the House of Commons did not represent the sentiments of the nation on the Catholic Question;—it was distinctly proved, that the vast majority of the community was decidedly

hostile to that Bill in favour of the Catholics, which the House passed. Now, when this question is to come again before Parliament in the next session, why are no means taken for bringing the sentiments of the House of Commons into harmony with those of the country? Why are the representatives and their constituents to remain in this unnatural situation? Granting that a dissolution might injure one of the Ministerial parties, ought the wishes and interests of the empire to be sacrificed to this? If the Constitution were suffered to work as it ought, Parliament would be immediately dissolved.

Mr Brougham called upon Mr Caning to force his colleagues out of office, that he might form a new Ministry, solely for the purpose of removing the Catholic disabilities. For this single object, the Ministry was to be changed. The new Ministry was to be formed to make a vital alteration in the Laws and Constitution, to which a great majority of the Peers, and the vast overwhelming majority of the nation, whether we look at rank, wealth, character, or numbers, were decidedly opposed. If the country will obey Mr Brougham, it is to be obeyed itself; if it will not, it is to be coerced by the sceptre into obedience, and treated as a slave. He is to be the dictator, and those who dissent from him are to be regarded as knaves and fools, whose opinion is worthless. Such are the pretended friends of liberty—of public opinion—of the proper working of the Constitution—of national rights and privileges. May Heaven, in its mercy, preserve this nation from the tyranny of a Whig faction!

It will, we think, be well if this lowering of principle and change of system on the part of the Ministry, do not, in the end, produce evils which none now seem to dream of. If they do not beget in the nation a rage for change throughout, and a belief that all old things are defective and worthless,—if they do not in the end render it impossible to avoid granting what are called Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation,—they will scarcely yield their natural consequences. Putting Parliamentary Reform out of sight, they have already given to the Whigs the greater part of the Press; they have produced irreconcilable differences between the

Tories, and carried over a large portion of them in effect to the Whigs; the subordinate places of the government are rapidly filling with Whigs, and it will be very wonderful if these things do not in due time give us a Whig Ministry.

We will now leave these matters, and, without paying any attention to order or method, glance at a few of the questions which came before Parliament.

Mr Serjeant Onslow's Bill for repealing the Usury Laws, was again lost. We rejoice heartily at this, and yet we must own that the worthy Serjeant was unaccountably used. The leading Whigs were in his favour, Mr Wynn stated all the Ministers belonging to the House of Commons, save one, to be in his favour; and yet, in the midst of all this unanimity, he was in a minority! He is, however, it seems, determined to persevere, and we imagine he will persevere to little purpose. He may perhaps get his Bill passed through the lower House, but in another place its deserts will be justly dealt with.

Mr Peel's labours in the consolidation of the Statutes cannot be mentioned without high praise: he has, however, thought proper to extend them to what are called Reforms in the Laws. His changes in the Jury Laws have been cried up by every one; they have received all kinds of compliments: he has been told, as the very highest of all eulogies, that he has done that which a few years since would have been called rank Jacobinism. Our approbation can therefore scarcely be necessary, and yet we will give it. These changes have gone upon no new speculative theory; they have brought the mode of selecting Juries into harmony with the spirit of the Constitution, and they will in some things, we think, be found beneficial. Mr Peel has, however, been praised principally on the ground, that his alterations will operate greatly to the benefit of libellers. Upon this point we are perfectly incredulous. In different parts of our late history, when the land was deluged with the most dangerous libels, the Crown Lawyers frequently found it impossible, under the old mode of selecting Juries, to obtain a verdict; no matter how atrocious the libels were, the Juries acquitted the libellers. What benefits beyond this,

the authors of libels can expect from the new mode, or any other mode that could be invented, we cannot discover. The change cannot make matters worse for the country; it may make them better; but our opinion is, that so far as libels are concerned, it will never be felt.

On Mr Peel's Writs of Error Bill we will bestow no praise whatever. We are not lawyers, and therefore are not competent to speak of it from our own judgment. But the Lord Chancellor expressed his disapprobation of it, and stated that he spoke the opinion of the leading law authorities of the country; as far as we remember, the Chief Justice and Mr Justice Bailey took occasion to express indirectly what amounted to condemnation of it; and this convinces us that it is a thing not to be eulogized. Mr Peel and his lawyers, whoever they may be, cannot weigh with us against authorities like these; and we suspect they will fare no better with the nation at large. If he wish to make, not nominal, but real reforms, beneficial reforms, reforms palatable to the country, he will be guided by such men as Lord Eldon, and he will select things which all see to be evils. It will not do to twist the general spirit of the laws, and tamper with the rights of the subject. If the mania of change and abolition have fastened upon Mr Peel, we advise him as friends to shake it off as soon as possible. We assure him that it has no hold on the public mind, and that the changes which have already been made, are regarded by the country with anything rather than satisfaction.

This Bill passed the House of Commons with no other observation than that it ought to have comprehended other abolitions.

We will pick no quarrel with Mr Robinson for giving us cheap gin. We hope it will do no great injury to morals, although we cannot agree with him and Mr Hume in believing, that, because cheap liquors do not make drunkards of the people of France and Holland, they will not make drunkards of the people of this country. To render this deserving of weight, it should be proved that the people of this country are of the same constitution, temperament, habits, and occupation, with those of France and Holland, and have no greater income. There is one point, however, connected with the subject,

which deserves serious notice. Gin will now be in respect of service nearly as cheap as malt liquor, and this ought not to be. The occasional use of gin in large, smoky places, may be beneficial, even necessary; but still we wish to see our countrymen quaff British nectar—the blood of John Barleycorn. The latter is the liquor for the Englishman to work upon, be merry upon, and live upon. We fear that gin will now come into such competition with malt liquor, as will do the latter serious injury, and yield to the working classes anything rather than benefit. Admitting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was bound by circumstances to do what he has done, we hope that he will take the first opportunity for restoring to malt liquor its privilege in respect of cheapness. For the sake of the health and character of the labouring orders, we think the Government should make a point of keeping malt liquor as far as possible below spirituous liquors in price.

We proceed to the new Colonial System. It is asserted that the independence of the Spanish Colonies has swept away the moral bulwarks that protected our own, and that a change of system is necessary to enable us to retain the latter. This is assigned as the reason for the change; but we suspect the true one to be, Mr Huskisson's passion for dabbling in what is called Political Economy. In speaking of the new system, it will not be necessary for us to extend our observations beyond Canada.

We do not like the rulers of this country to speak of the loss of national possessions as a thing possible and probable. The language, therefore, which was used in Parliament, that we might lose the Colonies, and that we ought to act as though such loss would ultimately be unavoidable, gave us anything rather than pleasure. It was scarcely English, and it was not calculated to produce the least good, either at home, or elsewhere. To change the system avowedly, less to benefit the Colonies, than to keep them from revolt, cannot be teaching them a very good lesson. The language was calculated to produce the belief that, should they revolt, scarcely any efforts would be made to retain them; and in truth, after the doctrines which have so long been promulgated in this country respecting such matters, it

may be doubted whether such efforts would be at all justifiable. Now if Canada, from its extent, population, and neighbourhood, be in any danger of declaring itself independent, what course ought we to pursue? We ought, on the one hand, to render it to the utmost point possible dependent upon us for prosperity; and, on the other, we ought to keep from it, to the utmost point possible, everything that could fill it with the spirit of revolt, and enable it to become independent. This is, we think, the language of common sense, if it be not that of "a Liberal System."

We have the means for making Canada dependent upon us for prosperity. We can give it, now and henceforward, such a market for its produce, as no other country in the world can give it. The Bill for allowing the importation of Canadian corn was a sound and wise one. It was very properly separated from the new system; and it was all that Canada needed. The Lords ought to have made their stand, not against it, but against the Free Trade Bill; for the latter was the thing that cut away the foundations of the Corn Laws. By allowing Canada to send its corn to this country, we do the best thing possible for drawing to it settlers and agricultural capital from the United States, as well as Europe—we enrich it—we cause its own interest to confine it to agriculture—we place it in circumstances that would ruin it, were it to separate from us—and we use means for enabling our own possessions to supply us with bread.

An agricultural population, generally speaking, is the one that can always be the best depended on for obedience and fidelity. The authors of colonial revolt are commonly the inhabitants of large places—men engaged in commerce and manufactures. While we confine Canada to agriculture, we attach it to us by interest; but if we give it commerce and manufactures, we give it an interest in rendering itself independent. The agriculturists will feel that the loss of our market would ruin them, and that their independence would lose them this market. But the merchants, ship-owners, and manufacturers, will feel their connexion with us to be very often a source of injury. They will find the mother country drag them into wars, place them under injurious re-

gulations, and prevent them from making laws of their own, that would yield them great profit. This is not all. Commerce and manufactures would give to Canada not only an interest in, and a spirit for, rendering itself independent, but it would give to it the means;—it would give to it money, ships, soldiers, sailors, politicians, factious newspapers, ambitious, discontented, turbulent spirits—everything necessary.

We, of course, think, that nothing more was necessary for attaching Canada to us, than the opening of our ports for its agricultural produce. We think, that for giving to this attachment the longest possible duration, it was not more necessary to grant this, than it was to refuse what has been granted in addition. Other people, however, who have somewhat more influence in such matters than we have, think differently. The Canadian agriculturist is to enjoy the privilege conceded to him for a few months—until the next session of Parliament—and then, as far as we can discover, he is to be placed, all things considered, about on a level with the generality of foreign farmers in our market. His connexion with us will then be of no great value to him. Canada is to have its own ships, it is to have a shipping interest, a mercantile interest, and, of course, a manufacturing interest of some kind or other must follow. It is to trade with, and be traded with, by other nations. It is to have everything that, in our poor judgment, is necessary for hastening the period of its independence. The new system will strip us of our Colonies sooner than the old one would have done, by at least a century.

To retain our Colonies, we must retain our naval supremacy. The Navy is the link which connects the scattered members of the Empire together as a whole. If ever we lose our supremacy on the ocean, the Empire will be torn limb from limb; the trunk may be left us, but the members which are so essential for its due nourishment, will be lost for ever. The trash of the Economists, that the loss of our transmarine possessions would yield us but little injury, is abundantly refuted by the restrictions and prohibitions which all independent nations create against us for their own benefit. When we look at this, we cannot but

think, that the preservation of our naval supremacy should be the first thing looked at by our statesmen, and that measures which tend to undermine and destroy it, must tend, in an equal degree, to ruin the country.

Notwithstanding this, our boasted Navigation Laws have been frittered away, until nothing is left of them, save a comparatively worthless fragment. Alterations were made a short time since, which seem to be throwing our European carrying trade into the hands of foreigners. It has been said that this has increased our trade; we should be glad to see the proofs of it. We think English sailors, with families in this country, would be somewhat better consumers for us, than foreign sailors, having their families in other countries. We think it is the consumers, and not the carriers, of goods who extend trade. It was then exultingly stated, that we were rendering our country the common market for the goods of the world; it now turns out, that we were only assisting another nation to become this. We have now abandoned the idea, and, instead of wishing the goods of the universe to pass through our hands, we do not even wish the goods of our Colonies to pass through them. The Marquis of Lansdowne congratulated the Peers on the final destruction of the Navigation Laws by the new Colonial system. The Earl of Liverpool denied that the new system produced any such effect, and he denied this, on the ground that foreigners were yet restrained from entering the carrying trade between this country and the Colonies. This is undoubtedly true; but then, we no longer monopolize this carrying trade. Foreigners may take their goods to the Colonies in their own ships, and they may supply themselves with the produce of the Colonies by their own ships. The Colonies are to have their own vessels, and they may, if it suit them, carry on their whole trade with us by these vessels. We need say no more touching the effects of the new Colonial system on the Navigation Laws.

If this change prove anything beyond a nominal one—if it have any great effect, it must do the most grievous injury to the British Navy.

If there be any people who imagine that by multiplying foreign sailors we multiply British ones, we refer them

to the comparative number of the latter employed in our European commerce in the last two years. This will relieve us from the necessity of saying how the trading of other nations with the Colonies will operate on our Navy. The Colonial vessels may be called British ones, and their crews may be subjected to our laws; but still they will differ widely from our own. The families of British sailors live in this country; they consume much taxed produce, and thereby contribute largely to the Revenue. The families of the Colonial seamen will live in the Colonies, and they will contribute scarcely anything to the Revenue. That labour which is needed by our superabundant population, will be given to a population that needs it not. If the Colonies think proper to revolt, they will have a marine to assist them; and their independence will take from us a large portion of our seamen. For the preservation of our superiority on the ocean, it is essential that our ships should be British ones—that they should be manned with British seamen, with men born here, having their families here—having all their hopes and prejudices chained to this country.

Of the nations to which we are giving fleets, not one is likely to assist us in case of war. That nation, for which we are doing the most, at one time could beat us on the ocean; against it, the Navigation Laws were chiefly directed; it is our rival in shipping, commerce, manufactures—almost everything. If in war these nations should remain neutral, they would engross the carrying trade, and their ships would keep us continually involved in disputes with them.

We will add nothing here to what we have heretofore said on Free Trade; our opinions remain unaltered.

People speak of going back to a natural system—of returning to a common and natural standard. Now, let any man look at this empire. Let him look first at this paltry island, and then at its possessions in Africa, Asia, and America. Let him remark that our aggregate population consists of a number of races of men which inhabit different climes, speak different tongues, follow different religions, have no common feelings, and cannot be mixed. Let him remark, that they are kept together as a whole by the

intellect, blood, and treasure, of the twenty millions here. Now everything in this is unnatural to the last degree; it is a fabric raised by consummate art, and which nothing but consummate art can protect from ruin; and yet, to preserve it, we are to return to a natural system! What are we to gain by a common and natural standard? We are to lower here wages and profits, general income, to the level which they show in other countries! We are thus in reality to raise very considerably to ourselves the price of the produce of other countries, and to diminish that of our own. We are to proportion national wealth, trade, revenue, and power, to territory and population, throughout Europe; we are to throw from us our pre-eminence, and render ourselves the contempt of the great powers of the world.

We need say but little here of the Catholics. In a petition which they presented to Parliament in the early part of the session, they declared, that if the bill for putting down the Association passed into a law, they would yield unconditional obedience to it. It passed into a law, and yet the Catholics are forming what is to be practically the Association which Parliament intended to extinguish. Let the nation mark this, and it will value Catholic pledges and promises as it ought—it will look upon them as things only intended to be violated.

An Association of Protestant noblemen has, we see, been formed to aid the Catholics. To one of its members, the Marquis of Londonderry, we must say a few words. He speaks of his affection for his lamented brother. Now we will ask him, if that brother advocated unconditional Emancipation, as he seems to do? Does he believe that brother wished the disabilities to be removed by means of factious Associations? Does he think that brother was so far destitute of honour and honesty, as to wish the Catholics to be admitted to power in any other way than by the fair and proper working of the Constitution? Does he imagine that an Association, tending to re-produce, and meaning to assist, the Catholic one, would have been sanctioned by that brother? We will tell him that he is following conduct which that brother, if now li-

ving, would have been the first to reprobate. We will tell him further, that his Association is a factious one, that it is an unconstitutional one, and that it grossly violates the spirit, if not the letter, of the laws, which were so lately passed to put down Orange and Catholic Associations. In addition to all this, we will tell him that the time is not yet arrived for any knot of Irish landholders whatever to take upon themselves to alter the laws and constitution of Britain at pleasure, and to seize upon the management of public affairs in defiance of the feelings of the British people.

Mr Canning met the question for putting down the Catholic Association with openness and boldness, which did him the highest honour; he met it in a manner worthy of him as a British Minister. Yet of this *Noble* Association Mr Canning's son-in-law is a member. How is this to be explained? How does it happen that the heads of what is called the Grenville party belong to this Association? How does it happen that the friends of Mr Canning and the Grenvilles—the men who have called Associations the curse of Ireland—the men who have uttered everything that could be uttered against Orange and Catholic Associations—the men who have actually framed and passed laws to make the latter highly penal—how does it happen, we say, that these very men are the first to resuscitate factious Associations, and to become the leading members of them? We ask these questions in the name of common justice. If it be lawful for the Irish Peers to form factious Associations, then we demand that it be made lawful for the Irish Commoners to form Constitutional ones. If it be lawful for men to associate for the purpose of making vital alterations in the laws and constitution, then we demand that it be made lawful for men to associate for the purpose of defending the laws and constitution. The forming of this *Noble* Association, just after the passing of the laws for putting down Associations in Ireland, by the very men who passed these laws, is most scandalous and abominable.

Mr Hume made his motion for the spoliation of the Irish Church, and he hinted that the Catholic religion ought

to be made the national one of Ireland.* We have no wish to speak very harshly of this individual, for a portion of good intention seems to be mixed with his follies; but really when we turn from his talents and acquirements, to what he attempts, we are astounded. In the last two sessions of Parliament, he has been occupied with the following questions among others:—The Repeal of the Combination Laws—the Repeal of the Laws against the Emigration of Workmen, and the Exportation of

Machinery—the Currency—the Reduction of Taxes—the Estimates—the Laws against Blasphemy and Sedition—the Impressment of Seamen—the affairs of India—the re-modelling of the Irish Church, and the establishment of a new national religion in Ireland. Not twenty Mr Humes, but one,—a single one,—that one whose speeches every man may read in the newspapers,—has had all these matters under his care together! Burke and Pitt were nothing to him. Had Burke himself attempted what Mr Hume at-

* Just as this sheet was going to press, we received the St James's Chronicle of July 14, and we have great satisfaction in laying before our readers the following extract from it:—

“We have inserted, in our preceding columns, an abridgment of the Dublin Freeman's Journal (a Roman Catholic print,) report of the proceedings of a Roman Catholic Meeting lately held in Dublin. The conduct of the Meeting presents an amusing picture of the kind of unanimity which prevails amongst the Roman Catholics, and a fair sample of the degree of contentment which Sir Francis Burdett's Bill, accompanied by the “wings” so sagaciously proposed by Mr Littleton and Lord F. Gower, would have given to Ireland. What we have given the report for is, however, a matter of much higher interest than either the squabbles of the Roman Catholics amongst themselves, or the blunders of bungling legislators. It is the following grave charge brought by Mr O'Connell against the government; or at least against that part of it which favoured his views. Speaking in extenuation of his acquiescence in the proposition of the wings, the learned gentleman said, that he concurred in the obnoxious measures, because ‘there was a prospect of *having the government identified with the people and their clergy*, of establishing a mutual confidence between those who govern and those who obey—when, instead of the government being opposed to the clergy, THERE WAS A LIKELIHOOD OF ESTABLISHING, LIKE THE SCOTCH, A NATIONAL CHURCH.’

“Mr O'Connell is, as we are bound to believe, a man of honour: it is no impeachment of his title to this character, that he is a violent politician, still less that he labours for the temporal supremacy of that church, which, as a conscientious Roman Catholic, he believes to be the true one: no man was ever sincerely a patriot, or sincerely religious, without somewhat more of enthusiasm than is precisely compatible with worldly prudence. We have, therefore, no pretext for doubting Mr O'Connell's veracity, when he tells us that he was led to expect (and his language implies by some members of administration) that the government of the sister-kingdom was to be identified with the Roman Catholic clergy, and that *Popery was to be installed as the established religion in Ireland*, in the same degree of pre-eminence held by the Presbyterian discipline in Scotland.

“Neither the lightness of this charge, which, if it be well founded, will sustain an impeachment, nor the character of the accuser, which, as we have said, is perfectly free from stain of any kind, will permit that the matter can rest in its present stage. The members of administration, with whom Mr O'Connell communicated through the Committee at Sir Francis Burdett's, are well known; they must be the parties to whom the learned gentleman alludes as having held out to him hopes that the government of Ireland should be identified with the priests, and that Popery should be the established religion in Ireland; and they must either purge themselves of the charge, or sink under it.”

The long established character and great circulation of the St James's Chronicle are well known, and render it quite unnecessary for us to say one word in recommendation of this spirited and independent journal; but we cannot help saying, that, in the hands of the present editor, it continues to sustain the reputation it has maintained for upwards of half a century, as a paper distinguished by high literary talent, devoted to the best interests of the country.

C. N.

tempts, he would have done nothing but make blunders; and it may easily be conceived that the latter blunders most awfully. Mr Hume seems to be a sober man, a man of no imagination, and what he draws his opinion of his competency to meddle with matters like these from, we cannot conjecture.

The pretended friends of Ireland wish to rob the Clergy of their land; it is a fortunate thing for Ireland that this land belongs to the Clergy. Upon the church lands the Government will have the greatest influence in re-constructing society, extinguishing middle-men, lowering rents, promoting proper division, and establishing British farmers and British modes of management. The necessary reform in Irish land-letting may be commenced on these lands; and the possession of them by the clergy may be, and we trust will be, made the source of inestimable benefits to the Irish peasantry. So long as the Clergy of Ireland shall act as they are now acting, and shall maintain the character which they now bear, they will have nothing to fear from any one. This nation knows well their worth, it knows how necessary they are, it knows by what title they hold their possessions, and it will support them. Motions like this of Mr Hume will only do them service.

We must now proceed to the grant for providing for the education of the son of the Duke of Cumberland.

Our readers are aware that, a few years ago, the House of Commons refused to place the Duke on an equality with the other Royal Dukes in respect of income. Now, if the annual sums which were then assigned to certain of his brothers had been rewards for past services, this might have been exceedingly proper. They might have had strong claims, and he might have had none. But these sums, and the sum asked for him, partook in no degree whatever of the nature of reward; they were asked *exclusively* on the ground that they were essential for the proper support of the exalted personages in question. The reason given by the House for its refusal was, not that the sum was more than the Duke needed for his maintenance, but that all was not right with his private character.

Now, we cannot think that the House of Commons had any earthly

right to resist the grant on any such ground. Irregularity of private life can form no constitutional reason for withholding from the members of the Royal Family a necessary and equitable provision. It may be an argument against liberality; it can be none for starvation. The constitution assigns incomes to these members, not to reward their private virtues, but to enable them to maintain their rank in society. Whatever right the House of Commons may have to take cognizance of the public conduct of public servants, we think it has none to take cognizance of the private conduct of individuals holding no public trust. It is morally incapacitated for exercising such a right. The laws of the realm are held to be sufficient for punishing everything in human conduct that ought to be punished; and that which they overlook, ought not to be punishable by the House of Commons.

If anything be necessary to prove the truth of this, it may be found in the case of the Duke of Cumberland. The House could not refuse the money on the ground which it took, without inflicting a grievous punishment upon him for that which the laws do not punish. It could not refuse the money, without publicly, and with all the solemnity and authority of legislative deliberation, blasting his reputation—the most terrible punishment that could fall on an honourable man. It did the one, and of course it did both. It, in reality, condemned him to pay a heavy yearly fine for life; it denied him the means of maintaining his rank in society—it, in effect, branded him; held him up to public contempt; and banished him the country.

Now, if we concede that the House of Commons can constitutionally inflict a punishment like this, every man living will concede, in return, that it ought only to be inflicted upon proper evidence. Every one will admit, that, however base the Duke's private conduct might have been, the baseness ought to have been properly substantiated before the passing of sentence. But what proper evidence had the House before it; and what proper evidence did it call for? None—not a tittle. No distinct charge was made against the exalted individual. The members were

—“strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle
dreams;
Not knowing what they fear'd, but full of
fear.”

They hinted; they had heard what they could not repeat; they could not explain themselves; and they could not possibly, from what had reached them, allow the Duke the money. Vague reports—interested reports—reports distinctly traceable to the most foul motives and the most abandoned individuals—constituted the evidence. These hints—this shaking of heads—this careful concealment of what the alleged criminality was, did the Duke far more injury than the most full investigation would have done. They led the nation to believe everything to be true which the ruffians of faction thought proper to propagate. The nation thought that conduct must have been of a very horrible character which could not even be described; and which the House of Commons thought good to punish, by solemnly blasting the Duke's reputation, and withholding from him the means of maintaining his rank in society. The nation imagined that libellers might lie—that the tattlers of drawing-rooms might be misinformed—but it could not believe that members of the House of Commons would give a vote fraught with such fearful consequences to the individual affected by it, without the most accurate information.

Having shown upon what evidence

the House condemned, we will now say something touching the truth of this evidence. We have ascertained from those who have had the very best means of making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the Duke of Cumberland's disposition and life, and upon whom we can implicitly rely, that he is a man of the best heart and principles—that he is a man full of good intention and high honour. We have ascertained that he has never been a gamester, a corrupter of female innocence, &c. &c.; and that he is a strict economist. We grant that he has his failings like other men—that like other men he may have committed his errors—but we maintain, that nothing—nothing—can be alleged against him, to justify or palliate the treatment he has met with.

What we have said in the Duke's favour, receives ample confirmation from what fell from several members of the House of Commons, during the late discussions. Sir G. Rose declared, that he found the Duke abroad, surrounded by, and enjoying the confidence of, men of the first principles and honour; and that he had been able to discover nothing, from much intercourse, and great opportunities for observation, save what was worthy of him as a prince and a gentleman. Some of the Whigs bore powerful testimony to the goodness of the Duke's heart, and the correctness of his principles. We subjoin a letter* received from his Royal Highness, by a friend

* *Letter from H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland to * * * * **

BERLIN, *March* 29, 1825.

MY DEAR * * *

YOUR kind letter of the 16th reached me this afternoon, and I lose no time in returning you my very best thanks for it, and for having answered so fully all my questions. With respect to my boy, he is, thank God, perfectly recovered; but the accident he met with was *not* on a journey with me, but at play with his brother and another little play-fellow, the grandson of Mrs Beckandoff, who was with my late mother. The boys were romping and playing hide and seek, when George running, slipt upon the parquet, and put out the joint of his left elbow; but though he is my own boy, I must say I never saw a little fellow of more courage, for the bone was put in, (in my presence,) and though the operation, he was told, was painful, he said to the surgeon, “I know you won't give me more pain than is necessary;” and he immediately submitted, and never gave a hallo, but merely said, Aye, and I believe there is hardly any operation more

in this country, who, though he has had some scruples respecting the disclosure, yet thinks himself justified by the occasion, in laying it before the public. The unprecedented malignity of the attack upon an honourable man, will apologize for the departure from the common rules of private correspondence. Let every unbiassed man—every father—read this letter; and then ask himself, if it be possible for its writer to be what he has been represented to be. The kindness and warmth of the friend—the pride and affection of the parent—the attachment of the relative—and the anxiety of the patriot, which it displays, prove

anything rather than a bad heart and corrupt principles.

This letter will be read with deep interest on another account. The information which it conveys touching the young Prince—the young GEORGE, will be doubly grateful to the country after the vile attempts which have been made to wound the child through the parent. It has been almost denied that the Prince is in the line of succession, and it has been more than insinuated, that the most common and vulgar education would be sufficient for him. This will only render the innocent and unconscious boy more dear to the nation; however the nation may

painful. Not a *tear* did he shed. The first three days they kept him in bed, as he is so lively, but afterwards he had his arm in a sling for six weeks, and now is quite recovered; the bone is still somewhat enlarged, or, rather, I should say, the ligaments of the bone appear larger, but the surgeon says, as the ligaments fill up all will disappear; he has the *entire* use of his arm, can use it in all directions, and is as strong as ever. He is very like our family, resembles very much the picture of West's, where I am with my two younger brothers and the large Newfoundland dog. He speaks English and German fluently; I have a most excellent English nurse, who has been with him these last five years. He is the best-tempered child I ever saw, very wild and manly, and I have never caught him fibbing in my life; he tells directly when he gets into a scrape, and has not learnt his tasks well. A prodigious fund of humour he has innate in him. Now if I have *bored* you with all this, it is your own fault, as you wished me to tell you all about him. He has, thank God, perfect health, and I am excessively strict with him, keeping him to regular hours and diet. My brother's children are delightful; the little boy is two months older than George, but mine is taller, as his boy, poor fellow, was very sickly, though now quite stout; the little girl is delightful, and much more lively than the boy; they resemble more their cousins of Mecklenburgh than my boy. The Grand Duke is married to the Duchess of Cambridge's elder sister, who has also charming children. I have been this winter myself very far from well. I caught cold the night previous to Christmas day, having travelled all night in an open carriage from Hanover, in order to eat my Christmas dinner with my family; at first I paid no attention to it, and this brought on inflammation on my lungs, which kept me five weeks to my house. But *mauvais herbe ne périt jamais*. Let me hear from you soon again.

Yours very sincerely,

ERNEST.

P.S. I am all anxiety respecting the Catholic Question. I fear it will be carried in the House of Commons, but hope that the Lords will do their duty, and throw it out. I really look on the salvation of the country to depend upon the maintenance of the Protestant Church. Are the Bishops staunch, or has * * * * * got more of his brethren over to his * * * * * tenets? Once more, God bless you, and grant that we may meet again, and that I may show you my boy.

have been deluded touching the father, it is in no danger of being deluded touching the offspring.

The grant for the education of the Duchess of Kent's daughter was carried by acclamation, that for the education of the Duke of Cumberland's son, was resisted by the Whigs to the utmost. Mr Brougham declared, at the outset, that he would oppose the latter in every stage, and he kept his word. Happy it is for the Duchess of Kent that she has chosen her friends among the Whigs—unhappy it is for the Duke of Cumberland that he has belonged to the Tories! The chief ground of opposition was, that although the money was asked for the education of the son, it was meant for the use of the father. To have saved this from utter contempt, it ought to have been proved, either that the Duke had no son, or that this son had no need of education. It was asserted, that the House of Commons could not grant the money without acting inconsistently with its former conduct. Now, as the House was never thought to be infallible, it might, without any loss of character, have been guilty of inconsistency, in redressing wrongs inflicted by itself. If this House will only compare its present principles and conduct with those which it displayed a very few years ago, we think it will maintain a discreet silence touching its consistency. Not the shadow of argument or reason could be adduced in opposition to the grant, and yet it was not carried until it was coupled with every limitation that could insult, blacken, and torture the Royal Duke. The son was to be torn from the father—the Prince was to be brought to this country for education, and an intimation was at the same time given, that the nation did not wish the parent to come with him. The money was to be bound up from the touch of the Duke, in every possible way. Had his Royal Highness been the worst of parents—a swindler—a man unfit to be trusted in any of the relations of life, the limitations would have been justifiable, and nothing else could have justified them. Why the Ministers truckled, and bent, and consented to the Opposition as they did, we know not; but we know that they gained anything by it rather than honour.

We here ask every reflecting man to figure to himself the effect which

such treatment must have on the feelings of the writer of the letter which we publish—we ask every father to say how he would feel under it?—we ask every honourable man to say what effect it would have upon him?—we ask all such men to say, whether anything has been proved against the Duke to warrant it? and whether anything can be found to show that the British nation thought it necessary? How the Duke may think proper to act we know not, but we know what we would do in his circumstances. We would resist the tyranny—we would be trampled on no farther—we would assert our rights as parents and Englishmen—we would spurn from us the money, and keep our son. We would appeal from faction to our country. The money, whether it were the beggarly six thousand, or six millions, a year, should be granted without robbing us of our rights, peace, and honour, or we would never suffer it to leave the Exchequer. The business reaches beyond the Duke of Cumberland; it blots the character of the country.

While the Whigs could advance nothing to justify their opposition to the grant, it was distinctly asserted in Parliament, that their hostility to the Duke arose from his having been instrumental in removing them from office, through his dislike to what is called Catholic Emancipation. If this be true—and it was very feebly denied—does it not display such a spirit of malice and revenge as no one would expect to find out of the regions below? Is it possible that a party of Englishmen can be found capable of hunting down an individual for a long series of years, and endeavouring to strip him of everything that man can value, merely because he injured them, not as individuals, but as a party, by doing what his conscience commanded, and the laws and constitution sanctioned? For the honour of our countrymen, we hope it is not possible. Are we to believe that men exist who are capable of perverting the House of Commons into an instrument for gratifying party and personal malignity, and vengeance? If we must, then we must say that our system is miserably defective—we must say that the laws ought to lay such men in fetters of iron, for the sake of the rights and liberties of the rest of the community.

Mr Brougham closed his opposition to the grant with an abject appeal to the Duke of Cumberland for forgiveness. It was worthy of him. He, however, ought not to have uttered his pitiful supplication, until he had assured himself that he was capable of inspiring the Duke with anger. Men may sometimes acquire such a character, that, do what they will, no one can entertain towards them a feeling so exalted as that of resentment.

We know well enough what imputations we are exposing ourselves to,—we know what that writer must expect in these days, who takes upon himself the defence of Royalty. We know this, and still we flinch not from our duty. Thank God! we are strangers to that grovelling, cowardly spirit, which dare not obey the best of motives, from the fear of having the worst imputed to it. Bold in the consciousness of our honesty and independence, it is not the unpopularity of an individual, or the unfashionableness of a doctrine, that shall deter us from defending the one or maintaining the other. We are aware that we are fighting the battles of the brother of the King; but we are aware likewise, that we are fighting the battles of the victim against those who have crushed him—of the weak against the powerful—of the persecuted against the persecutors—of the traduced and oppressed against the traducers and oppressors. We regard the Duke of Cumberland as a man who has been most foully slandered and most cruelly wronged,—we assume that he has the feelings of other men, and that he has a right to that which is the right of the meanest subject,—and his rank and extraction shall not prevent us from endeavouring to procure him justice. We detest, not only one kind, but every kind, of tyranny. We detest the tyranny, not only of a King, but of a House of Commons—not only of a party in office, but of a faction out of it. We know sufficient of the constitution and of British liberty to be convinced, that we cannot more faithfully and efficiently serve both, than by resisting all invasions of individual rights and freedom, even though these invasions affect only a Royal Duke, or the Sovereign himself.

We have other reasons for espousing the cause of the Duke of Cumberland. If the principal cause of his

suffering as he has done, have been his fidelity to the Church of England, it would indeed ill become us to stand aloof from him. It is not for us in these times to stand tamely by and see the friends of this Church sacrificed for their fidelity to it. A system appears to have been formed by a party in this country, to single out and hunt down the leading friends of the Church; and it has been proceeded in sufficiently far to render it the duty of ourselves, and of all who think with us, to make a stand against it. In the hands of a party like this, the House of Commons may be made a terrible engine of immolation. It has been said, that there may be a Literary Inquisition as well as a Religious one; and it may be added, that there may even be a House of Commons Inquisition. The members of this House may not be able to stretch their victims on the rack, to tear their flesh from them with the red-hot pincers—to draw rapture from their torments, and exult over the last agonies of departing life;—but they may be able to subject them to injuries and tortures, in comparison of which death itself would be a blessing.

We have already spoken of the Duke of Cumberland, and we will now pass to the Duke of York. His Royal Highness, as our readers are aware, made a speech in the last session, touching the Catholic Question. This speech was moderate in the highest degree, and every man in the nation knew that every syllable proceeded from the conscience. What was the consequence? A member of the House of Commons, without any human thing to sanction it, made the most scandalous exposure of the Duke's private affairs—an exposure evidently calculated to wound to the utmost the Duke's feelings, and to do him the greatest injury in the eyes of the nation. It was an exposure having nothing whatever to do with the refutation of the speech in question, having nothing to do with Catholic matters, and capable only of distressing and injuring the individual against whom it was spoken.

We proceed to the Lord Chancellor, one of the greatest and best men in the nation, a man second to none in ability and virtue,—a man who has the most powerful claims upon national gratitude and affection,—a man who will be known as the great Eldon when

the names of such people as Mr Brougham shall have utterly perished. The same member of the House of Commons attacked Lord Eldon in the same way during the Session ; he ascribed his continuance in office, and certain parts of his parliamentary conduct, to the vilest motives ; he held him up to the country as a man who perverted his public trust into the means of gratifying the worst feelings of human nature. Where is the individual who would not sacrifice anything to escape such a moral crucifixion ? Out of Parliament, as foul a conspiracy exists against this spotless and venerable nobleman, as ever disgraced this or any other nation. The conduct of the press towards him is infamous. Every syllable that he speaks which can be tortured into matter of charge against him, is eagerly seized upon for the purpose ; words are put into his mouth that he never utters, and those that he uses are scandalously misrepresented in order to slander him. Now, to what is all this owing ? Lord Eldon is a determined friend of the Church, he is the head of that party which will not remove the Catholic disabilities. Were he one of the Liberal party, and a friend of the Catholics, he would be cried up as one of the first of men. The very silk gowns would be forgotten.

One of the West India bishops, it seems, has made a communication to this country, in which he manifests a laudable anxiety for the instruction of the slaves in the doctrines of the church. For this, the same member of the House of Commons, during the Session, made a most outrageous attack upon the bishop, in which he impeached alike the character and capacity of the latter. No question was before the House that implicated the bishop in any shape, and his communication deserved anything rather than parliamentary reproof.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the atrocious abuse which the same member of the House of Commons heaped upon Lord Gifford during the session. Nothing whatever was before the House that could sanction any allusion to Lord Gifford, and yet he was stigmatized as a man devoid of learning and ability—a man unfit for his office—a man who had been raised by the sacrifice of principle on the one hand, and by unjustifiable partiality

on the other. Now for the cause—Lord Gifford is the friend of Lord Eldon—he follows his principles—he is expected to succeed him as Lord Chancellor. If this form a sufficient cause, the attack was unwarrantable ; if not, it was as base a one as ever was made.

These individuals were all necessarily ABSENT when they were thus treated in the House of Commons. The Speaker and the ministerial members remained silent during this mangling and murdering of their peace and character. The blackening descriptions of them went forth to the newspapers, and then to every hovel in the kingdom, without a word of contradiction ; as things solemnly fashioned by the wisdom of Parliament, and perfectly free from falsehood and error.

We here ask every honourable man—every man anxious to retain an unsullied reputation—to place himself in the situation of these individuals, and then to say what their feelings must be under all this. If the holding of office is to yield such consequences, what well-principled, high-minded man will subject himself to the disgrace and misery of holding office ?—If the conscientious discharge of public duty is to be thus visited, what honest, conscientious man will take upon himself the discharge of public duty ? Let the system only continue, and the qualifications for office will speedily be—brazen-faced impudence—reckless contempt for public opinion ; the management of public affairs will be engrossed by unprincipled profligates.

We humbly presume that a man acquires no right to act in this manner by being made a member of the House of Commons. We humbly presume that his election gives him no right to blast in his public character the peace and honour of any one whom his personal animosity or malignant disposition may select for the purpose. We venture to think, that while the constitution means official men to be strictly accountable for their official conduct, it does not mean them to be stripped of their rights as individuals, and to be subject to that which must positively disable them for discharging their duties. Great as the powers of the House of Commons may be, we cannot believe that its members have any constitutional right to trample upon individuals in a way that would disgrace any tyranny in the universe.

We may be mistaken, but if we be, then we most devoutly hope that the next reform may be made here; we most devoutly hope, that in the very next session, a law will be passed to prevent this horrible immolation of fame and peace, made, as it is, without law, inquiry, proof, and defence.

We must not forget to say a word touching the lawyers—the “Fourth Estate of the Realm,” as Mr J. Smith called them in Parliament. Some of those who belong to the House of Commons exhibited much improvement of conduct during the session; others exhibited anything rather than such improvement. In the debates on raising the salaries of the judges, some of these people clamoured loudly against the government for not paying due attention to political lawyers in making legal promotions. These great and modest men cannot leave it to others to decide on their merits and qualifications; they decide on these themselves, and then they call dissent from their decision, cruelty and injustice. This is marvellous enough; but it may, nevertheless, be very natural. Now, to us it is abundantly clear, that practising lawyers cannot dabble in politics without injuring the political interests of the country, and disqualifying themselves for being judges; and therefore we hope the government will ever do its utmost to keep such lawyers from politics. We hope that political lawyers will be studiously kept from the Bench; we hope this, because we wish to see the laws purely, unerringly, and impartially administered.

At the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, six of the few individuals who spoke were, we think, lawyers—members of the “fourth estate.” One of them was the sage O’Connell. Who is there who does not know that lawyers are the most unfit men in the

world to prosecute the objects which this society professes to follow? Mr Denman* declared that he had never had leisure for making himself acquainted with the slavery question; but nevertheless this formed no reason why he should not become an active member of the society! Men often enough plunge headlong into great questions, that affect vitally the interests of the empire, without possessing a tittle of knowledge respecting such questions; but it does not often happen that, when they make their plunge, they confess their gross ignorance and incapacity.

The lawyers petitioned in favour of the Catholics in a body, as lawyers. Theirs was the petition of the lawyers of the empire. They could not deign to blend themselves with the rest of the community, and hide their distinctness as a separate estate. The “fourth estate” divided itself in scorn from the rest of the nation, and stood forth in all its majesty and glory. The petition was signed only by lawyers, it was presented as the petition only of lawyers, it was presented by lawyers, and those who presented it took occasion to inform Parliament and the country, that the petitioners were the first of human beings in respect of purity, intelligence, and wisdom. Now, we will inform these people, that the country is quite confident that a proper understanding of a question, so gigantic and complicated as the Catholic one, is not to be obtained by fagging in courts of law, and that it cares not a fig for their opinion. It remarks their conduct as general politicians, and it regards their Catholic petition with derision.

Our limits are exhausted. We cannot, however, conclude without earnestly entreating our countrymen to keep a jealous eye upon the changes

* Mr Peel, we perceive, has constituted himself the champion of the lawyers, and, according to the papers, he has complimented Mr Denman “on his high and manly character.” Now, we think this same Mr Denman on a certain occasion compared an exalted personage with Nero. We think this same Mr Denman, about the same period, applied to another exalted personage words like these—“Stand forth, thou slanderer!” When the private affairs of the Duke of York—Mr Peel’s personal friend—were so shamefully dragged before parliament, this same Mr Denman, according to the papers, applied some low, gross, insulting observations to his Royal Highness. Do these things lead Mr Peel to think that Mr Denman is a man of “high and manly character?” As friends—warm friends—of Mr Peel, we will hint to him, that popularity, like everything else, may be bought at too heavy a price; and that it is possible for him to place in jeopardy even his own high and manly character.

that are taking place in our laws and systems. We call upon them to watch vigilantly the effect of the changes which have already been made, in order that a timely remedy may be applied if they work for evil. We

advise them to be satisfied with what they possess. Do what they will, they cannot expect to feast on the ambrosia and nectar of the god, and therefore let them be content with good old English roast-beef and home-brewed.

NOTE-BOOK OF A LITERARY IDLER.

No. II.

1. Villaneuva's pamphlet against Doctor Doyle.
2. Blanco White's Evidence against Catholicism.
3. Butler's Book of the Catholic Church.
4. Blackwood's Magazine, No. CI.
5. Phillpotts's Reply to Butler.
6. O'Hara.
7. Tales by the O'Hara Family.
8. To-day in Ireland.

May 21. Saturday.—There appears to be what the sailors would call a *lull*, at present in politics, after the explosion of the interminable Catholic question. But the press still keeps on the noisy tenor of its way. We are inundated by works *pro* and *con*. The strangest, certainly, and most novel, are those of Villaneuva, and Blanco White. Villaneuva is one of those unlucky churchmen who adhered to the cause of the Cortes, in consequence of which he lost his canonry, and, in all probability, would have lost his head, if he had not preferred the measure of transferring it to England. The scope of his pamphlet is to prove that Doctor Doyle, the titular Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, in Ireland, and there renowned (*unoculus inter cæcos*) for pamphleteering, under the title of J. K. L., has not fairly given the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church in his evidence before Parliament, the conciliatory nature of which has made so great an impression on most of those who have heard it. So far as my knowledge goes, he has demonstrated the Jesuitism of the Irish theologian very plainly.

But for this I was prepared. Ormond I think it was, who used to say, that in forty years' acquaintance

with the Irish Roman Catholic prelates, he never knew them to speak otherwise than what would serve the interests of the moment. I therefore found it easy to reconcile the mildness of the witness with the fury of the pamphleteer, by considering for what different purposes and audiences that mildness and that fury were adopted. But I *am* sorry, on looking over Blanco White's book, to find a charge of disingenuousness brought against Charles Butler.*

That gentleman, (C. B.,) and all reasoners like him, are to be pitied. He feelingly asks, "Is it just or generous to harass the present Roman Catholics with the weaknesses of the ancient writers of their communion?" and, undoubtedly, it would be both unjust and ungenerous to do so, if these *weaknesses*—(alas! what a name for the deliberate propagation of the most monstrous atrocities against morals, religion, and common sense!)—were not still pertinaciously adhered to. *He* may condemn them—we expect nothing else from his honourable and enlightened mind—but *his church* will not. *He* can hardly believe in the aerial voyage of our Lady of Loretto; but will *his church* expunge it from her breviary? Will she not hold any

* I had here inserted some remarks, and at length, on Blanco White. I see the subject has been, since I wrote my observations, touched in Blackwood's Magazine, and I do not like to come after a superior. My readers would very naturally think my prattle tedious. I, however, retain my notes on Charles Butler, because they are in some measure separate.

of the clergy, who may fail to read that bundle of filthy nonsense, guilty of mortal sin? *He* may tell us that the political pretensions of the Pope are now nullities, and appeal to the opinions of universities either Jesuitizing like Bossuet, or trembling before the coming storm which burst out in the French Revolution; but will *the Pope* write a bull, a rescript, a line, to say so? *He* may sigh over the fires that burnt the reformers in thousands, but *his church* will restore, with loud plaudits, the Inquisition which did those abominable deeds, and his Pope will recall from the slumber to which they were consigned by the general voice of all Catholic Europe, the Jesuits who procured the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Nobody accuses Butler of holding persecuting opinions, yet a formidable body among the ecclesiastics of his church, hail, as their founder and patron, the ruffian Dominic. It may be said, and is said, that these charges may be retorted on ourselves, and we are told of the crime of Calvin in burning Servetus—the persecutions inflicted on the Arians by Cranmer—the savage doctrines of some of our early reformers of Scotland, &c. But is not this idle? For a hundred years after the establishment of the Reformation in the countries in which it took successful root, the persecuting spirit engendered by their great ignorance of religious liberty necessarily attendant on their former creed, and the personal antipathies which the struggle called forth, occasioned deeds to be lamented, but yet to be excused by candid judges of human frailty. Will this apology serve for the conduct of the polite court of Louis XIV., or for the *present* state of Spain and Portugal? *We* disclaim the taint of blood, and condemn any doctor or prelate among us who can be convicted of inculcating persecuting tenets. Has one word *from authority* ever fallen from the Roman church to disclaim *her* men of blood! No—they are canonized, enshrined, lauded, and quoted.

Does this, some one may ask, affect my views concerning the admissibility of Roman Catholics, with power and place?—I answer, very little. I calculate nothing upon their *affection*. I know they would overturn the churches of England and Scotland, and all the dissenting congregations, *if they*

could. They will, if candid and sincere, admit the fact themselves. I calculate everything on our own power. I think we have the mastery. On the continent, the Roman Catholic Church is upheld by the government only. The people dislike, the men of information despise it. It exists because it is supposed to be connected with the stability of the thrones of France and Austria, and has made some illustrious proselytes, Stolberg, the Schlegels, &c. avowedly on that ground.

Now when I hear people vapouring about the assistance which the Irish insurrection would get from the continental powers, I cannot help thinking, that if these powers were so infamous, so ungrateful, so forgetful of their own principles, of their deep obligations to us, as to assist the enterprise of sanguinary and contemptible rebels, they could not complain if we retorted in the same style. ONE WORD FROM US, and the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg would have reason to curse the day they ever listened to the counsels of Jesuits, or the bawling of bog-trotters.

My own fixed opinion is, that Roman Catholic emancipation will be granted before two years. It is dangerous to prophesy, but I think it will make no sensation at all in England, and very little in Ireland.

May 28.—My last entry in my book, I see, is all a foam of the angry politics of Ireland. Perhaps I have spoken harshly of Charles Butler. If I have, I am sorry for it. So kind a controversialist deserves nothing but kindness. I do not agree with all the statements of his Book of the Roman Catholic Church; indeed I do not know that I agree with *anything* material in it, but I like its style. As mere writing, it is far superior to Southey's; whose book, I own, does not please me at all. Dr Phillpotts is coming into the field on the same controversy. He is a controversialist not easily to be disposed of, as perhaps Mr Jeffrey may remember.

I am sorry to see Butler talking about the old wives' stories of the effects of Christianity on the Anglo-Saxons. "A people hitherto rude, savage, barbarous, and immoral, was changed into a nation mild, benevolent, humane, and holy," is a sentence on that subject quoted by him from a person of the name of Fletcher. Was

this then the case?—Were not the Anglo-Saxons, to the very extinction of their dynasty, a brutal, ignorant, rude set of clowns, behind even the other barbarians of Europe in approximation to decency of manners, or enlightenment of understanding?—It is absurd to tell of such tribes. What is their history before the union of the heptarchy, but “the skirmishes of kites and crows;” and after it, but a series of murders, insurrections, or feeble efforts, eventually unsuccessful, to keep off the northern pirates?—Their mildness, benevolence, humanity, and holiness!—You might as well talk to us about the same qualities ornamenting the Cherokees or Chicasaws. Two questions, if properly answered, will appreciate the Anglo-Saxon worth—What is their literature?—What *foreign* exploit did they ever perform?—As for their clergy, every one knows that in Alfred’s time they could not read.

In another passage, he prefers other old times, not very justly. When he ventures to prefer the state of England before the Reformation, to its present state; or at least when he asks if these two periods will not bear comparison, pp. 168, 169; he tells us, that before the Reformation we had a numerous clergy—that commerce prospered—that agriculture, literature, and every useful and ornamental art and science, was excellently cultivated—that the monarch was illustrious among the most illustrious potentates of Europe—that his court was splendid—that there was no debt—and that one-fourth part of the tithes being in every place set apart for the maintenance of the clergy, there was no poor law. Fine things these. Let us inquire if they be true.

The reign of Henry the VII., (the last Roman Catholic reign, for Mary I. and James II. were but exceptions, and very short ones,) is then worthy of comparison with our own times. We certainly had a numerous clergy; how learned and valuable, is another question, which we request to be answered by a reference to their works, and the testimony of their contemporaries; but except in that particular I rather imagine the preponderance is on the side of George IV. “Commerce prospered.” Why, America was hardly discovered—India was a land of marvels—Russia was an unknown coun-

try—it was a year’s journey to the Levant. “Agriculture, literature, every useful and ornamental art and science, was excellently cultivated.”—Half the lands of England were barren—not a poet existed but Skelton, *nobilis poeta*—as for philosophers, or historians, it would be folly to think of them—even a man who could read had benefit of clergy—as for art and science, there was not *one* painter, one sculptor, one musician, in the kingdom. The name of Aristotle was blasphemed in the universities, by being affixed to a farrago of trashy barbarities, in barbarous Latin—mathematics were unknown—chemistry unheard of—not a classical scholar was in the land, not a classical book (I believe) printed in the kingdom. (Caxton’s Virgilius Æneados—see Gavin Douglas—was the Virgil of the time.) “The monarch was illustrious among the most illustrious potentates of Europe.” He had not Scotland—he was not *king* of Ireland, half of which was held by its savage natives—he had not a colony in the world—his immediate predecessors had not only lost France, which had been won by Henry V., but even the provinces of William I., Henry II., and Edward III., and personally he was a morose, and narrow-hearted usurper. “His court was splendid.” It had not the splendour of a modern tavern—he had not a stocking to his feet, nor a shirt to his back, that a ploughman would now wear. He had not a carpet on his floor, nor a decent window in his house. He had not wine which you would drink, nor food fit for the mastication of anybody above a coal-heaver. “The treasury overflowed with wealth.” It did not contain a million of money. “There was no debt” certainly, for no one would trust a beggarly nation with money, even if such a commodity was understood in the times; and “one-fourth part of the tithes in every place being set apart for the maintenance of the poor, there was no poor law.” As the tithes and church lands were at least equal to half the property of England, they could, of course, support many paupers in and out of the church; but in truth the land was overrun with beggars; the country was visited by famines; plagues perpetually occurred; and a quarter in every town was set apart for lepers.

Really, talking of these times to compare them with ours, is too much of a humbug.

I am afraid everybody is sick of the Catholic question—at least I am, and therefore shall take no more notice of the books on the subject—let us leave it to the newspapers, who give it to us on all sides in a very fishwife manner. Yet what are our papers to those in Ireland on the same subject? I have twice or thrice seen an Irish newspaper on the Roman Catholic side, and I think, for Billingsgate and ignorance, vehemence and vulgarity, they could not be equalled.

May 31.—The new Number of Blackwood. I see my own lucubrations in print. Rather misprinted in some parts, and that, too, drolly enough, as “country” for “century,” (p. 736) “language” for “knowledge,” “consecutive” for “consecrated,” (p. 739,) “heart” for “fact,” (p. 738,) and some half-dozen others which now and then knock up all meaning very oddly. I only mention it to introduce two remarks. 1. That calligraphy, or at all events legibility of writing, is a qualification not at all to be despised. I have known people to take a pride in writing badly, and looking with contempt on those who write well. Such ideas are foolish. There is nothing degrading in doing well *anything* you do. Carving is a trifling accomplishment, yet I should be sorry to be a bad carver. I am sorry that I am occasionally an indistinct writer; but I fear there is no correcting it. Porson wrote beautifully—and he is a man not to be despised, take him in any point of view. Parr was the worst writer I ever knew. I have some of his letters, in which he acknowledges that he is quite incapable of writing legibly. His writings accordingly are disfigured with errors of all kinds. See, in particular, his *Philopatris Varvicensis*. If any one reads these remarks, who intends to scribble much, let him take my advice, and spend a few weeks in acquiring an art, mechanical, it is true, but which he will find eminently useful.

The second remark I mean to make is, that when we see errors in the press in works now printed, when typography has been so much improved, and still more when we see these errors so whimsically productive of queer and unthought-of meanings, it is only fair to conclude, that in former times such errors would be more frequent. Heywood, I think it is, who complains that his works are illegible in some parts from the quantity of errors. Were I so minded I could follow this out at great length, and bring abundance of whimsical examples. Yet the ignorant reader is never more indignant than when he meets with a critic proposing conjectural emendations. That such emendations are very often silly and uncalled for, I admit,—that in very many instances they are the contrary, I should call on every competent scholar to allow. In our own literature, two of our principal classics are, I think, fairly open to the operation of conjecture, Shakespeare and Milton, the former, because he never published his plays himself, and because they were copied from very careless manuscripts, and the latter because he was blind, and, of course, could not correct his own proofs. He was therefore in the same condition as I am with respect to Blackwood's Magazine. Among Bentley's strange and out-of-the-way illustrations of the text of *Paradise Lost*, it is impossible to withhold your assent to some of them, as “the *swelling* gourd,” VII. 321, for “the *smelling* gourd,” &c. So far for errors of the press.* I wish, for my reader's sake, I could make as pleasant a paper on the subject as Whitefoord did some fifty years ago. His was, indeed, a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*. Merry Whitefoord!

— for whose sake I admit

That a Scot may have humour, I'd almost said wit.

Scotland, *en passant*, has produced many other proofs of her claims to both since the days of Goldsmith. May I say that this very magazine, the last number of which gave rise

* I beg leave to correct two. Sir W. Rawson is said to be like Sir W. Adams. I wrote *late* Sir W. Adams, Sir William having not long ago changed his name for, I understand, some very good reasons. And the name of the author of the Essay on Sir John Falstaff is Maurice Morgann, not Murgau.

to these remarks, is not one of the smallest? *

July 1.—I have idled away the month of June, and I, consequently, do not find an entry in my note-book worth extracting. And I must here break my promise of not meddling with the Roman Catholic controversy, for Dr Phillpotts has come into the field, and, exactly as I expected, wielding the panoply of controversy with the practised hand of a master. I here again grieve for Charles Butler. His guides have imposed on him. A man of his integrity must blush for the use which he has made of the authorities he cites, for instance, of Bishop Montague's opinion as to the intercession of the saints. He caught it most probably from Milner, the most dishonest of all quoters; but I hope it gave him pain to think that he committed the literary crime of citing a man to make others believe that he asserted the *very contrary* of what he really did assert.

Equally gross is the garbling of the decree of the Council of Trent as to the worship of images. Milner here again has misled Butler. The way in which Phillpotts disposes of Lingard,—the quiet, easy, calm manner in which he shows how that most Jesuitical of all writers garbles and misquotes, is admirable. What then can we think of a cause of which Lingard and Milner are the chosen champions? Must there not be something rotten and base in a system which requires such shuffling and imposture to make it appear at all consistent with common sense or common decency? I am sorry that these shifts are endless. Mr Butler is convicted of misquoting Augustine, Calvin, Archbishop Wake, everybody, in short, who comes in his way. Is not this provoking? I agree with Phillpotts that it is entirely owing to his having put trust in his ecclesiastical guides, who made no scruple to commit, what, in the impious language invented by their church, are called pious frauds. I hope he will think on the advice given him by his antagonist, "Choose whether you will seek for your church such advantages only as can be obtained by fair and manly argument, or will prefer the

specious, but, in the end, the ruinous course, of aiming at a little temporary triumph by the artifices of the sophist or the calumniator," and select the former part of the offer.

I shall only extract one instance of mis-quotation. "Tradition," says Butler, "in favour of the Catholic doctrine of purgatory is so strong, that Calvin confesses explicitly that during 1300 years before his time, (1600 before ours,) it had been the practice to pray for the dead in the hope of procuring them relief." I choose this passage because it is the shortest of the kind that I can extract. I venture to say it will alarm my Scotch readers for the honour of the reformer of Geneva. They need not be afraid. What Calvin does say is this: (Inst. l. 3, c. 5, § 10.) "Quum mihi OBJICIUNT ADVERSARIJ ante mille et trecentos annos usu receptum fuisse ut preces fierent pro defunctis eos vicissim interrogo, quo Dei verbo, &c. factum sit." He goes on to say, that even granting that the ancient ecclesiastical writers deemed it pious to pray for the dead, yet that they did it from different motives from those of his antagonists. "Agebant illi memoriam mortuorum ne viderentur omnem de ipsis curam abjecisse, sed simul fatebantur se dubitare de ipsorum statu. *De purgatorio certe adeo nihil assererent, ut pro re incerta haberent.*" This, it seems, is Calvin's implicit confession in favour of purgatory! And then mark the honesty of attributing to him, as his own assertion, the objection of an adversary whom he was answering! It is a pity.

Doctor P.'s book deserves a more careful review than what I can afford to give it in these light sketches. I cannot pass it by, however, without admiring the solid and dignified style in which it is composed. The peroration is a model of chaste and pious eloquence which I never have seen surpassed. He possesses wit in no inconsiderable degree, as is evident in his account of the nonsensical proceedings of the second Nicene Council. On the whole, this book may lay claim to the rare merit of possessing the learning and irresistible argument of the Phileleutherus Lipsiensis without any par-

ticle of the coarseness which too often characterized Bentley.

July 3.—Novels are pleasant reading in warm weather. I am not in jest. It is actually a relief, after having harassed yourself with the hard reading of polemics, under a thermometer indicating tropical heat, to turn away to a book, in which no demand is made upon your thinking faculty. Gray used to say, that his idea of Paradise was lying on a sofa, and reading eternal new novels—I believe he added of Crebillon, which was a naughty wish for a grave poet to indulge in. Ireland seems to be the order of the day now. I have three Irish novels lying on my table—O'Hara, Tales by the O'Hara Family, and To-day in Ireland. And more are, it seems, either actually in existence, or springing into it. Let me get through them.

O'Hara, written, I am told, by a chaplain of my Lord Sligo's, was refused by Murray, and is published by Andrews. I think he of Albemarle Street was wiser than him of Bond Street. The incidents are dull, and the writing indifferent. But it is cruel to wage war on the dead—and this novel must have by this time gone to the tomb of all the Capulets. Unless he mend prodigiously, its author never will shine in *novelizing*. But I confess I have a dread of prophesying dogmatically, even in such a case as this—remembering that the Edinburgh Review assured us that Lord Byron never would be able to succeed in poetry—and Mr Hunt demonstrated that Sir Walter Scott had no talent for prose. So, as it is not *impossible* that the author of O'Hara may not write a novel better than Waverley, I shall not hazard my character by predicting it. I must say, it is not particularly probable.

The Tales by the O'Hara Family, which are written by Mr Banim, and To-day in Ireland, (rather a queer title,) by Mr Crowe, are better things. These authors are both young Irishmen. They give, indeed, very different pictures of their native land; and there would be no difficulty in deciding which are their respective creeds. One single text is a complete Shibboleth. A Roman Catholic priest, in Mr Crowe's tales, is the prime mover of the Irish rustic insurrection—in Mr Banim's, he only appears to anathematize all concerned in them. What religion, my

good reader, is Mr Banim—and what religion is Mr Crowe?

Banim possesses the power of managing his story very well. In his first tale, Crohoore of the Bill-book, it is impossible to anticipate the event; and yet when known, it is seen that the whole progress of the story tended to it. This in novel-writing is a great merit. We have the authority of Aristotle; and though Mr Dugald Stewart and other learned people undervalue him, I should take his word in these matters for a thousand pounds—that the invention and ordering of incident is a higher and rarer power than even the delineation of character. The third story, John Doe, is also very well got through, though it is hurried at the end. In his second tale, The Fetches—(a fetch, it seems, is the apparition of a living person when death is thereby denoted)—Banim commits the not unusual mistake of making use of supernatural events so frequently as to deprive them of their power. A spectre figure appears in it four or five times—so often, that people must have been quite prepared for the visit. Yet there are in this story, some love passages and descriptions of scenery, which display no ordinary talent; and altogether it possesses the melancholy charm of our certainty of its having a lamentable end, which, to me, is almost the most touching thing in the world. We interest ourselves in the fate of persons, who, we know, in spite of our heart, are doomed to destruction. This appears, in my mind, the most pleasing way of taking advantage of the principle of Fate, as insisted upon by the Germans. It shines in peculiar beauty in the Bride of Lammermoor, which will be for ever to me the most delightful of all the delightful works which we owe to the "Great Magician, who dwelleth by the old fastness."

Crowe's novels are gayer, and appear as if the author had mixed more with the world. The Carders is a most interesting story, told in a pleasing and perspicuous style. The principal conspirator is well conceived and managed. (I was going to say *executed*, but I was afraid of the pun, for he is hanged.) His Old and New Light contains much clever writing, and indicates that the author has looked on the characters of Irish society with a scrutinizing eye. He commits one

marked error, however. He introduces living people almost by name; for instance, Sir Harcourt Lees figures in this story as Sir Starcourt Gibbs. This is mixing up two different departments of writing. A novel ought to depict the species rather than the individual. No actual character can, in all its traits, answer the purposes of the novelist—there is too much of the every-day life in the most peculiar and romantic personage among us. Hence new circumstances must be added—new points of manners introduced—as here, where Sir Harcourt is made to marry a flirt, which carries on the story, but spoils the character. Mr Martin of Galway, in another and most amusing story, is quite a hero of romance, going to fight a duel with an unknown son, about a mistress. Does this cohere with our knowledge of Martin, who is depicted in the beginning of the tale just as we are accustomed to consider him? Mr Crowe must avoid this mistake the next time he writes. His tales are so clever and amusing, that I cannot help hoping we are not done with him. Indeed, in the present state of the market, there is no great chance of such a catastrophe occurring to the author of a successful romance.

I said these gentlemen are young—under thirty, I am told. It is a pleasant fault to be charged with—but in this particular species of writing it is not an accomplishment. This kind of writing requires a large knowledge of facts, and a wide intercourse with society, to be done with superior power. Books will do much—the *habitual* process of thinking, or the goings-on of the world, will do more. I am not speaking of merely poetical novels—for poetry is a gift of the gods—and their being written in prose does not affect the powers of their author any more than if they were in direct verse. Goethe wrote Werter, I believe, at twenty—at that age no man could have written *Old Mortality* or *Tom Jones*. Such books, be they grave or gay, good-humoured or sarcastic, must take their

“colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality;”

when

“Another race hath been, and other palms are won.”

Now, neither of the gentlemen of

whom I am speaking will believe this. They will set me down as one who, having outlived his youth himself, envies the possession of it in others. I cannot help it; but, in truth, I envy them not their lot on this account. I should envy them, indeed, for their talents, were I to permit that good-for-nothing passion to get into my bosom on any account whatsoever.

Without in the slightest degree disparaging the novels above-mentioned, I must say that there is a peculiar difficulty in writing novels on Ireland. It is this. In that country they have had the wisdom to retain all the enmities and feuds of some five or six centuries in perfect vigour to the present day. The writer of a novel, the scene of which is laid in the days of Queen Elizabeth, is obliged to flatter or exasperate some existing party of the days of George IV. In England all feuds are forgotten. It should be actually a party pamphlet which would call up angry feelings now. So, in a great measure, if not entirely, in Scotland—though the *perfidum ingenium Scotorum* still is ready to take fire at some pieces of history—for instance, Queen Mary. In this, as in many other things, England is the most sensible country of the three. Besides this, the continual demand that is made in Ireland on every man to roll his tub in politics, naturally gives a bias to the mind. A Roman Catholic never would have drawn a Jesuit as Mr Crowe has done. That the Jesuits are a mischievously-disposed body, I firmly believe—and I look on their introduction into Ireland as a most uncalled-for insult to the Protestant population, whose prejudices against that order, even allowing them to be but prejudices, ought to have hindered people, who were talking of conciliation, &c. and asking allowance for their own prejudices, from insisting on the intrusion—but I do not think they have any power, far less that they direct the operations of Captain Rock. They are, I believe, very middling schoolmasters, and that is all. Mr Banim attributes the insurrections chiefly to the tithe-proctor. That part of his first tale, in which the proctor is introduced, is very cleverly, and occasionally very pathetically written—and the character is well sketched—but did the author not reflect, that the doctrine of the politicians who attribute

all the misfortunes of Ireland to such a cause, rested on very untenable grounds? Suppose we take the most exaggerated statement, and say, that between the clergyman and proctor a fifth of the produce be taken—a calculation marvellously exaggerated, particularly when it is considered that there is no tithe of agistment in Ireland; that potatoes are not in general tithed; that mintage, altarge, and small dues, are almost unknown—Suppose, I say, that the whole thus raised off the tenant amount to a fifth of his produce—in fact it is about a twentieth—and supposing, also, that the people are in the state of misery and distress in which he paints them—what are we to say of those, who,

under other claims, exact the remaining four-fifths? Why, if the proctor's shillings be so completely productive of ruin, do not the landlord's pounds inflict any misery? I beg to be understood not as defending any abuses, but it is not right to attribute to anything more harm than it can do. I refer those who wish to see the question fairly argued, to Mr O'Sullivan's *Captain Rock Detected*.

I am not saying that the politics of either Mr Crowe or Mr Banim are unpleasantly obtruded, for the contrary is the case—but I notice the fact of the necessity of their introduction at all into works of agreeable fiction, as a peculiar and unhappy feature of their country.

THE DRAMA.

TO C. NORTH, ESQ.

It was natural that a work which ranges so freely and fearlessly as yours through our general literature, should not have long overlooked so interesting and important a portion of it as the drama; and I have been, in common with, I presume, a great many of your readers, much attracted by your late papers on the General Authorship and Circumstances of the Stage. The want of popular tragedies and comedies is the question, and a multitude of conjectures have been hazarded as to the cause. It has been imputed successively to a popular disregard of the stage; to a prevalent taste for spectacle; to the late dinner-hours of the higher ranks; to the failure of distinct public and professional character, &c. One of your correspondents attributes it to the habit of employing the higher order of actors for only a certain number of nights; others assign it to the nonchalance and tastelessness of managers, &c.

All those causes may contribute, but I am satisfied that they affect the acknowledged deficit of *able* dramatic writing, in an extremely slight degree. Let me propose my theory, founded on a rather close and continued observation of the workings of the national stage.

The first cause of the dramatic dearth, is the extreme difficulty of dramatic composition; and the second

and last is, its extremely inadequate emolument. I perfectly believe, from a considerable knowledge of the habits and labours of some of our popular writers, in different styles of literature, that the writing of a good comedy or tragedy is among the most laborious and brain-exhausting works of man. One of your correspondents in your last Number, announces his opinion of it, however, as a perfectly trivial affair, and requiring nothing, but—“*A powerful intellect! a vivid imagination! a keen insight into human nature, particularly into its passions,*” and then triumphantly asks, “where is the prodigious difficulty of writing a good tragedy?” To this I answer, none whatever; and when we shall find first-rate intellect, imagination, and knowledge of human passion combined, we shall have found the true writer of tragedy, and the true phoenix besides. But are we to be told that this combination of the finest powers of the complete man, genius acting upon keen and extensive observation of life, is a bagatelle?

His receipt for a tragedy is of the same summary and undeniable order.

“Take an *impressive story*, and *interesting agents*, revolve incidents and characters in your mind, as you see them revolving in the real world, and a tragedy will almost create itself!”

We perfectly agree in the conclusion; but to collect the premises is

the difficulty. How many men alive are there capable of revolving incidents and characters as they see them in the real world? and does not this, as it forms the highest praise of the poet, form also his supreme difficulty?

Your correspondent proceeds to elucidate the happy and general facility of the art, by telling us, that the tragic writer "has but to enter the body of a fellow-creature, whom fate may have placed in pathos or peril, and retaining the *self-possession of his own identity*, in the midst of his *impersonation of another*, to tell what has been revealed to him of his nature by a *closer intimacy with agonies*, hitherto *unexperienced*, even by his imagination."

This is eloquently said, and as truly as eloquently; and what is this, after all, but a description of the very highest and rarest exercise of the human mind?

To throw ourselves completely into the state of another, to conceive with force and truth the whole conflict of his mind, the whole various and strongly excited tempest of his passions, is to be, not simply the describer, but the *creator* of a whole inner world of "pathos and peril," to have the power of summoning up all the potent and reluctant shapes of fondness and sorrow, of noble love, of furious ambition, of overwhelming and cureless despair. What is this but to be master of the whole depths and powers of the human heart? and how few men, even among our most popular writers, have exhibited the power of fathoming those depths? I entirely agree with your animated correspondent in all his requisites. I allow that Tragedy demands nothing beyond them, but if she demands them all, the question of the scarcity of great tragedies seems to me at once answered.

There is another quality of no inconsiderable importance—a poetic diction suitable to stage delivery. This too is so rare, that among the great variety of fine blank verse produced in the present day, I should find some difficulty in pointing out a single specimen fitted for that dramatic recitation, which allowing, and even demanding, the highest graces of poetry, demands that they shall be compatible with the dialogue of men engaged in the business of actual life. Condensation, the greatest possible quantity

of thought compressed into the smallest possible space, is the essential. This power of succinct, solid, and pointed expression, was the finest praise of the Greek style of both poetry and oratory. How few among us possess this last result of vigorous thought and practised taste! I must also disagree with your correspondent in his practical evidences of the facility of tragic writing. He says that we have "a *thousand* noble tragedies, while the number of effective, though not first-rate compositions of the same class, is altogether incalculable."

I presume that it is important to the character of a first-rate tragedy to be capable of exciting popular interest on the stage. A play not fit to be played is an anomaly, and out of our calculation.

Now the fact is, that, excepting the plays of one man, and that man confessedly at the head of British genius, and perhaps of all poetic genius, we have not a decidedly popular tragedy in the language. "*Venice Preserved*," perhaps takes its place, in public interest, next to Shakspeare's dramas; and this unquestionably more from the aptitude of Belvidera, ranting and tearful as she is, to the general powers of stage heroines, than from any strong public attraction of the plot or the poetry. Isabella, and a few other works of the same rank, are regularly brought forward to exhibit the various powers of a tragic *debutante*, or to relieve the perpetual succession of Shakspeare's plays; but the whole class are looked on only as *reliefs* that are played on compulsion, and are laid by for the displays of the next *debutante*.

The tragedies of the old famous dramatists have been occasionally revived within these few years, chiefly in consequence of the revived fame of the Elizabethan age. But poetic and imaginative as the style of that original and powerful day is, they have been found incapable of exciting public interest. Their forced situations, irregular and improbable plots, and general violence to character and nature, were not felt to be redeemable by even their incomparable poetry. What those great names could not do, few could do among men, and none of their posterity have done. Instead of a *thousand noble English tragedies*, we have not a *first-rate one*, except within the leaves of Shakspeare.

In comedy we have been more fortunate, yet how narrow has our success been even here! Of the whole multitude that fill the theatrical library, there are not above a dozen that can be played with any popular effect; and this not from the grossness which stained Wycherly's age, nor from the change of character since Vanbrugh and Cibber, but from the actual inaptitude of the works themselves to excite permanent dramatic interest. The experiment has been made within these few years, and Sir Giles Overreach is the only play of the whole ancient drama which holds its rank upon the stage. The natural result is, that *able* dramatic composition is not a thing of facility, but one of great difficulty, and that it requires some qualities which are so far from being met with every day, that they are among the most uncommon of the human mind.

I desire not by this to assert the general superiority of dramatic writing to that of novels, or poetry, or even to any other province of the pen. It may be as easy to write a bad tragedy or comedy, or any other thing bad, as a ridiculous novel, or a feeble epic. I am not contending for the merits of mediocrity; but I am perfectly convinced that the first poet or novelist of our day, or any other, coming, with assured triumph, to the composition of a drama, might find himself very seriously mistaken; and discover, perhaps painfully enough, if he ventured on the more public experiment of the stage, that it required powers but little analogous to those by which he had obtained his celebrity.

I think I have seen it hazarded, in one of the striking prefaces to Bal-lantyne's Collection of British Novels, that a compressed novel would make a good play, while an expanded play would not make a good novel; or, in other words, that the play is much the more trivial and common-place operation. On this I must observe, that, of all the requisites of both styles, there seems to be but one in which they agree—Character. The plot of the novel may be irregular, and unsequential almost to any degree, as we have seen it in some of the most attractive specimens of our time. The plot of the play is of the highest importance. On its compactness, consecutiveness, and interest, de-

pends almost the whole interest of the drama. No brilliancy of dialogue, or originality of character, can compensate weakness in the story, while a vivid and well sustained story is often the saving merit of our popular plays. Striking situations, unexpected meetings, ingenious surprises, are *essential* to comedy. Its whole spirit is strong contrast of circumstances, variety of adventure, and suddenness of change. The novel, however benefited by the occasional use of those contrasts, can in general make its way very popularly without them; and some of our most impressive novels have scarcely any sudden or strong variety of adventure; the nature of the novel prevents surprise. The way from incident to incident is necessarily laid down with a regularity that prohibits surprise.

The dialogue of comedy *requires* wit. The dialogue of the novel requires force and truth. It of course admits of sparkling and animated expression; but the perpetual compression, brilliant brevity, and pointed repartee, *essential* to dialogue upon the stage, where the look and action of the performer make up the explanation, would be altogether unsuitable to the conversation in which the writer must tell all, or leave his meaning mutilated.

Another remarkable distinction, and one almost sufficient of itself to establish this essential difference of the styles, respects time and space. The novel recognizes scarcely any limits in either. The comedy is restricted within the narrowest imaginable limits in both. In the novel, the first chapter may begin with the hero's grandfathers and grandmothers, the second with his infancy, the third with his manhood, till the volume finally lets him down in his old age, and perhaps indulges us with a view into futurity and posterity. No man feels this extraordinary coalescence of years to be a breach of consistency in the novel. In comedy, we are still wondering at Shakspeare's inconsistency, and forgiving it only to Shakspeare, that he in one instance has introduced his heroine in the first act as an infant, and in the second as an adult.

In space the novel ranges the world at its will. In one chapter the hero is in Indostan, in the next he is in Chili, in the third we find him cheer-

ing at the sight of the white cliffs of England, and stepping into the pilot-boat for Portsmouth point. A few explanatory sentences satisfy the reader as to this rapid transmission, and a few more would consign him to a circumnavigation of the globe. In comedy the space is limited generally to distances of probable transition within the time of the action, and though this be sometimes exceeded, yet it is so far felt to be a defect in the dexterity of the author, and the fitness of his plot. In the novel, the duration of a life of man, and the whole variety of transactions of all sizes and values, are tardily, and by clumsy accumulation, compiled into the manufacture of his character. In comedy, and in the general drama, the character of the hero, and of perhaps many others, is to be pictured from one brief transaction, generally of only a few hours, seldom exceeding a day, and never a week. Who can doubt the extreme difficulty of inventing a transaction of this highly expressive and pregnant nature!

The characters of comedy are to be ascertained, not from the desultory and gradual process of the novel, but from a few bold and determined strokes conveying the whole spirit of the individual. Who can doubt the difficulty of those master-strokes? If I allow that we have but few comedies which fulfil these requisites, the fewness is among the proofs of the difficulty. But let us take the *School for Scandal*. We have within the compass of, I think, an action of twelve hours, a most complicated, yet distinct and complete story, the development of hypocrisy, of credulity, of fashionable intrigue, of giddy generosity, and of inveterate malice. We have the characters of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, the Surfaces, Mrs Candour, &c. as completely impressed on our perceptions as the personages of any novel existing. The hundred pages of this play do the work that is done in the thousand pages that customarily make up the novel. And this singular difference and superiority of the comedy is not the result of mere compression, the mere excision of parts and feelings from the bulkier performance, but the original distinction of flesh and spirit. No mere compression of any novel existing could produce a comedy endurable

upon the stage; the experiment has been frequently tried, and always attended with failure.

Wit is essential to comedy; yet wit is absolutely the rarest product of the human mind. Three-fourths of its established instances are traceable to a genealogy older than that of the Guelphs or Courtenays. Let any man ask himself how many original *boumots* he has heard in the course of his conversational life, occurring *viva voce* and from the impulse of the moment. I have taken my fair share of indulgence in the society of intelligent and animated men, and I cannot recollect to have heard as many genuine *good things* as would fill a page. Puns and playing upon words are frequent, of course, but the punster, if allied to the man of wit, seems disqualified by his very habit of rude distortion, for the simplicity, subtlety, and elegance of true wit. His office is easily attainable, is vulgar even from its facility, and is among the most repulsive modes of amusement invented over wine. On the whole, considering the extreme difficulty of vivid and vigorous story, of master-strokes of character, and brilliant and expressive dialogue, I can feel no surprise at the rareness of able comedy.

But the variety and vigour of the English mind, and its success in all that it undertakes with strong determination, forbids us to doubt that either tragedy or comedy of the highest order can be hopeless. The question in this matter, as in others, will ultimately turn upon the public encouragement. The usual causes of decline to which I have already alluded, — the late dinners, the changed tastes, the higher fastidiousness of the audience, &c. are altogether insufficient to account for the general abandonment of dramatic writing. The higher ranks *do* go to the theatre whenever there is anything worth seeing; the multitude, even as theatres are, crowd them; and that taste can be scarcely called fastidious which is pleased with melo-drama and pantomime.

The chief source of the failure is simple. No man can be expected to apply himself with habitual spirit to any pursuit without an adequate emolument. The theatres *do not pay* for writing in any proportion to the general rate. The customary estimate for a

successful tragedy or comedy is four hundred pounds, a sum which has long borne no comparison to the produce of other kinds of literature. And even this is made to depend, first, on the chances of reception by a manager, who may have been sufficiently supplied already, or on his personal conception of its fitness for the stage. It next depends on the caprice of a first night's audience, against which those most experienced in theatrical affairs avow that there is scarcely any security. Even the most expert and popular actors are singularly nervous on a first representation, are easily disconcerted, and lose the spirit of their parts. This is so well known, that there are in the theatres men, who are technically called first-night men, from their being able to get over this peculiar embarrassment. John Kemble, with all his popularity, was *not* a first-night man. The greatest humourist now on the stage, an universal favourite, and apparently unacquainted with the idea of embarrassment, is, however, by his own acknowledgment, *not* a first-night man. After all these difficulties are surmounted, the play must run at least *twenty nights* before the four hundred pounds can be considered as earned, and, after all, this moderate sum is paid at no very short interval. There are, of course, instances where larger sums are given, and perhaps paid with more promptitude. But these distinctions are the result of long theatric fame, and established success, and this must be rare.

A comedy ought to take a *year's* composition, according to the opinion of the most experienced in dramatic writing; and long as this period may seem, it is not too long for the labour, for the perpetual revision, the unwearying recasting of character, and change of circumstance and situation, which perpetually suggest themselves for the perpetual plague of the writer. I remember to have been told by a successful dramatist, a man as intimately acquainted with comic arrangement, and all the contrivances to save his trouble, as any one alive, that his papers for a single comedy frequently made a pile from the ground to the table.

Yet no man can make a just charge against the liberality of the theatres; they pay as high as they can

afford; but their necessary expenses are enormous. One of our great theatres pays ten thousand guineas a-year in simple rent, the other fourteen thousand. Every night that the curtain rises costs upwards of two hundred pounds. They must have an audience of nearly five hundred people or they cannot gain a shilling. The expenses of bringing out a new play are severe; and nothing but their customary uncertainty drives managers to melodrama and pantomime, whose expenses are still more severe, though their success is generally less insecure. The "*Coronation*," now exhibiting at Drury-lane, will cost between two and three thousand pounds; that at Covent-Garden will probably demand an equal sum.

The fact is, that managers are kept in a state of constant anxiety by this overwhelming but necessary expenditure, and are forced to curtail all the disbursements to which they might be led by a desire to patronize the dramatic authorship of the higher kinds. This anxiety, too, accounts for all that may be true in the alleged difficulty of having a drama received. Instead of the moroseness and insolence which it has been the habit to charge upon managers, I am satisfied that in general those who have had personal intercourse with either of the present conductors of the winter theatres, or perhaps any of the others, have been gratified by their civility and attention. It is obviously their interest to obtain able dramatic works, and both habit and interest as obviously forbid their treating men of ability with carelessness. But the deluge of feeble dramas poured in upon them defies almost all personal attention to their authors, and all detailed examination, or rapid or ceremonious return of the compositions. At one summer theatre, no less than one hundred and fifty manuscript plays have been laid on the manager's table at the commencement of the season, the writers of every one of them pressing for an immediate answer. The average of dramas thus presented to those overworked judges, at all the theatres, cannot be much less than five hundred in the year. The natural result is, that attention can be paid only to those which come introduced by some particular voucher of their merits, or from some writer of dramatic character. The rest are ne-

cessarily either returned after a glance, which, however, is fully sufficient to show the inadequacy of nine tenths of them, or laid by for further investigation, which by the eager expectant is looked upon as ruinous delay; and is visited with his best vengeance.

The true remedy is in the legislature. There are two old customs now having the force of laws, which must be abolished before any hope of restoration can be indulged.

By the present rules, any drama on being published, is at the mercy of any theatre. Managers who dared not print a leaf of it, may seize the whole, and perform it for their own behoof, in any state they please, perfect or mangled, retaining the impress of the author, or degrading his fame by interpolation or mutilation; and this they may do without giving him a single shilling, if they were to clear ten thousand pounds! The obvious result of this absurd and unjust invasion of copyright is, that an author, however he may be conscious of the absurdity of his critics, will not dare to vindicate himself by publication, unless he be prepared to abandon all hope of emolument from its future acceptance by the theatre. This probably deprives literature of some striking compositions, shuts up one wide path of excitement—public fame—on authors; and in the end may deprive theatres of admirable works, which they had overlooked in their haste, but which, under a better regime, would have come seconded by popular admiration. The clear and easy remedy for this serious invasion of personal property would be to place the drama within the usual protections of copyright; and make it penal in a theatre to play the published work, without the author's permission.

The second grievance attaches to the stage. A performance once brought out in London is at the mercy of the provincial theatres from the first moment.

Those theatres ought to be made to pay for their opportunities of profit. In common reason, if it be worth their while to play the new drama, it is worth their while to pay something for it. Out of this partial payment the mediocrity of London managerial patronage might be made up, and dramatic success stand in at least the

same rank with the other productive literature of the time.

"They order this better in France." From an early period it had been the policy of that country to encourage the drama, and the drama has repaid the encouragement by being perhaps among the most powerful and active sources of the proverbial civilization of the people. The first efforts of the more brilliant class of her authors were habitually turned to the drama; and for the single Shakspeare of England, (greater doubtless than them all put together,) and the single Alfieri of Italy, and the single Schiller of Germany, France has a constellation, in her Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Crebillon, &c. Her comedy is almost boundless, and marked by a general freedom from indelicacy, a dexterity of conception, and a grace of language, which have had no superior. The most prominent poetic faculty of France had been always found in the service of the theatre; and probably there is no form in which vigorous poetic powers could transpire with a richer harvest of public impression and improvement, or with a more elevating personal distinction.

The causes which have raised the French drama to this eminence are to be found in the protection of the laws. A dramatic author in France, whatever may have been the price of his drama to the theatre, is by law entitled to the *twenty-first part* of the gross receipts of his piece on every night of its performance in every theatre of France, during his life, and for the benefit of his heirs for ten years after his decease.

The circulating or temporary theatres of France are about three hundred; the stationary theatres (like those of Edinburgh, Dublin, &c.) are twenty-one. The revenue resulting from this extent of performance must be highly productive. It is calculated that the first two years of a popular play or opera average forty thousand francs, or upwards of sixteen hundred pounds! and that three such pieces may be considered as supplying a respectable income through an author's life, and a reserve for his family, even making allowance for the natural decline in the number of representations, when the novelty has subsided.

Kotzebue, in his View of Paris,

states that the translator of his *Stranger* had already made about £2400 sterling; Kotzebue himself had sold the play for forty pounds. He mentions a popular composer as receiving an income of twelve hundred pounds sterling a-year from the provinces, besides his returns from Paris!

The profits of some English plays have been extremely large. John Bull is said to have *netted* throughout the country one hundred thousand pounds! The *Stranger* is played still. The *School for Scandal* will be played so long as we have a stage.

The difficulty of collecting this income, is met by the simple expedient of a Bureau in Paris, which has its agents in the provinces, and receives and transmits the author's profits on a commission of two and a half per cent.

The result of the same encouragement here would be the same success. There is talent enough in England for all purposes, when the way shall be shown leading to opulence. Under the present circumstances, and looking upon the question as a mere affair of profit and loss, (for to this it must ultimately come,) a novelist can write two or three novels in the time that must be taken up by one comedy. For those novels the average price is five hundred pounds each; in some instances the price is three and four-fold, and this without the trouble of theatrical detail, or the hazard of popular acceptance. The novelist's trouble finishes with his last page; the dramatist's true trouble may be said then only to begin.

In requiring the country theatres to remit a twenty-first part of their receipts raised on the merits of an author, there would be no infraction of rights, for they may calculate their cost, and perform or not perform as they think proper. The probability is, and I speak on some degree of inquiry, that they would, in general, make no resistance whatever to so ra-

tional a demand; and that, even in some leading instances, they would aid the measure, as promising what all managers must want, a supply of new and popular performances.

The whole body of authorship would undoubtedly wish well, and give their aid, to any public application, for the double purpose of securing dramatic copy-right and encouraging dramatic literature. The King, the willing and munificent friend of all improvements, should be applied to in the first instance; and of his approbation to any plan for promoting the intellectual honour of the country, there can be no doubt. The taste and public feeling of the ministers and nobility should be enlisted in this interesting cause, and a legislative enactment would, probably, with but the most trivial difficulty, place dramatic authorship on the level with the other popular styles of literature. To those few who might feel a nervous dread of this encouragement, the answer is brief. Dramatic genius is rare, and there never can be a superfluity. The public patronage that engages men of the higher orders of character and attainments in this course, is the surest pledge for the decency and propriety of dramatic writing; the stage has followed the manners of the era; the infection of the time of Charles has been long purified away, and no man can now dread demoralization from the drama. But, good or evil, there will always be a stage; and it becomes the *only* question, whether it shall be surrendered to the feebleness which may look in grossness for its strength, or be cultivated by men whose place in society, whose character for talent, and whose necessity for careful conduct, lay them under so many irresistible obligations to morality. I hope to see a bill brought into parliament, with the sanction of the ministry, for the security of theatrical copyright and dramatic profits, among the first of the next session.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Dr Gibney, resident Physician at Brighton, has now in the press a Treatise on the Medical Application of the Vapour Bath, comprising its chemical qualities, and a philosophical commentary upon its general nature and properties.

Whitelaw Ainslie, M.D. M.R.A.S. late of the Medical Staff of Southern India, has in the press, *Materia Indica*; or some Account of those Articles which are employed by the Hindoos, and other Eastern Nations, in their Medicine, Arts, Agriculture, and Horticulture: together with Lists of Scientific Books, in various Oriental Languages, &c. &c.

Literary Dissections of Medical History, are announced for publication.

The Literary Remains of Lady Jane Grey, being a collection of her Writings; with a Memoir of her Life, illustrated by a Genealogical Table and a Portrait. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. F.R.S.

Suggestions on the Mode of determining the degree of Security to be placed on Vaccination, as a preventive of Small Pox.

The History of the principal Transactions in British India, during the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings. By Henry T. Prinsep, of the Bengal Civil Service.

Mr Nash's Views and Illustrations of the Palace at Brighton, are now ready.

A Panoramic View of the Town of Liverpool, is announced for publication.

Part IV. of Sermons, and Plans of Sermons, by the late Rev. Joseph Benson, are in the press.

My Own Life; or an Account of my Travels and Adventures from the Age of Ten to Thirty Years, with various other Subjects hitherto unpublished. By A. V. Salamé, Esq.

Mr Bowring is preparing for the press, "The Gipsy, a Romance, from the German of Laun."

Mrs Hemans's new Work, entitled, "The Forest Sanctuary, with Lays of many Lands, and other Poems," will very soon appear.

The Rev. Alexander Low is preparing for publication, the History of Scotland from the earliest period to the middle of the 9th Century.

The History of Rome, now first translated from the German of G. B. Neibuhr, is preparing for publication.

In the press, *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*.—The Book of the Church Vindicated and Amplified. By Robert Southey, LL.D.

Mr G. P. Scroope announces for publication, a Treatise on Volcanoes, and their connexion with the History of the Globe.

The Life, Diary, and Correspondence of Sir W. Dugdale, by W. Hamper, Esq. is in the press.

A Picturesque and Topographical Account of Cheltenham and its Vicinity. By the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M.A. F.R.S.

A Tale is in the press, entitled *Moderation*, by Mrs Hofland.

The Country Vicar, the Bride of Theybergh, and other Poems, will shortly appear.

The Rev. John Bruce has in the press, a Volume of Sermons on important Subjects.

A new edition of the Works of Christopher Marlowe, will soon appear.

Mrs Hervey Rolls has a new Work in the press, entitled, "Legends of the North."

Parish Church, or Religion in Britain, containing an Account of the Religion, Customs, &c., of the Ancient Britons. By the Rev. T. Wood, Author of the *Mosaic History*.

A Summer's Ramble through the Highlands of Scotland, giving an Account of the Towns, Villages, and remarkable Scenery in that romantic Country, during a Tour performed in the Summer of 1824.

Mr Blackley of Canterbury is about to publish a new edition, in quarto, of Hasted's History of Kent.

Mr W. W. Sleigh, Lecturer, has in the press a New System of Pathology, by which the treatment of Diseases is simplified, and established according to the Laws of the Animal Economy.

Sir John Barrington's Historical Anecdotes of Ireland will soon be published.

Wanderings in South America, the north-west of the United States, and the Antilles, from the Year 1812 to 1825, with Original Instructions for the perfect Preservation of Birds, Reptiles, and for Cabinets of Natural History. By Charles Waterton, Esq. of Walton Hall, Yorkshire. In 1 vol. 4to.

The Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, by Thomas Moore, is just ready for publication.

Letters of Marshal Conway from 1744 to 1784, embracing the Period when he was Commander of the Forces and Secretary of State, are announced for early publication.

Dr H. Clutterbuck has nearly ready for publication a Second Edition, enlar-

ged, of an Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever.

Mr Astley has in the press, Observations of the System of Patent Laws, with Outlines of a Plan proposed in Substitution for it.

The Rev. George Croly has in the press, The Providence of God in the Latter Days—the Prophecies of the Rise and Dominion of Popery—the Inquisition—the French Revolution—the Distribution of the Scriptures through all Nations—the Fall of Popery in the midst of a great general Convulsion of Empires—the Conversion of all Nations to Christianity—the Millennium;—being a new Interpretation of the Apocalypse.

In the press: Sonnets, Recollections of Scotland, and other Poems. By a Resident of Sherwood Forest.

The first Number of a Work, to be continued monthly, entitled *Flora Conspicua*, is announced. By R. Morris, F.L.S. &c. Author of "Essays on Landscape Gardening," &c. Each Number will contain four elegantly coloured Plates, with magnified sections of such minute parts as may be required for botanical examination, drawn and engraved from the living Plant, by William Clark.

The New Testament, arranged in Chronological and Historical Order, (in such manner that the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Acts, may be read as one connected history.) By the Rev. George Townsend, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 2 large vols. 8vo, dedicated by permission to the Earl of Liverpool.

A Commentary on the Psalms, by Mrs Thompson, Author of the Commentary on the New Testament.

A Manuel of the Elements of Natural History, by Professor Blumenbach, of Berlin, Translated from the tenth German edition.

A new Novel is announced, entitled "The Adventurers; or Scenes in Ireland in the Days of Elizabeth."

The Travellers, a Tale illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Supersti-

tions of Modern Greece. By T. T. C. Kendrick, Author of the *Kako Dæmon*.

Travels in Brazil, Chili, Peru, and the Sandwich Islands, in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823, by Gilbert Farquhar Mathison, Esq. are announced.

Disquisitions upon the Painted Greek Vases, and their probable connection with the Shows of the Eleusinian and other Mysteries. By J. Christie, a Member of the Society of Dilettanti.

Leigh's New Pocket Road-book of England, Wales, and part of Scotland, on the plan of Reichard's Itineraries; containing an account of all the direct and Cross roads: together with a description of every remarkable Place, its Curiosities, Manufactures, Commerce, Population, and principal Inns; the whole forming a complete Guide to every object worthy the attention of Travellers.

A new Edition of the late Dr Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, in 4to; containing a copious account of all the proper names mentioned in ancient authors, with the value of Coins, Weights, and Measures, used among the Greeks and Romans, and a Chronological Table. Edited by his Son, the Rev. F. D. Lemprière, M.A.—This new Edition will contain not only the Author's last Corrections and Additions, but several thousand new articles, added by the present Editor, and will form a complete book of reference for all the proper Names mentioned in the Classics. Dedicated (by permission) to the Bishop of Chester.

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In the press, and speedily will be published, in two large volumes quarto, dedicated, by permission, to the King, *Dictionarium Scoto-Celticum*: a Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, in Three Parts:

the First Part comprehending a complete Gaelic Vocabulary, with Explanations in English and Latin, Etymological Deductions, and Examples from the most authentic sources. The Second and Third Parts comprehending English and Latin Vocabularies, with the corresponding words and phrases in Gaelic. Compiled by direction of the Highland Society of Scotland.

Speedily will be published, the Scottish

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A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Music. By G. F. Graham, Esq.

Mr Thomas Murray, author of "The Literary History of Galloway," is preparing for the press a Life of Samuel Rutherford, Principal of St Mary's College, St Andrews, with collateral Notices of the Literary and Ecclesiastical State of Scotland for half a century previously to the Revolution, in one volume 8vo.

Speedily will be published, a System of Algebra, translated from the German writings of Meier Hirsh. By J. P. Nichol, of the Cupar Academy.

This treatise contains the substance of two celebrated works of Hirsh, which the translator has modelled into a continuous system. It will be found one of the completest works on Algebra extant.

In a few days, Walks in Edinburgh, one vol. 18mo., by Robert Chambers, author of "Traditions of Edinburgh."

The author has endeavoured to render this little work interesting to the citizen of Edinburgh, by pointing out, in the most minute manner, all the remarkable places connected with its history; and equally so to the stranger, to whom it will serve as a concise but complete guide to every object in this ancient City worthy his attention.

Shortly will be published, an Account of the Botanic Garden in the Island of St Vincent, from its first establishment. By the Rev. Lansdown Guilding, R.A. F.L.S.M. & W.S. Edinburgh, &c. &c. The Work is printing at the Glasgow University Press, and will be embellished with Engravings drawn on Stone by W. Reath, Esq.

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1st, ... 39s. 0d.	1st, ... 00s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 6d.	1st, ... 22s. 0d.
2d, ... 37s. 0d.	2d, ... 00s. 0d.	2d, ... 20s. 0d.	2d, ... 10s. 0d.
3d, ... 34s. 9d.	3d, ... 00s. 0d.	3d, ... 18s. 0d.	3d, ... 19s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £1, 16s. 4d. 3-12ths.

Tuesday, July 12.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Quarter Loaf	0s. 10½d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 7d. to 0s. 10d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d.
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Tallow, per stone	6s. 3d. to 6s. 9d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—July 15.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ... 37s. 6d.	1st, ... 32s. 6d.	1st, ... 20s. 0d.	1st, ... 21s. 0d.	1st, ... 20s. 0d.
2d, ... 36s. 6d.	2d, ... 29s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.	2d, ... 19s. 0d.	2d, ... 18s. 0d.
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Average of Wheat £1, 15s. 10d. 9-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 9th July.

Wheat, 67s. 11d.—Barley, 37s. 8d.—Oats, 24s. 8d.—Rye, 40s. 5d.—Beans, 41s. 7d.—Pease, 59s. 10d.

London, Corn Exchange, July 4.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, old	—	to	White pease	38	to 42
Red, new	50	to 58	Ditto, boilers	48	to 52
Fine ditto	60	to 64	Small Beans, new	44	to 48
Superfine ditto	66	to 68	Ditto, old	0	to 0
White	52	to 58	Tick ditto, new	33	to 37
Fine ditto	60	to 68	Ditto, old	0	to 0
Superfine ditto	72	to 75	Feed oats	20	to 22
Rye	34	to 38	Fine ditto	23	to 24
Barley	30	to 34	Poland ditto	21	to 23
Fine ditto	35	to 38	Fine ditto	24	to 26
Superfine ditto	38	to 40	Potato ditto	22	to 24
Malt	50	to 55	Fine ditto	25	to 28
Fine	60	to 66	Scotch	29	to 30
Hog Pease	36	to 38	Flour, per sack	60	to 65
Maple	40	to 43	Ditto, seconds	56	to 60
Maple, fine	—	to	Bran	15	to 16

Seeds, &c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Tares, per bsh.	3	to 5	Hempseed	—	to —
Must. White,	8	to 10	Linseed, feed.	35	to 48
— Brown, new	12	to 18	— Ditto, fine	—	to —
Sanfoin, per qr.	56	to 65	Rye Grass,	24	to 32
Turnips, bsh.	9	to 13	Ribgrass,	40	to 60
— Red & green	0	to 0	Clover, red cwt.	45	to 71
— Yellow,	0	to 0	— White	49	to 66
Caraway, cwt.	33	to 39	Coriander	9	to 11
Canary, per qr.	82	to 92	Trefoil	14	to 25
Rape Seed, per last,	£—	to £25.			

Liverpool, July 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	—	to	Amer. p. 196 lb.	—	to
Eng.	10	to 10	Sweet, U.S. 21	0	to 27
Old	—	to	Do. in bond	—	to
Scotch	10	to 10	Sour bond	20	to 22
Irish	8	to 9	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	to
Bonded	4	to 4	English	30	to 31
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	to	Scotch	30	to 31
Eng.	5	to 6	Irish	24	to 29
Scotch	4	to 5	Bran, p. 21 lb.	0	to 0
Irish	4	to 4			
Foreign	—	to			
Oats, per 15 lb.	—	to			
Eng.	3	to 3	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.		
Irish	3	to 3	Belfast,	93	0 to 94
Scotch	3	to 3	Newry	90	0 to 91
For. in bond	2	to 2	Waterford	88	0 to 89
Do. dut. fr.	—	to	Cork, pic. 2d.	90	0 to 91
Rye, per qr.	35	0 to 40	3d dry	80	0 to 0
Malt per b.	9	to 9	0 Beef, p. tierce.	—	to
— Middling	8	to 9	— Mess	95	0 to 97
Beans, per q.	—	to	— p. barrel	63	0 to 68
English	40	0 to 43	Pork, p. bl.	—	to
Irish	36	0 to 40	— Mess	80	0 to 83
Rapeseed, p. l. nominal.	—	to	— Middl.	75	0 to 78
Pease, grey	34	0 to 36	Bacon, p. cwt.	—	to
— White	50	0 to 52	0 Short mids.	56	0 to 57
Flour, English,	—	to	0 Sides	55	0 to 56
p. 280 lb. fine	48	0 to 55	Hams, dry,	60	0 to 63
Irish, 2ds	46	0 to 54	0 Green	48	0 to 50
			0 Lard, rd. p. c.	48	0 to —

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d June, 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	227½	231½	231½	233
3 per cent. reduced,	89½	90½	90½	90½
3 per cent. consols,	90½	89½	90	90
3½ per cent. consols,	97½	—	97½	98½
New 4 per cent. consols,	104½	—	—	—
India stock,	277½	—	—	—
— bonds,	51 54	49	54 55	53
Exchequer bills,	—	—	—	32 34
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	90½	91½	91½	91½
Long Annuities,	217-169-16	21 11-16	21½ 5-16	20 1-15
French 5 per cents.	—	105f. 50c.	—	102f. 50c.

Course of Exchange, July 8.—Amsterdam, 12: 2. F. C. Ditto at sight, 12: 19. Rotterdam, 12: 3. Antwerp, 12: 3. Hamburg, 36: 10. 2½ *Us.* Altona, 36: 11. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25: 20. Bourdeaux, 25: 45. Frankfort on the Maine, 151½. *Ex. Mon.* Petersburg, per rble. 9½. Berlin, 7: 0. Vienna, 9: 56. Trieste, 9: 56. Madrid, 36½. *Eff.* Cadiz, 36½. Bilbao, 36½. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 50. Genoa, 45½. Venice, 27: 0. Malta, 0: 0. Naples, 40. Palermo, per oz. 121½. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51. Buenos Ayres, 43½. Rio Janeiro, 48. Bahia, 52. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 10½d. per oz. New Doubloons, £3: 17: 6d. New Dollars, 4s. 11½d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 6½d.

PRICES CURRENT, July 8.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	60	to 62	63	6	59	60	63	64
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	.66	70	.66	70	.65	74	.63	70
Mid. good, and fine mid.	.72	76	.72	74	.75	—	.71	75
Fine and very fine, . .	108	116	—	—	—	—	.87	93
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	.89	95
Powder ditto,	.92	106	.88	100	—	—	.88	85
Single ditto,	.88	.92	.85	.87	—	—	.86	.87
Small Lumps,	.85	.88	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,	.38	.46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps,	28 6	29	26 9	27	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	.60	.65	.60	—	.30	.32	.56	.61
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	.65	.70	.65	.69	.62	.70	.62	.72
Ord. good, and fine ord.	.70	.90	—	—	.71	.88	.81	100
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	.33	.55	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	.80	.90	—	—	.58	.72	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	.90	112	—	—	.74	.88	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	.60	.63	.76	.78
St Domingo,	0s 9½	0 0	—	—	0 9	0 9½	9½d	10d
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS,	2s 3	2 4	2s 5d	2s 7d	1 10	—	2s 2d	2s 3d
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3 4	3 6	—	—	—	—	3 2	3 3
Brandy,	2 2	2 3	—	—	—	—	2 0	—
Geneva,	4 6	4 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grain Whisky,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	£18	£58
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	.53	.46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Portugal Red, . pipe,	.36	.48	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, . butt,	.22	.24	—	—	—	—	.22	.32
Teneriffe, . pipe,	.25	.60	—	—	—	—	.20	.25
Madeira, . p 110 gall.	£10	0	7 0	—	£7 5	7 10	£7 10	7 15
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	.10	—	—	—	.7 10	8 0	—	—
Honduras,	.11	—	—	—	.8 5	8 10	.8 15	9 0
Campeachy,	.12	0	—	—	.7 0	8 0	12 0	12 12
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	.15	0	11 5	—	.9 10	10 0	—	—
Cuba,	10s	12s 0	—	—	.9s 6	10s 6	11 6	12 6
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	2 0	2 11	—	—	1 11	2 0	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	3 0	3 6	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	2 2	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid,)	1 0	1 6	—	—	1 1	1 3	1 2	1 7
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 6	3 6	—	—	.2 2	2 6	1 10	2 8
St Domingo, ditto, . . .	.21	.23	—	—	.12 0	12 6	.13	.15
TAR, American, . brl.	.17	.18	—	—	—	—	.17 0	—
Archangel,	.9	.10	—	—	—	—	.6 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	.38	.37 6	.38	.39	.33	—	.35 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	—	—	—	—	—	—	.30	—
Home melted,	.47	—	—	—	—	—	£44 10	45 0
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	.41	—	—	—	—	—	.38 10	40 0
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
FLAX,	52	53	—	—	—	—	£53 0	£54
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	.50	.80	—	—	—	—	.52	.55
Dutch,	.40	.45	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	15	15 15
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	.38	—	—	—	—	—	.56	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	.36	.41	.35 6	.36	.34 6	—	.40	—
Montreal, ditto, . . .	.34	—	.31	—	.29 0	—	.40	—
Pot,	.27	—	.25 10	.26	—	—	.23 10	.24 0
OIL, Whale, . . tun,	—	—	.26	.26 10	—	—	.28 0	.29 0
Cod,	.7½	.8	.7½	.8	0 5	0 8	0 5½	0 6
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	.5½	.6½	.5	.7	0 3½	0 4½	0 3½	0 4
Middling,	.3	.4½	.4	.4½	0 3	0 4	0 3	0 3½
Inferior,	—	—	1 1½	1 1½	1 0½	1 5	1 3½	1 3½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	2 6	2 11	3 0	3 2	—	—
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 2	—	1 2	1 8	—	—
Stained,	—	—	2 2	0 0	1 2	2 6	—	—
Middling,	—	—	1 5	1 4½	1 1½	1 3	1 4	1 6
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	—	—	0 10½	1 1	1 1	1 4
West India,	—	—	—	—	1 2	1 2½	1 5	1 6
Pernambuco,	—	—	—	—	1 1½	1 1	—	—
Maranhau,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

May.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
May 1	M.37 A.43	29.462 .416	M.48 A.47	E.	Foggy, with showers rain.	May 17	M.38 A.54	29.934 .996	M.58 A.57	E.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
2	M.38 A.43	.302 .302	M.48 A.48	Cble.	Heavy fog.	18	M.39 A.51	.999 .999	M.59 A.59	Cble.	Sunshine, very warm.
3	M.39 A.50	.264 .264	M.50 A.50	E.	Morn. and night rain.	19	M.41 A.54	50.105 .105	M.60 A.59	E.	Sunshine.
4	M.39 A.50	.264 .270	M.54 A.56	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. but cold.	20	M.37 A.50	.114 29.999	M.59 A.55	E.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
5	M.40 A.48	.570 .488	M.52 A.51	Cble.	Dull, with rain.	21	M.34 A.47	.920 .889	M.54 A.57	Cble.	Morn. cold, day warm.
6	M.40 A.53	.470 .470	M.57 A.59	Cble.	Warm, showers rain.	22	M.39 A.53	.820 .713	M.58 A.60	E.	Morn. foggy, aftern. show.
7	M.41 A.50	.384 .450	M.56 A.59	Cble.	Warm, with sunshine.	23	M.41 A.46	.650 .440	M.56 A.54	N.	Dull, with showers rain.
8	M.45 A.55	.460 .580	M.59 A.58	S.W.	Dull, sh. rain h. rain. night.	24	M.38 A.44	.401 .299	M.49 A.48	NE.	Rainy for the day, cold.
9	M.43 A.52	.802 .882	M.58 A.58	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.	25	M.36 A.42	.245 .483	M.45 A.47	Cble.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.
10	M.40 A.52	.875 .850	M.59 A.55	E.	Foren. warm aft. cold, dull.	26	M.39 A.45	.361 .650	M.48 A.50	E.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
11	M.39 A.48	.780 .719	M.55 A.52	E.	Rain. morn. day dull.	27	M.39 A.47	.660 .632	M.54 A.50	N.	Aftern. hail, night snow.
12	M.38 A.51	.668 .763	M.53 A.50	E.	Dull & very cold.	28	M.30 A.45	.592 .556	M.48 A.50	Cble.	Sunsh. with showers hail.
13	M.38 A.46	.964 .964	M.50 A.50	E.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.	29	M.35 A.46	.575 .692	M.53 A.53	NW.	Day fair, shower even.
14	M.35 A.47	.998 .996	M.51 A.51	E.	Sunshine.	30	M.35 A.49	.816 .991	M.55 A.56	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
15	M.37 A.50	.994 .906	M.56 A.58	E.	Foren. mild, aftern. cold.	31	M.34 A.54	.980 .989	M.58 A.57	W.	Ditto,
16	M.38 A.48	.875 .875	M.58 A.57	E.	Sunshine.						

Average of rain, . . . 2.191.

June.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
June 1	M.44 A.55	29.684 .596	M.57 A.61	SW.	Dull, with slight rain.	June 16	M.50 A.70	29.991 .996	M.73 A.64	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
2	M.48 A.53	.360 .310	M.60 A.60	W.	Foren. rain, Aftern. fair.	17	M.45 A.57	.999 .985	M.66 A.70	NW.	Sunsh. and very warm.
3	M.38 A.55	.255 .335	M.60 A.58	W.	Dull, cold shower night	18	M.43 A.58	.998 .865	M.68 A.66	Cble.	Ditto.
4	M.36 A.35	.116 28.940	M.58 A.56	Cble.	Thunder and lightn. rain.	19	M.41 A.52	.696 .580	M.60 A.59	Cble.	Shrs. morn. and aftern.
5	M.37 A.46	29.284 .465	M.52 A.56	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. rain aftern.	20	M.43 A.50	.589 .619	M.57 A.57	N.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.
6	M.38 A.51	.566 .469	M.57 A.57	SW.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.	21	M.39 A.49	.630 .632	M.56 A.58	N.	Ditto.
7	M.46 A.59	.275 .412	M.60 A.60	SW.	Dull, shrs. rain.	22	M.40 A.51	.704 .730	M.58 A.59	N.	Sunsh. with shrs. rain.
8	M.41 A.58	.544 .575	M.60 A.60	SW.	Dull, cold shrs. rain.	23	M.41 A.57	.692 .732	M.62 A.62	W.	Morn. rain, day sunsh.
9	M.40 A.51	.619 .839	M.60 A.60	SW.	Morn. rain, day, sunsh.	24	M.35 A.58	.615 .518	M.61 A.60	SW.	Dull morn. day sunsh.
10	M.41 M.59	.880 .850	M.62 M.68	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M.45 A.56	.526 .196	M.61 A.62	SW.	Showery.
11	A.66 M.52	.866 .958	M.70 M.66	SW.	Very warm, with sunsh.	26	M.41 A.50	.166 .320	M.59 A.58	Cble.	Shry., with thun. & light.
12	A.61 M.49	.991 .999	M.68 M.70	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M.40 A.54	.461 .516	M.60 A.59	E.	Sunshine, warm.
13	A.66 M.45	30.116 .170	M.64 M.66	Cble.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.	28	M.41 A.54	.550 .465	M.61 A.63	SW.	Ditto.
14	M.45 A.58	.170 .170	M.66 A.74	NE.	Morn. fog, day warm.	29	M.45 A.54	.350 .301	M.61 A.60	SW.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.
15	M.47 A.56	.185 .100	M.66 A.70	NE.	Ditto.	30	M.41 A.54	.301 .566	M.60 A.61	SW.	Aftern. thun. & light. h. rain

Average of rain, 1.756.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

April.

Drevet.	Lt. Gen. S. Lord Combermere, G.C.B. and G.C.H. local rank of Gen. in the East Indies only	29 Nov. 1820			
	Capt. Emmett, R. Eng. Major in the Army	5 July, 1821			
R.H.Gds.	Cor. Drake, Lt. by purch. vice Lord G. A. Hill, prom.	14 April, 1825.			
	2d Lt. Lloyd, from Rifle Brig.	Cor. do.			
4 Dr.Gds.	As. Surg. Trimble, from h.p. Nova Seo.				
	Fen. As. Surg. vice Freer, 97 F.	do.			
5	Lt. Sir H. J. Seton, Bt. Capt. vice Matthews, ret.	24 March			
	Cor. Seton, Lt.	do.			
	J. W. King, Cor.	do.			
3 Dr.	Ser. Maj. Higgins, Quar. Mast. vice Brunton, dead	14 April			
4	Lt. Daly, Capt. vice Sale, dead	26 June, 1824			
	Capt. Elliott, from h. p. 21 Dr. Capt. vice Barlow, dead	1 July			
	Cor. Smith, Lt.	10 Dec.			
	E. Harvey, Cor. by purch.	24 Mar. 1825			
	Serj. Maj. Harrison, Adj. with rank of Cor. vice Dixon, Quar. Mast.	25 June, 1824			
	Cor. and Adj. Dixon, Quar. Mast. vice Allan, dead	do.			
8	Lt. J. T. Lord Brudenell, from h. p. 8 Dr. Lt. repaying diff. vice Parlbly, 12 Dr.	10 March, 1825			
	Cor. Harrison, Lt. vice Van Cortlandt,	14 F.			
	G. Shedden, Cor. by purch.	do.			
9	T. Harrison, Vet. Surg. vice Norton, dead	do.			
10	S. Lyne, Cor. by purch. vice Beaumont, ret.	24 March			
	Paym. Wardell, from h. p. 24 Dr.	Paym. vice Tallon	31 do.		
	Capt. Arnold, Maj. vice Jones, ret.	14 April			
	Lt. Harvey, Capt.	do.			
11	— Wetherall, Capt. by purch. vice Durie, ret.	29 June, 1824			
	Cor. Ahmuty, Lt.	do.			
	Gent. Cadet F. D. George, from R. Mil. Coll. Cor.	24 Mar. 1825			
12	Lt. Parlbly, from 8 Dr. Lt. vice Weight, h. p. 8 Dr. rec. diff.	10 do.			
Gren.Gds.	— Angerstein, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Vernon, prom.	2 April			
	G. A. F. Houstoun, Ens. and Lt.	do.			
	Gent. Cadet A. W. Torrens, from R. Mil. Coll. (Page of Honour to his Majesty,) Ens. and Lt.	14 do.			
1 F.	Lt. Ingram, Capt.	7 do.			
	Ensign Butler, Lt.	do.			
	Lt. Samson, from h. p. 21 F. Lt.	8 do.			
	T. Wood, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens.	do.			
	A. McKenzie, do.	9 do.			
3	Lt. Wright, Capt.	7 do.			
	Ens. Everard, Lt.	do.			
	— Burchell, do.	8 do.			
	— M'Nabb, do.	9 do.			
	— Stewart, from h. p. 5 F. Ens.	8 do.			
	— Barr, from 29 F.	do. 9 do.			
	L. Desborough, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, do.	10 do.			
	H. D. Lacy, do.	11 do.			
	J. Gordon, do. vice Pigott, 26 F.	12 do.			
4	Lt. Graham, Capt.	7 April			
	Ens. Espinasse, Lt.	do.			
	— Rawlins, from 9 F. Lieut.	9 do.			
	— Clarke, from h. p. 63 F. Ens.	7 do.			
	T. Brooke, do.	8 do.			
5	Lieut. Galbraith, Capt.	7 do.			
	Ens. Derinzy, Lieut.	do.			
	S. G. French, Ens.	8 do.			
	C. T. Henry, do.	9 do.			
6	J. A. B. M. M'Gregor, Ens. vice Foley, prom.	24 March			
	2d Lieut. Pottinger, from R. Art. Lieut.	9 April			
7	Lieut. Penrice, Capt.	7 do.			
	Hutchinson, do.	8 do.			
	Ens. Rainsford, from 8 F. Lieut.	do.			
	— Westenra, from 70 F. do.	do.			
	— Sievwright, from 55 F. do.	do.			
	— Fergusson, from 57 F. do.	do.			
	— Forbes, from 52 F. do.	do.			
	— Strangways, from 71 F. Ens.	do.			
8	Lt. Ross, Capt.	7 do.			
	Ens. Pickwick, Lt.	do.			
	Lieut. Dirom, from 24 F. Lieut.	8 do.			
	— Gennys, from 31 F. do.	do.			
	Gent. Cadet J. S. Whitty, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. vice Rainsford, 7 F.	do.			
	A Nesbitt, do.	do.			
9	Lt. and Adj. Davis, Capt.	7 do.			
	Lt. Powell, from 57 F. Capt.	8 do.			
	Ens. Brownrigg, Lieut.	7 do.			
	F. Burslem, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.			
	— Wells, do.	9 do.			
	J. D. Milne, do. vice Rawlins, 4 F.	10 do.			
10	C. L. Strickland, Ens. vice Hankey, prom.	31 March			
	Lieut. Leard, Capt.	7 April			
	— Gallie, do.	8 do.			
	— Uniaque, from h. p. 18 F. Lieut.	7 do.			
	Ens. Tait, from 31 F. do.	8 do.			
	R. Honeyman, Ens.	do.			
	H. C. Powell, do.	9 do.			
11	Lieut. Richardson, Capt.	7 do.			
	Ens. Moore, Lt.	do.			
	Lieut. Willy, from h. p. 83 F. Lt.	8 do.			
	— Benson, from h. p. 3 F. Lt.	do.			
	Ens. Stuart, from h. p. 59 F. Ensign	7 do.			
	W. Fyers, Ens.	8 do.			
12	Lieut. Durie, Capt.	7 do.			
	Capt. French, from h. p. 84 F. Capt.	do.			
	Ens. White, Lt.	7 do.			
	— Carew, do.	8 do.			
	Lt. Knight, from h. p. 64 F. Lt.	9 do.			
	H. A. West, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.			
	H. G. Forstean, Ens.	9 do.			
	R. Schneider, do.	10 do.			
	H. Y. Gold, do. vice Boates, 64 F.	11 do.			
	As. Surg. Dealeay, from h. p. 60 F. As. Surg. vice Douglas, superseded	7 do.			
13	Ens. Brownrigg, Lt. vice Howard, killed in action	29 May, 1824			
	C. Savage, Ens.	do.			
	Capt. Lintott, from h. p. 60 F. Capt. vice Kelly, Rifle Brig.	9 Apr. 1825			
14	Ens. White, Lt. vice Liston, dead	25 Aug. 1824			
	T. H. Tidy, Ens.	14 April, 1825			
15	Lt. Maxwell, Capt.	7 do.			
	— Humphreys, do.	8 do.			
	Ens. Battersby, Lt.	7 do.			
	— Blair, do.	8 do.			
	Lt. Radford, from h. p. 52 F. Lt.	9 do.			
	H. Rudyard, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.			
	J. R. Norton, Ens.	9 do.			
	T. Wright, do.	10 do.			
16	Lt. Browne, Capt.	7 do.			
	— D'Arcy, from 17 Dr. Capt.	8 do.			
	Ens. Thompson, Lt.	7 do.			
	Lt. Alexander, from h. p. 56 F. Lt.	8 do.			
	J. M'Intosh, Ens.	do.			
	B. K. O'Dwyer, Ens.	9 do.			
17	Lieut. Jeffries, Capt.	7 do.			
	Capt. Robison, from h. p. 17 Dr. Capt.	8 do.			
	Ens. Moffatt, Lt.	7 do.			

	Lt. Frazer, from R. Staff Corps, Lt.	8 April	Ens. Sleator, Lt.	7 April
	2d Lt. Brooke, from R. Art. do.	9 do.	Lieut. Christian, from 87 F. Lt.	8 do.
	H. Des Vaux, Ens.	8 do.	— North, from h. p. 100 F. Lt.	8 do.
	R. Stirling, do.	9 do.	— vice Ridge, R. Staff Corps, do.	
18	Lt. Dillon, Capt.	7 do.	— Young, from h. p. 1 W. I. R.	do.
	— Graves, do.	8 do.	— Lt.	do.
	Ens. Thompson, Lt.	7 do.	J. Maclean, Ens.	do.
	Lt. Moyle, from h. p. 8 F. Lt.	8 do.	R. Whalley, do.	9 do.
	— Spencer, from 41 F. do.	do.	C. Roberts, do. vice Grier, 93 F.	1 do.
	Ens. Buchanan, from 80 F. do.	9 do.	Lieut. Eason, Capt.	7 do.
	R. Dunne, Ens.	8 do.	Capt. Parsons, from h. p. 10 Dr.	8 do.
	R. A. Haly, do.	9 do.	Ens. Barron, Lt.	7 do.
19	Lt. Raymond, Capt.	7 do.	Lt. Lord S. Lennox, from 32 F. Lt.	8 do.
	— Hughes, do.	8 do.	Ens. Wardell, from 32 F. do.	9 do.
	Ens. Scott, Lt.	7 do.	— Ogilvie, from h. p. 27 F. Ens.	7 do.
	Lt. Harding, from 31 F. Lt.	8 do.	— Probyn, Ens.	8 do.
	Ens. Michell, from h. p. 63 F. Ens.	7 do.	M. Andrews, Ens.	9 do.
	T. Atkins, Ens.	8 do.	Lieut. Pennington, Capt.	7 do.
	C. Cotton, do.	9 do.	Bt. Maj. Belshes, from h. p. 59 F. Capt.	8 do.
21	Capt. Brady, from R. African Colonial Corps, Capt.	7 do.	Ens. Bell, Lt.	7 do.
	— Vandeleur, from 27 F. Capt.	do.	Lt. Dighton, from h. p. 71 F. Lt.	8 do.
	2d Lt. Young, 1st Lt.	do.	— Faden, from h. p. 65 F. do.	do.
	Lt. Wrixon, from h. p. 10 F. 1st Lt.	8 do.	Genl. Cadet Hemphill, from R. Mil.	Coll. Ens.
	J. H. Eveleigh, 2d Lt.	do.	G. Congreve, from R. Mil. Acad. at	Woolwich, Ens.
	J. Brady, do.	9 do.	W. H. Sheppard, Ens.	9 do.
22	Lt. Barlow, Capt.	7 do.	Lieut. Boardman, from h. p. 6 W. I. R.	8 do.
	Capt. Le Mesurier, from h. p. Newfound. Feh. Capt.	8 do.	— Lt. vice Harding, 19 F.	do.
	Ens. Gordon, Lt.	7 do.	— Bulkeley, from h. p. 9 F. do.	do.
	Lt. Croly, from Newfound. Vet. Comp. Lt.	8 do.	— vice Rainie, 95 F.	do.
	— Kyffin, from 47 F. Lt.	do.	— Dormer, from h. p. York Chass.	Lt. vice Gennys, 8 F.
	F. J. St Quintin, Ens.	do.	Ens. Wetenhall, from 91 F. Ens. vice	Tait, 10 F.
	J. A. Mackey, do.	9 do.	Lieut. Lawrence, Capt.	7 do.
23	Lt. Harris, Capt.	7 do.	Capt. Baines, from late 3 Vet. Bn. Capt.	8 do.
	Capt. St George, from h. p. 18 F. Capt.	8 do.	Ens. Calder, Lieut.	7 do.
	2d Lt. Mathews, 1st Lt.	7 do.	Lt. Bowles, from h. p. 83 F. Lt.	8 do.
	Lt. Williams, from h. p. 14 F. 1st Lt.	8 do.	— Waymouth, from h. p. 7 Dr. Lt. re-	paying diff.
	F. J. Phillott, from R. Mil. Acad. at	Woolwich, 2d Lt.	T. C. Crawford, from R. Mil. Acad. at	Woolwich, Ens.
	H. Seymour, 2d Lt.	8 do.	A. R. G. Thomas, Ens.	9 do.
	R. K. Elliot, do.	9 do.	Lieut. Barrs, Capt.	7 do.
	M. Ross, do.	10 do.	Capt. Sutherland, from 2 W. I. R. Capt.	8 do.
	Lt. L'Estrange, Capt.	7 do.	Ens. Clandinen, Lieut.	7 do.
	Capt. Miller, from 40 F. Capt.	8 do.	— Gibson, do.	8 do.
	Ens. Campbell, Lt.	7 do.	— Stanford, from h. p. 62 F. Ens.	7 do.
	Lt. Harris, from 89 F. Lt.	8 do.	J. F. Elliott, Ens.	8 do.
	Cor. Playford, from h. p. Brunswick	Hussars, Ens.	E. W. Young, do.	9 do.
	N. Leslie, from R. Mil. Acad. at	Woolwich, do.	W. Hadley, do. vice Kenyon, 56 F.	10 do.
	F. T. Maitland, Ens.	9 do.	Lt. Norton, Capt.	7 do.
	J. E. Orange, do.	10 do.	Capt. Cradock, from 35 F. Capt.	8 do.
25	Lieut. Swyny, Capt.	7 do.	Ensign Stodart, Lieut.	7 do.
	— Wolseley, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Sweeny, from h. p. 34 F. Lieut.	8 do.
	Ens. Lingard, Lt.	7 do.	W. G. Hughes, from R. Mil. Acad. at	Woolwich, Ens.
	— Mackenzie, do.	8 do.	B. J. Hooke, Ens.	8 do.
	Lieut. Uniacke, from h. p. Rifle Brig.	Lt.	C. Lewin, do.	9 do.
	— Lt.	do.	Capt. Power, from h. p. 3 Huss. Ger.	Legion, Capt.
	— Sedley, from h. p. R. Staff Corps,	do.	— Stapley, from h. p. 35 F. Captain,	vice Cradock, 54 F.
	Ens. O'Brien, from h. p. Newfoundland	Fen. Ens.	Lt. Smith, from h. p. 60 F. Lt.	7 do.
	— Griffith, from 99 F. Ens.	do.	J. McCarthy, Ens.	8 do.
	E. S. Cassan, Ens.	8 do.	A. Sargent, do.	9 do.
26	W. O'Connor, do. vice Morris, 43 F.	9 do.	Lieut. Prendergast, Capt.	7 do.
	Lieut. Murray, Capt.	7 do.	— L'Estrange, do.	8 do.
	— M'Latchie, do.	8 do.	Ensign Gibbons, Lieut.	7 do.
	Ens. Strange, Lt.	7 do.	Ensign and Adj. Robert, Lt.	8 do.
	Lieut. M'Innes, from h. p. Cape R. Lt.	8 do.	Lieut. Shenley, from 63 F. do.	9 do.
	— Sinclair, from h. p. 78 F. do. do.	do.	Ens. Liardet, from 80 F. do.	10 do.
	Ens. Piggett, from 3 F. Lt. vice Mont-	gomery, 50 F.	— Hay, from h. p. Canadian Fenc.	Ens.
	Gent. Cadet C. W. Campbell, from R.	Mil. Col. Ens.	J. Hiern, from R. Mil. Acad. at	Wool-
	J. Maule, Ens.	9 do.	wich, Ens.	8 do.
27	Bt. Lt. Col. Hare, Lt. Col. by purch.	vice Henry, ret.	P. Murray, Ens.	9 do.
	Capt. Heathcote, from Sub. Insp. of	Mil. in Ionian Islands, Maj.	R. Wake, do.	10 do.
	Lieut. Talbot, Capt.	7 April	Lieut. Massey, Capt.	7 do.
	— Furnes, do.	8 do.	— Fenton, do.	8 do.
	— Freeman, from 35 F. Capt. vice	Vandeleur, 21 F.	Ensign Long, Lieut.	7 do.
			Lt. Sarsfield, from h. p. 66 F. Lt.	9 do.
			Ens. Harvey, from 68 F. do.	10 do.

	Cor. Grant, from h. p. 19 Dr. Ens. 7 April		Ens. Meade, Lt.	7 April
	— Amiel, from h. p. Cav. Staff Corps,		— Forman, do.	8 do.
	Ens.	8 do.	Lt. M'Pherson, from h. p. 92 F. do.	9 do.
	D. E. Todd, Ens.	9 do.		
38	Ens. J. Campbell, Lieut. vice Michell,		Gent. Cadet G. Cholmandeley, from R.	
	dead of his wounds, 1 July, 1824		Mil. Coll. Ens.	7 do.
	— Tudor, do.	10 Feb. 1825	B. J. Gray, from R. Mil. Acad. at	
	E. Evans, Ens.	24 March	Woolwich, do.	8 do.
	Lieut. Barnard, from h. p. 24 F. Lieut.		F. Clayton, do. do.	9 do.
	vice Coghlan, 61 F.	9 April	R. Webster, do. do.	10 do.
	G. Green, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-		Ens. Estridge, Lieut. by purch. vice	
	wich, Ens. vice Campbell, 72 F. 7 do.		Tyndale, prom.	14 do.
39	Lieut. Newport, Capt.	do.	E. Parker, Ens.	do.
	— Hart, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Pritchard, Capt.	7 do.
	Ens. Fitzgerald, Lieut.	7 do.	Capt. Godfrey, from h. p. 62 F. do.	
	Lt. Colquhoun, from h. p. 16 F. Lt.	8 do.		
	Ens. Smith, from 48 F. Lieut.	9 do.	Ens. Bentham, Lt.	7 do.
	— Sleeman, from h. p. 36 F. Ens.	7 do.	Lt. Spooner, from h. p. 74 F. do.	8 do.
	J. L. Innes, Ens.	8 do.	Ens. Carr, from h. p. 43 F. Ens.	7 do.
	N. Reid, do. vice O'Meara, 62 F.	9 do.	W. W. J. Cockcraft, from R. Mil. Aca.	
	Lieut. Butler, Capt.	7 do.	at Woolwich, do.	8 do.
40	Ens. Moore, Lieut.	do.	C. Vereker, do.	9 do.
	— Curtin, do.	8 do.	W. Butler, do.	10 do.
	Lt. Lewis, from 1 W. I. R. Lieut.	9 do.	Lieut. Knox, Capt.	7 do.
	Ens. Miller, from h. p. 1 W. I. R. Ens.	7 do.	Capt. O'Grady, from h. p. 18 Dr. do.	
	L. Bulkeley, Ens.	8 do.		
	S. Nicholls, do.	9 do.	Ens. Warren, Lieut.	7 do.
	H. T. Lewis, do. vice Williams, 57 F.	10 do.	2d Lieut. Binstead, from 60 F.	9 do.
			Ens. Currie, from 94 F. Ens.	7 do.
2	Lieut. Fraser, from h. p. 42 F. Lt. vice		H. Rowcroft, from R. Mil. Acad. at	
	Fitz Gerald, cancelled 24 March		Woolwich, do.	8 do.
	— Malcolm, Capt.	7 April	R. Lovelace, do.	9 do.
	Brev. Maj. Macdonald, from h. p. 49		Ens. Considine, Lieut. vice Claus, dead	
	F. Capt.	8 do.	6 June, 1824	
	Ens. Campbell, Lieut.	7 do.	Capt. Barbauld, from h. p. 18 F. Capt.	
	— M'Duff, from h. p. 15 F. Ens. do.		vice Campbell, 99 F. 8 April, 1825	
	— Thomson, from h. p. 1 F. do.		Ens. Harris, Lieut.	do.
	Gent. Cadet D. Cameron, from R. Mil.		H. C. B. Serjeant, Ens.	do.
	Coll. Ens.	8 do.	Hosp. As. P. Stewart, As. Surg. vice	
	Charles Dunsmure, Ens.	9 do.	Fynan, dead,	14 do.
	Serj. Maj. Duff, Adj. and Ens. vice Ro-		Lieut. Gardner, Captain	7 do.
	bertson, res. Adj. only	14 do.	Capt. Battye, from Cape Corps, do.	8 do.
	As. Surg. Dempster, from h. p. 81 F.		Ens. Ficklin, Lieut.	7 do.
	As. Surg. vice M'Pherson, 62 F. do.		— Champion, do.	8 do.
43	Lieut. Maclean, Capt.	7 do.	— Sheaffe, from 49 F.	9 do.
	Capt. Forlong, from 58 F. Capt.	8 do.	— Hildebrand, from h. p. 35 F. Ens.	
	Ens. Morris, from 25 F. Lieut.	7 do.		7 do.
	— Gosselin, from 37 F. do.	8 do.	— Richardson, from h. p. York Chas.	
	— Thomas, from 64 F. do.	9 do.	do.	do.
	W. G. Bryan, from R. Mil. Acad. at		F. R. Cary, do.	8 do.
	Woolwich, Ens.	7 do.	J. Poe, do.	9 do.
	Hon. A. A. Spencer, Ens.	8 do.	C. C. Elrington, do. vice Sievwright,	
45	Lieut. Cowell, from h. p. 19 F. Lieut.		7 F.	10 do.
	vice Goodiff, 66 F.	do.	Lieut. Thorne, Capt.	7 do.
	R. Lewis, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-		— Arthure, do.	8 do.
	wich, Ens.	7 do.	Ens. Hewatson, Lieut.	7 do.
	G. C. Barnewall, do. vice Powell, can-		— Ince, do.	8 do.
	celled	8 do.	Lt. Leighton, from 2 F. do.	9 do.
47	D. Campbell, do. vice Morphy, 60 F.		Ens. Walmesley, from 82 F. do.	10 do.
		11 do.	2d Lt. Morison, from h. p. 21 F. Ens.	
48	A. Donnellan, do. vice Smith, 39 F.			7 do.
		9 do.	Ens. Smith, from h. p. 32 F. do.	do.
49	Lt. Danford, Capt.	7 do.	R. H. Mallison, do.	8 do.
	Capt. Maxwell, from h. p. 49 F. Capt.	8 do.	B. Keating, do.	9 do.
		8 do.	Lt. Jackson, Capt.	7 do.
	Ens. Simpson, Lieut.	7 do.	Ens. Taylor, Lt.	do.
	Lieut. Eastwood, from h. p. 3 Ceylon		Lt. Bate, from h. p. Dillon's Regt. Lt.	
	R. Lieut.	8 do.		8 do.
	— Sparks, from h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. Lt.	9 do.	— de la Condamine, from Royal Staff	
			Corps, Lt.	do.
	Ens. Burrowes, from h. p. 5 Gn. Bn.		Ens. Williams, from 49 F. Capt. vice	
	Ens.	7 do.	Powell, 9 F.	9 do.
	B. Vincent, Ens.	8 do.	— Abbott, from h. p. 6 Gn. Bn. Ens.	
	A. Wightman, do.	9 do.		7 do.
	H. Keating do. vice Sheaffe, 55 F.	10 do.	— Edwards, from h. p. 95 F. do.	do.
50	Lieut. Johnstone, Capt.	7 do.	— Shadforth, do.	8 do.
	— Montgomery, from 26 F. Capt.	8 do.	W. Lockyer, Ens. vice Fergusson, 7 F.	
		8 do.		9 do.
	Ens. Ross, Lieut.	7 do.	Lt. Aubin, Adj. vice Jackson, prom.	
	— Kenyon, from 33 F. do.	9 do.		7 do.
	— Burton, from h. p. 44 F. Ens. 7 do.		58 Lt. Fitz-Gerald, Capt.	do.
	A. C. D. Bentley, do.	9 do.	— Briggs, do.	8 do.
	W. L. Tudor, do.	do.	Capt. Leyne, from h. p. 73 F. Capt.	
51	Lieut. Mawdesley, Adj. vice Tyndell,		vice Forlong, 43 F.	9 do.
	prom.	4 Jan.	Ens. Hedden, Lt.	7 do.
	Lieut. Hawley, Capt.	7 April	Lt. Sargent, from 69 Ft. Lt.	8 do.
	Capt. Rains, from R. Art.	8 do.	Ens. Jones, from 59 F. do.	9 do.
			— Fife, from 42 F. do.	10 do.
			— Robertson, from h. p. 37 F. Ens.	7 do.

	C. Bridge, Ens.	8 April		Ens. Durnford, Ens. vice Harvey, 37 F.	37 F.
	E. J. Cruice, do.	9 do.			10 April
59	W. Jesse, do. vice Jones, 58 F.	do.	70	Lieut. Creighton, Capt.	7 do.
60	Lieut. Carlos, Capt.	7 do.		— Kirk, do.	8 do.
	— Von Boeck, do.	6 do.		Ensign Brown, Lt.	7 do.
	Capt. Goldfrap, from h. p. 65 F.	9 do.		Lt. Tunstall, from h. p. 104 F. Ens.	8 do.
	2d Lt. Stapelton, 1 Lt.	7 do.		— Dalgety, from 24 F. do.	do.
	— O'Brien, do.	8 do.		Ens. Sheean, from h. p. 101 F. Ens.	7 do.
	— Sweeney, do.	9 do.		— Tuthill, from h. p. 10 F. do.	do.
	Lt. Smith, from 48 F. do.	10 do.		Hon. C. Howard, do.	8 do.
	Ens. Morphy, from 47 F. do.	11 do.		J. Rose, Ens. vice Westenra, 7 F. 9 do.	7 do.
	— Hornsby, from h. p. York Lt. Inf.	7 do.	71	Lt. Roberts, Capt.	7 do.
	— O'Meara, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. do.	8 do.		Capt. Park, from h. p. 71 F. Capt. 8 do.	7 do.
	— Colman, from h. p. 15 F. do.	9 do.		Ens. Jones, Lt.	7 do.
	— Havelock, from h. p. 43 F. do.	10 do.		Lt. Dutton, from h. p. 6 F. Lt. 8 do.	8 do.
	T. N. Bruere, 2d Lt.	11 do.		Ens. Cumming, from 65 F. do.	9 do.
61	Lieut. Gloster, Capt.	7 do.		— Leslie, from h. p. 1 Line Ger. Leg.	7 do.
	Capt. Straith, from 95 F. Capt.	8 do.		W. Wallace, from the R. Mil. Acad. at	do.
	Ens. Grieve, Lt.	7 do.		Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.
	— Mallet, do.	8 do.	72	F. Pack, do.	9 do.
	Lt. Coghlan, from 38 F. Lt.	9 do.		Lieut. Graham, Capt.	7 do.
	Ens. Hoey, from h. p. 96 F. Ens.	7 do.		— Maclean, do.	8 do.
	— Dalgety, from C. Corps, Ens.	do.		Ens. Craven, Lt.	7 do.
	F. Barlow, do.	8 do.		Lieut. Woolcombe, from h. p. 71 F. Lt.	8 do.
	J. J. Burslem, do.	9 do.		— Leslie, from 59 F. Lt.	do.
	— Jones, do. vice Coghlan, 38 F.	10 do.		— Pitts, from 20 F. do.	do.
62	Lt. Dennis, Capt.	7 do.		Ens. Campbell, from 38 F. Ens.	7 do.
	— Rothwell, from h. p. York Chass.	do.		T. E. Lacey, from R. Mil. Acad. at	do.
	Lieut.	do.		Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.
	Ens. O'Meara, from 39 F. do.	8 do.		H. P. Raymond, from R. Mil. Acad. at	do.
	— Dely, from h. p. York Lt. Inf.	7 do.	73	Woolwich, Ens.	9 do.
	Ens.	do.		Lt. Wentworth, Capt.	7 do.
63	S. H. Johnson, Ens.	8 do.		Capt. Raymond, from h. p. 73 F. Capt.	8 do.
	Lt. Gen. Dyott, Colonel, vice Gen. E.	do.		Ens. Drewe, Lt.	7 do.
	of Balcarres, dead	7 do.		Lt. Nicolls, from h. p. 66 F. Lt. 8 do.	8 do.
	Lieut. Pennefather, Capt.	do.		— Bouchier, from h. p. 57 F. Lt. do.	do.
	Capt. Campbell, from Afr. Col. Corps,	do.		Ens. Demay, from h. p. 84 F. Ens.	7 do.
	Capt.	8 do.		F. G. A. Pinekney, do.	8 do.
	Ens. Aubin, Lt.	7 do.		R. W. Bamford, do.	9 do.
	Lt. Backhouse, from h. p. 23 F. Lieut.	8 do.		As. Surg. Cardiff, from h. p. 82 F. As.	14 do.
	Ens. Carter, from h. p. 101 F. Ens.	7 do.	74	Surg. vice Martin, prom.	14 do.
	— Carew, from h. p. 82 F. do.	do.		Lt. Hassard, Capt.	7 do.
	W. Pedder, Ens.	8 do.		Ens. M'Pherson, Lt.	do.
	J. L. Kingston, do. vice Cumming, 34 F.	9 do.		— Gore, do.	8 do.
64	Lt. Parker, Capt.	7 do.		— Hawthorne, from h. p. 27 F. Ens.	8 do.
	Ens. Molesworth, Lieut.	do.		L. Alen, Ens.	7 do.
	Lt. Fothergill, from 54 F. Lt.	8 do.		C. Colyear, do.	8 do.
	Ens. Boates, from 12 F. do.	9 do.	75	K. A. de Koven, do.	9 do.
	— Farrell, from h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. Ens.	7 do.		Lt. Maclean, Capt.	10 do.
	R. R. Dupre, Ensign	8 do.		Capt. Newton, from h. p. 62 F. Capt.	7 do.
	— Lechmere, do.	9 do.		Ens. Hall, Lt.	8 do.
	Mandeville, do. vice Thomas, 43 F.	10 do.		Lt. Pictet, from h. p. 60 F. Lt.	8 do.
65	Lt. M'Laine, Capt.	7 do.		— Mildmay, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lt. do.	do.
	Capt. Seymour, from h. p. 15 Dr. Capt.	8 do.		G. Champain, from R. Mil. Acad. at	do.
	Ensign Walker, Lieut.	7 do.		Woolwich, Ens.	7 do.
	Lt. Hay, from h. p. York Chass. Lt.	8 do.		— Ferguson, do. do.	8 do.
	2d Lt. Downing, from h. p. 2d Ceylon	7 do.		W. J. Saunders, do. do.	9 do.
	Reg. Ens.	7 do.		As. Surg. Grattan, from h. p. 6 Dr. As.	14 do.
	S. Y. Martin, Ensign,	8 do.	76	Surg. vice Barry, 1 Dr.	14 do.
	— Drawbawa,	9 do.		Lt. Hatchell, Capt.	7 do.
66	Lt. Moffett, Capt.	7 do.		— Ogilvie, do.	8 do.
	Capt. Baylie, from h. p. 14 F. Capt.	8 do.		Ens. Ross, Lt.	7 do.
	Ens. Rainsford, Lt.	7 do.		Lieut. Stephenson, from h. p. 83 F. Lt.	8 do.
	Lt. Goodiff, from 45 F. Lt.	8 do.		— Edwards, from h. p. 20 Dr. do.	do.
	— Glascott, from h. p. 12 F. Lt.	9 do.		— Preston, from h. p. 19 F. do. do.	do.
	Ens. Newsom, from h. p. 1 Greek Lt.	7 do.		Ens. M'Kenzie, from h. p. 45 F. Ens.	7 do.
	Inf. Ens.	7 do.		H. E. B. Hutchison, do.	8 do.
	C. F. Hatton, from R. Mil. Acad. at	8 do.		E. Lucas, Ens.	9 do.
	Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.	77	Lieut. Tatton, Capt.	7 do.
	C. F. Gibson, do.	9 do.		Capt. Ramsay, from h. p. 4 F. Capt.	8 do.
68	Lieut. Menzies, Capt.	7 do.		Ens. Castle, Lieut.	7 do.
	— Smyth, do.	8 do.		Lieut. Macalister, from 20 F. Lieut.	8 do.
	Ens. Macdonald, Lt.	7 do.		R. Bevan, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-	7 do.
	Lt. Blood, from 7 F. do.	8 do.		wich, Ens.	7 do.
	Ensign Carson, do.	9 do.		C. Lee, Ens.	8 do.
	— Foster, from h. p. 18 F. Ens.	7 do.		M. F. Steele, do.	9 do.
	— Fuller, from h. p. 67 F. do.	do.		Ens. Sutherland, from 46 F. Lt. vice	14 do.
	E. Macpherson, do.	8 do.		Clark, dead	14 do.
	G. Johnstone, do.	9 do.			

78	Lieut. Macleod, Capt.	7 April	L. Haliday, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-	
	Ens. Gore, Lieut.	do.	wich, Ens.	7 April
	Lieut. M'Beath, from h.p. Dillon's Reg.	8 do.	W. C. Caldwell, Ens.	8 do.
	Lieut.	8 do.	Lieut. Meade, Capt.	7 do.
	— Pickthorn, from h. p. 72 F. Lt.	1 do.	Capt. Burrell, from h. p. 60 F. Capt.	8 do.
	J. E. Bull, Ens.	7 do.	Ens. Fitz Roy, Lieut.	7 do.
	E. Pawsey, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Garstin, from h. p. 66 F. Lieut.	8 do.
	C. C. M'Intyre, Ens.	9 do.	— Mitchell, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut.	do.
79	Lieut. Riach, Capt.	7 do.	Gent. Cadet, B. J. Finnis, from R. Mil.	
	Brev. Maj. Mitchell, from h. p. 19 Dr.	8 do.	Coll. Ens.	7 do.
	Capt.	8 do.	R. Warburton, from R. Mil. Acad. at	
	Ens. Townshend, Lieut.	7 do.	Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.
	Lieut. Cameron, from h. p. 39 F. Lieut.	8 do.	C. M'Clintock, do.	9 do.
	T. Bates, Ens.	7 do.	Lieut. Cranfield, Capt.	7 do.
	P. Mackenzie, do.	8 do.	— Nickoll, do.	8 do.
80	Lieut. French, Capt.	7 do.	Ens. Buckeridge, Lieut.	7 do.
	— Bowler, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Daunt, from Rifle Brig. Lieut.	8 do.
	Ens. Bowness, Lieut.	7 do.	— Gleeson, from 56 F. do.	do.
	— Jackson, do.	8 do.	— Bowlby, from 6 F. do.	do.
	Lieut. Edwards, from h. p. 101 F. Lt.	9 do.	Gent. Cadet H. H. Cuming, from R. Mil.	
	2d Lieut. Toole, from Ceylon, R. Ens.	7 do.	Coll. Ens.	7 do.
	W. H. Christie, from R. Mil. Acad. at		R. Straton, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-	
	Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.	wich, do.	8 do.
	G. Black, Ens.	9 do.	D. Foot, Ens.	9 do.
	C. A. Brooke, do.	10 do.	As. Surg. M'Arthur, Surg. vice Whit-	
	J. Lacy, do.	11 do.	ney, dead	14 do.
81	Lieut. Hall, Capt. by purch. vice Cair-		Hosp. As. W. Blake, As. Surg.	do.
	nes, dead	23 March	Lieut. Lamont, Capt.	7 do.
	Ens. Creagh, Lieut. by purch.	7 April	Ens. Robeson, Lieut.	do.
	J. U. Jeffrey, Ens.	do.	Lieut. Hughes, from h. p. 3 W. I. R.	
	Lieut. Sisson, Capt.	do.	Lieut.	8 do.
	Capt. Pratt, from h. p. 94 F. Capt.	8 do.	C. S. Teale, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-	
	Ens. Macdonald, Lieut.	7 do.	wich, Ens.	7 do.
	Lieut. Douglas, from 41 F. do.	8 do.	J. A. Campbell, Ens.	8 do.
	Gent. Cadet, G. F. De Rotterburgh,		J. R. Brunker, do.	9 do.
	from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	7 do.	C. W. S. S. Stuart, Ens. vice Waten-	
	W. Dyer, from R. Mil. Acad. at Wool-		hall, 31 F.	10 do.
	wich, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Peat, Capt.	7 do.
	J. B. Creagh, Ens.	9 do.	Ens. Buckley, Lieut.	do.
82	Lieut. Starkie, Capt.	7 do.	Ens. and Adj. Deane, Lieut.	8 do.
	— Davies, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Sutherland, from 2 W. I. R. Lt.	
	Ens. Castieu, Lieut.	7 do.		9 do.
	Lieut. Abbott, from h. p. 90 F. Lieut.	8 do.	Ens. O'Kelly, from h. p. 25 F. Ens.	7 do.
	Ens. Campbell, from h. p. 40 F. Ens.	7 do.	T. C. Loft, Ens.	8 do.
	— Macdonnell, Ens.	8 do.	Lieut. White, Capt.	7 do.
	J. Nagel, do.	9 do.	— Brown, do.	8 do.
	H. C. Hay, do. vice Walmsley, 56		Ens. Burgh, Lieut.	7 do.
	F.	10 do.	Lieut. M'Nicol, from h. p. R. W. Ran-	
83	Lieut. Johnson, Capt.	7 do.	Lieut.	8 do.
	Ens. Rayson, Lieut.	do.	— Stewart, from 2 W. I. R. do. do.	
	— Johnson, do.	8 do.	Ens. Grier, from 27 F. Lieut.	9 do.
	— Bell, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Ens.	7 do.	— Dillon, from h. p. 9 W. I. R. Ens.	7 do.
	— Robbins, from h. p. 78 do.	do.	O. Delancey, Ens.	8 do.
	W. Etherton, Ens.	8 do.	— Boulger, do.	9 do.
	J. Keating, do.	9 do.	Lieut. Stewart, Capt.	7 do.
84	Lieut. Bernard, Capt.	7 do.	Brev. Maj. Poppleton, from h. p. 12 F.	
	— Bindon, do.	8 do.	Capt. do.	8 do.
	Ens. Seton, Lieut.	7 do.	Ens. Bickerton, Lieut.	7 do.
	Lieut. Glasgow, from h. p. 49 F. Lieut.	8 do.	— Alexander, do.	8 do.
	— Norton, from h. p. 15 F. do. do.		Lieut. Lindsey, from h. p. 11 F. Lieut.	9 do.
	— Raven, from h. p. 17 Dr. do. do.		Ens. Moore, from h. p. 11 F. Ens.	7 do.
	Ens. Clarke, from h. p. 88 F. Ens.	7 do.	A. F. Morgan, Ens.	8 do.
	Y. J. Driscoil, Ens.	8 do.	S. Phillips, do.	9 do.
	H. Vigoureux, do.	9 do.	Ens. Rogers, from h. p. 44 F. Ens. vice	
85	Capt. Williams, Maj. by purch. vice De		Henry, 85 F.	4 do.
	Bathe, prom.	do.	Lieut. Dickens, Capt.	7 do.
	Lieut. O'Connor, Capt.	7 do.	Capt. Fraser, from h. p. 90 F. Capt.	8 do.
	Capt. Jackson, from h. p. 85 F. Capt.	8 do.	— Hall, from h. p. 25 Dr. do. vice	
	Ens. Hon. J. Stuart, Lieut.	7 do.	Smith, 61 F.	do.
	Lieut. Keats, from R. Art. Lieut.	8 do.	Ens. Bunbury, Lieut.	7 do.
	Ens. Henry, from 95 F. Ens. vice Bate-		Lieut. Ranie, from 31 F. Lieut.	8 do.
	man, h. p. 44 F.	4 do.	Ens. Magee, from h. p. 5 F. Ens.	7 do.
	— Harris, from h. p. 3 F. Ens.	7 do.	H. D. Collard, from R. Mil. Acad. at	
	Hon. H. A. H. Cooper, do.	8 do.	Woolwich, Ens.	8 do.
	H. Wynyard, do.	9 do.	Wm. Wm. Darley Hull, Ens.	9 do.
86	Lieut. Creagh, Capt.	7 do.	Lieut. Spratt, Capt.	7 do.
	Capt. Wynne, from h. p. 60 F. Capt.	8 do.	Ens. Cross, Lt.	do.
	Ens. M'Intyre, Lieut.	7 do.	— Telford, do.	8 do.
	— Usher, do.	8 do.	Lieut. Rice, from Vet. Comp. at New-	
	Lieut. Ormond, from h. p. York Ran.	9 do.	foundland, Lieut.	9 do.
			Ens. Finney, from 1 W. I. R. Ens.	7 do.
			P. F. de Meuron, Ens.	8 do.
			C. Irvine, Ens.	9 do.
			T. O. Partridge, Ens.	10 do.

- 97 Lieut. Cannon, Capt. 7 April
Capt. Maher, from h.p. Port. Serv. Capt. 8 do.
Ens. Harvest, Lt. 7 do.
— Vincent, do. 8 do.
T. R. Travers, Ens. 7 do.
H. Handcock, do. 8 do.
W. Morris, do. 9 do.
— Lameri, do. 10 do.
- 98 Lieut. Stevens, Capt. 7 do.
Capt. Spotswood, from h. p. 84 F. Capt. 8 do.
Ens. Roberts, Lieut. 7 do.
— White, do. 8 do.
Cor. Halpin, from 1 Lt. Dr. German Legion, Ens. 7 do.
T. M. Edwards, Ens. 8 do.
A. W. Horne, do. 9 do.
E. H. Clarke, do. 10 do.
- 99 Lieut. Rickards, Capt. vice Crooke, Afr. Col. Corps 3 March
Ens. Patison, Lieut. do.
G. D. Griffiths, Ens. do.
- 100 Lieut. Gaynor, Capt. 7 April
Capt. Campbell, from 54 F. Capt. 8 do.
Ens. Phibbs, Lt. 7 do.
Lieut. Greetham, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Lt. 8 do.
J. Canny, Ens. 7 do.
J. Campbell, do. 8 do.
A. B. St Leger, do. 9 do.
R. C. Macdonald, do. vice Griffiths, 25 F. 10 do.
- Rifle Brig. Lieut. Middleton, Capt. 7 do.
— Coxon, do. 8 do.
Capt. Ricketts, from h. p. 72 F. Capt. 9 do.
— Kelly, from 13 F. do. do.
2d Lt. Power, 1st Lt. 7 do.
2d Lt. and Adj. Falconar, 1st Lt. 8 do.
Lieut. Gascoyne, from 51 F. do. 9 do.
— Hon. C. D. Blayney, from 89 F. 1st Lt. do.
— Buller, from 45 F. do. do.
R. Dering, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, 2d Lt. 7 do.
J. R. Groves, from do. do. 8 do.
C. F. Napier, from do. do. 9 do.
C. P. Ainslie, 2d Lt. 10 do.
J. C. Clitherow, do. 11 do.
W. Crosbie, do. 12 do.
Gent. Cadet T. W. Nesham, from R. Mil. Coll. do. vice Lloyd Ho. Gds. 14 do.
- R. Staff Co. Lieut. Du Vernet, Capt. 7 do.
— Longmore, do. 8 do.
2d Lt. Read, 1st Lt. 7 do.
— Robe, do. 8 do.
Lieut. Forte, from R. Art. 1st Lt. 9 do.
— Ridge, from 27 F. do. do.
2d Lt. Jones, from R. Art. do. 10 do.
W. Gold, 2d Lt. 7 do.
G. M. Parsons, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, 8 do.
E. Adams, from do. 9 do.
R. L. Phipps, from do, vice Geddes 45 F. 10 do.
G. B. Cumberland, from do. 11 do.
R. Fraser, from do. 12 do.
H. Vachell, from do. 13 do.
- 1 W. I. R. W. Calder, Ens. vice Finney, 96 F. 7 do.
- 2 Lt. Carruthers, from h. p. 4 F. Lt. vice Sutherland, 92 F. 9 do.
- Ceyl. Reg. H. A. Atchison, 2d. Lt. vice Toole, 80 F. 7 do.
- Cap. C. (Inf.) Capt. Head, from R. Eng. Capt. vice Batty, 55 F. 8 do.
F. Macnamara, Ens. vice Dalgety, 61 F. 7 do.
- R. Afr. Col. Corps.
Capt. Crooke, from 99 F. Maj. vice Hollis, cancelled 3 March
Lieut. Clements, Capt. vice Campbell, 63 F. 8 April
— George, from 21 F. Capt. vice Brady, 21 F. do.
- V. C. Newf. Lieut. O'Farrell, from h. p. 98 F. Lt. vice Croly, 22 F. do.
— Wieburg, from 60 F. do. vice Rice, 96 F. 9 do.
- Capt. Vernon, from Gren. Gds. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Desbrisay, R. Art. ret. 2 April
Maj. De Bathe, from 85 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Henderson, R. Eng. ret. 9 do.
Lt. Lord G. A. Hill, from R. Ho. Gds. Capt. of Inf. by purch. vice Coles, R. Eng. ret. do.
- Staff.
Capt. Wall, from h. p. 81 F. Sub. Insp. of Mil. in Ion. Isl. vice Heatchcote, 27 F. 31 March, 1825
- Hospital Staff.
Staff Surg. Rice, from h. p. Surg. 21 Mar. 1825.
As. Surg. Waterson, from h. p. 5 Vet. Bn. As. Surg. vice Hosp. As. M'Christie, supers. 25 do.
Hart, from h. p. 22 Dr. do. vice Hosp. As. Evers, 44 F. do.
Horne, from h. p. Glengarry Fen. do. vice Hosp. As. Cuming, 67 F. do.
Hosp. As. Parkin, As. Surg. vice Dougherty, dead 31 do.
D. Lamont, do. vice Perkins, res. 14 April
J. A. Orr, Hosp. As. vice Thornton, res. 24 March
J. Paterson, do. vice Parkin, 31 do.
W. B. Ross, do. vice Orr, cancelled 7 April
J. Cavet, do. vice Lamont 14 do.
R. Ellison, do. vice Stewart, 54 F. do.
R. M'Math, do. vice Blake, 90 F. do.
- Ordnance Department.
Royal Artillery.
Maj. and Bre. Lt. Col. Sir A. Dickson, K.C.B. Lt. Col. vice Desbrisay, ret. 2 April, 1825
Capt. and Bre. Maj. Rogers, Maj. do.
2d Capt. Miller, Capt. do.
- Royal Engineers.
M. Gen. Humphrey, Col. Com. 23 Mar.
Lt. Col. Durnford, Col. do.
— Whitmore, do. do.
Bt. Maj. Fyers, Lt. Col. do.
— Vigoreux, do. do.
— Buchanan, do. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Ellicombe, Lt. Col. do.
Bt. Maj. Fanshawe, do. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Macleod, do. vice Durnford do.
Bt. Maj. Douglas, do. vice Whitmore do.
— Cunningham, do. vice Henderson, ret. 9 April
2d Capt. Slade, Capt. 25 March
— Harper, do. do.
Bt. Maj. Tylden, do. do.
— Wells, do. do.
2d Capt. Dawson, do. do.
— Mudge, do. do.
— Stanway, do. do.
— Walker, do. do.
— Williams, do. vice Fyers do.
— Smyth, do. vice Vigoreux do.
— English, do. vice Buchanan do.
Bt. Maj. Blanshard, do. vice Ellicombe do.
2d Capt. Brown, do. vice Fanshawe do.
— Peake, do. vice Macleod do.
— Emmett, do. vice Douglas do.
Bt. Maj. Thompson, do. vice Cunningham 9 April
2d Capt. Ord. from h. p. 2d Capt. 25 March
— Hulme, from h. p. do. do.
— Birch, from h. p. do. do.
— Macauley, from h. p. do. do.
— Kelsall, from h. p. do. do.
— Pringle, from h. p. do. do.
— Savage, from h. p. do. do.
— Waters, from h. p. do. do.
— Prince, from h. p. do. vice Slade do.
— Cole, from h. p. do. vice Harper do.
— Kitson, from h. p. do. vice Tylden do.

2d Capt. Elliot, from h. p. do. vice Wells March
 — Matsen, from h. p. do. vice Dawson do.
 — Victor, from h. p. do. vice Mudge do.
 — Grierson, from h. p. do. vice Stanway do.
 — Baron, from h. p. do. vice Walker do.
 — Fenwick, from h. p. do. vice Williams do.
 — Hall, from h. p. do. vice Smith do.

1st Lt. Yule, 2d Capt. vice English do.
 — Head, do. vice Blanshard do.
 — Philpots, do. vice Brown do.
 — Gilbert, do. vice Peake do.
 — Selwyn, do. vice Emmett do.
 — Gossett, do. vice Thompson do.
 9 April
 — Hawkshaw, from h. p. 2d Capt. 25 March
 — Hotham, from h. p. do. do.
 — Lemon, from h. p. do. do.
 — Hore, from h. p. do. do.
 — Foster, from h. p. do. do.
 — Lagden, from h. p. do. do.
 — Bordes, from h. p. do. do.
 — Randolph, from h. p. do. do.
 — Kennedy, from h. p. do. do.
 — Hope, from h. p. do. do.
 — Forbes, from h. p. do. do.
 — Stotherd, from h. p. do. do.
 — Gordon, from h. p. do. do.
 — Rose, from h. p. do. do.
 2d Lt. Marlow, 1st Lt. do.
 — Drummond, do. do.
 — Dawson, do. vice Yule do.
 — Pooley, do. vice Head do.
 — Murphy, do. vice Philpots do.
 — Pettingall, do. vice Gilbert do.
 — Wentworth, do. vice Selwyn do.
 — Tucker, do. vice Gosset 9 April

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Reeve, from Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col. Vernon, h. p. Unatt.
 Major Williams, from 65 F. with Maj. Fox, h. p. Unatt.
 Capt. Slegg, 1 Dr. with Capt. Marten, 17 Dr.
 — St Leger, 14 Dr. with Capt. Methold, 75 F.
 — Meredith, from 6 F. with Capt. Irwin, h. p. 87 F.
 — Skinner, from 9 F. with Capt. Pinckney, h. p. York Ra.
 — Perry, from 37 F. with Capt. Brown, h. p. 34 F.
 Lieut. Hindle, from 6 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Berens. 2 F.
 — Brandling, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lord J. Fitz Roy, h. p. 3 F.
 — Deane, from 50 F. with Lieut. Schoof, 67 F.
 — Davidson, from 46 F. with Lieut. Taylor, h. p. 99 F.
 — Ashe, from 47 F. with Lieut. Bennett, h. p. 101 F.
 — Laye, from Afr. Col. Corps, with Lieut. Dowling, h. p. 24 F.
 Ensign M'Gregor, from 6 F. with Ensign Kirwan, h. p. 88 F.
 As. Surg. Lorimer, from 94 F. with As. Surg. Renwick, h. p. 6 Fet. Bn.
 Staff As. Surg. Nicholson with Staff As. Surg. Howell, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lt. Col. Henry, 27 F.
 — Desbrisay, R. Art.
 — Henderson, R. Eng.
 Maj. Hon. J. Jones, 10 Dr.
 — Durie, 11 Dr.
 Capt. Matthews, 5 Dr. Gds.
 — Cairnes, 81 F.
 — Coles, R. Art.
 Cornet Beaumont, 10 Dr.
 Staff As. Surg. Perkins
 Hosp. Assist. Thornton

Cancelled.

Maj. Hollis, R. Afr. Col. Corps
 Capt. Swyny, 25 F.

Lieut. Lingard, 25 F.
 — Fitz-Gerald, 42 F.
 — Gardiner, 48 F.
 Ens. Griffiths, 25 F.
 — Grant, 37 F.
 — Powell, 45 F.
 Hosp. Assist. Orr

Superseded.

Assist. Surg. Douglas, 12 F. (having absented himself without leave.)
 Hosp. Assist. M'Christie

List of Killed and Wounded of the King's Regiments in the Operations of the Army under the command of Brigadier General Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.B. in the Dominions of the King of Ava, between the 1st and 15th December, 1824.

KILLED.

O'Shea, 13 F. between the 1st and 7th Dec. 1824.
 Darby, do. 15 do.
 Petry, 13 F. 15 do.
 Jones, do. do.

WOUNDED.

Maj. Sale, 13 F. severely, not dangerously, 15 do.
 — Dennie, 13 F. slightly, do.
 — Thornhill, do. severely, not dangerously, do.
 Capt. Macpherson, 13 F. severely, not dangerously, do.
 — Clark, do. severely, do.
 — Rose, 89 do. do. do.
 Lieut. Pattison, 13 F. severely, not dangerously, do.
 — Torrens, 38 F. do. do.
 — M'Leroth, do. severely, do.
 — Taylor, 89 do. slightly, 9 do.
 — Dowdall, do. severely, do.
 Ens. Blackwell, 13 F. slightly—and again slightly, do.
 — Croker, do. severely, do.
 — Wilkinson, do. slightly, do.
 Assist. Surg. Walsh, 89 F. slightly, 9 do.

Deaths.

Gen. E. of Balcarras, Col. 63 F. Haigh Hall, Lancashire 25 March, 1825
 — Sir Alex. Campbell, Bt. K.C.B. Col. of 80 F. Madras
 Maj. Gen. Kerr, of late 8 Ceylon R. Edinburgh 17 April
 — J. Miller, late of R. Art. Charlton, Kent 24 March
 Lt. Col. Fraser, 50 F. London 16 April
 — Paterson, Ret. Inv. Lt. Gov. of Quebec 25 do.
 Maj. Burgh, 44 F. on passage from Bengal on board the ship Medway 6 Feb.
 — De Ziegleras, F. p. 2 Lt. Dr. Gen. Leg. Hanover 24 do.
 Capt. Petrie, h. p. 60 F. 5 Dec. 1824
 — Mercer, h. p. York Hosp. Garr. Comp. Chat-ham 18 Feb. 1825
 — Couse, h. p. R. Art Bruges 30 March
 Lieut. Fry, 5 F. Dominica 7 Feb.
 — Clarke, 77 F. Stonyhill, Jamaica, 28 Jan.
 — Gordon, 92 F. Jamaica 31 do.
 — Campbell, h. p. 38 F. Dromore, Ireland 17 do.
 — M'Gregor, h. p. 54 F. Delavorar, N. B. 7 Feb.
 — Tait, late R. Garr. Bn. Musselburgh 17 March
 — Dickenson, late 1 Vet. Bn. Manchester 18 do.
 Ens. Walker, late Vet. Bn. near Manchester 11 Feb.
 — R. Smith, h. p. 28 F. Stratton, Cornwall 1 Jan.
 Paym. Hassard, 74 F. Halifax, Nova Sco. 20 Feb.
 Adj. M'Laren, h. p. Berwick Fen. Cav. Coldst. 10 March
 Q. Mast. Lieut. Smith, 41 F. Rangoon 24 Aug. 1824
 — Dukes, h. p. R. Ho. Gds. New Windsor 8 July
 — Martin, h. p. 9 Dr. Stokestow, Roscom-mon, Ireland 20 March, 1825
 — M'Intosh, h. p. King's American Foot. Peterhead 18 do.

Commissariat Department.

As. Com. Gen. Rossiter, Demerara 30 Dec. 1824

Medical Department.

Surg. Whitney, 90 F. Zante, 5 Jan. 1825

Staff Surg. Quarterley, h. p. Wimborne, Dorset-shire 28 March
Surg. Nieter, h. p. 2d Lt. Inf. Ger. Leg. Hanover 3 do.
As. Surg. Dr Fraser, 77 F. Jamaica 5 do.
Vet. Surg. White, h. p. 28 Dr. Exeter 27 do.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of April, and the 19th of May, 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

Alexander, W. Bath, hatter.
Anderson, W. Wotten Underedge, clothier.
Bally, J. Bristol, merchant.
Barnett, C. Waterhead-mill, near Oldham, cotton-spinner.
Boddington, T. and J. Oland, Gloucester, brown-stone, ware-potters.
Boorer, T. Sutton, Surrey, horse-dealer.
Boulton, E. Liverpool, merchant.
Bowen, G. Bristol, oil and colourman.
Bridgman, J. Hereford, corn-dealer.
Browne, W. H. Kennington-road, merchant.
Brownley, T. Poland-street, tailor.
Brown, H. Twickenham, cabinet-maker.
Brown, S. Oxford-street, cheesemonger.
Burgess, G. Chatham, baker.
Burn, J. Manchester, cotton-merchant.
Campbell, C. Liverpool, merchant.
Carter, J. Hanover-street, milliner.
Chamberlain, W. Bath, corn-dealer and hotel-keeper.
Chambers, T. Fenchurch-street, hardwareman.
Chave, W. Bristol, provision-merchant.
Chawner, R. Hanbury, Stafford, brick-maker.
Clay, W. Cullum-street, flour-factor.
Coates, S. Halstead, plumber and glazier.
Crane, R. Liverpool, tailor.
Crocket, C. and T. Wilkie, Lawrence Poutney-place, merchants.
Crowthor, T. Huddersfield, manufacturer.
Dare, G. Liverpool, grocer.
Davidson, J. Gutter-lane, warehouseman.
Dietrichsen, F. Newman-street, woollen-draper.
Dixon, T. Clithorne, Lancaster, corn-merchant.
Dryden, R. Newcastle-on-Tyne, common brewer.
Durrant, J. T. Lambeth-road, victualler.
Edmans, J. Warwick-lane, cheese-monger.
Edmond, J. Size-lane, warehouseman.
Escott, H. Dunster, Somerset, maltster.
Fitzpatrick, C. G. Great Guildford-street, grocer.
Foukies, J. Wood-street, tea-dealer.
Fox, E. Liverpool, surgeon.
Frearson, M. and J. Gordon, Holborn, linen-drappers.
Fuller, R. Reigate, shopkeeper.
Gardie, L. Regent-street, jeweller.
Gough, J. Dursley, linen-draper.
Griffiths, W. H. Lime-street, wine-merchant.
Halford, R. Old-street, jeweller.
Hancock, R. Avenbury, Hereford, dealer in horses.
Hartling, F. Portland-street, Brighton, brazier.
Hart, G. Deptford, and W. Pittock, Dartford, brewers.
Haswell, J. F. Curtain-road, horse-dealer.
Henson, S. Brownlow-street, tailor.
Hodgson, S. and J. Halifax, iron-founders.
Hodgson, S. Halifax, iron-founder.
Hollins, J. Ardwick, iron-founder.
Hurd, B. Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, dealer.
Jones, W. Wormwood-street, corn and coal-merchant.

Lloyd, T. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.
Lloyd, T. Winstanslow, Salop, timber-merchant.
M'Kinnon, T. Wapping, High-street, oilman.
Martyr, T. E. Carshalton, corn and coal-merchant.
Mathews, R. Watling-street, warehouseman.
Meads, G. Bath, horse-dealer.
Milne, J. Liverpool, tavern-keeper.
Moore, J. Manchester, corn-dealer.
Morris, T. Black wall, carpenter.
Moss, A. Shadwell, slopseller.
Morgan, T. L. Bristol, mason.
Parfett, T. Bristol, cabinet-maker.
Payce, J. Staines, draper.
Payne, J. Sidmouth, linen-draper.
Pettifer, H. High-Holborn, cheese-monger.
Phillips, J. Horsleydown, cheese-monger.
Phillips, W. R. Boreham-wood, flerts, horse-dealer.
Quinlan, J. T. and J. T. Stokes, St George, Hanover-square, dyers.
Quirk, W. Liverpool, ale and beer brewer.
Ramsbotham, C. W. Clement's-lane, merchant.
Rayner, J. City-road, grocer.
Richardson, P. J. Liverpool, merchant.
Richmond, R. Leicester, woollen-draper.
Ridgway, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.
Robertson, J. Redlion-street, Clerkenwell, jeweller.
Roper, P. Haymarket, hosier.
Sawyer, G. Wynnyatt-street, Goswell-street, dealer in lace.
Shannon, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Share, C. St Peters, Worcester, cyder-merchant.
Sheppard, C. Lambeth, leather-dresser.
Shields, J. Lambeth, wire-worker.
Skaig, J. Leeds, draper.
Smith, C. builder, East-street, Welworth.
Smith, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler.
Smith, R. Northampton, lace-dealer.
Somerville, W. Liverpool, victualler.
St Albion, W. Warrington, Lancashire, music-seller.
Stanton, J. Worcester, coal and timber-merchant.
Stinchcomb, A. Oldbury on the hill, Gloucester, maltster.
Taylor, J. Little Pultney-street, cheese-monger.
Thatcher, J. Stockport, saddler.
Uphill, R. West-Lydford, Somerset, apothecary.
Vandermoelen, V. L. Houndsditch, warehouseman.
Wakeford, J. W. Bolton-le-Moors, linen-draper.
Warwick, J. Austin-friars, wine-merchant.
Wells, G. Oxford-street, trunk-maker.
Wilford, E. Boston, corn-factor.
Wilkinson, W. Ulverston, Lancaster, merchant.
Wills, J. Queen-Ann-street, boot-maker.
Wilson, T. Edgeware-road, shop-keeper.
Wood, T. Bilson, Stafford, ironmonger.
Woods, G. Stowmarket, corn-merchant.
Wright, W. C. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
Young, J. Austin-friars, merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st of May and the 30th of June, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Ednie, Christopher, flax-merchant in Dysart.
Foote, William, distiller at Ormiston, residing in North Leith.
Galloway, John, builder in Leith.
Greenfield, Archibald, butcher and cattle-dealer, Leith.
Lawrie, John and Thomas, spirit-dealers in Glasgow.
Miller, Walter, paper-maker, at Patrick Bank, near Paisley.
Reid, Alexander, junior, tailor and draper, King-street, Glasgow.

Ross, Andrew, grocer and merchant in Tain.
Stevenson, John, and Son, dyers and calico-printers, in Hutchisonstown of Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Bell, James, fish-merchant, Perth; a dividend 21st June.
Brown, George, and Company, distillers at Rutherglen Bridge, near Glasgow; a dividend 14th June.
Grant, Lewis, bookseller, Inverness; a dividend 20th June.
Hunter, Duncan, merchant in London, and Hun-

ter, Alexander, merchant in Glasgow; a first and final dividend 5th July.
 Hynd, John, merchant, broker, and underwriter, formerly of Glasgow, thereafter of Greenock; a first and final dividend on 27th June.
 King, George, H., merchant, Glasgow; a dividend 6th June.
 Livingston, Arthur, the deceased, merchant in Kilsyth, a first and final dividend on 20th July.
 Loudoun George, and Company, merchant, Glasgow; a dividend after 14th June.
 Lowe, J. and J. merchants in Greenock; a dividend on 30th June.
 Ievach, George, late merchant in Thurso; a final dividend 6th June.

M'Caul, John, and Sons, merchants, Glasgow; a dividend after 5th July.
 Maclean, William, merchant in Edinburgh; a dividend 11th June.
 MacLennan, Murdo, dealer in meal at Tullich of Lochcarron; a division of the proceeds of bankrupt's property on 10th January.
 MacNeil, James, baker, and lately brewer and distiller in Dumfries; a dividend 23d July.
 Wright, Alexander, fish-curer and dealer in herrings in Banff; a final dividend 23d July.
 Wyllie, R. and M., manufacturers in Glasgow; a second dividend on the 9th.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 25, 1824. At Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, Mrs Robert Turnbull, of a daughter.
 April 4, 1825. At Walton Park, Mrs Major Campbell, of a daughter.
 — At Manchester, the lady of Sir Alexander Don, of Newton, Bart. M.P. of a son and heir.
 5. At Edinburgh, the lady of H. Stopford Nixon, of a son.
 6. At Abercromby Place, the Marquise de Rizio Sforza, of a daughter.
 8. At Drumsheuch, the lady of Adam Hay, Esq. of a son.
 10. Mrs Robert Cadell, 134, George Street, of a son.
 12. At Carron-Hall, the lady of Major Dundas, of a daughter.
 22. Mrs Rutherford, Georgefield, of a son.
 24. At Baxter's Place, the lady of R. H. Barber, Esq. of a son.
 29. At Venlaw, Mrs William Campbell, of a daughter.
 May 1. At Lochnew Castle, Lady Agnew, of a daughter.
 8. At Calais, the Lady of Robert Gun, of Mount Kennedy, Esq. of a daughter.
 9. At No. 3, Dundas Street, the lady of Col. James Maitland, commanding the 84th regiment, of a son.
 13. At Melville House, the Countess of Leven and Melville, of a daughter.
 16. Mrs Irvine, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.
 — At Garcube, the lady of John Campbell, younger of Succoth, Esq. of a son.
 17. At Houston, the lady of Major Shairp, younger of Houston, of a daughter.
 20. The lady of John Cay, Esq. advocate, of a son.
 21. The Marchioness of Anglesea, of a daughter.
 22. At West Kirk Manse, Mrs Dickson, of a daughter.
 — At Pilrig Street, Mrs Moule, of a son.
 25. At the Government-House, Jersey, the lady of Major-General Sir Colin Halkett, K.C.B., and G.C.H., of a daughter.
 27. At 14, Pitt Street, Mrs Weir, of a daughter.
 29. Mrs M'Kean, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.
 — Mrs W. Ferrier, Albany Street, of a son.
 31. At Burntsfield House, near Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Duncan, of a daughter.
 June 4. The lady of William Erskine, Esq. 14, Melville Street, of a daughter.
 5. At his Lordship's house, in Upper Brook Street, London, the Countess of Kinnoul, of a daughter.
 9. At Craigleith House, Mrs Fleming, of a son.
 10. Mrs Corrie, No. 18, Circus, of a daughter.
 12. At Portobello, Mrs M. Stenhouse, of a son.
 — At 10, Elder Street, the lady of Dr Foggo, of the Royal Artillery, of a daughter.
 — At Craighlands, the lady of Alexander Allan, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.
 — At Charlotte Square, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Wardlaw Ramsay, of a son.
 13. The lady of Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. W. S. of a daughter.

13. Mrs John Dudgeon, Loanhead, Kirkliston, of a daughter.
 16. At Hermitage Place, Leith Links, Mrs Mackenzie, of a daughter.
 17. At Glasgow, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Hastings, of a son.
 19. At Great King Street, the lady of Sir J. J. Scott Douglas, Bart. of Springwood Park, Roxburghshire, of a son and heir.
 — At Redford, the lady of Alexander Hunter, Esq. of a son.
 20. Mrs Mack, 13, Howard Place, of a son.
 21. At Eaglescarnie, the lady of Major-General the Hon. Patrick Stuart, of a son.
 — At Irvine, Mrs Fullarton, of Fullarton, of a daughter.
 — Mrs Callender, West Maitland Street, of a son.
 22. Mrs Cameron, Brown Square, of a son.
 — Mrs Crooks, 4, Albany Street, of a daughter.
 — The lady of Sir William Jardine, Bart. of a daughter.
 23. At Belhaven, Mrs Dudgeon, of a son.
 — At Hillhousefield House, Mrs James Northwick, of a daughter.
 24. At Strathairly Cottage, the lady of Major Briggs, of a son.
 25. At 28, Royal Circus, the lady of Dr Hinton Spalding, Kingston, Jamaica, of a son.
 26. Mrs P. Hill, jun., 8, Pitt Street, of a daughter.
 — At Ancrum House, the lady of Rear-Admiral Adam, of a son.
 27. At Grange House, the lady of George Joseph Bell, Esq. advocate, of a son.
 28. At Biggar Park, Mrs Gillespie, of a daughter.
 29. At Catherine Bank House, Mrs Ireland, of a daughter.
 30. At Jordanhill, Mrs Smith, of Jordanhill, of a daughter.
 — At No. 9, Abercrombie Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Greig, of Eccles, of a son.
 July 3. At Newington Place, Mrs Peter Forbes, of a daughter.
 Lately. At Musselburgh, Mrs Langhorne, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 1. At Rio de Janeiro, John L. Macfarquhar, Esq. to Catherine, daughter of the Rev. John Dampier, Rector of Codford, Dorset, and Langton Thactraver, Wilts.
 April 18. At London, Captain Long, to the Honourable Miss Stanley, eldest daughter of Lord Stanley.
 22. At Edinburgh, Mr George Cairns, solicitor at law, to Miss Mary Aitken.
 26. At the parish church, Weston, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Hely Hutchinson, to the Hon. Mrs Frederick North Douglas.
 27. At Raddery House, Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of Ord, to Anna Watson, daughter of James Fowler, Esq. of Raddery.
 28. At Campbellton, Captain James Coutts Crawford, R.N., to Miss Helen Campbell, third daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. of Hildalg, Argyleshire.
 May 3. At Millfield, Haddington, Mr John Dean, Samuelston, to Janet, daughter of Mr Peter Dods.

5. At Cheltenham, Charles Brodric, Esq. eldest son of the late Archbishop of Cashel, to the Hon. Emma Stapleton, third daughter of Lord Le Despencer.

6. At Milton, the Rev. Peter Steele, 13, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, to Eliza, daughter of James Peddie, Esq. architect.

11. At London, Sir William Foulis, Bart. of Ingleby Manor, Yorkshire, to Mary Jane, second daughter of the late General Sir Charles Ross, Bart. of Balmagown.

17. At Edinburgh, Robert Mackay, Esq. Jane-field Place, Leith, to Mary, second daughter of Robert Brown, Esq. of Newhall.

24. George Home Simpson, Esq. merchant, London, to Isabella, youngest daughter of John Turnbull, Esq. Peebles.

30. At Edinburgh, William Gillies, Esq. of London, to Clementina, fifth daughter of the deceased Thomas Carnegie of Craig, Esq.

— Thomas Brown, Esq. writer, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late E. R. Thong, Esq. solicitor, Bedford.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Aiton, minister of Dolphington, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Smith, Midhope.

June 1. At Wellwood Lodge, John Winstanley, Esq. of Leyland, to Eliza Isabella, relict of Robert Wellwood, Esq. of Garvoek.

— At Pitt Street, Lieut. Alexander Sutherland, 11th British Militia, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Capt. Alexander Sutherland, 30th regiment.

2. At Kinniel House, Alexander Henderson, of Eildonhall, Esq. banker, Edinburgh, to Mrs Margaret Millar, relict of Major James Millar, and niece of Dugald Stewart, Esq.

4. At Stafford Street, Geo. Lindeasay, Esq. Lieutenant, Royal Navy, to Helen, second daughter of the late George Buchanan, Esq. Glasgow.

— At Pinkerton, near Dunbar, Mr John Richardson, Royal Navy, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Adam Watson, Esq. of Press, Berwickshire.

— At London, David Scott, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of William Crawford, Esq. of Upper Wimpole Street.

6. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, the Earl of Sheffield, to Lady Harriet Lascelles, eldest daughter of the Earl of Harewood.

7. At Newington, John Robertson Sibbald, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Greig, Dalmeny.

— At Queen Street, the Rev. Alexander Christison, minister of Foulden, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Cameron, minister of Kirknewton.

8. At Howe Street, Mr Thomas Heriot Weir, Leith, to Arabella, daughter of Mr Frederick MacLagan.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Andrew Rogie, to Isabella, only daughter of the late Adam Summers of Hawick.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Hamilton Dalrymple of Cousland, Bart., to the Hon. Miss Adamina Duncan, third daughter of the late Lord Viscount Duncan.

9. At Frederick Street, Thomas Robert Robertson, Esq. writer to the Signet, to Helen, second daughter of the late John Elder, Esq. deputy-clerk of Session.

10. At Edinburgh, the Rev. William Wilson, A. B. of St John's College, Cambridge, to Henrietta, daughter of the deceased Charles Lockhart, Esq. of Newhall.

— At Peebles, Samuel Lindsay, A. M. of the High School, Edinburgh, to Grace, daughter of Mr Anderson, Peebles.

12. At Forfar, Thomas Carnaby, Esq. Sheriff-clerk Depute, Forfarshire, to Susan, only daughter of John Steel, Esq. Forfar.

14. At Edinburgh, Lieut. J. A. Kingdom, of the 31st regiment of foot, to Jessie, daughter of William Moffat, Esq. solicitor, Edinburgh.

— At Millfield, near Falkland, George Lyon Walker, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Jean, daughter of Harry Hope, Esq. of Millfield.

— At Lerwick, Charles Ogilvy, jun. Esq. banker there, to Martha, youngest daughter of Thomas Fea, Esq. collector of customs, Lerwick.

16. At Rushall, the seat of Sir Edward Poore, Bart. Frederick North, Esq. of Rougham, in the county of Norfolk, and of Hastings, Sussex, to

Janet, eldest daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart. M. P. and widow of Robert Shuttleworth, Esq. of Gawthorpe, Lancashire.

DEATHS.

Aug. 26. 1824. On the Ganges, by the upsetting of his boat, Capt. James Head, commander of the East India Company's ship the Canning.

Nov. 25. In Assam, Charles Steuart, Esq., assistant-surgeon of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal Establishment, third son of the late John Steuart, Esq. of Overtown.

Jan. 1825. At Trichinopoly, Captain Henry Fullarton, of the Madras Engineers.

March 3. At Cape Coast Castle, Ensign Charles S. Lizars, of the Royal African Colonial Corps.

April 2. At Kingston, Jamaica, Matthew, youngest son of James Lamont of Knockdow, Esq.

6. At Hamburg, Mrs Stoddart, relict of Mr Thomas Stoddart, merchant there.

14. At his father's house, Carnbee, Fifeshire, Robert Henderson, late student of divinity, Edinburgh.

15. At Bath, Mary, wife of James Strachan, Esq.

24. At Linlithgow, Miss Andrew, sister of the late Provost Andrew.

— At New Windsor, State of Maryland, Mrs Selkrig Bruce, relict of Mr Robert Dods of Prora, East Lothian.

28. Mrs Mary Macqueen, wife of Archibald Dunlop, distiller, Haddington.

29. At Peebles, Mr James Keddie, merchant.

— At Ardenave, Duncan Campbell, Esq.

May 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret B. S. Kennedy, wife of John Kennedy, Esq. C. S.

— At Edinburgh, William Handyside, second son of Mr Hugh Pillars, printer.

3. At Balmacellan Manse, Major Samuel Brown.

— At Edinburgh, John Adamson, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— At Nice, in Piedmont. Lieut.-General Matthew Baillie, late of Cambree.

— At his house, Grosvenor Street, London, Sir John Cox Hipplesey, Bart.

— The Rev. Robert Knox, minister of Ordequhill. His death was occasioned by a fall from his horse.

4. At his house, Curzon Street, London, Lieut.-General Brown, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Dollar, William Drummond, Esq. of Balfour Spinning Mills, Fifeshire.

— At 51, George Square, Patrick Bennet, Esq. of Whyteside, eldest and only surviving son of the late Rev. William Bennet, of Duddingston.

6. In Berkeley Square, London, Lady Ann Barnard, widow of Sir Andrew Barnard, the intimate friend of Dr Johnson. Her ladyship was sister to the late Earl of Balcarrais, and authoress of the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," a poetic effusion, which, for its beautiful simplicity, ranks among the first in the language.

— At West Barns, near Dunbar, George Hay, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, George Robertson of Clermiston, Esq. W. S. Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer in the Exchequer for Scotland.

7. At Trinity Grange, near Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Chrystie, widow of William Simpson, Esq. of Ogil.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander Stevens, Esq. Larch Hill, Moffat.

8. At 59, South Bridge, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr Thomas Ewing, teacher, aged 13 months.

— At her house, No. 31, Ann Street, St Bernard's, Mrs Robina Wallace, wife of Alexander Spence, Esq. and daughter of the late John Wallace, Esq. of Damhead.

— At Grange House, John Robert Bell, third son of George Joseph Bell, Esq. Professor of the Law of Scotland in the University of Edinburgh.

— At his house, St Andrew's Street, Mr Alexander Fraser, merchant in Edinburgh.

10. At Restalrig-house, near Edinburgh, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs Duncan, relict of the late Alexander Duncan, Esq. of Restalrig.

11. Mrs Clementina Brodie, wife of James Al-lardice, upholsterer in Edinburgh.

— At 5, Buccleuch Place, Mr John Greig, bookseller.

12. At 29, Buccleuch Place, William Simpson, son of Mr James Walker, printer.
— At Newton House, Alexander Laing, Esq.
— At North Leith, Anna Brown, relict of Capt. William Beaton.
— At Leith, Eleonora, second daughter of Mr Thomas Hardie, merchant.
— At Finlayston House, Archibald Campbell, Esq. aged 71.
13. At his seat at Knowles, after an illness of a few days, the Earl of Whitworth, G.C.B. &c. &c. some time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Representative of his late Majesty in several important missions abroad.
— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Morris, aged 62 years.
14. At Minto Street, Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Freer, widow of the Rev. Dr George Smith, minister of Galston, Ayrshire.
- May 14. At the Manse of Clyne, Sutherlandshire, the Rev. Walter Ross, minister of that parish.
15. At 27, Howe Street, Eliza Paterson, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Goodsir, British Linen Company's Bank.
— Mrs Jane Ross Tyrie, wife of Mr John Watt, merchant, Leith.
16. At Dalkeith, aged 26, Catharine Grahame, wife of James Alexander, Esq. banker.
— At Invergowrie, James Clayhills, Esq. of Invergowrie.
17. At Laverock Bank Cottage, near Trinity, Mary Telfer, relict of Mr Taylor, Customs, Leith.
— At the Manse of Robertson, the Rev. James Hay, minister of that parish.
19. At Humble, in the parish of Kirkliston, Alexander Dudgeon, Esq.
— At Morningside, Eliza, youngest daughter of John Mitchell, Esq. Doune, Perthshire.
— At Lasswade, Thomas Dundas Stirling, Esq. youngest son of the late Sir John Stirling, of Glorat, Bart.
20. At Corehead, Mr David Welsh, in his 80th year.
22. At Manse of Strichen, Mrs Agnes Anderson, relict of the Rev. Andrew Youngson, minister of Aberdeen.
24. At Queensferry, Archibald Douglas Stewart, Esq. surgeon.
— At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mrs Jean Dobie, relict of Mr James Grindlay, Borrowstounness.
— At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Helen Russell, wife of Mr Wm. McLean, merchant.
— At Clifton, Miss Adamina Buchan, daughter of the late George Buchan, Esq. of Kelloe.
26. At Craigie, Mrs Anna McPherson, wife of Mr Archibald Fife, Weekly Chronicle Office.
— At Muirhouse, Miss Elizabeth Davidson, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Davidson of Muirhouse.
28. At Dunfermline, Mr William Hutton, surgeon, Peebles.
29. At Picardy Place, Jane, youngest daughter of James Harvey, Esq. of Castle Semple.
— At Newhouse, near North Berwick, Mr Alexander Miller.
— At Pitcorthy, Fifeshire, Miss Jane Ross, third daughter of David Ross, Esq. deceased, eldest son of the late Lord Ankerville.
30. At Lichfield, in the 78th year of his age, General Vyse, Colonel of the 5d, or Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards.
31. At Baker's Place, Stockbridge, Mr John Gibson, builder.
- June 1. At Edinburgh, Lady Elizabeth Finch Hatton.
— At Edinburgh, Mrs Reay, relict of the Rev. John Reay, of St Peter's episcopal chapel, Montrose.
3. At Duntarvie, Patrick Henderson, Esq.
4. At St Enoch's Square, Glasgow, Captain John Campbell, R.N.
- At St Andrews, Laurence Gillespie, Esq. assistant commissary-general to the forces.
4. At Bristo Street, Mr Thomas Pringle, late watchmaker in Edinburgh.
5. At Auchtertool, Henry Spears, Esq.
- At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Sutherland, late merchant in Golspie, Sutherlandshire.
6. At Kincardine, John McLeay, surgeon in the Navy, aged 35.
7. At Linthill, James, eldest son of William Currie, Esq. of Linthill.
— At Dreva, Christian, youngest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Tweedie.
- At Darnaway Street, Moray Place, in the house of his grandmother, Lady Ramsay of Balmain, Alexander Ramsay Renny, second son of Alexander Renny Tailour, of Borrowfield, Esq.
8. At Edinburgh, Sir William Ogilvie, Bart. heir-male of the family of Boyne, whose claim to the Banff Peerage is now in dependence before the House of Lords.
— At Portobello, Ann Flora, daughter of the late Alexander McCallum, of St Lucia, Jamaica.
— Anne, daughter of Hugh Cleghorn, Esq. of Stravithie.
9. At Florence, of a lingering consumption, Princess Pauline Borghese, the sister of Buonaparte.
— At Taunton, Dr Angus Macdonald, physician there.
— At his house in Artillery Place, Finsbury Square, London, in the 82d year of his age, the Rev. Abraham Rees, D.D. F.R.S. editor of the Cyclopædia, &c. &c.
10. At Baxter's Place, John Fletcher, infant son of R. N. Barber, Esq.
11. In the 93d year of her age, Mrs Anne Gray, eldest daughter of the late William Gray, Esq. of Newholm.
— At Langside House, James Bartram, Esq. writer in Peebles.
— At Clury, in Strathspey, Ranald Macdonald, Esq. late of Gellevie.
— At Worthing, the Hon. Mrs Lionel Damer.
— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Howison, relict of Mr James Laing, merchant, Lawnmarket.
13. At Paris, Captain Alexander Renny, Royal Navy, of Montrose.
14. James Tod, Esq. Burton, Ringwood, Hants.
— At West Houses, near Dalkeith, Mr John Porteous, teacher of languages, Edinburgh.
— At Innerleithen, Mr James Brodie, feuar there.
— At Portobello, Miss Margueretta Jane Lauriston, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Lauriston, of the Hon. the East India Company's service.
15. At Inveresk, Mrs Home, widow of Rear-Admiral Rodham Home of Longformacus.
16. Isabella, fourth daughter of Duncan Cowan, Esq. Canongate.
— At Gogar Bank, Mr Charles Edward de Caffranne, teacher of foreign languages at the academy at Dollar.
— At Greenock, William Campbell, Esq. writer, and many years town-clerk.
- Lately, At Hampstead, suddenly, Mr D. Corri, well known as a composer and teacher of eminence for the last fifty years, in London and Edinburgh.
- At Hill Street, Edinburgh, Robert, eldest son of John Gairdner, Esq. M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.
— At his residence in Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.
- At No. 17, Pilrig Street, William, youngest son of Alexander Wright, Esq. seed-merchant, Edinburgh.
— At Tullyallan, the Hon. Mary Elphinstone, in her 85th year.
— At Calcutta, of cholera morbus, in the prime of life, George Alexander Smyth, Esq. merchant, eldest son of Christopher Smith, Esq. of Beechgrove, Annandale.

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THE SUBALTERN.

CHAP. XXII.

A DIRECT communication between the opposite banks of the river being thus established, the remaining battalions of the Guards, the chief part of the King's German Legion, together with a proportionate force of cavalry, and of artillery, marched at day-break on the twenty-fifth, to join their comrades among the sand hills. The whole of the besieging army being at the same time put in motion, the gap which, prior to this date, had existed in the line of investment, was filled up. Little or no fighting took place on that occasion. The enemy perceiving our design, offered no serious resistance to its accomplishment, but evacuating the village of Boucaut, after having exchanged a few shots with the skirmishers, established their picquets about half a mile in its rear. As yet, therefore, a good deal more of open space was granted to them than they could long hope to enjoy; but all opportunity of corresponding with Marshal Soult, as well as of adding to the stock of grain and provisions already in their arsenals, was cut off.

The running and irregular fire which had been maintained throughout the morning, gradually died away, and ceased altogether about noon. From that hour till after night-fall, everything continued quiet. A feverish excitement necessarily consequent, even

upon a trifling skirmish, prevailed indeed amongst us; nor did we venture to take off our accoutrements, or return to our usual employments during the remainder of the day. But we might have done so, had we felt disposed, with the most perfect safety, for the enemy were too well satisfied with being permitted to retain what they did retain, of territory beyond the glacis, to endanger its loss by an useless attempt to regain what had been wrested from them. Still we were anxious, and the anxiety which pervaded us all the day, ceased not to operate at night.

The garrison of Bayonne, we were well aware, was at once numerically powerful, and composed of the best troops in the French army. From all that we could learn, Soult had by no means calculated upon the plan of operations adopted by Lord Wellington. Concluding that his Lordship would halt after the passage of the Adour, and invest that important place with the whole of his forces, he had thrown into it no fewer than fifteen thousand picked men, assigning the command to General Thouvenot, an officer, who, by his successful defence of Burgos, on a former occasion, appeared worthy of so delicate a trust on the present. Lord Wellington was, however, too conscious of the advan-

tages which arise in war from celebrity of movement, to waste his time before the walls of Bayonne. He accordingly left Sir John Hope to mask the city with the two British divisions, which composed the left column, a force somewhat inferior in point of numbers to that which it blockaded; whilst he himself, with the remaining five divisions, hung upon the rear of the retreating army. It is true, that our little *corps d'armie* was supported by thirty or forty thousand Spaniards, who, if they served no other purpose, made at least a show, and hindered weak foraging parties from traversing the open country; but upon their efforts little reliance could be placed, in case a bold sally should be made; whilst the scattered order of our encampment hindered us from opposing, at any given point, a force at all competent to meet at least with decisive superiority, that portion of the garrison which the governor might at any time employ in such a service. The circumference of Bayonne, measuring it from the exterior of the works, cannot be computed at less than four miles. Our line again which encircled it at a distance of three miles from the ditch, would of course greatly exceed this; and when it is remembered that not more than fifty thousand men at the utmost, and of these something less than fifteen thousand who were trust-worthy, occupied that line, it will be seen that our situation was not such as to render caution unnecessary, or apprehension groundless.

We had, however, retired to rest at the usual hour, on the night of the 25th; all things continuing in apparent security; when sleep, which was beginning to assert its dominion over our senses, was suddenly dispelled, by the report of a musket-shot, in the direction of the picquets. The battalion to which I was attached, still kept its ground behind the sand hill, whither it had moved, after the affair of the 23d. Its out-posts were divided from the camp, only by the hill; consequently little time could be given to prepare and accoutre in case an attack should be made. Not a moment was therefore wasted in surmises, not a hint was thrown out as to the propriety of waiting till a little more firing should bespeak cause of serious alarm; but every man sprang from his pallet, and casting about him as much of his

garments as could be found on the instant, seized his arms, and ran to the place of muster. And now another and another shot was fired; the bugles began to sound, the baggage was hastily packed, the horses saddled, and all the bustle and hurry attendant upon the preparations for battle took place. For myself, having seen that my men were in their ranks, I ran to the top of the hill, from whence I beheld the flashes of several muskets, half way between our sentinels and those of the enemy; but no sound of advancing columns met my ear, neither were these flashes returned by our own soldiers. The degree of surprise excited by all this was not, however, of long continuance. The officer in command of the out-posts dispatched a messenger to inform us, that no symptom of an attack was discernible; but that several deserters had come into his lines, at whom the French sentries fired as they fled. This account was speedily confirmed by the arrival of the deserters in the camp; and the troops accordingly laid aside their weapons, and returned to their tents.

The alarm in that direction had hardly subsided, when another and a not less serious one arose in a different quarter. A sentry who was posted by the bank of the river, reported to his officer, when visiting him, that boats were moving, and oars splashing in the water. Apprehensions were immediately excited for the safety of the bridge, against which we naturally concluded that some attempt was about to be made. To oppose it as far as possible, of whatever nature it might be, three field-pieces which were attached to our brigade, limbered up, and galloped to the water's edge; these I accompanied, and certainly the splash of oars was very audible, though the darkness would not permit us to distinguish from whence the sound proceeded. A shot or two were, however, fired in the direction of the sound, just by way of hinting to the enemy that we were awake; and whether it was that the hint was not lost upon them, or that they never seriously entertained the idea of assailing the bridge, an immediate cessation of rowing was the consequence. Having watched, therefore, for half an hour, and neither hearing nor seeing anything indicative of danger, I left the gunners to themselves; and returning

to my cloak and blanket, I wrapt myself closely up, and slept soundly and securely till the morning.

The whole of the 26th passed over, without the occurrence of any event worthy of mention. By myself it was spent, not very profitably, in sauntering about among the pine-woods, where little or no game was to be found; whilst for the troops in general, as well within as without the walls of the beleaguered city, it might be accounted a sort of armed truce. Hardly a cannon-shot was fired from sunrise till sun-set, on either side; but matters were drawing fast to a crisis. Stores and ammunition were continually conveyed across the river in large quantities, and it was manifest, that even the few miles of open country which the garrison still held, would, before long, be taken away from them. It was, therefore, no unexpected communication which I received, on the morning of the 27th, that the corps was to stand to its arms forthwith, and that the enemy were to be driven in all directions within their works.

Having, in a former chapter, described the nature of the ground in our immediate front, the reader will readily understand why no serious advance on our part was intended. We were already within point-blank range of the guns on the ramparts; whilst between the ramparts and the camp, no broken ground, nor village, nor any other species of cover, existed. We could not, therefore, hope to establish ourselves, had we even pushed on, whilst the French general, by opening the sluices from the river, might, at any moment, lay the whole level under water. On the opposite side of the Adour, however, the case was different. There, the most forward British picquets were very little in advance of the village of Boucaut, and the village of Boucaut is full four miles from the citadel. The face of the country, too, between these points, being rugged and broken, numerous positions could be taken up by the besiegers, in which, whilst they were themselves secure from the fire of the place, they could easily prevent the garrison from venturing beyond the ditch; whilst the relative situations of the town and fortress, rendered the one secure against active annoyance, till after the other should have fallen into our hands. Though, therefore,

it was understood that the whole of our line was to be drawn somewhat more tightly round the city, we were all aware that the trenches would be opened, and breaching batteries thrown up against the citadel alone.

The men being accoutred, and the baggage packed, we stood quietly in our ranks, behind the sand hill, till a gun, from the opposite bank of the stream, sounded the signal of attack. Upon this we extended our files, so as to give to a single weak battalion the appearance of an entire brigade, and ascending the heights, we stopped short where the tops of our bayonets, and the feathers of our caps, just showed themselves over the ridge. Similar demonstrations were likewise made by the corps which filled Anglette and crowned the rise in connexion with it; whilst occasionally a shout was raised, as if at length the order of attack had been given, and we were preparing to rush on. All this was done, for the purpose of drawing the attention of the enemy to many different points at the same time, and thus hindering them from opposing, with the total strength of the garrison, the forward movements of those who were appointed to invest the castle.

Whilst we, and the divisions near us, were thus amusing ourselves and the enemy with the pomp and circumstance, rather than with the reality of war, the guards and light Germans, with a corps of Portuguese infantry, were very differently occupied on the other bank of the river. As our situation was a commanding one, it enabled us to obtain a tolerably distinct view of their proceedings. We saw one column of British troops form on the sands beside Boucaut. In front of it was a body of German riflemen, who pressed leisurely forward in skirmishing order, till they reached the picquets of the French troops. Of the enemy, on the other hand, a heavy column showed itself upon the high ground, where it halted, and continued to send out numerous parties to support the out-posts; between whom and the Germans, a hot skirmish soon began, nor could it be said that any decided advantage was gained by either party during several hours.

The column which we descried upon the sands beside Boucaut, was not of great strength; indeed, the numbers of our own people, discernible by us,

were very inconsiderable. The fact, as I afterwards learned, was, that the side of the hill visible to us, was by far the most rugged and the least assailable of any; consequently, the main attack was to be made in another direction, the attack in this waiting till the other should have in part succeeded. Hence the trifling progress made by our skirmishers, who seemed to be kept back rather than animated forward by their officers, and hence the apparently obstinate resistance of the French picquets. But it was, nevertheless, an exceedingly interesting spectacle, to the beauty of which, the uneven and picturesque nature of the scenery around added not little.

I wish I could convey to the mind of the reader some notion of the scene as it then appeared, and is still remembered by myself. Let him imagine himself, then, lying with me upon the brow of a sand hill, and looking down, first upon the broad and deep waters of the Adour, and over them, upon a sandy bank, which speedily ends, and is succeeded by a green hill; having in its side, the side upon which we are gazing, frequent cuts or gullies, or glens, some of them bare, others wooded, with here and there a white cottage showing itself from among the trees. Let him imagine that he sees, on the summit of the heights, and immediately in a line with himself, a portion of an armed mass, with a single field-piece pointed towards the river's mouth. About a mile to the rearward, again, let him figure to himself a green field, more level than any other part of the hill-side, a sort of table-land as it were, having a hedge along that face of it which is turned towards Boucaut, and a precipitous red bank under the hedge. In this field he will observe about three hundred infantry soldiers, dressed in grey great-coats and broad caps, or chaucats, who carry hairy knapsacks on their backs, and are armed with long clear muskets, which have bayonets screwed to their muzzles. These are Frenchmen. Under the red bank, let him farther suppose that there is a picturesque valley, stocked with tall and shadowy cork-trees, about the middle of which is a neat mansion, something larger than a farm-house, and yet hardly deserving the name of a chateau. That house is full of light Germans, and almost every tree about

it affords cover to a rifleman, who fires, as a good aim is presented to him, at the persons behind the hedge. From the windows of the house, too, many shots are from time to time discharged, whilst the sudden flash, and up-rising of smoke, from the various parts of the hedge, show that the French tirailleurs are not less active than their assailants, or disposed to receive their salute without returning it. In this skirmish little change of ground takes place. Occasionally, indeed, a single rifleman will steal on, running from tree to tree, till he has reached a convenient spot; whilst a Frenchman will as often rise, and having watched him through a brake, or over a bush, will fire whenever he exposes himself to his observation. But no grand rush is made on either side, nor any decided loss sustained, either of ground or in men.

All this while the exertions of our people were, as far as might be, aided by a well-served cannonade from the three pieces of artillery which had kept their station near the bank of the river since the evening of the 25th. The fire of their guns was directed chiefly against a large house—apparently some public work or manufactory—which stood by the brink of the water, and was filled with French troops. Neither were the enemy's batteries opposite to us idle. Having wasted about twenty or thirty round shot without effect, they brought a couple of mortars, with a howitzer or two, to bear upon us, from which they threw shell after shell among our ranks; but from the effects of the cannonade, the nature of the soil secured us, the shells either burying themselves in the sand to the extinction of the fuze, or exploding when we were all snugly laid flat, and therefore safe from their fragments.

Matters had continued thus for several hours, and we were beginning to fear that some part of our General's plan had gone wrong, or that the enemy were in too great force to be driven in by the divisions opposed to them, when a sudden stir in the French column which had hitherto stood quietly upon the heights, attracted our attention. The field-piece was all at once wheeled round, and turned in the direction of the opposite country—the infantry collected into compact order, and were gradually

hidden from us by the brow of the hill. By and by a few musket-shots were fired, then about a dozen more, then came the report of one, two, or three field-pieces, and lastly a roar of cannon and small-arms was heard. This was kept up hot and rapid for half an hour. Every moment it came nearer and nearer. Now the smoke which had at first followed each report after the interval of a few seconds, rose at the same instant with the noise—then the glancing of arms over the high ground was distinguishable—next came the French troops, some retiring slowly, and firing as they fell back, others flying in extreme confusion. Mounted officers were galloping over the ridge, and apparently exerting themselves to restore order, but all would not do. The enemy were in full flight. Down they rushed towards the river, and away along the sands in the direction of the citadel, whilst our three guns poured in round shot amongst them, many of which we could distinctly perceive take effect; and now the green field, on which my reader and I have so long looked, was abandoned. The *tirailleurs* fled, the riflemen pursued, the little column in scarlet pushed on in good order and with a quick pace, whilst on the brow of the height above, a British ensign was held up as a signal from our battery to cease firing. The signal was obeyed, and we had nothing farther to do during the remainder of the day, than to watch, which we eagerly did, the progress of our victorious comrades.

The enemy having fled as far as the manufactory, were there joined by reinforcements from the garrison. Here, then, the battle was renewed with great obstinacy, but, desperate as was the resistance offered, it became every hour less and less effectual. At length the building took fire—it was abandoned, and its defenders fled; after which, the entire scene of action was hidden from us, and we were enabled to guess at the state of affairs only by the sound of the firing, and the direction which it took. That inclined every moment more and more towards the ramparts; but it was ceaseless and awful till darkness had set in, and both parties were compelled to desist, because they could not distinguish friends from foes.

In this affair the loss on both sides

was severe, but we were completely successful. The enemy were driven within their works, and our advanced posts were established in the village of St Etienne, about half pistol-shot from the nearest redoubt. In other directions, little change of ground occurred. Some Spanish divisions took up a position, I believe, somewhat less distant than formerly from the walls of Bayonne; but neither we, nor the divisions in communication with us, were in any degree affected by it. We returned, on the contrary, to our tents, having lost by the cannonade only one man killed, and three wounded.

I recollect having stated, in another part of my narrative, that, except on one occasion, I could not tax my memory with any symptom of violent or permanent grief on the part of a soldier's wife at the death of her husband. How to account for this I know not, unless it be that a camp seldom fails to destroy all the finest feelings of one sex, if it leave those of the other uninjured. The occasion to which I then alluded occurred to-day. A fine young Irishman, the pay-serjeant of my own company, had brought his wife with him to the seat of war. He married her, it appeared, against the wish of her relations, they considering themselves in a walk of life superior to his. To what class of society they belonged I cannot tell, but she, I know, was a lady's-maid to some person of rank, when the handsome face and manly form of M'Dermot stole her heart away. They had been married about a year and a half, during the whole of which time she had borne the most unblemished character, and they were accounted the most virtuous and the happiest couple in the regiment. Poor things! they were this day separated for ever.

M'Dermot was as brave and good a soldier as any in the army; he was, at times, even fool-hardy. Having observed a raw recruit or two cower down in no very dignified manner, as a cannon-ball passed over them, M'Dermot, by way of teaching them to despise danger, threw himself at his ease on the summit of the sand-hill, with his head toward the enemy's guns. He was in the very act of laughing at these lads, assuring them that "every bullet has its billet," when a round-shot struck him on the crown of the head, and smashed him to

atoms. I shall never forget the shriek that was raised. He was a prodigious favourite with all ranks, and then all of us thought of his poor young wife, so spotless, and so completely wrapped up in him. "O, who will tell Nance of this?" said another non-commissioned officer, his principal companion.—"Poor Nance!" cried the soldiers, one and all; so true is it that virtue is respected, and a virtuous woman beloved, even by common soldiers. But there was no hiding it from Nance. The news reached her, Heaven knows how, long before we returned to our tents, and she was in the midst of us in a state which beggars all description, in five minutes after the event took place.

I cannot so much as attempt to delineate the scene which followed. The poor creature was evidently deranged, for she would not believe that the mangled carcase before her was her

husband; and she never shed a tear. "That, O that is not he!" cried she; "that M'Dermot—my own handsome, beautiful M'Dermot! O no, no—take it away, or take me away, and bring me to him!" She was removed with gentle violence to the camp, and the body was buried; a young fir tree being planted over it.

Several days elapsed before Mrs M'Dermot was sufficiently calm to look her situation in the face. But at length the feeling of utter desolateness came over her; and instead of listening, as women in her situation generally listen, to the proposals of some new suitor, all her wishes pointed homewards. To her home she was accordingly sent. We raised for her a handsome subscription, every officer and man contributing something; and I have reason to believe that she is now respectably settled in Cork, though still a widow.

CHAP. XXIII.

FROM the above date, namely, the 27th of February, the siege of Bayonne may be said to have fairly commenced. To follow, in regular detail, the occurrences of each day, as it proceeded, would not, I am sure, greatly interest my readers, whilst to lay such detail before them, would be to myself an occupation little less irksome than it sometimes was to kill the tedious hours of a ten weeks' blockade. I may be permitted, then, to state generally, and in few words, that the strictest investment was continued all the while, and that an extremely harassing kind of duty was imposed upon us till the siege and the war were brought to a conclusion together; by the hoisting of the white flag on the 28th of the following April. Premising this, I shall merely take the liberty of narrating, without regard to dates or natural order, such events and adventures as appeared to myself best deserving of record.

In the first place, then, it may be observed, that whilst on our side of the river no other works were erected than such as appeared absolutely necessary for strengthening our own position, and rendering the bridge, and the high road, and the stores brought up by them, safe from molestation, the Guards and Germans on the other

side were busily employed in digging trenches, and in pushing forward active operations against the citadel. These, as may be imagined, they were not permitted to carry on without being annoyed, in every practicable manner, by the besieged. A continual, or rather a dropping and irregular fire of cannon, was kept up upon their parties from the ramparts, to which even the darkness of the night brought no cessation; for blue lights were ever and anon thrown out where the people were at work, by the flame of which the artillery-men were guided in taking their aim; nor were we wholly exempt from that species of entertainment. On the contrary, as the erection of a three-gun battery on the top of our hill was deemed necessary, we worked at it by turns till it was completed; and, as a matter of course, we worked under the fire of all the cannon and mortars which could be brought to bear upon us. These working parties are by far the most unpleasant of all the employments to which a soldier is liable. There is in them nothing of excitement, with a great deal of danger; and danger, where there is no excitement, no man would voluntarily choose to incur, for its own sake. Let me describe one of these mornings' amusements.

It fell to my lot frequently to superintend the people when at work. The spot on which we laboured was high, and therefore completely exposed to the view of the enemy. It was the top of the hill opposite to them. Immediately on our arrival, a four-gun battery, with one howitzer, and two nine-inch mortars, began to play upon us. They were admirably served, and the balls hit apparently in every quarter, excepting the particular spots on which each of us stood. On such occasions, if there be no very pressing demand for the completion of the work, you generally station one of your party to watch the enemy. As soon as he perceives a flash, he calls out—"Shot," or "Shell," as the case may be. If it be simply a cannon-shot, you either toil on without heeding it, or, having covered yourselves as well as you can till the ball strike, you start up again, and seize your tools. If it be a shell, you lie quite still till it burst. The unmilitary reader may perhaps question whether it be possible to tell the nature of the missile which is coming against you, when as yet it has barely escaped from the muzzle of the gun, and is still a mile or two distant; but he who has been in the habit of attending to these matters will entertain no such doubt. Not to mention the fact, that an experienced eye can trace, by means of the burning fuze, the whole journey of a shell through the air, from its expulsion till its fall, the more perpendicular flight of the smoke may of itself inform him who watches it when it issues from a mortar; whilst there is a sharpness in the report of a gun which the firing of a mortar produces not, and which will effectually distinguish the one from the other, even if the sense of sight should fail. I have heard men assert, that they can trace not only a shell, but a cannon-ball through the air. This may be possible; but, if it be, it is possible only to those whose sense of sight is far more acute than mine.

Though abundantly annoying, it is really wonderful how harmless this cannonade proved, continued, as it was continued, day after day, during the course of several weeks. I do not believe that it cost us, in all, above five men. Neither were the enemy more successful in an attempt which they made to harass us by throwing shells into the camp. As our tents were hid-

den from their view, they, of course, fired at random, and their ammunition was wasted; but the sound of shells falling around us, both by night and day, was not exactly the kind of music which we should have selected. We became, however, accustomed to it, so as in a great degree to disregard it; even the dogs, which at first would run up and apply their noses to each as it alighted, gradually ceased to take any notice of them, till the enemy guessing, or perhaps judging, from the absence of all commotion amongst us, that their fire was not very destructive, gradually omitted, and at last left it off.

Unless my memory greatly deceive me, the chief subject of complaint amongst us was, that we were fettered to one spot, and that, without there being in our situation enough of peril, or of excitement, to hinder us from feeling the confinement as a restraint. Though tolerably secure, from the very nature of the ground, our post was one of vast importance; that is to say, had the enemy succeeded in forcing it, they might have easily made their way to the bridge ere any fresh troops could be brought to oppose them. Under these circumstances, it was considered imprudent to wander far, or frequently, from the tents; and hence even the resource of fishing and shooting was, in a great measure, denied to those who would have gladly availed themselves of it. My friend and I did, indeed, occasionally venture into the woods; but these excursions were too rare to be very profitable, and our limits too confined to furnish an abundance of game.

All our days and all our nights were not, however, of the same tame character. Independently of the usual round of out-post duty; a duty which, to me at least, was never irksome, because it always served to keep my interest awake; a deserter would, from time to time, come over, and bring with him rumours of sorties intended. One of them I particularly recollect as having in it a more than ordinary degree of excitement. We were sitting one Sunday evening, Graham and myself, in the upper loft of an old mill, where, by way of an indulgence, we had established ourselves; our commanding officer had read prayers to the battalion about half an hour before, and the parade had just been

dismissed, when a serjeant clambered up the ladder to inform us, that the servants and batmen were commanded to sleep accoutred; that the horses were to be saddled, and the baggage in readiness to move, at a moment's notice. On inquiring the cause of this order, we learned, that a French officer had arrived in the camp, that he had brought with him intelligence that a sally would certainly take place a little before midnight; and that the garrison were already making preparations for the attack. As may be assured, we put everything in a proper trim forthwith; and having seen that our men lay down, with knapsacks buckled up, and pouches and bayonets slung on, we, too, threw ourselves on the floor, in our clothes.

It might be about eleven o'clock, when we were startled from our repose by the firing of cannon. The sound was, however, distant; it evidently came from the opposite side of the river, and it was followed by no musketry. We watched it, therefore, for a while, anxiously enough, and sat up prepared to issue forth as soon as our presence might be wanted. But no bugle sounded, nor was any other summons given; so we lay down again, and the night passed by in peace. I have reason to believe, however, that the French officer deceived us not. An attack upon our position had been seriously intended, and the plan was abandoned, only, because this very officer being missed, it was conjectured that we should be fully prepared to repel it.

Another little affair took place soon after. Whether our advanced posts on the left of Anglette had been, of late, pushed somewhat more in advance than formerly, I cannot tell; but the enemy sent a message, one morning, by a flag of truce, to the officer in command, desiring that he would fall back, otherwise they would compel him. To such a message a direct refusal was the reply; and they having allowed him an hour to change his mind, proceeded, at the expiration of the time, to carry their threat into execution. A considerable body of light troops attacked the post, and a sharp skirmish ensued. The sound of firing soon drew assistance to our picquet; and the result was, that the French once more retired within their works, leaving us in possession of the

disputed ground. This event, with many others which I have not recorded, because they have in them even less of interest, occurred during the remaining days of February, and the whole of March. On the first of April our position was changed, and we took, from that period, a more active part in the conduct of the siege.

The change of ground to which I now allude, proved, at least for a day or two, extremely agreeable to the corps in general. My friend and myself had indeed, as I have already stated, fixed our abode in an old mill close to the camp, and yet sufficiently apart from it to be freed from the bustle. It was a ruinous and dilapidated mansion, I admit; our living and sleeping chamber consisting simply of one half of a loft; and only of one half, because the flooring of the other half had given way; to which we ascended by means of a ladder or trap-stair, and from which we looked down upon our horses and mules that occupied the basement story. But in that old mill, the tiling of which was unsealed, and can hardly be said to have been proof against the weather, I spent some weary and many more pleasant evenings, whilst, ruinous as it was, it appeared comfortable to men who repaired to it from the sandy ground on which they had previously spent several days and nights, under cover of the canvass. Though therefore I cannot accuse myself of murmuring at the removal of the camp, it is quite certain that I partook not in the general rejoicing which the occurrence produced among my comrades; or that the beauty of the spot, to which my tent was transferred, at all compensated for the loss of a boarded floor, and a detached habitation.

It was, however, a delightful change to the majority. During the last week or ten days, the heat of the sun had become exceedingly oppressive, beating, as it did, through the white canvass, and having its rays reflected back, on all hands, from a grey sandy soil. Not a tree grew near to shelter us; nor was there a blade of grass within sight, on which the weary eye could repose. On the first of April we retired about a couple of miles, into the heart of a pine-wood, and left the sand-hill to be guarded by the picquets alone. Our tents were pitched in a sweet little green vale, overshadowed with

the dark foliage of the fir trees; and near the margin of a small lake or pond of clear water. Here we remained in a state of comparative idleness and enjoyment for three days; running and leaping, and causing the men to run and leap, for rewards; till an order arrived in the evening of the third, that we should be under arms at day-break on the morrow, and cross the bridge, to take part in the fatigues and dangers of the trenches.

At an early hour on the 4th we formed into marching order, and took the direction of the bridge. This we crossed, the planks waving and bending beneath us, as the cables to which they were fastened swung to and fro with our tread, and then filing to the right, we halted in an open field above the village of Boucaut, where the ground of encampment was marked out. It was a day of heavy rain, so we were thoroughly saturated by the way; and as several hours elapsed ere the baggage came up, we were compelled to continue in that uncomfortable plight all the while. It came at length, however, and our tents were pitched; after which, having substituted dry for wet apparel, I spent the rest of the evening in lounging among the numerous stalls and booths which surrounded the market-place.

The village of Boucaut presented at this period a curious spectacle. It was not deserted by its inhabitants; all, or the greater number of whom, remained quietly in their houses. Their little shops were not closed; the inns, for there were two in the place, so far from being abandoned, were continually crowded with customers; cooks, waiters, landlady, and mine host, were all in motion from morning till night; whilst the country people came in, in crowds, with eggs, butter, cheese, poultry, and other luxuries. These articles of merchandize were exposed for sale in the centre of the market-place, a large square, surrounded by lofty walls; whilst along the sides of these walls, sutlers' tents, porter-booths, confectioners' stalls, and even tables loaded with hard-ware, shoes, stockings, &c., were laid out in regular order. The place was, moreover, full of people, soldiers, camp followers, villagers, peasants, male and female; and much laughing and much merriment prevailed in every direction. To a mere spec-

tator, there was constant food for amusement; in the fruitless endeavours of an English soldier, for example, to make love to a pretty French girl—or, in the vain efforts of a staid German to overreach some volatile, but mercenary villager—whilst the ceaseless gabbling in all European tongues—the attempts made on all hands to carry on by signs that conversation to which the faculty of speech lent no assistance,—to watch these, and a thousand other extravagances, furnished ample and very agreeable employment to one who was willing to find amusement where he could. Yet, with all this apparent confusion, the greatest regularity prevailed. Not a single instance of violence to a native, either in person or property, occurred; indeed, both men and women scrupled not to assure us, that they felt themselves far more secure under our protection, than they had been whilst their own countrymen were among them.

It was our business, whilst the camp stood here, to march up every morning to the front, and to work, in turns, at the erection of batteries and redoubts, within half-musket-shot of the walls of the citadel. The spot where I invariably found myself stationed, when my turn of duty came round, was a chateau, situated upon the brow of an eminence; from the windows and garden of which I obtained a distinct view of one flank of the castle. Upon this building an incessant fire of round shot, shells, grape, and occasionally of musketry, was kept up. The enemy had, upon their walls, a number of long swivel guns, which they could elevate or depress, or turn in any direction, at will; and with which as perfect an aim could be taken as with an ordinary fusée. These threw, with great force, iron balls of about a quarter of a pound weight. Beside them men were always stationed, who watched our movements so closely, that it was impossible to show so much as your head at a window, or over the wall, without being saluted by a shot, whilst ever and anon a nine-inch shell would tumble through the roof, and burst sometimes before we had time to escape into another apartment.—Then the crashing of the cannon balls as they rushed through the partitions—the occasional rattle of grape or canister, which came pouring in by the windows—all these things combined

produced a species of feeling, of which no words can convey an adequate notion to him who has not experienced it. It was not terror, it can hardly be called alarm—for we followed our occupations unceasingly, and even our mirth was uninterrupted; but it kept the mind wound up to a pitch of excitation, from which it was by no means an unpleasant matter to relieve it.

Ours was a mortar battery. It was formed by heaping up earth against the interior of the garden wall, and proceeded with great rapidity. We likewise cut down trees, and constructed out of their branches fascines and gabions; but we had nothing to do in the trenches. Of these, indeed, not more than a couple were dug; the uneven nature of the ground producing numerous valleys and hollows, which saved us a great deal of toil, and very sufficiently supplied their place.

Besides working parties, it came occasionally to my turn to command a picquet. The post of which I was put in charge, was the village of St Etienne, and the church formed the head-quarters of the guard. It was a small building, but, fortunately for us, constructed with great solidity, inasmuch as it stood under the very muzzles of half-a-dozen field-pieces, which the enemy had placed in a redoubt about a short stone's-throw distant. To add to its strength, and to render it more tenable in case of an attack, an embankment of earth—of earth carried from the churchyard, and so mixed with the mouldering bones of “the rude forefathers of the village,” was raised inside, to the height of perhaps four feet; above which ran a line of loop-holes, cut out for the purpose of giving to its garrison an opportunity of firing with effect upon their assailants. When I say that the church formed the head-quarters of the guard, I mean that the guard took up its station there during the night. Whilst daylight lasted, it kept itself as much as possible concealed behind a few houses in the rear of the building, and left only a single sentinel there to watch the movements of the enemy.

A little to the right of my post was

a couple of barricades; the one cutting off the main road, the other blocking up the entrance to a cross-street in the village. Beside these respectively stood a six-pounder gun. They were, I should conceive, about pistol-shot from the walls of the castle, and formed our most advanced stations.—Our sentinels again ran through the churchyard and streets, winding away by the right and left, as the shape of the place required; and they were planted as close to one another as the occurrence of trees, or other species of cover, would permit. For the French were no longer the magnanimous enemy which we had found them in the open field. Every man, no matter whether a sentry or a lounging, who could be seen, was fired at; nor could the ordinary reliefs proceed as in other situations they had been wont to proceed. No corporal's party could march round here, but the men themselves stole up, one by one, to the particular spots allotted to them, whilst those whom they came to relieve stole away after a similar fashion. Yet even thus, we seldom returned to the camp without bringing a wounded man or two back with us, or leaving a dead comrade behind.

At night, again, the very utmost vigilance was necessary. The enemy were so close to us, that the slightest carelessness on our part would have given them free and secure access through our chain, whilst that very proximity rendered it utterly impracticable for the videttes to give sufficient warning to men who should not be at every moment in a state of preparation. No man slept, or so much as lay down. The privates stood round the embankment within the church, as if they had been all on watch, whilst the officer crept about from place to place in front of it, or listened, with deep anxiety, to every sound. In these wanderings, the conversation of the French soldiers could be distinctly overheard, so near were the troops of the two nations to each other; and so perilous, or rather so momentous, was the duty which we were called upon to perform.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE blockade of Bayonne being now decidedly converted into a siege, Sir

John Hope very justly determined, that every brigade of British and Por-

tuguese troops—in other words, every brigade upon which he could at all depend—should take by turns a share in the fatigue and danger attendant upon the progress of operations. The tour of duty allotted to each was accordingly fixed at three days. In consequence of this arrangement, we, who had assumed the care of the works and outposts on the 4th, were relieved on the evening of the 7th; and at an early hour on the morning of the 8th, once more turned our faces in the direction of the pine-wood. The tents which we had pitched in the vicinity of Boucaut were not, however, struck. These we left standing for the benefit of a brigade of Portuguese, which crossed the river to succeed us; and hence, instead of halting where we had formerly sojourned, beside the pond, and under the shadow of the fir-trees, we pushed on as far as the outskirts of Anglette. The morning of the 8th chanced to be uncommonly dark and foggy. It so happened, moreover, that a man, who had got drunk upon duty the night before, was doomed to suffer punishment, as circumstances would allow, and as a battalion having reached what was supposed to be its ground, formed square in a green field for the purpose. Partly in consequence of the density of the fog, which rendered all objects at the distance of fifty yards invisible, and partly because the country was altogether new to us, we lost our way. Our astonishment may therefore be conceived, when, on the clearing away of the mist, we found ourselves drawn up within less than point-blank range of the enemy's guns, and close to the most advanced of our own sentinels in this part of the line.

For a moment or two we were permitted to continue thus unmolested, but not longer. The breastworks in front of us were speedily lined with infantry; mounted officers arrived and departed at full speed; a few field-pieces being hurried through a sally-port, were posted upon the exterior of the glacis; and then a sharp cannonade began. It was quite evident that the enemy expected an assault; and the accidental appearance of two other British brigades, which chanced at the moment to pass each other in our rear, added strength, without doubt, to that expectation. The scene was highly animating; but the enemy's guns

were too well served to permit our continuing long spectators of it. A ball or two striking in the centre of the square warned us to withdraw; and as we were clearly in a situation where we were never meant to be, as well as because no act of hostility was on our part intended, we scrupled not to take the hint, and to march somewhat more to the rear. There a certain number of houses was allotted to us, and we again found ourselves, for the space of four days, under cover of a roof.

We were thus situated, when a messenger extraordinary arrived at the quarters of the commanding officer, about midnight on the 11th of April, with intelligence that the allies were in possession of Paris, and that Buonaparte had abdicated. It would be difficult to say what was the effect produced upon us by the news. Amazement—utter amazement—was the first and most powerful sensation excited. We could hardly credit the story; some of us even went so far for a while as to assert, that the thing was impossible. Then came the thought of peace, of an immediate cessation of frilities, and a speedy return to our last, though relatives in England; and next influence, with the least permanent reduction to half-pay, the dread of however, we rather rejoiced in the present, wise at the prospect of being freed from the irksome and incessant labour of a siege; and we anticipated with satisfaction a friendly intercourse with the brave men against whom we had so long fought, without entertaining one rancorous feeling towards them. I fear, too, that the knowledge of what had passed in Paris, caused some diminution in the watchfulness which we had hitherto preserved; at least I cannot account upon any other principle for the complete surprisal of our outposts in the village of St Etienne, a few nights after.

The messenger who conveyed this intelligence to us, went on to say that Sir John had dispatched a flag of truce to inform the governor of Bayonne that there was no longer war between the French and English nations. General Thouvenot, however, refused to credit the statement. He had received, he said, no official communication from Marshal Soult; and as he considered himself under the imme-

diate command of that officer, even a dispatch from the capital would have no weight with him unless it came backed by the authority of his superior. Under these circumstances no proposals were made on either side to cease from hostilities, though on ours the troops were henceforth exempted from the labour of erecting batteries, in which it was very little probable that guns would ever be mounted. In other respects, however, things continued as they had previously been. The picquets took their stations as usual, all communication between the garrison and the open country was still cut off, and several families of the inhabitants, who sought to pass through our lines, were compelled to return into the town. This last measure was adopted, as it invariably is adopted when a city is besieged, in order not to diminish the number of persons who must be fed from the stores laid up in the public arsenals.

Though there was peace in Paris, there was no peace before Bayonne. Our brigade having enjoyed its allotted period of rest, accordingly prepared to return to its camp beside Boucaut, for which purpose a line of march was formed on the morning of the 12th; and we again met, however, the floating-bridge at posts were not our services as working parties were required in fashion, we spent that no succeeding day peaceably in our camp. Not that these days were wholly devoid of interesting occurrences. During the latter a French officer arrived from the north, bearing the official accounts of those mighty transactions, which once more placed his country under the rule of the Bourbons; and him we sent forward to the city, as the best pledge for the truth of our previous statements, and of our present amicable intentions. Still General Thouvenot disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the whole affair; but he returned an answer by the flag of truce which accompanied the aid-de-camp, "that we should hear from him on the subject before long."

It will be readily believed, that the idea of future hostilities was not, under all these circumstances, entertained by any individual of any rank throughout the army. For form's sake, it was asserted that the blockade must still

continue, and the sentinels must still keep their ground; but that any attack would be made upon them, or any blood uselessly spilled, no man for a moment imagined. The reader may therefore guess at our astonishment, when, about three o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth, we were suddenly awoken by a heavy firing in front; and found, on starting up, that a desperate sortie had taken place, and that our picquets were warmly engaged along the whole line. Instantly the bugles sounded. We hurried on our clothes and accoutrements, whilst the horses came galloping in from their various stables, and the servants and bat-men busied themselves in packing the baggage; and then hastily taking our places, we marched towards the point of danger, and were hotly and desperately in action in less than a quarter of an hour.

The enemy had come on in two columns of attack, one of which bore down upon the church and street of St Etienne, while the other, having forced the arcade upon the high road, pressed forward towards the *cau* where our mortar battery was in progress of erection. So skilfully had the sortie been managed, that the sentries in front of both these posts were almost all surprised ere they had time by discharging their pieces to communicate an alarm to those behind them. By this means, and owing to the extreme darkness of the night, the first intimation of danger which the picquets received was given by the enemy themselves; who, stealing on to the very edge of the trench, within which our men were stationed, fired a volley directly upon their heads. In like manner, the serjeant's guard which stood beside the guns in the village was annihilated, and the gun itself captured; whilst the party in the church were preserved from a similar fate, only in consequence of the care which had been taken to block up the various door-ways and entrances, so that only one man at a time might make his way into the interior. It was, however, completely surrounded, and placed in a state of siege; but it was gallantly defended by Captain Forster of the 38th regiment, and his men.

Just before the enemy sallied out, a French officer, it appeared, had deserted; but unfortunately he came in

through one of the more remote picquets, and hence those which were destined to receive the shock reaped no benefit from the event. His arrival at head-quarters had, however, the effect of putting Sir John Hope on his guard; and hence greater preparations to meet the threatened danger were going forward, than we, on whom it came unexpectedly and at once, imagined. A corps of five hundred men, for example, which was daily stationed as a sort of reserve, about a mile in rear of the out-posts, was in full march towards the front, when the firing began; and the enemy were in consequence checked before they had made any considerable progress, or had reached any of our more important magazines. The blue house, as we were in the habit of naming the chateau, was indeed carried; and all the piles of fascines and gabions, which had cost us so much labour to construct, were burned; but besides this, little real benefit would have accrued to the assailants, had the state of affairs been such as to render a battle at this particular juncture at all necessary, or even justifiable.

Immediately on the alarm being given, Sir John Hope, attended by a single aid-de-camp, rode to the front. Thither also flew Generals Hay, Stopford, and Bradford, whilst the various brigades hurried after them, at as quick a pace as the pitchy darkness of the night, and the rugged and broken nature of the ground, would permit. Behind them, and on either hand, as they moved, the deepest and most impervious gloom prevailed; but the horizon before them was one blaze of light. I have listened to a good deal of heavy firing in my day; but a more uninterrupted roar of artillery and musketry than was now going on, I hardly recollect to have witnessed.

As the attacking party amounted to five or six thousand men, and the force opposed to them fell somewhat short of one thousand, the latter were, of course, losing ground rapidly. The blue house was carried; the high road, and several lanes that ran parallel with it, were in possession of the enemy; the village of St Etienne swarmed with them; when Sir John Hope arrived at the entrance of a hollow road, for the defence of which a strong party had been allotted. The defenders were in full retreat. "Why do you move in that direction?" cried he, as he rode

up. "The enemy are yonder, sir," was the reply. "Well then, we must drive them back—come on." So saying, the general spurred his horse. A dense mass of French soldiers was before him; they fired, and his horse fell dead. The British picquet, alarmed at the fall of the general, fled; and Sir John, being a heavy man,—being besides severely wounded in two places, and having one of his legs crushed beneath his horse, lay powerless, and at the mercy of the assailants. His aid-de-camp, having vainly endeavoured to release him, was urged by Sir John himself to leave him; and the French pressing on, our gallant leader was made prisoner, and sent bleeding within the walls.

Of this sad catastrophe none of the troops were at all aware, except those in whose immediate presence it occurred. The rest found ample employment both for head and hand, in driving back the enemy from their conquests, and in bringing succour to their comrades, whose unceasing fire gave evidence that they still held out in the church of St Etienne. Towards that point a determined rush was made. The French thronged the street and churchyard, and plied our people with grape and canister from their own captured gun; but the struggle soon became more close and more ferocious. Bayonets, sabres, the butts of muskets, were in full play; and the street was again cleared, the barricade recovered, and the gun re-taken. But they were not long retained. A fresh charge was made by increased numbers from the citadel, and our men were again driven back. Numbers threw themselves into the church as they passed, among whom was General Hay; whilst the rest gradually retired till reinforcements came up, when they resumed the offensive, and with the most perfect success. Thus was the street of St Etienne, and the field-piece at its extremity, alternately in possession of the French and allies; the latter being taken and re-taken no fewer than nine times, between the hours of three and seven in the morning.

Nor was the action less sanguinary in other parts of the field. Along the sides of the various glens, in the hollow ways, through the trenches, and over the barricades, the most deadly strife was carried on. At one moment, the enemy appeared to carry every-

thing before them ; at another, they were checked, broken, and dispersed, by a charge from some battalions of the Guards : but the darkness was so great that confusion everywhere prevailed, nor could it be ascertained, with any degree of accuracy, how matters would terminate. Day at length began to dawn, and a scene was presented of absolute disorder and horrible carnage. Not only were the various regiments of each brigade separated and dispersed, but the regiments themselves were split up into little parties, each of which was warmly and closely engaged with a similar party of the enemy. In almost every direction, too, our men were gaining ground. The French had gradually retrograded ; till now they maintained a broken and irregular line, through the church-yard, and along the ridge of a hill, which formed a sort of natural crest to the glacis. One regiment of Guards, which had retained its order, perceiving this, made ready to complete the defeat. They pushed forward in fine array with the bayonet, and dreadful was the slaughter which took place ere the confused mass of fugitives were sheltered within their own gates. In like manner, a dash was made against those who still maintained themselves behind the church-yard wall ; and they, too, with difficulty escaped into the redoubt.

A battle, such as that which I have just described, is always attended by a greater proportionate slaughter on both sides, than one more regularly entered into, and more scientifically fought. On our part, nine hundred men had fallen ; on the part of the enemy, upwards of a thousand : and the arena within which they fell was so narrow, that even a veteran would have guessed the number of dead bodies at something greatly beyond this. The street of St Etienne, in particular, was covered with killed and wounded ; and round the six-pounder they lay in heaps. A French artillery-man had fallen across it, with a fuse in his hand. There he lay, his head cloven asunder, and the remains of the handle of the fuse in his grasp. The muzzle and breach of the gun were smeared with blood and brains ; and beside them were several soldiers of both nations, whose heads had evidently been dashed to pieces by the butts of muskets. Arms of all sorts, broken and entire, were strewn about.

Among the number of killed on our side was General Hay : He was shot through one of the loop-holes, in the interior of the church. The wounded, too, were far more than ordinarily numerous ; in a word, it was one of the most hard-fought and unsatisfactory affairs which had occurred since the commencement of the war. Brave men fell, when their fall was no longer beneficial to their country, and much blood was wantonly shed during a period of national peace.

A truce being concluded between General Colville, who succeeded to the command of the besieging army, and the Governor of Bayonne, the whole of the 15th was spent in burying the dead. Holes were dug for them in various places, and they were thrown in, not without sorrow and lamentations, but with very little ceremony. In collecting them together, various living men were found, sadly mangled, and hardly distinguishable from their slaughtered comrades. These were, of course, removed to the hospitals, where every care was taken of them ; but not a few perished from loss of blood ere assistance arrived. It was remarked, likewise, by the medical attendants, that a greater proportion of incurable wounds were inflicted this night than they remembered to have seen. Many had received bayonet-thrusts in vital parts ; one man, I recollect, whose eyes were both torn from the sockets, and hung over his cheeks ; whilst several were cut in two by round shot, which had passed through their bellies, and still left them breathing. The hospitals accordingly presented sad spectacles, whilst the shrieks and groans of the inmates acted with no more cheering effect upon the sense of hearing, than their disfigured countenances and mangled forms acted upon the sense of sight.

It is unnecessary to remind the reader, that whilst our column of the army was thus engaged before Bayonne, Lord Wellington, following up his successes at Orthies, had gained the splendid victory of Toulouse. As an immediate consequence upon that event, the important city of Bourdeaux was taken possession of by Lord Dalhousie, and declared for Louis XVIII. ; whilst farther conquests were prevented only by the arrival of Colonels Cook and St Simon, the one at the head-quarters of Lord Wellington.

ton, the other at those of Marshal Soult. By them official information was conveyed of the great change which had occurred in the French capital. An armistice between the two generals immediately followed; and such an order being conveyed to General Thouvenot, as he considered himself bound to obey, a similar treaty was entered into by us and the governor. By the terms of that treaty all hostilities were to cease. The two armies were still, however, kept apart, nor was any one from our camp allowed to enter Bayonne without receiving a written pass from the adjutant-general. Foraging parties only were permitted to come forth from the place at stated periods, and to collect necessaries from any point within a circle of three leagues from the walls.

CONCLUSION.

LITTLE now remains for me to add. My tale of war, and its attendant dangers and enjoyments, is told; and I have nothing left to notice, except a few of the most prominent of the adventures which befell, between the period of my quitting one scene of hostile operations, and my arrival at another. These are quickly narrated.

Early on the morning of the 28th of April, 1814, the whole of the allied troops encamped around Bayonne, drew up, in various lines, to witness the hoisting of the white flag upon the ramparts of that city. The standards of England, Spain, Portugal, and of the Bourbons, already waved together from the summit of every eminence in our camp. Up to this date, however, the tri-colour still kept its place upon the flag-staff of the citadel; to-day it was to be torn down, and the “drapot blanc” substituted in its room. To us, no doubt, the spectacle promised to be one of triumph and rejoicing; for we thought of the gigantic exertions of our country, which alone, of all the nations in Europe, had uniformly refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of the usurper; but by the French, it was very differently regarded. Even among the country-people, not a spark of enthusiasm could be traced; whilst, by the garrison, no secret was made of their abhorrence of the new state of things, and their undiminished attachment to

Yet the truce was regarded by both parties, as an armed one. After so late an instance of treachery, we felt no disposition to trust to the word or honour of the French governor; whilst the enemy, guessing, perhaps, that our bosoms burned for revenge, exhibited no symptoms of reposing confidence in us. On each side, therefore, a system of perfect watchfulness continued. We established our picquets, and planted our sentinels, with the same caution and strictness as before; nor was any other difference distinguishable between the nature of those duties now and what it had been a week ago, except that the enemy suffered us to show ourselves without firing upon us. So passed several days, till, on the 20th, the war was formally declared to be at an end.

their former master. But there was no help for it. “*La fortune de la guerre*,” said a French officer to me one day, as we talked of these matters; but he shrugged his shoulders as he spoke, and gave no proof that he was satisfied with its results.

We had stood in our ranks about an hour, dressed in our best attire, and having our muskets loaded with powder only, when a signal-gun was fired from one of the batteries of the town, and a magnificent tri-coloured flag which had hitherto waved proudly in the breeze, was gradually lowered. For perhaps half a minute the flag-staff stood bare; and then a small white standard, dirty, and, if my eyes deceived me not, a little torn, was run up. Immediately the guns from every quarter of the city fired a salute. By such of our people as kept guard at the out-posts that day, it was asserted that each gun was crammed with sand and mud, as if this turbulent garrison had been resolved to insult, as far as they could insult, an authority to which they submitted only because they were compelled to submit. On our parts, the salute was answered with a *feu-de-joie*, from all the infantry, artillery, and gun-boats; and then a hearty shout being raised, we filed back to our respective stations, and dismissed the parade.

From this period, till the general breaking up of the camp, nothing like

friendly or familiar intercourse took place between us and our former enemies. We were suffered, indeed, by two at a time, to enter the city with passports, whilst some half-dozen French officers would occasionally wander down to Boucaut, and mingle in the crowd which filled its market-place. But they came with no kindly intention. On the contrary, all our advances were met with haughtiness, and it seemed as if they were anxious to bring on numerous private quarrels, now that the quarrel between the countries was at an end. Nor were these always refused them. More duels were fought than the world in general knows anything about; whilst vast numbers were prevented, only by a positive prohibition on the part of the two generals, and a declaration, that whoever violated the order would be placed in arrest, and tried by a court-martial.

We were still in our camp by the Adour, when various bodies of Spanish troops passed through on their return from Toulouse to their own country. Than some of these battalions, I never beheld a finer body of men; and many of them were as well clothed, armed, and appointed, as any battalions in the world. But they were, one and all, miserably officered. Their inferior officers, in particular, were mean and ungentlemanly in their appearance, and they seemed to possess little or no authority over their men. Yet they were full of boasting, and gave themselves, on all occasions, as many absurd airs, as if their valour had delivered Spain, and dethroned Napoleon; such is the foolish vanity of human nature.

Like my companions, I neglected

not any opportunity which was afforded of visiting Bayonne, or of examining the nature of its works. Of the town itself, I need say no more, than that it was as clean and regularly built, as a fortified place can well be; where the utmost is to be made of a straitened boundary, and houses obtain in altitude what may be wanting in the extent of their fronts. Neither is it necessary that I should enter into a minute description of its defences, sufficient notice having been taken of them elsewhere. But of the inhabitants, I cannot avoid remarking, that I found them uncivil and unfriendly in the extreme, as if they took their tone from the troops in garrison, who sought not to disguise their chagrin and disappointment.

Besides paying occasional visits to the city, much of my time was passed in fishing, and in taking part in the public amusements which began to be instituted amongst us. The sands, for example, were converted into a race-course, upon which we tried the speed of our horses day after day. Balls were established in the village, which were attended by ladies of all classes, and from all parts of the surrounding country; and, in a word, all the expedients usually adopted by idle men, were adopted by us, to kill time, and make head against ennui.

Such was the general tenor of my life, from the 20th of April, till the 8th of May. On the latter day, the regiment struck its tents, and marched one day's journey to the rear, where it remained in quiet, till the arrival of the order, which sent it first to the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux, and afterwards to North America.

Thus ends the narrative of the adventures of a single year in the life of a Subaltern Officer. Whatever may be thought of it by the public, it has not been compiled without considerable satisfaction by the narrator; for the year referred to is one on which I now look back, and probably shall ever look back, with the feeling of melancholy satisfaction, which invariably accompanies a retrospect of happiness gone by. If ever there existed an enthusiastic lover of the profession of arms, I believe that I was one; but the times were unfavourable, and he must live for very little purpose, who knows not that enthusiasm of any kind rarely survives our youth. I loved my profession, as long as it gave full occupation to my bodily and mental powers; but the peace came, and I loved it no longer. Perhaps, indeed, the kind of feeling which I had taught myself to encourage, was not such as, in the present state of society, any prudent person is justified in encouraging; for I care not to conceal, that the brightest hopes of my boyhood have all faded away, and that manhood has produced none capable of taking their place. The friend who shared with me so many dangers and hardships,

fell at my side, by the hand of an unworthy enemy. The walk of life which I pursued, for a while, so merrily, has been abandoned; my sabre hangs rusty upon the wall; and my poor old faithful dog is gathered to her fathers. She lies under the green sod before my window; and morning and evening as I walk over her grave, if I shed no tear to her memory, I at least pay to it the tribute of a kindly thought. Well, well, all this is as it ought to be; it is quite right that we should learn the folly of fixing our affections too strongly upon anything in a scene so shifting and uncertain as human life; and I suspect there are few persons who are not taught that lesson, at least occasionally, long before their prime be past.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that he who thus expresses himself must therefore be discontented with his lot, or that he murmurs against the providence which has cast it for him. By no means. If in my new mode of existence there be less of excitement and of wild enjoyment than in my old, at least there is more of calm and quiet gratification. Other ties, likewise, are around me, different in kind, indeed, but not less tender, than those which time has severed; and if there be nothing in the future calculated to stir up ambitious longing, there is still sufficient to defend against discontent. At all events, I am certain that my present occupations are such as will prove more permanently and vitally beneficial to others, than those which preceded them; and let me add, that a man need not be accused of fanaticism who is convinced, that to look back upon a life, not uselessly spent, is the only thing which will bring him peace at the last.

But enough of moralizing, when, in the words of our greatest living poet, I wish to such as have honoured my tale with a perusal,

"To each and all, a fair good night,
And rosy dreams, and slumbers light."

STILL PROUDLY TRILLS THY WITCHING VOICE.

Still proudly trills thy witching voice,
The sweetest of the sweet;
And still the ivory notes rejoice
Thy fairer hand to greet.

I knew thee when that tongue was sweeter,
Or sweeter seem'd to be;
When music to thy touch came fleeter,
Or so it seem'd to me.

It was ere fashion's flattery
Had hung upon thy song,
'Twas when you wish'd for only me,
Nor sought the applauding throng.

'Twas when those notes to me had grown
Not all indifferent;
'Twas when the magic of thy tone
With love alone was blent.

I care not that thy song sound well,
Like what I once adored;
If once the heart I had rebel—
I would not be its lord.

Thy heart so clear—thy faith so free—
These wove my spirit's net;—
Thy beauty's iris fades to me,—
When truth, its sun, is set.

C. M.

THE NEW GERMAN SCHOOL OF TRAGEDY.

In some French story-book which we read in our childhood, we think one of Madame de Genlis's, a refractory princess is condemned to walk incessantly upon a beautiful turf, between rows of stately trees, under a refulgent sun, and a sky of cloudless azure. The poor princess would naturally give the world to be wet to the skin. Happily such perduration of good or ill can be inflicted only in a fairy tale; and in real life, whatever be our condition, mental, physical, or circumstantial, we may generally reckon, with full confidence, upon approaching change, of some description or other. Accordingly, when annoyed by the extravagance to which we see any opinion or system carried, we may console ourselves with the conviction that a re-action must speedily ensue; and although the consolation so acquired should be philanthropically or philosophically lessened by the certainty that such re-action will be exactly proportionate to the exaggeration of the theory from which it recoils, we must indeed be disciples of the school of Heraclitus, if we can derive no comfort from the prospect of such abundant variety. We might refer any readers, who should chance to be sceptical upon this generalization of the doctrine of definite proportions, to all past history, but shall content ourselves with illustrating it from the revolutions of the German drama.

About the middle of the last century, no dramatic writer throughout Germany aspired to, or even dreamt of, aught beyond translating or imitating the unimpassioned dignity, the cold regularity, the all-controlling unities, and the formal Alexandrines, of the French Theatre,—the pre-eminence of which no critic of any nation was then hardy enough to dispute—uncongenial as all this seems to what we now know of the German character. These Gallic fetters were first broken by Lessing. He saw that what was thoroughly unnatural could not be interesting; in his *HAMBURGISCHE DRAMATURGIE*, he announced this new discovery, criticised with great acumen the best French pieces, examined Aristotle's positions, and endeavoured to show that many of them had been misunderstood by all pre-

ceding commentators; finally, as a dramatist, in search of nature and pathos, he forsook the elevated regions hitherto frequented by Tragedy, and first introduced to his countrymen domestic prose tragedy. We all know what painfully deep sympathy is called forth by the scenic representation of calamities such as most of us have experienced, or at least witnessed. Novelty heightened the effect; tears flowed in torrents; Goethe and Schiller followed Lessing's example, and domestic prose tragedy became the rage all over Germany.

The very universality of the fashion occasioned its downfall. The authors we have named were really and essentially poets, and even their prose delineations of common life breathed much of the lofty and ideal spirit of 'gorgeous tragedy.' But the facility of the path thus opened to a species of fame hitherto difficult of attainment, attracted a crowd of uninspired followers; and in the hands of Kotzebue and Iffland, tragedy lost all traces of its gorgeous dignity, sinking to the level of mere dramatised novel or romance; or, in an endeavour to escape from this degradation to thorough common-place, exhibiting—sometimes situations, sentiments, and characters, which, when attributed to ladies and gentlemen of our own age, who might be our own familiar acquaintances, and stripped of the pomp of metrical diction that seems to attune the mind to something raised above ordinary life, become extravagant;—sometimes an humiliating record of vulgar sorrows and Old-Bailey crimes, such as harrow the feelings when we are compelled to sympathize with those involved in them, but are entirely devoid of all the pleasing and elevating effects we have ever been taught to ascribe to the tragic muse.

Lessing died, we believe, before the stage had been thus absolutely debased and perverted; but Goethe and Schiller lived to turn from it with loathing. Of Goethe's opinions upon the subject, however, we know little more than what may be gathered from the style of his plays; and he himself has told us, that his sole reason for writing his earlier dramas in prose, was the impossibility of finding a sa-

atisfactory rhythmical principle of blank verse; and that the moment a friend supplied him with one—which we must confess our inability to comprehend—he turned his unpublished prose tragedies into blank-verse. Respecting the opinions of Schiller, we possess more information. This author has communicated his views to the public, poetically satirizing the attempt to found tragic interest upon the breaking open of bureaux, or the unlawful pocketing of silver spoons, and metaphysically investigating the theory of the tragic art. We shall not require our readers to accompany us through the mazes of these, under German management at least, recondite inquiries, but content ourselves with communicating to them, as the main result of our exploratory toils, that amidst all the various ideas successively adopted and rejected, one principle appears steadily to have reigned paramount from the very earliest of his addicting himself to such speculations. This principle is, that in tragedy, as in every other department of the fine arts, the first and most indispensable requisite is the preservation of the character of Art in its most vivid distinctness: Not Art, as we have been accustomed to admire it, exerting its highest powers to assume the semblance of nature, but Art pure and undisguised, as it was seen in the terrace-walks and clipped hedges of our ancestors' gardens. The influence of this principle may be perceived in the later dramas of both Schiller and Goethe; but it is the present school of tragic writers—Goethe, be it remembered, has abandoned the stage—who have most implicitly adopted, and methodized it into a regular system, by the adoption of a style of versification, and the invention of a theory with respect to the structure of the fable of tragedy, which, whatever may be their other merits or demerits, are certainly the genuine and legitimate offspring of Schiller's grand principle, that the character of Art is the first essential. Of this system, thus completed, we propose to offer some further explanation, and to trace it, as briefly as may be consistent with our object, through several tragedies already known to the readers of this Magazine. After which, we have a few words to say upon the prevalent fashion of de-

claiming, in sweeping terms, against the immorality of German literature.

Adolf Müllner, one of the most admired writers of this new school, in his preface to *DER NEUN UND ZWANZIGSTE FEBRUAR*, the Nine-and-Twentieth of February, his first tragic production, explains these new views of the fable of tragedy, of which he was, we believe, the inventor. He asserts, that the tremendous Destiny of the ancients is the only basis adequate to support the high, ennobling, although terrible, effects of tragedy; but that, in order to produce these potent effects, such Destiny must harmonize with our religious creed, the want of which accordance renders the pure mythological Fate of the Greek tragedians unfit for the purposes of their modern successors. This Christian modification of classical Destiny he derives from the rigidly inexorable justice, which not only suffers no crime to escape its due punishment, but has declared that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children. Justice, stern inflexible justice, is, he maintains, the one divine attribute which must constantly be kept in view in tragic composition, whilst he reproaches all declamation upon the mercy of Heaven, as fit only for the maudlin sentimentality of the novelist.

Our readers will hardly, we imagine, dispute the conformity of a fable constructed according to such principles, with the grand character of Art. The system of versification adopted by the new school is, we think, no less so. It appears to be borrowed from the Spanish drama, which is, at present, prodigiously admired in Germany, and consists, like its prototype, indiscriminately, of short and long lines, of trochaics and iambics, of blank verse and rhyme, of couplets and every various kind of stanza, governed by no law, as far as our most diligent perquisitions have enabled us to judge, save the pleasure or convenience of the author. One point of regularity, however, is uniformly observed, to the best of our recollection—we have not the whole modern theatre of Germany at hand to refer to—and in that the pieces in question differ from Spanish plays. Although blank-verse and rhyme are yet more arbitrarily intermixed by German than by Spanish authors, iambics and trochaics, and

long and short lines, do not, in their works, supplant and succeed each other in an equally capricious arrangement. This partial regularity was, probably, deemed indispensable to the preservation of the high character of Art; and we incline to think it an improvement, although it must be owned that in tragedies written wholly in short trochaics, the ear becomes so completely weary of the unaccustomed measure, that a little variety might be felt as a relief.

The effect of this system, thus perfected in all its parts, far exceeds what could readily have been anticipated. The consciousness of a highly artificial design pervades the whole, and dwells so engrossingly upon the mind, as to leave the reader almost uninterested, certainly unaffected, amidst trains of incidents the most horrible, amidst situations of the deepest pathos, all conducted with real dramatic skill, and with powerful bursts of strong passion. Schiller condemned everything like illusion, everything tending to excite excessive emotion in the reader or spectator, as beneath the dignity of genius, and bearing more analogy to wax-work imitations of real life, than to Statuary—the one of the sister arts to which he deemed Tragedy most akin. He would surely be satisfied in this respect with his disciples, much of whose success in tranquillizing our sympathies, however, we attribute to their versification, which partly distracts our attention by care for the placing of a distant rhyme, and anxiety to ascertain what is, and what is not, rhymed, and partly induces us to think those agonies must be very bearable, which never occasion the sufferer to neglect or forget the regular structure of the most complicated stanza.

The first piece attempted, we believe, upon this perfected system, was Adolp Müllner's NEUN UND ZWANZIGSTE FEBRUAR, a complete exemplification of the new principle of tragedy. Upon one 29th of February, the father committed a heinous crime, and in punishment of his sin, upon every return of that fatal day, his children incur guilt, or suffer calamity. We cannot help remarking, *en passant*, that it was exceedingly lucky the first offence was not perpetrated upon the oftener-recurring 28th. Werner, another living German dramatist, has

introduced us to a family, whose crimes and misfortunes were fated to the 24th of February, and who must necessarily have been, in a ratio of four to one, more guilty and more miserable than our friends the Horsts. Jacob Horst, the father of Walter, the hero of the piece, at a feast given by his father-in-law in compliment to him upon his birth-day, the 29th of February, saw, fell in love with, and seduced, his wife's younger sister, who died in giving birth to a daughter. This was bad enough, according to our notions, but it should rather seem that if the delinquent had meekly submitted to the punishment naturally consequent upon his flagitious conduct, his wife's anger, and the reprobation of his neighbours, those sufferings might have been deemed sufficient expiation. He sinned more deeply in striving to avert these inflictions. He contrived to bury the whole nefarious transaction in the deepest mystery, rearing the child of guilt in secret. When, afterwards, she and Walter met, they, as was to be expected, forthwith fell in love, and as the father assigned no satisfactory reason for his opposition to their attachment, set little store by it. Upon the 29th of February they married, and the old father died upon hearing the news. During the twelve years which have elapsed between this event and the opening of the drama, every 29th of February has been marked by affliction. The arrival of an uncle from America upon the fatal day, discovers the dreadful secret of the consanguinity of the wedded lovers. Walter's feelings are, with powerful talent, wrought up well nigh to frenzy, when, convincing himself that Death claims the offspring of complicated guilt, that his offended father's shade must be propitiated by sacrifice, he stabs his only remaining child. This strange and horrible drama, limited to one act, is written in short trochaics, rhymed throughout, couplets and stanzas being, as usual, intermixed.

In Müllner's next work, DIE SCHULD, Guilt, the parental offence is so small, simply refusing alms to a gipsy, that we really cannot believe the sins and misfortunes of the son, although denounced in consequence, to be inflicted for its chastisement; but must suppose that to have only produced *le nœud de l'intrigue*, whilst

the hero suffers, like other heroes of our acquaintance, the penalty of his own uncontrolled passions; though we must observe here, as in *DER NEUN UND ZWANZIGSTE FEBRUAR*, and in *DIE ALBANESERIN*, the calamities are brought about by the precise means adopted to guard against them. The story of *DIE SCHULD* is, as our readers may recollect, that a Spanish lady, when near her second confinement, unluckily rejected the supplications of a gipsy; that the exasperated mendicant predicted that her unborn babe would murder her eldest son; that the superstitious and terrified mother gave the predestined murderer to a Swedish countess, who passed him upon her husband for their own son; that this suppositious Hugo, Count of Oerindur, immediately upon becoming his own master, visited his native country, Spain, and there, at a bull-fight, saved the life of his unknown brother, Carlos, becoming in consequence his bosom friend; but unluckily fell in love, ere long, with Carlos's beautiful wife, Elvira, whose affections he speedily gained; that Don Carlos grew jealous; that Hugo, tempted by a favourable opportunity during a hunting party, shot his friend, who, when found, was supposed to have accidentally shot himself; and that Hugo afterwards married the widow, who, with her only child, accompanied him home to Oerindur.

All this, which precedes the opening of the tragedy, is naturally and happily developed in its progress. The piece consists merely of the arrival of Don Valeros, the father of the deceased Don Carlos, to visit his daughter-in-law and grandchild; the gradual awakening of his suspicions respecting Hugo's crime; the discovery of the fatal deed, as well as of the relationship of the parties; the feelings of all upon the occasion; and the final deaths of Hugo and Elvira by their own hands. This is well conducted, exciting and keeping up both curiosity and interest; and, what is more to our purpose, the whole exhibits the same high character of Art, the same inexorable Justice, as *DER NEUN UND ZWANZIGSTE FEBRUAR*. *DIE SCHULD* is written in short trochaic lines, rhymed and unrhymed.

KÖNIG YNGURD, King Yngurd, differs in many respects from the tragedies of which we have spoken. It is

written in iambics of the ordinary length, is rhymed throughout, although with the usual intermixture of couplets and stanzas; and, although still founded upon the principle of inexorable Justice, it presents us neither with progenitorial guilt, to be visited upon the heroes, nor with predicted calamities to be inflicted. We should naturally have called it an historical play, if the author had not informed us, in a sort of prefatory postscript, if we may use such an Irish form of speech, that the subject is entirely fictitious. Yngurd, it will be recollected, is a peasant, who, by dint of merit, having married the daughter of the late King of Norway, has succeeded to his father-in-law's throne, and is engaged, during the tragedy, in contending for its possession against Oscar, a posthumous son of his predecessor, by a wife espoused subsequently to his own nomination as successor. The character of Yngurd is ably conceived and painted. His consciousness of the superiority of his own abilities, his impatience of any interference by the states of the kingdom, with an authority which he exercises wisely and for the good of his subjects, but chooses to exercise arbitrarily, are happily contrasted with the painful sense of the responsible situation to which he is born, the diffidence of his own talents, and the willingness to relieve his conscience by yielding to the guidance of others, delineated in Alf, hereditary King of Denmark, the maternal uncle, and the guardian of Oscar. About the middle of the play, the character of the hero is wholly changed; or rather, perhaps we should say, the vices which his situation might produce, and those into which his good qualities might, if ungoverned and exaggerated, degenerate, acquire the preponderance over his virtues. In despair at the probable loss of a battle, Yngurd calls upon Satan for the assistance which Heaven refuses to his prayers, and from that instant becomes, apparently, the absolute property of his Infernal Majesty, who had by no means so performed his part of the contract, as to be entitled to payment, for the battle was actually gained at the moment of his invocation by the rash monarch. This seems to us inconsistent. Yngurd, as he is represented, would certainly have sold himself to the devil rather than have endured the mortification of de-

feat, but the case must have been irremediably desperate, his troops routed and dispersed beyond all possibility of being rallied, before his self-confidence would have looked abroad for succour. But to return to our more especial business. The consequences of the invocation are in perfect unison with the fearful doctrine of implacable Justice. Yngurd has sinned in wish, and must suffer. His self-reliance is lost; he becomes suspicious and tyrannical. His wife, Irma, too, had committed a fault. She had discovered that her young step-mother was in love with Yngurd, and had, through jealousy, calumniated her, disputing Oscar's legitimacy. She is punished with, and through her husband. Yngurd commands the murder of Oscar, whom he has taken prisoner, repents, and recalls the mandate; but too late. His only daughter, who was deeply enamoured of her youthful uncle, destroys herself; his wife, Irma, breaks her heart; and Yngurd himself is presently killed by his subjects in a tumultuary insurrection, leaving his crown, by what law of succession we know not, to King Alf.

DIE ALBANESERIN, the Albanese, like KÖNIG YNGURD, is written in iambs of the usual length, but intermingles blank verse with rhyme. In this piece, we have both a father's crime to punish, and predicted calamities to bring down upon the children. Basil, King of Sicily, had violated a law, which enacted that, if a King of Sicily having a son by a first marriage, should contract a second, he forfeited his crown, *ipso facto*, to his son, the regency, in case of the minority of such son, becoming the right of the Duke of Camastro for the time being. Basil, having lost the mother of his eldest son, Fernando, married again, and became the father of Enrico, retaining his crown. The Duke of Camastro rebelled, and surprising the King, the young Queen was killed in the confusion. Basil afterwards defeating and taking the duke, ordered his instant execution, in revenge for his wife's death. It was then that Camastro breathed the fearful curse, upon which the play turns. He prayed that, as Basil struck his head bleeding to the earth, so he, Basil, might see a dearly beloved head set up bleeding on high; that as he, Camastro, was slain for a

woman, so, through one woman, Basil might lose both his sons. Basil, like Jacob Horst, and Donna Laura, instead of submitting to his fate, tried to avert it. Yet, really the means he employed were such as we could scarcely find in our hearts to dissuade any parent from adopting—he only laboured to increase to the utmost the natural affection subsisting between the brothers. In this he so fully succeeded, that they were always sacrificing their wishes and interests to each other. Fernando declared to some malcontents, that if Enrico desired to reign he would resign his crown to him; and Enrico, discovering that Fernando was in love with Albana, of whom he himself was violently enamoured, not only concealed his own passion, but laboured to make himself disagreeable to her, in order to transfer her incipient preference for himself to his brother. The further consequence of this excessive fraternal attachment is, that when Fernando falls in a battle with the Moors, and half the curse is apparently fulfilled by the exhibition of his head upon the mast of a Moorish vessel, Enrico, unable to support his double load of sorrows, goes mad. When the skill of the physician has restored the prince's senses, and, aided by the King's entreaties and reproaches, has wrung from both him and Albana confessions of the real state of their hearts, the unexpected re-appearance of Fernando cannot replace all *in statu quo*. Fernando, discovering that his happiness has been purchased at the expense of his brother's and wife's, takes poison to put himself out of the way, and enable them to marry; and Enrico, relapsing into insanity at the catastrophe, stabs himself. This is, in truth, Justice, nothing but Justice! But, in one very important point, DIE ALBANESERIN differs from the preceding pieces. In those the heroes contribute by their own faults to their misfortunes; whilst Fernando, Enrico, and Albana, really suffer by and through their virtues.

Grillparzer, Müllner's chief rival, has adopted the same principle in his AHNFRAU—a word which, we think, might best be Englished by Fore-mother—and has carried it even further, for there the sin is visited upon the third and fourth generation. The

naughtiness of the AHNFRAU having introduced a spurious heir into the noble family of Borotin, she cannot rest in her grave, until her crime be expiated, and its consequences remedied by the extinction of the intrusive line. This is finally effected in the play through a series of horrible calamities. The son of the count having been stolen in his infancy by a robber, is brought up in his supposed father's profession; falls in love, as unwittingly as Oedipus, with his sister; kills his father in a scuffle with the Bow-street officers of Poland; and finally dies in the embrace of his ghostly AHNFRAU, whom he mistakes for Bertha. The old lady, when her penance is completed, by the disasters of her descendants, which, with truly disinterested maternal love, she had vainly endeavoured to prevent, ends the tragedy by going quietly home into her hitherto-untended monument. —DIE AHNFRAU is written in the same measure as DIE SCHULD.

It were needless further to accumulate examples. The principle upon which all these modern tragedies are founded, has been abundantly illustrated, and the high character of art, resulting from so systematic a construction of fable, may be readily conceived. Of the extraordinary effect thus wrought, in lending to the deep passions of tragedy much of the impassibility of temperament more habitually characterising statuary, no adequate idea can be formed, without reading the works in question at full length. Of the degree in which the versification contributes to this marvellous calmness, however, we may perhaps afford our readers some notion, by translating short portions of two or three scenes. We shall take the long iambic lines from Müllner's ALBANESERIN, and the short trochaic lines from the AHNFRAU of the more poetic Grillparzer, with whose genius they seem better to accord; although, perhaps, the very richness of his poetry tends to heighten their undramatic effect.

Benvolio, the physician, is remonstrating with Albana upon her injustice, in hating Enrico as her rival in the heart of her lost husband, when she abruptly interrupts him thus:—

The Prince's state—They deem him

That state, which with Charybdis' whirlpool force
Gushes from some yet undiscover'd source;
Haste, good Benvolio, haste to ascertain!
Fernando's fall? Had grief such fearful might,
Could I the consort of my love survive?
Enrico's fault?—So small!—No, blame so slight
Not thus the very frame of man can rive.
Then say what cause?

Benvolio. Haply ambition; he
Lost his first battle on his native sea,
Through that defeat his brother—

Albana. No! Oh no!
He's strong; his giant will brooks no control;
Did the Moor's triumph thus convulse his soul,
Long since he had sought vengeance on the foe.

A hero's shame would shrink from manly eyes;
From woman—most of all from me—he flies.

Ben. From you?—A doubtful light gleams on my mind.

Al. I yet repent not that, a sister kind,
I tended, as I thought, his dying bed,
Supported on mine arm his burning head,
And forced a woman's quickly wounded ear,

Fever's wild wandering phantasies to hear.

Then, save myself, Enrico none endured;
No medicine took, save from my hand alone;

He knew me not, yet still my softest tone

Could pierce the darkness that his mind obscured.

I saved him—What excuses can your skill
Devise for thanklessness rising to hate?

Ben. Does he express it?

Al. Since his altered state
I may not see him; nay, he swears to kill

Whoever grates his ear with my name's sound.

Ben. You must surprise him.

Al. How!

Ben. And in my sight.

Al. Wherefore?

Ben. The tempest's tossings bring to light

Of-times what in the ocean's depths lie drowned.

In the strikingly dramatic scene, in which, for the purpose of preparing the yet infirm mind of Enrico for his brother's return, Manuel relates, as a tale devised in order to throw Sicily into confusion, the history of Fernando's

clothes, and the capture of the prince,
Manuel proceeds—

Summoned before Almanzar, he was ques-
tioned

If any save himself were near the prince
When he was slain. He answer'd, "None
besides."

Instant the Moor commanded that the
troop

Who captured him should die. He ask-
ed the reason;

The Moor replied, "Were you no more
than two—

Well do they merit death who shot the
prince.

The cowards might have taken the Infant
Alive; and with the island, whence his race
Expell'd my sires, his father had redeem-
ed him."

Zealously he remonstrated. In vain!
The victims were brought manacled.—
Compassion

Mastered him then, and "Spare them!"
he exclaimed;

"I am the prince!"

Basil. Don Manuel? Deceiver!

Oh this is truth! This is Fernando's heart!
You do it masterly; so circumstanced
He had revealed himself.

Man. Almanzar heard,

Uncrediting, the truth, for it possess'd
No show of likelihood. "Kind-hearted
fool"

He call'd him, nodded, and the victims
fell.

The truth, in virtue's cause no longer
needed,

Shrank back beneath the guardianship of
wisdom.

He hoped from his false name an easy
ransom.

Ba. Incredible! would he thus leave
to chance

The healing of my wounded heart?—
His wife's?—

His brother's too? 'Tis not to be believed!

Man. I now arrived at Tunis; the In-
fant

I knew not, and beneath his borrowed
name,

Orlando, did Almanzar introduce him,
Advising that with him I should concert
The scheme projected for your overthrow.

Most it behoved me to devise a tale
Of the Infant's surviving, which, when
used,

Might easily be proved a falsehood. Who
Thereto so serviceable as the knight,
The witness of his death? Alone together,
I questioned him, and my intent dis-
closed.

He wondered at my confidence, and I
Bade him remember that unto Almanzar,
My firm ally, he was a prisoner,

And to be freed, only when my designs
On Sicily, aided by him, succeeded.
Silent he meditated long, then said,
"Hark to my story, duke." He told
it; 'twas

The story you have heard, told with more
fire.

Truth lived and breathed in what, as an
invention,

He passed upon me. I beheld Fernando
Live, act, and suffer. Admiration, love
Swelled in my bosom, bursting from mine
eyes

In tears. Lost in the story, I forgot
Him, who, relating it, could nor be living,
Nor yet Orlando, save as he deceived me;
And wildly asked, "Where is he? Let
me see him!

He must be free, be happy, be a king,
And bless me with a friend's, a brother's
name!"

With dewy eye he gazed on me—"Ca-
mastro,

Foe of my father!" he exclaimed, "Thy
tears

Challenge my confidence—I am Fernan-
do!

Revenge thyself on him who slew thy
father

By giving back his son long wept as dead!"

We could with pleasure go on trans-
lating this harmonious and tragedy-
like blank verse, but fear we have al-
ready been tempted by that, and the
fine picture of the power of virtue, to
extract more than sufficient for our
purpose, which is simply to contrast
the tone of truth and nature, and the,
to our minds, dramatic character of
the blank verse, with the rhymed dia-
logue of the same author. But the
dramatic character may be matter of
opinion; and, according to Schiller,
the tone of truth and nature is objec-
tionable. No such fault can reason-
ably be found with the following tro-
chaics, however beautiful in imagery,
and just in delineation of the human
heart. When old Count Borotin and
his household are gone out with the
troops sent to apprehend the banditti,
Bertha, terrified at her solitude, comes
to her betrothed bridegroom's cham-
ber-door, exclaiming—

Jaromir! My Jaromir!
Answer, answer!—All is quiet,
All is silent as the grave.

How shall I subdue this anguish?
How repress this dread prophetic,
That upon my heavy bosom
Hangs, a sultry thunder-cloud?
Oh! I see't, in distance far
Fades the lustre of each star;

Daylight sinks in sudden gloom,
 Angry thunders speak my doom.
 And with murky, bat-like wings,
 —Well I feel its steady flight—
 Sorrow round my temples clings.
 Darkling pow'r! Too well I know
 What to me thou bring'st of woe!
 Must I to myself proclaim thee?
 Losing! Losing! Must I name thee?
 Oh misfortune's whole domain
 Nought can threat beyond thy pain!
 Woe is me! Possess and lose!
 Possess and lose!

We must observe, that we have closely followed the original in the mixture of rhymed and unrhymed verses.—When, upon Jaromir's return, Bertha, having discovered what he is, calls him, in accents of agony, "Robber!" he replies—

Yes, I am, unhappy maiden,
 Yes, I am what thou hast said!
 He whom all with curses name,
 Whom awaits a death of shame,
 Whom the peasant, fearing evil,
 Prays against as 'gainst the devil;
 He whom fathers to their children,
 As a terrible example,
 Show, and warning whisper, "Tremble,
 Lest ye ever him resemble."
 Yes, I am, unhappy maiden,
 Yes, I am what thou hast said.
 He, whom blood-stained thickets fear,
 He, whom murderers hold dear,
 He, the robber Jaromir.

Ber. Woe is me!

Jar. Art frighten'd, maiden?
 Hapless maiden, at the title
 Does thy heart's blood shudd'ring run?
 Yield not thus to terrors light;
 What but heard thy soul can blight,
 Hapless maiden, I have done.
 Girl, this eye, in thine that revels,
 Glares destruction to the wand'rer;
 Girl, this voice to thee so winning,
 Was the robber arm's associate
 Palsying bosoms yet unwounded;
 Girl, this hand that softly, fondly
 Plays with thine in tender mood,
 It has reek'd with human blood.

Shake not thus thy lovely head.
 Yes, I'm he, unhappy maiden.
 Think'st thou, for mine eyes are dim,
 For unnerved hangs every limb,
 For my voice sounds trembling weak,
 Think'st thou 'tis not truth I speak?
 Oh, in many a lonely hour,
 Can remorse with fearful pow'r
 Wring the robber's haggard spirit!
 Bertha, dearest Bertha, hear!
 He, whose tear-drown'd eye in vain
 Seeks from thine a look to gain,
 Is the robber Jaromir!

VOL. XVIII.

We have thus, to the best of our abilities, explained the nature both of the various revolutions which the German drama has undergone, and of its present state. Of the faults of the new system, we are as conscious as can be any critic, classic or romantic; yet we must acknowledge, that, despite those faults, we regard even this highly artificial, and because artificial uninteresting, system, as a great improvement from the late degradation of the stage, and devoutly pray that it may not, by a fresh re-action, be thrown back into the prosaic common-place of every-day life. If we might hope that experience and matured taste—this last is a quality peculiarly wanted in Germany—should correct prevailing extravagances, our expectations from the future efforts of Adolf Müllner and Franz Grillparzer would certainly be very high.

We now turn to the charge of immorality habitually brought against German literature by persons forming their opinion, chiefly, we suspect, from the Stranger. This accusation has been lately renewed, with a zeal in the cause of virtue which we reverence, even whilst we regret that it should not have been tempered by a somewhat sounder discretion, and a somewhat more profound knowledge of the subject. The occasion of this recent attack was the delivery of a Course of Lectures upon General Literature to an assembly, containing, we believe, representatives of most of the orders of society into which the population of the huge metropolis of the British empire is divided, by a very intelligent foreigner, for whose critical acumen and extensive erudition we profess a hearty respect. It can detract so little from the merits of a native of southern climes, to say that he is less intimately acquainted with the wildly imaginative poetry of the north, than with the melodious strains of his own fair sunny land, that we trust the distinguished individual alluded to will not suspect us of the slightest wish to depreciate his abilities, when we say, that the exaggerated, and, in some points, groundless imputations of the most learned Italian would have scarcely required notice, if there did not prevail in this country prejudices upon the subject, which might appear extraordinary in a nation springing from

a kindred stock, and deriving its best feelings and institutions from a kindred source ; but which arise, we apprehend, partly from imperfect information, partly from the almost morbid fastidiousness in matters of taste characterizing our most highly cultivated classes, and partly, and chiefly, from those practical habits of business that inspire us with a sort of Buonapartean horror for the idealism, *ideologie* Napoleon called it, the waking dreams and unreal *reveries* of our Teutonic, thoroughly-at-leisure cousins.

The bill of indictment last preferred against German authors may be reduced to three heads, including the end and the means. First, That in every work of imagination, their main object is to propagate the doctrines of what is familiarly named French philosophy. Secondly, That in order to this, they uniformly select for their heroes and heroines, persons stained with the most atrocious, or the most revolting crimes, decking them in the most alluring colours, and exciting the most intense interest in their fortunes. And thirdly, That with the same view, they abrogate every restraint of moral responsibility, by inculcating, or rather founding their stories upon the dogma of Fatalism.

With regard to the first and principal charge, we must say, that the coldly irreligious and immoral doctrines of French Philosophy are so diametrically opposite to the passion, sentiment, idealism, and wild imagination, apparently indigenous to Germany, that we consider their prevailing permanently or extensively beyond the Rhine as a moral impossibility. That Kotzebue, and one infinitely his superior in genius, Wieland, were deeply tainted with them, we freely admit. But Wieland, with all the splendour of his intellectual endowments, was, if not a copyist of Voltaire, yet so enamoured of, so bewitched by, the brilliancy of wit and versatility of talent, distinguishing that *Coryphée* of the *Encyclopedie*, that notwithstanding the rich vein of beautifully poetical fancy displayed by the author of *OBERON*, we can hardly reckon him among the really original and national writers. Kotzebue indisputably possessed a powerful and highly dramatic skill in awakening an agitating interest in the fate of his heroes, and the development of his

plots ; but Kotzebue, although enthusiastically admired for a season, is now held in very low estimation in Germany, and cannot be regarded as the representative, or even as a specimen, of the literary genius of his country. The writings of Schiller and Goethe, the master-spirits of their nation, bear too strongly the impress of all those poetical and peculiar Teutonic characteristics to which they owe their beauties and their defects, to allow of our entertaining a suspicion that they could have condescended to borrow anything from their frivolous and mathematical Gallic neighbours ; a suspicion from which we should have thought that the younger writers who have sprung up since the period when French tyranny and oppression first fanned every latent spark of nationality into a devouring flame, might have been equally exempted by their tendency to an unintelligible mysticism.

With regard to the selection of heroes.—Kotzebue, we have already said, we freely give up. Schiller, in his *ROBBERS*, certainly has shown us a youth of excellent natural disposition, driven by treachery, and the consequences of his own irregularities, to become a Captain of Banditti ; and has done this with such effect, that, as we are told, a whole German University, after witnessing the performance of the piece, went forth to rob on the highway. We fancy it is only in a German University that such results need be feared. At least we are not aware of any sensible increase of work at our gaol-deliveries being produced, either by the enacting of the royal Hal's Gadshill exploits, or by the pictures lately presented to us in the magic mirror of an unknown Enchanter, of Rob Roy and Robin Hood. Karl Moor is, however, the only hero of this reprehensible description to be found in Schiller's works. The other personages whom he introduces to us as claimants upon our sympathy, are as free from fault as most of our acquaintances. Goethe and the new school take their heroes, good or bad, according to circumstances ; and we apprehend that few stages or private rooms can afford a company of more perfectly virtuous characters than the *Dramatis Personæ* of *DIE ALBANESERIN*, whose delineation, even when reason and religion teach us to disapprove of some of their actions, gives a

sense of exaltation to human nature, by displaying the self-devotion and self-sacrifice of which it is esteemed capable.

When criminal heroes are brought forward, whatever interest may be excited in their behalf—and we confess we know of no sorrow that can excite deeper or more painful interest than remorse,—we do not perceive that it is done in any way calculated to render their examples seductive. Indeed, we think that *DIE SCHULD*, which was quoted in the late Lectures in proof of this accusation, might be referred to for its disproof. If the representation of two persons, under the circumstances of Hugo and Elvira, miserable even in the possession of their dearest wishes,—Hugo, with Spanish passions, and Scandinavian imagination and feelings; tortured by the recollection of his crime, to a degree well nigh destructive of all enjoyment in the society of the still idolized being, to obtain whom it was perpetrated; and finally, when he discovers the affinity that doubles its atrocity, madly rushing from ills he can no longer endure, “to others that we know not of;”—Elvira, the glowing daughter of a Southern sun, adoring her second husband, even to the sharing in his suicide, oppressed with terrors inspired by her remorse for having suffered her heart to stray towards him during the life of her first,—the whole extent of her offending—and resolutely, although unconsciously, closing her eyes against vague suspicions of his guilt, which have haunted her dreams even from her wedding night—images naturally, deeply, and eminently tragical—if this representation really have any tendency injurious to virtue, we can only say, that we have hitherto laboured under a grievous error, and that *MACBETH*, *KING JOHN*, *THE REVENGE*, *Joanna Baillie's DE MONTFORT*, and above all, *THE GAMESTER*, must be very immoral pieces; a circumstance of which we had entertained no apprehension.

We now come to the third charge, touching Fatalism.—That its dogmas were adopted, not for the purpose of emancipating mankind, or even poetic heroes and heroines, from the restraints of moral responsibility, but as the only foundation adequate to the support of superstructure so highly artificial as is Tragedy upon the modern German

stage, has been already stated. As to their probable noxious effects?—In the Drama, as in the Faith of the Ancients, these dogmas are found in their purest, strictest form, and we are yet to learn, that the theatrical exhibition of the woes and unconscious crimes of the virtuous *Œdipus*, ever induced any one of the firmest believers in an irresistible destiny to murder his father, or marry his mother. Our friend, King Basil, in *DIE ALBANESERIN*, who expresses some thoughts of adopting, with improvements, Laius's mode of preventing his son's incurring guilt, is the only gentleman dangerously affected by those calamities within our knowledge. Modified as are these dogmas by Müllner, according to Christianity, we should have judged them yet more innocuous. But we do not intend to enter here into the often debated question of “Fixed fate—Free-will,” lest we and our readers should, like the fallen angels, “*find* no end in wandering mazes lost.” We think we shall afford more satisfaction by translating an extract from a Vienna periodical publication, which Müllner inserts, with high eulogiums, in a postscript to *DIE ALBANESERIN*.

“Even for such readers as cherish an exclusive passion for practically moral views, these *Destiny-Tragedies* are not nugatory. Every action is divisible into two portions, by distinguishing the free-will of man, from the force of external determining causes, which, in infinite numbers and strengthened by time, bear impulsively, or hinderingly, upon every action. Tragedy can employ for her heroes only the hindering moments, the obstructions, which she must raise on all sides, as a brazen wall, that may yield efficient sparks, when struck against by the steel of the human will. Man is naturally inclined to ascribe a will to whatever opposes him, and to conduct his contest with every difficulty like a duel. In children and passionate persons, this disposition hourly displays itself, often ludicrously enough. Let us now imagine all the separate forces which assail the tragic hero united in one mass; let us, according to the already-mentioned tendency to personification, ascribe to this mass a soul, naming this soul *Destiny*, and we have a notion that will bear the closest syllogisms of the strictest logic. According to this view,

whatever meets us from without as spirit, is but the spirit of humanity poetically disguised. After all, he who would fully enjoy and appreciate these Destiny-Tragedies, must needs possess a poetical sense. If it be urged that this view rests wholly upon self-deception, we shall not deny it, though we maintain that a deception spontaneously admitted, ceases to be a deception. But we allow that he, who is totally destitute of poetical sense, acts consistently and according to his nature, if he considers this imaginary Destiny as a species of Fiend, against which, as against Beelzebub, he takes the field."

We do not pretend to understand every iota of the above reflections ;—indeed, we are apt to feel rather sceptically towards such persons as, without being Germans, profess a perfect comprehension of German metaphysics. Müllner, however, esteems the passage adapted to the meanest capacity ; and we ourselves think it sufficiently intelligible to prove, that the idea of founding tragedy in Fatalism, was adopted upon views very different from those alleged by our classical antagonist of German romance.

Having thus answered the specific imputations, we shall conclude with offering a very few observations upon the general and sweeping accusation of immorality laid against German literature. German authors certainly do not regard instruction as the principal or proper business of works of imagination ; and so far we must agree with them as to confess a natural antipathy to didactic novels and plays. But we are of opinion, that a moral lesson, or at least a moral influence, is to be found in almost every delineation of the human heart, and of the course of human events, when these are delineated faithfully, as they appear to the sound natural sense, unaltered in proportion or hue by the spell-casting power of pre-conceived theories or prejudices, which *denaturent*, to borrow a French word, the object of intellectual vision, much as coloured glasses, or the bowl of a spoon, act upon those of the physical organ of sight. And much of this morality is contained in the far greater proportion of good German works, although in most the authors thought rather of producing effect than of conveying instruction ; and in some, whose tendency is, to our minds, moral, there is that, which

we would not recommend to the perusal of the young and inexperienced. But even from this last class we must except, together with some names of inferior note—here perhaps unknown—Kotzebue—whom we have already rejected as a specimen of the present German taste and genius, though a fair one of German liability to *engouement*, but whom we believe to be the writer usually in the mind's eye of the declaimers against German immorality,—and, however reluctantly, Goethe. For Goethe's genius we entertain the highest admiration. The intellectual portion of his imagination is intensely German, not so that which is under the dominion of feeling. He has nothing of the impassioned romance, of the reverential tenderness for woman, which, from our earliest knowledge of them, has distinguished the Gothic races. To him, woman seems to be either a toy, or a mere housewife ; and, as a natural consequence, we detect in him the unsentimental, heartless sensuality of Greece and Rome. We certainly do consider him to be—though decidedly no disciple of the French school—a reprehensibly immoral writer. How far he is dangerous, is another question. We have been told that the SORROWS of WERTER have instigated to suicide. It may be so. We have likewise heard of a gentleman who shot himself, to avoid the necessity of putting on his shoes and stockings every morning. If this be true, it were as idle to dispute upon the causes of suicide as upon differences of taste. But then we must say, that Werter seems so much more impelled to self-destruction by his exclusion from the balls of the nobility, than by his passion for Charlotte, that it would be rather upon rejected candidates for admission to Almack's, than upon despairing lovers, that we should dread the effect of his example. If Goethe, however, really have any such loss of life to answer for, a yet heavier load of responsibility must press upon a laurelled head, hitherto unglanced at by suspicion of such reproach. In proof of our assertion, we shall close this article with an anecdote taken from the curious piece of auto-biography given us by Goethe, under the as curious title of *AUS MEINEM LEBEN*, From my Life.

Goethe was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, and of course diligently studied his works. But after ma-

turely weighing Hamlet's arguments in the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," he came to a different conclusion from the Prince of Denmark, determining that "'twas nobler in the mind"

— to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them,
than

— to suffer

The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Moved solely by this reasoning, without having suffered any "stings or arrows" that we know of, he resolved, in common, as we remember, for the book is not now before us, with a whole club of young *literati*, to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Luckily for the admirers of his writings, Goethe, when he formed this decision, decided farther, that no one was worthy of making so dignified an end, who could not execute his purpose with the tranquil deliberation of the Emperor Otho, who calmly stabbed

himself, after passing a convivial evening with his friends. Accordingly he provided a sharp dagger, which he deposited by his bedside, and every night during many months, after duly spending the preparatory convivial evening, he endeavoured to stab himself. But it would not do! His hand proved "infirm of purpose," and never could make the steel penetrate his skin. Goethe humbly acknowledged his moral inferiority to Otho, and, abandoning the attempt in despair, made up his mind to commit that suicide by deputy, which he had failed to accomplish in *propria persona*; THE SORROWS OF WERTER were the fruit of this new determination. The second experiment succeeded better than the former, and his equally philosophical and heroic enterprise being thus vicariously achieved, his thoughts and wishes never afterwards reverted to the subject of *Felo de se*.

S. A.

TALMA.

AMONG the innumerable panegyrics of our innumerable tourists, on the spirit, intelligence, and novelty of Talma's acting, I have seen but little that gave me any knowledge of this extraordinary man's career, the models on which he might be presumed to have formed his style, or the general progress of his powers and successes.

Yet it is upon such things that men feel an interest. To know how a great actor earned or spent a great income, is altogether immaterial, compared with the knowledge of those means and events which nerved a vigorous mind with additional vigour, and raised an individual, undistinguished by family or fortune, to a place among the conspicuous names of Europe.

Talma is entitled to the highest praise of the stage. He has been for thirty years at the head of acting in France. Among the cloud of aspirants, no man has approached him; he has had no equal, even no rival, almost no remote competitor. The forms of the French stage doubtless prohibit the rapid emulation of the English; and the most vivid spirit must not trespass on the routine, which gives the superior opportunities to the older performers. But eminent powers will show themselves. Talma, almost at his entrance into theatrical life, made his

strength felt, obtained his rank, and has from that hour kept it without fear of change.

It is not national partiality to say, that Talma's genius, if it was born in France, was trained in England; that without his knowledge of the English stage, he would not have been the regenerator of the French; and that Siddons and Kemble taught him the use of his talents, as Shakspeare, even mutilated by Ducis, gave them his favourite and most triumphant distinction.

Talma was born in Paris about the year 1770. He was remarked as an intelligent and peculiarly sensitive child. It was customary in the French schools, as here, to perform a little theatrical piece on the breaking up for the holidays. Talma, then a child of eight years old, played in one of those plays, on the story of Tamerlane. His part was that of a confidant, who closed the play by announcing to Tamerlane the death of his son, the bosom friend of the reciter. The child's story was told in a burst of real sorrow, which surprised the audience. However, the curtain fell; and the little actors had dispersed to get rid of their robes, when Talma was missed, and was not found till after some search in a corner, still wrapped in his robe of tra-

gedy, and weeping bitterly at the misfortune of the imperial dynasty. He would scarcely receive comfort, and was for a week ill in consequence of his loyal sorrows.

His father, who lived in London, a goldsmith, I believe, now sent for him, and the future Roscius of France was, after a few years spent at a boarding-school in the classic neighbourhood of Lambeth, articled to a surgeon. His theatrical propensities, however, had made themselves so well known among the foreigners in London, that Sir John Gallini—the Albert of his day, then superintending an amateur French Company, at the Hanover Square Rooms—applied to Talma, and he played in a whole succession of comedies; among others, in Beaumarchais, Barber of Seville, then at the height of its fame, in which Talma sustained the Count Almaviva. The success of these performances induced Gallini to enter upon the larger speculation in bringing over an occasional Paris meteor; and as Talma had some accidental business in Paris, he was commissioned to engage Molè and Made-moiselle Contat, then both at the height of their fame, to give scenes at his theatre. The negotiator was unsuccessful; for the superintendence of the government over those “chartered libertines” was then of the same stern order, which indulges us with only a fortnight of Pasta at a time, and hurries off Albert and Paul from our disappointed eyes with the rapidity of one of their own pirouettes.

But the English stage was then in its glory—Siddons and Kemble were in their prime. The old absurdities of the-atric costume had been cast away; Coriolanus and Macbeth fought, conquered, declaimed and died, no longer in a full-bottomed wig, a square-skirted coat, and rolled stockings; Desdemona and Rosalind were sad or merry, sighed or sang, no more in lappets and hoops. With the classic taste in costume, the classic taste in acting had been created, and the torpid dignity and formal declamation of the old stage, from which Garrick alone had emancipated himself, were abolished for simple and powerful nature.

The performance of those two pre-eminent leaders decided Talma's vocation. Unquestionably they formed his taste. He returned to Paris, and took a fresh and full review of all that was able or attractive in the national

companies. Their talent was then chiefly comic, as it has always been. But Molè the actor was forming a school for stage instruction. He was interested by the enthusiasm and genius of the young aspirant, and Talma became one of his earliest students. It was a regulation, that the students on the day of admission should give some proof of their qualities. Talma was at first overwhelmed by the appearance of the critical circle present to witness his recitation. But he rapidly recovered his self-possession, and finished with high applause.

The *Theatre Francaise* was an “Imperium in Imperio,” under the old regime, or rather a severe oligarchy under a relaxed monarchy. The reception of plays, the engagement of actors, were all decided by a committee, and the decree of this secret Areopagus was stern and irreversible. Molè's influence, however, procured Talma permission to go through what is, in the language of this formidable legislature, called the order of the debuts.

His first appearance was in the part of Seide, in Voltaire's Mahomet. He was embarrassed, and but feebly received. He, however, went through his course; and at the close, the French critics had still to discover that a new light had risen among them: Talma was for some time returned to his studies, for a more regular attempt in his profession.

It is the custom of the *Theatre Francaise* to make every actor begin, as it is phrased, *a la queue*, at the bottom of the list. There is no springing over the heads of the old, whether established favourites or not; they have no actor of three weeks' fame bearing the majesty of King or Hero, where King or Hero are better than cyphers; no Richard more contemptuous of the public than his royal prototype; and no Macbeth murdering Macbeth still more mercilessly than Duncan. This system, which must so often depress a justified ambition, is the best expedient that the French can find to ensure tranquillity within that place, whose natural emblem is certainly not the olive; that arena of raw pretension, and superannuated vanity of boyish insolence, and veteran domination, the Green-room.

Talma began, like the rest, at the bottom of the list. His first part was the insignificant one of Argatiphonti-

das, in Moliere's *Amphytrion* ; and in this unimportant, yet painful course of characters, he continued for a period : yet even in this, his natural talent burst out from time to time, and he began to be looked on, even in the fastidious French theatre, as an actor who might yet shake some of the heroes on their thrones.

Accident has its share in all fortunes, and Talma was lifted out of his subordination by one of these chances that come to all men, and are thrown away upon all but a man of genius.

Charles IX., a tragedy, by Chenier, was received, and ordered to be put in rehearsal. The author carried the principal part to *Saintfal*, the tragic despot of his day. In a week after, on Chenier's waiting with the humility of a French dramatist on the stage monarch, the part was returned to him, with the added sneer, that " if the author was determined on having it played, possibly young Talma would do it quite well enough."

Chenier was angry—but he had watched Talma's performance, and he took *Saintfal* at his word ; Talma accepted the character with delight. The boldness of the attempt fixed the whole gaze of Parisian criticism on him ; and this was equivalent to the whole gaze of Paris. Talma, who naturally felt that fate and fortune hung upon the night, studied his character with his entire soul ; His taste in dress had been before remarked by the audience, but on this eventful night, he exceeded himself and all that had been seen on the stage, in fidelity and effect of costume. The old amateurs of the Parisian theatre, to whom a debut or a disgrace was the only theme that seemed worthy of the human tongue, talk to this hour of the splendid illusion of Talma's Charles : dress, attitude, gesture, even face, so struck them with the force of reality. It was Charles himself walking down from his pedestal or his picture ; or rather, as they exclaimed, risen from his tomb ! The tragedy triumphed, and the fame of the actor was sealed.

His reputation now grew rapidly ; he was, in spite of ordonnances, in the first rank of his profession. The wits said, that he had " cleared *Saintfal* without touching him in the leap," and his performance of *Othello* placed him at that height, from which he

has never descended a step, and which has been, for almost thirty years, left to his sole possession.

A fortunate coincidence had made M. Ducis translate some of Shakspeare's plays at the moment of the only actor's appearing who could feel their eloquence, grandeur, and nature. Yet Shakspeare, in his original power, has never pleased the French. They look upon his splendour and strength, as the first invaders of Mexico looked upon the native chieftains, covered with the rude gold and unpolished jewels of their land. They think his strength and his opulence alike savage, and think it their business to civilize him by robbing this illustrious barbarian of both.

M. Ducis laboured to reduce Shakspeare to the feebleness of French taste, and he in some degree succeeded. But no chains of French poetry could altogether break down the mighty sinews of the English giant, and there are passages remaining, even in the works of M. Ducis, that show the magnificent and terrible energies of Shakspeare.

In those passages Talma, educated in England, and first inflamed by the superb acting of Siddons and Kemble, burst out upon the coldness and fastidiousness of the French pit, with a force against which all critical scorn was helpless—he broke down all rules, and carried away his audience with a torrent of emotions new and strange to the French stage.

The French are notoriously delicate in murder, *upon the stage* ! In the height of the Revolution, when the guillotine was *permanently* patriotic, and the judges fell asleep, wearied with signing sentences of bloodshed, a dagger lifted upon the stage would have thrown the whole mob of regenerators into hysterics.

On the first representation of *Othello*, the death of Desdemona before the audience raised an universal tumult. Tears, groans, and menaces resounded from all parts of the theatre, and what was still more demonstrative, and more alarming, several of the prettiest women in Paris fainted in the most conspicuous boxes, and were publicly carried out of the house. Ducis was alarmed for his tragedy, for his fame, and for his life. The author of so much public combustion might have

been sent to expiate his temerity in the Bastile. He took the safer mode, and altered the catastrophe.

At the moment when Othello lifts the dagger over Hedelmone, (the name of Desdemona was too unmusical for Parisian ears,) *Odalbert!* the heroine's father; *Loredan*, and the Doge of Venice, rush in. The latter personage seizes the dagger, exclaiming,

———"Malheureux, que fais-tu ?
Tu vas de ce poignard immoler la vertu !"

The play was published with both catastrophes, for the Parisians to take their choice, and the coteries found an interesting and unending topic in the respective merits of the *denouement funeste*, and *denouement heureux*. But the actor, probably from his English education, was less tender, and more natural than his audience. The *denouement heureux* sat uneasily upon him; and a few nights after its adaptation, as Ducis, the author, was passing behind the scenes, he saw Talma striding away in one of the dark passages, in full soliloquy.

"Shall I kill her?—No, the audience will not suffer it! Yet, what do I care—I will kill her; they shall learn to suffer it—Yes, I have made up my mind—She must be killed!"

Ducis, who had stood aloof from the whirlwind of this debate, now came forward.

"What is the matter with you, Talma?"—"I am determined—I *must* put her to death!"—"I am of your opinion, Talma; but what then?"—"Her fate is fixed!"—"Then go through your determination!"

The actor went through with it, to the surprise of the general audience, and to the peculiar agonies of the most obviously handsome and fashionable; but there was so much truth and dramatic feeling in his performance, that the *Death* became the established mode, and Talma had all the honours of successful intrepidity.

Incidents of this order may make no splendid materials of history, but when we recollect the despotism of the old French stage, and the solemn fierceness of that huge tribe of criticism, which included the court, the authorship, and the universal body of the educated idlers of Paris, a tribe whose whole existence was consumed in discussing the *Le Kains* and *Clairons*; in living from theatre to theatre, and in turning the most trivial

theatric event into the aliment of their conversational life; we may estimate the personal hardihood, or the strong and honourable reliance on his genius, which urged this great actor to the hazard of everything, in the cause of Nature and Shakspeare.

But the French, fond of classical allusion, observe that Talma's triumph was like that of the Roman generals—he had his satyrists in his line of march. The principal of these habitual accompaniments of reputation was Geoffroi, a writer in one of the journals, a man advanced in life, acute, indefatigable, and envenomed. He flew at the high theatrical game, and while he kept himself out of the public prisons, or the *Motrailades*, by abstaining from politics, he gave himself full and mischievous indulgence in his criticisms on the persons and performances of the actors of the *Française*.

Some of those, whose fame had been already at its height, and who felt the sudden alarm of favourites suddenly shaken, gave way. Molè, the most graceful and captivating of the old school of France, abandoned the stage at once. Mademoiselle Contat followed; Larive, in the full possession of the "*Pères Nobles*," and the "*Rois*," entitled to carry all the sceptres and ermines of the theatre, by a law not less irrefragable than that which had kept the Capets on the scarcely more enviable throne, suddenly abdicated before the resistless invasion of this literary Napoleon.

But Talma, as the noblest victim, was the most constant. For ten years he was plagued by this invisible blood-sucker. His style was held up to public scorn, his English tastes were denounced as anti-patriotic, and his conceptions, as faithless to the laws of the national muse, more irreversible and slavish than the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The actor bore this with fierce impatience, but revenge was hopeless. At the end of the ten years, he unluckily saw M. Geoffroi in a box of the *Française*; and felt as Prometheus might have felt, with the vulture hovering above him. Talma gave way to his indignation, and rushed from the stage to the box. "Is M. Geoffroi here?" was the inquiry; at the same time grasping his enemy, and dragging him towards the door. Geoffroi's wife screamed; there was, of

course, a general confusion, and Talma, with some exclamations of contempt, flung back the old critic to his seat.

The next day, this maltreated censor was on safer ground; and, from his desk, he poured out a torrent of virulence on the aggressor. A paper war is easily made, and the French journals found this a valuable topic, in 1813.

Observations on the Imperial policy after the disasters of the Russian campaign, were delicate things, and the journalists accordingly made the most of the safer and not less interesting subject at home: Epigrams, replies, recapitulations, lampoons, crowded their columns. At length Talma addressed a letter to the *Gazette de France* and the *Journal de l'Empire*. This is curious, as perhaps the only instance of his authorship, which has transpired.

"SIR,—I return no answer to M. Geoffroi; but I feel that I owe some account of my conduct to the public.

"We have had many versions of the affair of Thursday last at the *Theatre Française*; I shall state shortly the true one. After having been for many years insulted by M. Geoffroi's observations; learning that he has for two years been indulged with the privilege of a box at the theatre, I cannot ascertain on what grounds, and peculiarly irritated at the time, by a recent article, in which he has exceeded all the bounds of legitimate criticism; struck, on seeing him in this box, with the sudden impression, that, malignantly insulted as I was, I was actually contributing to supply him with a place for the concoction of his invectives against me, I found it impossible to restrain my indignation. I entered the box to compel him to leave it, not to strike him, as he pretends. The irritation of the moment left me no time for considering either the place or the act which has given rise to this correspondence.

"But if M. Geoffroi thinks that I have ill-treated him, why does he not, instead of making himself at once judge and party in his own paper, bring the matter before the courts? It is there that I may answer, there that we may settle, whether I had a right or not to expel him from the box. Will he take his action?

"He will then give me the oppor-

tunity that I desire, of showing, in the most public manner, the secret sources of his panegyric and libel. I am not the only one who longs for an opportunity to put him to shame, and who has the means. Persons, doubtless excusable, by their want of all possible public indulgence, for having purchased his silence, are ready to make discoveries which will embarrass M. Geoffroi. Those discoveries will decide many others, whose timidity he turns to profit, to join with me, and free themselves from the fear of his persecutions. I now publicly defy M. Geoffroi, and wait his further proceedings.

"It is doubtless painful to me to be compelled to trouble the public with matters of this kind. The public, however, will judge whether I am, as M. Geoffroi will have it, spoiled by flatterers; when, in a journal so widely circulated as his, I am perpetually assailed in the most offensive and unjustifiable manner. M. Geoffroi at least should allow that he has exerted a formidable counterbalance to this pretended adulation, in the bitterness of those criticisms, which I have patiently endured for upwards of ten years. And if, under these circumstances, I have given way to a first impulse, under a feeling of outrageous offence, my real and only regret is, that of having for a moment forgotten that I was in the presence of that public, under whose eyes my feeble powers were formed, who have always honoured me with their indulgence, and to whom I owe all respect and gratitude.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"TALMA."

To make this attempt on the person of the critic more intelligible, it is to be remembered, that the *Theatre Française* is in fact a *partnership*, in which the shares belong to the actor. Talma was therefore a proprietor, and the gallant actor's blood was doubly inflamed by the habitual insult and the temporary invasion of property. However, ill betides the man who proclaims war with a newspaper. Perpetual lampoons rained on Talma, the observations on his performance were of course ten times more violent than before; and what could be done, in the way of rejoinder, against a bitter, and certainly a clever assailant, entrenched up to the teeth, and who had every day of his life the opportunity of ta-

king aim at his adversary in what direction he pleased? The Journalist was altogether in the latter position, and though he neither answered the actor's personal attack, nor took the legal course of bringing him to account for his denunciations of corrupt motives, the indefatigable pen was too much for the philosophy of its victim.

Talma gradually appeared at longer intervals, he went more frequently into the provinces, and at one time he was absent for even a quarter of a year. The opinion of all Paris, for all Paris then had nothing else to do, or would do nothing else than be busy in this controversy, was, that Geoffroi had banished his distinguished opponent. But a letter from Talma appeared, immediately on the birth of this rumour, indignantly refuting it, mentioning, that two months of this time had been employed in recovering his health, and that no private affairs should ever make him forget that he was the servant of the public. He returned, was received with all his former honours, underwent the same attacks from his French Dennis, bore them all, held himself at the summit of his profession, and finally saw the Journalist extinguished by death a few years ago.

Some of our tourists, with whom Talma, as one of the Lions, was a productive theme, have talked of his early intercourse with Napoleon. Miliadi Morgan, the most mendacious of them all, has, according to her custom, fabricated the affair into a regular story, and detailed the sentimental friendship of both her heroes through a course of garrets and coffee-houses, when Napoleon was only a lieutenant of engineers.

Her ladyship is high authority, of course; but we have higher far, the denial of the whole romance. Talma declares, that he never saw Napoleon till he saw him at Madame Beauharnois', where, with "all the talents" of Paris, its first actor had previously and frequently visited. Napoleon, as all the world knows, in full and fierce pursuit of distinction, fell opportunely in love with the Mistress of Barras, then the very fountain of French preferment. Talma was present at that marriage, which set the handsome Madame Beauharnois at once on the road to the throne and to misery.

Napoleon was then a young general of division. He received the price of

this convenient marriage in the command of the army of Italy, and then went on in that meteoric course which was to be extinguished only when common sense broke upon the nations.

Talma still continued a favoured visitor at the house of the absent general. Madame Bonaparte was to stand godmother to a child of one of her friends; as a mark of her regard for Talma, she desired that he might be godfather. On the birth-day, arrived the news of Napoleon's first triumph over the Austrians; all was exultation in the household; the omen was taken, and the infant was baptised Victoria. On this footing of intimacy Talma continued until the return of the young conqueror, after the Italian campaign.

The Directory, alarmed at his popularity, proposed Egypt for his next scene of triumph. All France was mad to follow him to this land of promise, which was to be only a path to Golconda, and the empire of Asia, from the Pole to the Equator; the next step was to be the world. Talma, inflamed with the universal frenzy, was earnest in his solicitations to be allowed to follow the radiant progress of the Conqueror of the remotest India. But Napoleon's sagacity, which was probably not much deceived from the beginning, put a stop to this hazardous enthusiasm.—"Stay where you are, Talma," said he, "you must not commit *une pareille folie*; you have a brilliant course of your own before you; follow it, and leave the trade of war to those, who, like me, know no other."

On Napoleon's return, his rank as First Consul, and, finally, his elevation to the throne, naturally repelled his friend. But Napoleon, whether from that politic deference to popular taste, which seem a part of French sovereignty, or from some share of human kindness lurking in his iron nature, desired that Talma should attend the Court; and a chamberlain's letter expressed "The Emperor's surprise that he had not yet received the personal congratulations of M. Talma; that it appeared to be M. Talma's intention to absent himself, contrary to the Emperor's expectation; and that he was now invited to present his name at the Tuilleries as soon as he found it convenient," &c. Talma, of course, went, and was received as a friend till the fall of the dynasty.

LETTERS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF INDIA.

No. IV.

HAVING brought down my subject, in a manner necessarily hurried and imperfect, to the erection of a British empire in the East, I propose, on the present occasion, to lay before you a brief sketch of the system of internal government established, and acted upon, in our Asiatic provinces. Not that I can undertake, in a series of papers like these, to go minutely through the numerous changes to which the measures of our Indian government have, from time to time, been subjected. Of the systems which prevailed from 1765, for example, up to 1793, it is quite needless to take any notice. Whatever may have been their excellences or defects, they have long ceased to operate; all former settlements having been swallowed up, in the famous permanent settlement of Lord Cornwallis. To it, therefore, and to it only, shall I draw your attention.

The Court of Directors, and the British public at large, having experienced great disappointment in the expectations which they had formed touching the advantages and profits about to accrue from the acquisition of the Dewanny authority over the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa; and being still unable to believe that India, instead of an enormously rich country, was, in fact, a poor one, began, about the year 1779 or 1780, not unnaturally to attribute the overthrow of hopes, totally groundless and unfounded in themselves, to the mismanagement of the local authorities. Complaints and murmurs were heard on all sides. The measures pursued at Calcutta were represented as being at once arbitrary towards the natives, and inefficient, as far as the interests of the Directors were concerned. Each new Governor, it was alleged, had adopted a system of his own, differing in very essential particulars from the system of his predecessors; and hence, whilst the natives were kept in a state of constant anxiety and doubt, the resources of the country continued, year after year, to suffer diminution. The land-owners, it was said, were oppressed; the peasantry were starving; and, above all, the profits of the hold-

ers of India stock fell rapidly away. So prodigious an outcry was raised, that the matter at length came before Parliament; and, in the session of 1784, a bill was introduced for the purpose of remedying the evils complained of.

The bill to which I allude produced, as all the world knows, an Act "for the better regulation and management of the East India Company." By the 39th section of that act, the Company were enjoined "to inquire into the alleged grievances of the land-holders, and, if founded in truth, to afford them redress; and to establish permanent rules for the settlement and collection of the revenue, and for the administration of justice, founded on the ancient laws and real usages of the country." Never was any act of Parliament more wisely, or more judiciously, expressed. The country to which it had reference was no newly-discovered wilderness, inhabited by barbarous tribes, among whom any legislative experiment might be tried with impunity; neither was it peopled by a race of men, differing, indeed, in minute respects from ourselves, but still bearing to us, in their national character, a broad and general resemblance. Its inhabitants had lived for ages under regular laws, and fixed magistrates; they enjoyed rights, and maintained usages, to which they were more strongly attached, than perhaps any other race of men are attached to the rights and usages which long habit has endeared to them; whilst between their character—the natural character of the Hindoos and that of Englishmen—not a shadow of similitude can be traced. All the wishes, feelings, motives, and habits of the two people, are unlike. Laws and enactments, which by the latter might be regarded as humane and excellent, would by the former be viewed with abhorrence; and hence the most profound acquaintance with European politics will invariably prove useless, or worse than useless, if it be brought into operation in the East.—Before anything could be done for the natives of India, the most minute and patient inquiry into their ancient in-

stitutions was requisite ; and had that inquiry, as the terms of the act of Parliament seem to require, been pursued, it cannot be doubted that our Asiatic fellow-subjects would have stood in a far better situation, both moral and political, than that which they occupy at present.

To the desire for inquiry here expressed, the Court of Directors gave every support in the letter of instructions which they addressed to their new Governor-General. After noticing manifold grounds of complaint against former systems, and recommending sundry measures, some of them wise, others the reverse, because ill adapted to the state of Indian society, they observe, " that the design of the legislature was to declare general principles of conduct, and not to introduce any novel system, or to destroy those rules and maxims of policy which prevailed in well-regulated periods of the native government." They animadvert upon the mode of raising the revenue heretofore adopted—namely, by hiring out Pergunnahs to strangers and adventurers ; and require that a settlement in perpetuity should, if possible, be completed, in order that they might not be exposed, as had hitherto been the case, to the inconveniences necessarily attendant upon fluctuating and uncertain returns. In making choice of the persons with whom to conclude this settlement, they desired the clause of the act of 1784, in favour of the land-holders, might be attended to, and that, in the point in question, as well as in every other particular, the humane intention of the legislature towards the native land-holders might be strictly fulfilled. With a view to greater precision in effecting these objects, they recommended that it might, as far as possible, be ascertained what were the rights and privileges of the Zemindars, and other land-holders, under the institutions of the Mogul or the Hindoo government, and the services they were bound to perform.

All this was as it ought to have been ; nor were the instructions of the Directors less judicious in other respects.—On proposing a plan for the civil administration of justice among the natives, they stated, " That they had been actuated by the necessity of accommodating their views and interests to the subsisting manners and usages

of the people, rather than by any abstract theories drawn from other countries, or applicable to another state of society." They accordingly blamed the policy of former Governors, who had deprived the European collectors of magisterial authority ; they strongly urged that such authority should be restored ; and they pointed out, that however at variance with European notions it might be, to intrust the individual who was appointed to receive the taxes, with power to form his own settlements, and to decide in any disputes which might arise between his own agents and the people ; such had uniformly been the practice of India, and such ought accordingly to be the practice still. Many other wise and just remarks are made in the letter ; for an acquaintance with which, I refer you to the 2d Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1810, where the document is printed at length.

Never can it be sufficiently deplored, that a man, so ill calculated for the undertaking as the Marquis Cornwallis, should have been selected to carry these instructions into force. His Lordship truly was, as Mr Davis has said, " a theorist, and he went out to India surrounded by theorists." In his own mind, he had discerned a perfect resemblance between the state of society in Hindoostan, under the Moguls, and that of Europe, during the prevalence of feudalism. He beheld, too, or fancied that he beheld, in the union of the offices of collector and magistrate, a wide door opened to corruption and abuse of every description ; in a word, he looked at India and its affairs through a European medium, and therefore saw them in colours which were unnatural. Of the native character, likewise, he had conceived the most unjust opinion ; and he accordingly exhibited in all his actions, the most perfect distrust of the integrity of all classes of the people whom he was appointed to govern.

Under these circumstances, it is very little to be wondered at, that his Lordship should have erected a political fabric, fair to look upon, and comely to the eye, but, in reality, the most imperfect and incommensurable that ever was constructed.

We are told by the admirers of his Lordship's system, that he did nothing in a hurry. We are assured

that ample time was devoted to inquiry, and that the enactments which followed were the necessary consequence of patient and judicious research. So says Mr Harrington, the compiler of a copious analysis of the Company's regulations ; and so said the Messrs Grant, both father and son. But what is the fact ? Two years only were employed in investigating the nature of institutions, at all times puzzling and difficult of comprehension to strangers, and now doubly puzzling, from the state of confusion into which they had fallen. The investigations, likewise, were all, or almost all, dedicated to one end, namely, to discover proofs of the justice of a theory already formed, ere they had begun ; and I need not tell you, North, that when a man has once made up his mind to the correctness of a favourite opinion on any subject, he is never at a loss to see, in matters the most palpably contradictory of it, only farther evidences of its justice.

Well, then, Lord Cornwallis having devoted two years to that species of inquiry, which tended only to strengthen the prejudices which he had brought with him from England, proceeded to re-model our Indian Empire after the following fashion. Instead of again vesting his collectors with magisterial authority, he separated for ever the financial and judicial departments of the state. The former was carried on by means of a Board of Revenue and Provincial Collectors, the latter by Courts, such as shall hereafter be described. The business of the Provincial Collector was henceforth confined to the gathering in of the revenue. He was assisted by a few Tesheldars, or native collectors, chosen at random, and wretchedly paid, over whom he was not permitted to exert any authority. He could not so much as dismiss or suspend them, however clearly convicted of crimes or misdemeanours, but was under the necessity of complaining to the Board of Revenue, by whom they might be prosecuted. The European Collector, indeed, became a mere tax-gatherer, of no utility whatever in the general administration of the provinces. Of him, therefore, I need say no more.

With respect to the natives, his Lordship, fully impressed with the evils arising from a feudal system, and anxious to place all classes of the

people in a condition analogous to that of British-born subjects, revolutionized society more completely than the society of India was ever revolutionized before, from the days of Mahmood, down to his own time. The question which had formerly been agitated, touching the nature of landed tenures, he set at rest for ever, by declaring the Zemindars to be possessed of a full and perfect proprietary right in the soil. The practices of holding periodical surveys of the crops, and of estimating the amount of revenue due to Government, according to the state of cultivation, he abolished. An average was taken of the revenue paid during a certain number of years past, and that average was pronounced to be a fair and equitable tax upon each Pergunnah. At it, therefore, the amount of the revenue was determinately fixed ; nor was any addition to be exacted, nor any diminution allowed, whatever might be the state of the country, from that time forth and for ever. This may be regarded as a broad outline of that perpetual settlement, of the good policy and great humanity of which we hear so much. And now, for an equally general description of other enactments.

As the Zemindars, by the tenor of the new regulations, were put in possession of the whole of their Pergunnahs ; of the waste, as well as of the cultivated lands ; of the public demesnes, and of almost all the estates formerly devoted to the support of village schools and pagodas ; it may, by persons unacquainted with the real circumstances of the case, be imagined, that whatever ground of complaint other members of the community might have had, they at least were prodigious gainers by the change. Such an opinion will not, however, be long entertained, when I inform you, that the estimated rental of each Pergunnah being divided into eleven shares, ten of these were claimed by Government, as jumma, or land-tax, and the remaining one left to the nominal proprietor. Nor was this the only grievance to which the new proprietor was made subject. Under the native government, his share of the revenue, or rental, of the Pergunnah, was not perhaps much greater than that allowed him by Lord Cornwallis. It amounted, generally speaking, to one tenth, and only to one

tenth, of the whole. But under the native system, it was not liable, on any account, to dismemberment, or to diminution. If the Zemindar fell into arrears, or came otherwise under the displeasure of his sovereign, his person was subject to arrest, to torture, and even to death; whilst his private fields, supposing him to possess any private fields, and other private property, might be confiscated. But the nanca, or per-centage, on the public revenue, devolved entire to his successor, who was, unless some very extraordinary hinderance arose, invariably his son, or nearest heir-male. By this means, whatever his own individual sufferings might be, the family of a Zemindar ran no risk of utter ruin, but retained its rank in society, undiminished by the misfortunes or crimes of its representative. Under the new regulations, a complete change in these respects took place. The letter of instructions which had been given to Lord Cornwallis by the Court of Directors, having thrown out a hint, that "the hereditary tenure of the possessor would be the best, and, in general, the only necessary security" against defalcations, his Lordship first of all grossly misinterpreted that hint, and then proceeded to act upon it after the following fashion.

The stipulated revenue was ordered to be furnished by each Zemindar to the collector, in monthly payments of sicca rupees, that being the established coin of the provinces. No delay in making good these payments was on any account to be permitted; indeed, so strict was Government in gathering in its dues, that if all arrears outstanding upon one month were not cleared off by an early day in the month following, the estate of the defaulter was liable to attachment. In a state of attachment it would continue, the proprietor being burthened all the while with the maintenance of the attaching officer, till at the close of a fixed period the whole, or such portion of the Pergunnah as might be deemed sufficient to cover the balance due, was subject to be sold by public auction. Such were the conditions on which the Zemindars obtained a proprietary right in the soil. From these they were informed, that neither a failure of crops, nor any other occurrence, would induce the Government to deviate in the slightest particular;

and hence they must be ready with their money whenever the day of payment returned, let them procure it as they might.

It is needless to point out, that by this enactment the rights of the Ryots, those ancient land-owners of India, were effectually set aside. The whole of that class of men became, from henceforth, mere tenants, or daily labourers, to the Zemindar. An estate which had come down to a Meerassce, through countless generations, was converted into a hired farm, his continuance in which depended upon the nature of the pottah, or lease, granted to him by his new landlord; whilst the Oopree, instead of cultivating the demesne of the government, cultivated the lands of the Zemindar. All opportunity was, moreover, taken away of providing, as the Moguls had been in the habit of providing, for old soldiers and faithful servants, by grants of waste. In the waste, the public had no longer any interest; whilst the amount of revenue being fixed for ever, an increase of cultivation, though it might better the circumstances of the new aristocracy, would add nothing to the resources of government, or the profits of the Directors.

The Ryots, however, were not the only class of persons who suffered by this change. The Conangoes were stripped of all authority, consequence, and independence; the Potails, Coolurnies, and other village functionaries, were deposed; the Paiks, or Peons, which were wont to assist the Zemindar in the maintenance of the peace, were disbanded; and the Zemindar himself was positively prohibited from at all interfering in any respect with the management of the police, the administration of justice, or the superintendence of any part of the public business. To supply the place of these various functionaries, the following very inadequate arrangements were made:—

The whole of the territories immediately subject to the Presidency of Fort William (for I must confine my sketch to one Presidency, otherwise the subject would become too complicated,) were divided first into four, they are now divided into six districts or provinces, and about forty Zillahs. At Calcutta is established a Supreme Court of Judicature; at the chief city in each division, a Provincial

Court; and at each Zillah an Inferior Court; that is to say, a single European covenanted servant of the Company, vested with a certain portion of judicial authority. In all these Courts, the same individuals discharge the combined functions of Civil and Criminal Judges. The Supreme Court of Calcutta, for example, in its capacity of Sudder Nizamut Adawlut, revises the proceedings of such criminal trials as may be referred to it for revision; whilst in its capacity of Sudder Dewanny Adawlut, it hears appeals in civil cases from the Courts below. In like manner the Judges of the Provincial Courts, when stationary in their several cities, receive appeals from the decisions of the Zillah Judges; whilst, like our own petty barons, they hold periodical jail deliveries at the Kutcheries, or Court-houses, of the Zillah Magistrates. So is it also with the Zillah Magistrate himself; but of him and his powers, and of the functionaries subservient to him, a more lengthened description is requisite.

The average extent of each Zillah, corresponding with the district of each collector, may comprise, perhaps, five or six thousand square miles; the average population may amount to a million of souls. Very well. In the centre of this vast space, and in the heart of this vast multitude, is placed a single European civil servant, whose duty it is to hear causes, to preserve order, to suppress crime, and to keep the peace. It is true, that he is assisted in the discharge of his civil duties, at least, by sundry native commissioners, called Registers, Sudder Ameens, and Munsiffs, whilst, of late years, a European deputy has been appointed in criminal matters also; but the power of the native commissioners are extremely limited, the confidence reposed in them is extremely small, whilst their salaries, derived from the most improper and unworthy sources, are such as can hold out no inducement to men of family or respectability to offer themselves candidates for the situation. Nor is this all. It was not for some time after the establishment of Lord Cornwallis's scheme, that the decision of causes to any, the most minute amount, was intrusted to natives at all. For a while, every individual who had a complaint to make, either

against his neighbour, his landlord, or an agent of Government, was compelled to bring his claim before the Zillah Judge in person; nor was it till suits had fallen so much in arrear, as to render it utterly hopeless that a new suitor would live long enough to see his cause so much as brought on for hearing, that our Government had recourse to native agency even in civil disputes. And when it did condescend to intrust the natives with power, what was the nature of its proceeding?

Besides the Register, who acts immediately under the eye of the European, two species of native Judges were created, namely, Sudder Ameens, and Munsiffs. Of these, the Munsiff is authorized to try all causes which may involve personal property, such as money, &c. under the value of 64 rupees; the Sudder Ameen may decide in cases of real as well as personal property, to the amount of 150 rupees; thus we generously permit to the most respectable and high-bred of our native subjects, if they will accept the trust, the power of deciding upon litigated property to the value of no less than L.7, 16s. and L.18, respectively! From the decision of the Munsiff, however, an appeal lies to the Sudder Ameen, whilst from the decision of the Sudder Ameen, a farther appeal lies to the Zillah Judge; so that, after all, the Zillah Judge may have, and very frequently has, a cause to try at last, which has previously gone through the courts of his native Commissioners.

These native Commissioners being established, the next consideration with the local authorities was, how they should be provided for. To assign them salaries from the public purse would have been expensive; besides gratuitous justice having been hitherto offered to the natives, to that circumstance was in a great degree attributed the increase of the spirit of litigation among them. A double benefit would, therefore, accrue from such a scheme, as should at once tend to check that spirit, and furnish a competent maintenance to the new Judges, without, at the same time, compelling the Directors to forego any part of the profits arising from the revenue of their territories. It was accordingly enacted, that for every suit instituted before a native Commis-

sioner, a certain fee should be paid down, varying as to amount, in proportion to the value of the property disputed. That fee has since been abolished, and a stamp duty substituted in its room; and now, by sec. 13, of regulation 23, 1814, the following rule is in force—

“If the sum of money, or value of personal property claimed, shall not exceed sixteen sicca rupees, the plaint, or petition, shall be written on stamped paper of the value of one rupee. If above sixteen, and not exceeding thirty-two rupees, 2 rupees; if above thirty-two, and not exceeding sixty-four, 4 rupees,” and so on. Hence the duty upon the institution of a suit can never amount to less than one-sixteenth part of the property at issue, whilst it may amount to one-eighth; and this, though exceedingly severe upon the poor litigants, produces, after all, a salary for the native Commissioners, totally disproportionate to the labour and responsibility of their offices.

I have said that appeals lie from the Courts of the native Commissioners to those of the Zillah Judge. In like manner, appeals lie, under certain restrictions, from the decisions of the Zillah Judge to the Provincial Court. These restrictions have varied exceedingly, from 1795, when they were first imposed, up to 1814, when the present modification of them was effected. By rég. 25, 1814, the following is enacted,—“An appeal shall lie in the Provincial Courts, from the decisions passed by the Zillah Judges, on all regular civil suits tried and determined by them in the first instance, as well as from the decisions which may be passed by Registers, under clause 6, sec. 9, rég. 44, 1814, in suits exceeding 500 rupees in value or amount. The Provincial Courts are farther empowered to admit a second, or special appeal, from decisions passed by the Zillah Judges, on regular appeals from the original judgment of Registers, Sudder Ameens and Munsiffs.” In such cases, however, the petition of appeal must be written on stamped paper, accompanied with a security for costs; and appeals themselves must be made within the space of three months from the date of the decision appealed against.

In all the Civil Courts of India, in

all Courts, at least, where European Judges preside, a degree of form prevails, which has long rendered it impracticable for an uninitiated native to plead his cause in person. Instead of coming forward to state, *viva voce*, his ground of complaint; instead of being confronted by his opponent, in the presence of the Panchayet, having his writings, if he possess any writings, scrutinized, his witnesses heard, and his assertions listened to, the plaintiff is required to put in a bill, technically drawn up, the justice of which is enforced and commented upon, after the fashion of a *nisi prius* case in one of our Courts at home. To this the defendant puts in his reply; then comes the rejoinder, then the replication; whilst the slightest error in the use of terms, the slightest deviation from established technicalities, will as surely cause a nonsuit, as would be caused by a similar blunder at home. There is, moreover, the pleading to be listened to, the examination and deposition of witnesses, to be gone through, and finally, the case is to be summed up by certain Modavies, or native Law Officers, who attend, on such occasions, to explain the law before judgment can be given. The consequence is, that a new race of men has sprung up under our hands, of whom a concise account may be necessary.

The personages to whom I now allude, are Vakeels, or pleaders licensed to practise in all Civil and Criminal Courts, by the British Government. Having studied, or professed to study, at certain Colleges, where the laws of the Shaster and of the Koran are expounded, these men take out their degree, as it were, or are called to the bar. Like our lawyers at home, they live by litigation, and like the worst description of our own lawyers, they foment disputes whenever they can. Until very lately, they were required to take an oath, every half year, that during the preceding six months they had acted honestly and fairly by their clients, but this served only to increase the crime of perjury, and is now dispensed with. When a Ryot, or other person, considers himself defrauded, or in danger of being defrauded—when a debt is disputed, or his rights are in any way invaded, and he determines to commence a suit before the Civil

Court, being no longer capable of conducting it himself, he gives, what is called a Vakulatnama, or deed of appointment, to one of these licensed pleaders. This deed is signed by two witnesses, who may be called upon, previous to the commencement of the suit, to appear in court to testify, that the signatures are in their hand-writing, by which means the poor suitor becomes burthened with the expense, not only of his lawyer's fee, but of maintaining other two persons at a distance from their homes, till the judge shall have found time enough to inquire into the validity of the said lawyer's appointment. The fees paid to Vakeels again are after the following rate:—

On sums, or property, under the value of 5000 sicca rupees, he obtains a fee of five per cent; above 5000, and under 20,000, 5 per cent on the 5000, and 3 per cent on the surplus; and so on till we reach 80,000 rupees; for conducting a suit to which amount, his fee is 1000 rupees. These fees, as well as the price of stamps, &c. &c., must be deposited with the Court before any pleadings are allowed.

I need not point out to you that, in a country like India, where the mass of the population are miserably poor, so many fees, stamp-duties, securities, and other expenses, imposed upon litigation, amount to a virtual denial of redress, at least to the lower orders. The distance, too, which the suitor must travel, the cost of supporting his witnesses, at the Cutcherry, till his cause, which may stand at the bottom of a long file, is called on,—all these are matters, of which I shall not speak largely at present, because a more fitting opportunity of discussing them will come by and by. But the following extracts from Sir Henry Strachey's answers to certain interrogatories proposed by the Governor-General in Council, in the year 1801, to the judges of Circuit and Zillah, in Bengal, may not appear inappropriate:—

“The expense and delay,” says he, “to which Ryots are subject in prosecuting their suits, are, to my knowledge, excessive. For the truth of this, I would refer to the records of any register in Bengal.”—“I have often seen a suitor, when stripped of his last rupee, and called upon for the fee or document, produce in court a silver ring, or other trinket, and beg

that it might be received as a pledge, and after all, perhaps, he was cast for want of money to bring proof.”—“I confess,” adds that able servant of the Company, “I think such scenes in a court of justice unpleasant to those who are intrusted with the administration of the laws, and not very creditable to government.” And who can think otherwise?

The contrast which Mr. Davis draws, between the legal proceedings in the courts of the native Commissioners, and those in the courts of European Judges, is so striking, that I cannot pass it by. Be it remembered, that to these Commissioners we commit as little authority as possible, and that we exhibit the utmost distrust of them when they exercise that little. The effect of such conduct, on our part, has been, that, to use the words of Sir Henry Strachey, “the natives would, undoubtedly, at present confide in the uprightness of Europeans, rather than in their countrymen.” We have taught them to distrust our Commissioners; they are, therefore, very seldom contented to abide by the decisions of Munsiffs, or Sudder Ameens, when an opportunity of appeal to the court of an European is granted. Yet we have it on the authority, both of Sir Henry and of Mr. Davis, that, in point of integrity, of talent, and of discrimination, these native functionaries are quite as trustworthy as Europeans. The testimony of the latter gentleman to the ability of the natives I subjoin:—

“He (the native Commissioner) decides with the greatest ease a vast number of causes; he is perfectly acquainted with the language, the manners, and even the persons and characters of almost all who come before him. Hence, perjury is very uncommon in his court. To us his proceedings may appear frequently tedious or frivolous, and generally irregular and informal; but we are very apt to judge from a false standard. I am fully convinced, that a native of common capacity will, after a little experience, examine witnesses, and investigate the most intricate case, with more temper and perseverance, with more ability and effect, than almost any European. The native Commissioners decide only petty cases, and their emoluments are but scanty. They occasionally find difficulty in maintaining their autho-

rity; but they should always be supported against the contumacious. Their procedure, as far as I have had occasion to observe, is, with few exceptions, just what it ought to be. They hear and write down almost whatever the parties may choose to say; and it is not a small advantage that they are able to sit the whole of the day, without being incommoded by heat or crowds; that they listen to and understand every one, and that they are seldom provoked, either by their own Omlah, or by the parties, to lose their temper. They sit from morning till night, on a mat, under a shed or hut, or in the porch of a house, and attend to every petty dispute of the Ryots, with a degree of patience of which we have no idea, till they develop the merits, and decide the suit. I cannot help wishing that their situations were more respectable, in a pecuniary view, and that they were employed to decide causes to almost any amount. At present, few of the native Commissioners can earn more than a bare subsistence; and therefore it cannot be expected, that the best qualified and most respectable men should undertake the office. When a suit is filed in a Munsiff's Sherista, it is taken up immediately. There is no time or opportunity for the fabrication of a defence, or the subornation of perjury. The Munsiff is, as it were, in the society of the parties, and they cannot easily deceive him; but if that cause comes before the Zillah Judge, besides the inevitable delay and expense at the outset, the case is, probably, entirely changed; intrigues and counter-complaints occur; the most impudent falsehoods are advanced with impunity; and, in the end, perhaps an erroneous decision is passed. Should it here occur, that very few, if any, natives are qualified, from habit and education, to pronounce a decision, or to comprehend a complicated judicial case, that the range of their ideas is too narrow, that their minds are cramped, and that they possess not that vigour and perseverance, and those enlarged views, which would enable them to perform the duty of judges,—if there is any one of this opinion, I would take the liberty to ask, how it is possible the natives in general should, in the miserable, subordinate, and servile employments to which they are confined, have quali-

fied themselves better? I would observe, how very easily they all acquire the requisite qualifications for the duties which we are pleased to intrust to them. I would ask, who can doubt that they would very shortly, if not depressed and dispirited, become at least equal to the functions they performed before we came among them? This intelligent gentleman closes his remarks by observing, "I confess it is my wish, though probably I may be blamed for expressing it, not only to have the authority of the natives, as judges, extended, but to see them, if possible, enjoy important and confidential situations in other departments of the state."

Such is a brief and imperfect summary of the mode in which civil justice is administered to the natives of British India. For the administration of criminal justice, provisions, still more meagre, are made. In his capacity of civil judge, the European derives, as has been shown, some assistance from the natives themselves. It is trifling, I admit, but still it is something. In his capacity of criminal judge and magistrate, he stands alone. To him, and to him only, must a population of a million of souls look for the maintenance of public order, for defence against robbery, for protection to their lives, properties, and reputations. I put it to you, or to any other unprejudiced person, whether it be possible for him adequately to fulfil his trust. But this is not the time for reflections—let me describe.

I have already stated, that the Zemindars, Potails, and other members of the native municipality, were, by the new regulations, stripped at once of their authority. Mr Wilberforce is perfectly correct that Lord Cornwallis had imbibed so marked a distrust of the native character, that he not only never placed any one of them, either Mahomedan or Hindoo, in any office about his person, above the rank of a menial; but that he would not permit them to interfere, in the most minute particular, with the punishment of crime, or the suppression of vice. As far as the peace of society went, the Zemindars were now mere cyphers. They were forbidden, indeed, to harbour criminals, and were required to aid and assist in the arrest of Dacoits, but all power of punishing delinquents, or of committing to prison, was taken

away from them. With respect to the Potails and Coolcurnies, again, those useful functionaries, who, by being continually on the spot, were prepared, under former systems, by prompt measures, to hinder petty offences from growing up into serious crimes, they were commanded, by public proclamation, to abstain from all future exercise of power. Their authority was superseded, and the Ryots were given to understand, that any attempt to retain it, as it would be made in direct violation of the orders of government, might be legally resisted, or form ground of prosecution before the Zillah judge. Of all the original institutions of the country, the village police alone was not formally abolished. The Mahars were still required to do their duty, but their responsibility to the head of the village community being taken away, they speedily became indolent, and have long ceased virtually to exist.

The arrangements introduced by the Company, under the head of criminal justice and police, are as follows:—

Whilst the Zillah magistrate is required to take cognizance of all crimes prohibited within his district, and is authorised to punish by flogging, a moderate fine, and short imprisonment, persons guilty of slander, petty assaults, and other minor offences, he commits to jail such as are accused of dacoity, burglary, murder, thefts to a large amount, &c., &c., till the arrival of the Circuit Court authorized to try them. This occurs, like the jail-deliveries in England, twice a-year. In the meanwhile, the prisoners are crowded together, without any respect being paid to caste, or other national distinctions; and, whether finally acquitted or not, they suffer, in the course of that confinement, miseries of which we cannot form an adequate idea. Nor is it only such as have been examined, and against whom a true bill has been found, that endure the miseries of long imprisonment. So many accused persons are necessarily brought before this single magistrate, that his jail is often found too narrow to contain the multitude which must be thrust into it, till his numerous avocations permit him to inquire into the nature of the charges brought against them. “I find,” says Sir Henry Strachey, “that the jails were filled with such crowds of prisoners,

that it became impossible, in any reasonable period, to try, or even for the magistrate to examine into their cases, with a view to their being committed for trial, or discharged.”—See Court’s Queries, vol. II. p. 52, *et sequen.*—“Ours is a system,” says the same intelligent writer, elsewhere, “which deprives the leading men of the country of all their honour and importance; it does, in fact, level and degrade them. When these men are provoked and insulted, they take up arms, and defy the magistrates; then we call them rebellious, and employ a military force against them, and very dreadful scenes ensue. I have now reason to suspect, that nothing which took place in Bengal on occasions of this kind, can equal the bloodshed and mischief which attended the reduction of certain chiefs at Madras, and on the Malabar coast, at different periods, in our first attempts to introduce among them our system of government.” Such is absolutely the sole provision made for the trial of criminals in one of our Zillahs. With respect again to police, the Zillah of the magistrate is divided into smaller districts, or Thanahs, each of which covers an extent of from 200 to 500 square miles. In the midst of the Thanah is placed a native, called the Darogah. His rank and duties correspond very nearly with the rank and duties of a village constable in England. He has under his command one or two armed men, Paicks and Burgaudases, and superintends, or affects to superintend, the conduct of the Mahars. The Darogah is selected without any reference to caste, to local knowledge, or to the wishes of the Zemindars. He is wretchedly paid, often miserably ignorant, and almost always cruel, tyrannical, and the author of more crimes than any other person in his district. By the spirit of the regulations the Darogah can arrest no suspected person, except on a written charge; he is not authorized to enter a dwelling-house in search of stolen goods, except by explicit warrant from the Zillah judge; in a word, his office is described as if it corresponded in every particular with that of a peace-officer at home. The account given of him in the Fifth Report of 1812, as it is concise and clear, I may as well transcribe:—“The Darogah is empowered to apprehend on a written charge, and to

take security for appearance before the magistrate, when the offence is bailable. In other cases he is required to send the prisoners to the magistrate within a limited time, unless for petty assaults and the like, in which cases the magistrate himself may decide, and wherein the parties themselves agree to drop proceedings. Under such circumstances, the Darogah is allowed to receive a written testimonial of reconciliation, termed *razenamah*, and to discharge the prisoner."

Besides their usual wretched pitance, the Darogahs, "as an encouragement to vigilance, are allowed ten rupees from the government, on the conviction of every Decoit, or gang robber, apprehended by them, and ten per cent on the value of stolen property recovered, provided the thief be apprehended." What the effect of this regulation upon the general conduct of the Darogahs has been, shall be shown, when we come to discuss the influence of the whole settlement, on the morals and prosperity of the country.

With respect to the law administered in British India, it is no very easy task to determine what it is. The ancient laws of the country have, we are told, been preserved; that is to say, the laws of the Shaster are in all civil cases binding upon the Hindoos, whilst those of the Koran prevail among the Mahomedans; and in cases where the parties profess different religions, the law of the defendant guides the judge. Now, the truth is, that neither the Koran nor the Shaster comprised, as far as we can learn, the civil laws or common usages of Hindostan. "The inhabitants at large at Madnapore," says Sir Henry Strachey, "are, I imagine, nearly as well acquainted with the laws as the inhabitants of other parts of the country, that is to say, their knowledge is extremely limited. Of the Shaster and Koran, all are equally ignorant, except the Mahomedans of education, whose learning extends to the quotation of a few scraps of the Koran, of little or no practical use. All Hindoos, but Pundits, are entirely ignorant of the Shaster." The consequence is, that even when we profess to adhere most closely to ancient usages, we are continually offering violence to the prejudices and feelings of our native population. We have, indeed, taken the trouble to collect Compendis of

Hindoo laws, from every accessible source. "The Hindoo laws known to us," adds Sir Henry, "are contained in the two books which are deposited in the Dewanny Adawlut, or civil court, of every district in Bengal; the Digest, compiled by some Brahmins, and translated by Mr Colebrooke, and the Hindoo Institutes or Ordinances of Menu, translated by Sir William Jones." But what then? "There they lie, as ornaments upon the table, but of little or no use."

In criminal cases, again, we have assumed that the Mahomedan law, because it was the law of the former rulers of the country, has long been, and still ought to be, the only law in operation. Here, again, we have fallen into a most egregious error. As I have shown in my former letters, the Mahomedan law was never enforced under the Mogul dynasty, except among the followers of Islamism; whereas we have extended it, or rather profess to extend it, over all classes. I say profess, because in sober truth our version of the law of Mahomed bears very little resemblance to the code compiled by the prophet. "The criminal law administered here," says Mr Dowdswell in his answers to Court's Queries, "is supposed to be the Mahomedan; but either the laxity of interpretation to which that code is liable, or other causes, operate, in most cases, to prevent anything peculiar to the Koran, either in the sentence or in the mode of conducting the trial. In effect, our Mahomedan law, as far as I can learn, bears no resemblance to that of Turkey, Arabia, or Persia, or other Mahomedan countries, and very little to that which was administered here by the native government." As an instance of the truth of this, it is only necessary to remind you, that we have entirely changed the nature of punishments, and left numerous vices safe from the reach of law, which were fully cognizable under the former governments. Yet Mr Dowdswell assures us, that "the most material change effected by us, is not in the punishments fixed for particular crimes; it is less, I think, in the laws themselves, than in the mode of executing them." "It is a common saying with the natives, that the gentlemen require so much evidence, that it is scarcely possible to convict a Decoit.

The old way was very different. The accused party almost always confessed, whereas now none confess, but the most simple and uninformed."

I have already shown, that under the native dynasties, the people of Hindostan were never accustomed to one unvarying written code of laws. Each little community had its own customs, to which its members were firmly attached, and which its own magistracy enforced. Even in cases of appeal from the decision of a village Panchayet, or of complaint against a Pottah, the Zemindar or Talookdar would summon witnesses from the village of the appellant, in order to ascertain whether or not the award given was in accordance with use. Of this we entirely lost sight; and hence we place our native Commissioners, at least very frequently, in situations, where it is utterly impossible for them to give sentence according to law. Two Mahomedans, for example, may be involved in a dispute respecting property, such as is cognizable by a native Commissioner. The Commissioner may be, indeed he generally is, a Hindoo. How can he, if he really act according to his instructions, decide between them? "It is hardly necessary," says Mr Dowdswell, "to mention, that the native Commissioners, at least those of them who are Hindoos, have no knowledge whatever of the Mahomedan law," whilst the absolute indifference of the people themselves, to customs which we blindly regarded as dear to them, is shown by the conclusion of the sentence. "Nor, I imagine, would the parties in a suit, though they might happen to be Mahomedans, object to the competence of the judge, on the ground of his ignorance of the Mahomedan law." All this goes far to prove, that the framers of our system, with the very best intentions, have acted in direct opposition to prejudices which they fancied that they were favouring; that they have established usages, hitherto unknown, under the delusive idea of keeping up old things, and have overthrown all that the natives really loved, and all that might have proved beneficial, both to the rulers and the ruled.

From what has been said above, the reader will probably suppose, that all authority in India, all right of deciding in courts of justice, where life or

limb, or property of large amount, is at stake, is monopolized by Europeans. That it is thus ostensibly monopolized, no one will deny. An European must sit upon the bench. He is the object of respect, and the apparent fountain of law. By his mouth the award must be given, and he it is who is held out as having considered the pleadings, and come to a determination upon them. But what is the fact? That everything of the kind is performed by natives. As attendants upon our Judges in all the courts, appear certain native law officers, both Hindoo and Mahomedan. If the case be a civil one, and its merits turn upon the law of the Shaster, the Hindoo law-officer delivers a written futwa, or sentence of award, to the European Judge. If the case be one in which Mahomedans are concerned, a similar proceeding is followed by the Mussulman. In all criminal trials, indeed, the Cauzee, and not the European Judge, determines whether or not the prisoner shall be pronounced guilty; and farther states the nature of the punishment awarded by the Koran. Yet these most important functionaries are all so wretchedly remunerated, that were they greatly more in the habit than they are, of accepting bribes, and perverting justice, the matter could not by any means support us. It is true, that our countrymen in the East are continually suspicious of the native officers; and it is equally true, that the native officers, perceiving that suspicion, are not thereby encouraged to act with greater honesty; but that we cannot do without them, the following statement of Mr Ernst may prove. It shows, also, that with all our boasted acquaintance with human nature, we know very little about that modification of it, which appears in the natives of India.

"It appears to me, that we are extremely apt, owing perhaps to our being aware of the prevalence of deceit and perjury, to form unfavourable opinions of the veracity of the natives, while taking their evidence. We perhaps judge too much by rule; we imagine things to be incredible, because they have not before fallen under our experience; we constantly mistake extreme simplicity for cunning; and we are to the last degree

suspicious of our Omlah, (*i. e.* our native law-officers.) We make not sufficient allowance for the loose, vague, inaccurate mode in which the natives tell a story; for their not comprehending us, and our not comprehending them, we hurry, terrify, and confound them, by our eagerness and impatience. The Judge of Circuit, and even his Omlah, are strangers, and quite unacquainted with the characters of the persons examined, and the credit due to them; and always, on that account, less competent to discover truth among volumes of contradictory evidence."

Besides the books of the Koran, and those compends of the Hindoo law, of which I have spoken above, each of our courts in India is supplied with a copy of the Company's regulations, containing general directions for the conduct of all functionaries, native as well as European. With these all law-officers, commissioners, and vakeels, are supposed to make themselves familiar. Nor is the task thereby imposed upon them an easy one, inasmuch as these regulations have swelled to so great an amount, that they now fill eight closely-printed folio volumes of nearly a thousand pages each. Perhaps it is needless to add, that whatever may be the learning of European Judges in this particular, the natives neither know, nor desire to know, anything of the contents of these tomes, except just as much as may be requisite to hinder themselves from falling into error in the prosecution of their own particular callings. It is, moreover, curious enough, that we have made Persian the official language of our provinces. The proceedings in our courts, for instance, such at least as are deemed worthy of being preserved, are registered in Persian and English, whilst all proclamations, summonses, &c. are uniformly published in the same language.

In the sketch which I have given of the internal government of British India, no notice, you will perceive, has been taken of the mode by which justice is administered to European residents. That, indeed, is a matter foreign to the subject in hand. I may, however, remark in passing, that the utmost shyness is exhibited on the part of government to hear, or enter into, complaints made by the natives against British functionaries. Over

British subjects the Zillah magistrate has little or no control. In case they disturb the public peace, or make themselves obnoxious in any other way, he may, indeed, arrest them; but he cannot decide in any dispute between them and a native, unless the question at issue involve property under a certain amount, or the subject of dispute have reference to the collection of the revenue, or other public duties. When a native has cause of complaint against a European, he must bring it before the Supreme Court at Calcutta, and put himself thereby to such expense as few natives will venture to incur. Nay, more: Even when a native has succeeded in proving his case against a European functionary, it depends entirely upon circumstances whether or not he shall be reimbursed for the expenses to which the prosecution may have subjected him. "The complainant, if he prove his case," says Mr Harrington in his Analysis, "shall be at liberty to submit an application to the Sudder Dewanny Adawlut, the Board of Revenue, or Board of Trade, as the case may be, praying a reimbursement of the expense which may have been incurred by him in the prosecution of his prayer, and his prayer *may be granted*. But it is clearly to be understood, that government does not pledge itself to indemnify any person for the expense which may be incurred, in occasions of the above nature, whatever may be the result of the investigation." Under these circumstances, you will not be surprised to hear, that the most glaring acts of oppression would scarcely provoke a native to appeal against his European superior.

I have not said half what I might say on this subject, neither is it possible for me to enter more into detail. The description given above, of our system of internal government, the reader will therefore receive as necessarily imperfect and incomplete; but it would take whole volumes fully to describe it. What its effects have been on the country, and how the evils arising from it have from time to time been met, shall be detailed in my next, that is, in my concluding letter.

In the meanwhile, you will observe, that it is the design of our regulations to exclude the natives from all power, and from all offices of trust.

We assign the care of a million of people to one magistrate, and him a European, ignorant of the language, the manners, and the habits of the people. "The natives," says Sir Henry Strachey, "hold no judicial offices but the lowest, and are paid very ill. It is only since the Europeans were well paid, that they themselves became trust-worthy."—"Our establishments are utterly inadequate in most districts of Bengal; and where the business is apparently kept up, it must be recollected that great numbers of poor Ryots are deterred from prosecuting, by the expense and the delays, and sometimes by the distance of the courts from their residence. Instead of having a magistrate in every village, authorized to decide their petty disputes, these must all be referred to the Zillah judge, or his Commissioners, whilst "to transact one quarter of the judicial business by European agency is impossible. If all the Company's servants were employed in judicial offices, still the drudgery would fall upon the natives," who receive no adequate recompense for their labour. The consequences of such a system are thus briefly stated by Sir Henry Strachey:—

"The dread of Decoits, the expense of prosecution, and the spirit of prosecuting, the slowness of our legal proceedings, and the doubtfulness of

the event of law-suits, on account of perjury and other causes,—all these are evils of the present day. It is true, that every man who is injured may prosecute; that he is considered as possessing a right to redress, and that justice is intended to be impartially administered; whereas, in other states of Hindostan, for instance the neighbouring Mahratta country, there is no pretence of this. But, perhaps, in few of the Mahratta states, which are best taken care of, where no poor man conceives that he possesses any rights whatever, and where all are aware, that without the help of a patron they have no power to obtain redress for injury;—perhaps, I say, in these countries less injustice is on the whole committed, and less misery felt, than in states of the same size under our government. In the Mahratta states there may, probably, occur one or two glaring instances of oppression, outrage, and cruelty, which are silently put up with, because there no inferior attempts to contend with his superior. In the Midnapore states, a number of poor men may be seen to set up for themselves, and are ruined by ineffectual contests, often about trifles, with rich and powerful neighbours."

This is bad enough, but it is perfect harmony, compared to the scenes and transactions which shall be laid before you in my next.

POOH! NEVER MIND THE RAIN, LOVE.

Pooh! never mind the rain, love,

Nor wait for sunny weather;

For, if then abroad you deign rove,

Two suns are out together.

Tell me not of the glass, love;

By St George, and by the mass, love,

That eye of yours

Portends no showers,

And that's the glass I care for;—

And therefore—and therefore—

Never mind the rain, love,

Nor wait for sunny weather;

For, if then abroad you deign rove,

Two suns are out together.

C. M.

LATE AMERICAN BOOKS.

1. PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS; 2. LIONEL LINCOLN; 3. MEMOIRS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN; 4. JOHN BULLIN AMERICA; 5. THE REFUGEE; 6. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. XLVII.

ABOUT five years ago, or thereabout, an article appeared in the North American Review, advising the writers of America, or such of them as had pluck enough, and soul enough, to undertake a few straight-forward stories, partly true, partly untrue, after the Scotch fashion, about the early history and exploits of the New England fathers, or pilgrims,—the brave, devout, absurd, positive, original creatures, who are now looked upon, everywhere, as the “settlers” of a country, which they wasted, literally, with fire and sword; with uninterrupted cruel warfare, till nothing was left, not a single tribe, hardly a vestige, in truth, of a great people,—of countless hordes, who covered all that part of our earth; being the natural, and, perhaps, the original proprietors thereof.

The paper was well timed, pretty clever, and has done much good, we hope, to the hot-bed of North American literature and scholarship, from the very middle of which the said Review itself sprung up, some twelve years ago, like a thing of the soil; quite covered with fruit and flower, blossom and bud, nevertheless.

We did hope, when we saw this article, that some native, bold writer of the woods; a powerful, huge barbarian, without fear, and without reproach, would rise up to the call; come forth in his might; and, with a great regard for historical truth, give out a volume or two, worthy, in some degree, of the stout, strange, noble characters; the resolute, stern, thoughtful characters, who contrived, in a little time after they were cast away upon the rocks of another world, far beyond the reach of pity or succour, apparently without hope, sick and weary as they were, to build up a great empire along the coast, from the wreck and rubbish, the fiery material and brave ornament, which, after the convulsions of Europe, drifted ashore in America; a story or two, worth reading, of the prodigious old Puritans—the political martyrs—the plain-hearted, religious, quiet men, so unlike all other men that we now read of, either in history or fable; the cou-

rageous fanatics; the sober, unforgetting, bad zealots, who, on account of their moral stature, which was, indeed, of most unearthly proportions, appear in the mist or twilight, which covers the early history of New England, very much like a troop of giants walking about over the hills, in a great fog; a story or two, worth repeating, of the witches and wizards, the wars and fights of the country; the men thereof; such as Winthrop and Bradford, Sir Harry Vane, Whaley, Goff, Roger Williams, Elliot, Standish, Cotton, with a host of others; mighty men of war, some (for that portion of our earth,) some, tried in the battles of Europe, and well known to the soldiers there; others, powerful in debate, or learned, or wise to a proverb, and all, every one, of a decided character, brim-full of heroic individuality;—the women thereof, such as the celebrated Mrs Hutchinson, or the female Quakers, who were scourged to death; or the witches, who were hung up for their beauty; the language, peculiarities, and habits of both:—We did hope for all this; and will continue to hope for it, though we see little to encourage us; for we have some idea of what might be made of such material, and have had, ever since the great Scotch novel writer himself, or a great Scotch novel writer, we should say, went a little out of his path, some three or four years ago, to take possession of the subject, as if it were a piece of uninhabited earth—and for what purpose, forsooth? Why, only to keep others away, it would seem; for, having set up the standard of dominion there; said over a form of exclusive appropriation, very peculiar to himself—a few words of power—and looked about him, for a breath or two, he went away for ever. We allude now to the case, where he lugs in a warlike stranger, we forget how, Whaley or Goff, we forget which—from the woods of Connecticut—a gray-headed man—a regicide, if our memory serves, for the rescue of a people, who were attacked on the Sabbath, while at prayer—“at meeting,” we should say,—by a party of savages.

Do not mistake us, though. We complain of that novel writer, for leaving the New World in a hurry; not for going to it; for doing so little, where he might have done so much—not for doing little, where he should have done less; for, let him search the records of all history through, page by page—ransack all the traditional lore of all antiquity, and he will never find a people more worthy of his great, peculiar power—that which delights in the dramatick portraiture of men above their fellows—than were the people of North America, up to the time of the revolutionary war. They grew up in strife; in perpetual commotion. They flourished all the better for earthquake and storm. There were feuds in every province, up to the very day, when they united for mutual safety; leaders, political, religious, and military, of surprising waywardness and great energy,—energy, almost without example; superb characters for the pen, or the chisel rather; for he, of whom we speak, writes with a chisel, when occupied with a subject worthy of his whole power; magnificent characters, in truth; broad over the chest; with every muscle up, and every sinew, by continual warfare, alive and articulate; all over, in short, with courageous individuality.

Yes; we did hope for a story or two of the right shape, nor have we been altogether disappointed; for the writers of America started up, with a new impulse, after it appeared; broke out, from every wood, as their brave old fathers did, fifty years ago, in the day of their political emancipation, with loud cries; and every month of late, nay, almost every week, we have been treated with a volume or two, such as they were, of tales founded, with some regard for historical truth, upon the early transactions of their people. The favourite period with all these new writers, however, would seem to be that of the Revolution there, about which, quite enough has been said, “partly true, partly untrue;” quite enough now, to satisfy the appetite of this, or any other age, though it were said ever so well—fifty times better than it has been said. We, for one, are sick of it, glad as we are of the bustle “at home;” sick and weary of it, although it augurs well for a new growth of literature, in a country where, till of late, authors were ob-

liged, whatever might be their worth, to “work for nothing and find themselves;” but where, within a few days, five thousand dollars have been offered (by Carey and Lea, Philadelphia) for two years’ privilege of a novel, (Mr Cooper’s *LIONEL LINCOLN*,) with a “bonus” of two or three hundred more, to Wiley of New York, (the publisher,) if he would forego his claim; that is, about eleven hundred guineas for the privilege of supplying the markets of America with a native story, for two years. If this be true, and we have good reason for believing it; and if it be true also, that certain of the chief publishers in the United States are beset on every side, almost every day, by young authors, overloaded with manuscript, or in travail with a book or two, (all which we believe to be the case, on authority good enough to satisfy us, who are not easily satisfied,) we venture to say that another revolution will soon take place in the New World—a more complete and absolute emancipation by far, than has ever yet occurred among the people of our earth; an escape from the worst of bondage—that of the soul; the true bondage of death—literary, not political bondage.

Who that wishes well to the great republic of literature,—who that knows what miracles may be wrought, with a spirit entirely free,—when a whole nation goes forth to generous warfare; every heart swelling with courage, heaving with joy, beating with hope; all on fire, with a new taste of immortality, ripe for adventure in every possible shape; who that knows aught of this will not pray for that hour to arrive?

It will arrive. The day of thorough emancipation is near, we hope and believe; emancipation, we should say, from that unworthy prejudice, (made up of a stupid apathy, self-distrust, and childish deference, God knows wherefore,) which degrades a people; not emancipation, for that we do not wish, from hearty love, and grave, thoughtful admiration, both which the Americans do feel now, and must continue to feel, exactly in proportion to their own progress in literature and scholarship, for the scholars and writers of Great Britain.

Let a few of those youthful knights, over sea, who are now flashing their bright swords, with so much waste of

power—giving a slap, five times out of six, where they should give a cut, or a stab—the flat of their blade, where they should give edge, or point—like all new beginners, who do little, with much effort, where, after a while, they do much, with little effort; a few of those, who are now slashing away at one particular period of their strange history—cutting up characters, who have been cut up already, five or six times over—bruising people to death, after they have been brayed in a mortar; working up that, over and over again, which had been worked up, over and over again before, till there was nothing left of it; and a few of those—a multitude, in truth—who are now ransacking heaps of earth—common earth, in a common highway, for a material more precious than gold—a stuff more coveted, by genius—while the rough, unvisited regions, over which, or near which, they walk every hour, in the daily transactions of a stupid life, abound with treasure—a little way below the rude surface:—of the many, who are thus employed, now; a part, with swords, a part, with ploughshares, on the broad highway of North American history, at one particular spot, which was broken up, years and years ago; rummaged, raked, and sifted, over and over again; of these, let a few gird up their loins for a worthier trial; go farther back into the woods of their country—among the shadows and rocks thereof—dig deep into the everlasting hills there, when, if they are not easily discouraged, nor too prodigal of power, they will assuredly meet with a reward, which they will never find where they are now looking for it.

By the way, it were well, perhaps;

well for them, and well for the great cause of literature; well for the writers of America, and well for those of Great Britain, if the publishers here, and authors, who derive no profit from the republication of their books abroad, were apprized of what we believe to be a fact—(we do not speak positively, because we cannot refer to the very words of the law)—namely, that if they, the said publishers and authors of Great Britain, wish to secure a monopoly for their works in the United States, for twenty years, or a due part of the prodigious gain, which might proceed from a worthy republication of British books among a people, six or eight millions of whom read more or less English, every day of their lives, while two or three millions read almost every good English book that appears, within a little time after it comes out, in this country; or, if they wish to guard a work of theirs from piracy, they may do it, without much trouble, and with little or no expense; for the cost of a copy-right, in that country, is but 4s. 6d.; while the advertising,* which is required by law, would seldom exceed half-a-guinea, and only one copy is demanded for the National Library. The profit of republication there is very large now; but, if proper steps were taken by British authors and publishers, it might be augmented fourfold—in our opinion greatly to the advantage of all parties; authors and publishers, British and American. Half a million of the great Scotch novels, we dare say, have re-issued from the American press. They are read by everybody—everywhere—all over the States; and so, indeed, are most of the good British novels, poems, plays,

* It is comfortable enough to see how well informed the law-givers and great commercial statesmen of this age are, upon all matters, about which they undertake to legislate. How circumstantial they are; how cautious; how industrious; and how accurate, in detail! It is but the other day now, that a parliamentary man here, of high character, while urging a reduction of duty upon advertisements and newspapers—a wise, good measure, of itself; a measure of his own, we believe—thought proper to inform the House, that, in Philadelphia, advertisements cost only *sixpence* each; thereby giving to the people of that city, as he thought, a very obvious advantage over those of Liverpool. Dog cheap, to be sure! . . . But—in Philadelphia, and in all the chief cities of the United States, the regular charge for advertising is, from about three shillings, to six shillings a *square*, British money—the smallest advertisement, however small, being charged as a square. We would remark, however, that when people advertise by the year, it may prove a little cheaper; and also, that, if required, an advertisement will be repeated three or four times, without any further charge. Still, you cannot advertise at all, in America—or in Philadelphia rather, for less than about 4s. or 3s. 6d. sterling.

&c. &c.; many of which re-appear in America within forty-eight hours, or at most, a week, after the sheets arrive there. See, in the last number of the Monthly Magazine, a paper—an original paper too, for all that appears on the face of it; a paper, which professes to give a deal of new, precious, and very exact information about America, and American literature; but which is copied, we perceive, with a most praiseworthy and scrupulous fidelity—in a very workmanlike fashion, word for word, from a discourse delivered one or two years ago, before some society of Philadelphia, and afterwards published by the author—a Mr Ingersol, in a pamphlet, which we met with, more than a twelvemonth ago, at Miller's American Library. It is all very true, nevertheless; and we refer to it, with pleasure, in confirmation of what we say, respecting the value of that privilege, in America, which has been disregarded hitherto, by the publishers of Great Britain.

But enough—Let us now go to these “late American books,” the titles of which are given above.

I. The “PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS,”*—God forgive the peeper, who has been peeping at largemen, through the wrong end of a spy-glass,—we are afraid, is a tale got up to please the North American reviewer. It is a book—what shall we say of it? what *can* we say of it? a book, in three stout volumes—we hardly know how to describe it—full of good sense, which we have no sort of patience with; surcharged with historical truth, which nobody cares for; crowded with sober stuff, the insupportable accuracy of which were enough to damp the poetical ardour of a whole nation. All the dates are true—true as death; true to an hour; all the chief incidents, all the names—true to a letter. It is well got up; well written—the work of a thorough-paced, grave, cautious writer. There is hardly a bad page in it,—or a good one; or a bad phrase, or a foolish one; or a coarse thought, or a crazy one; or a thing to weep at, or laugh at; for nearly fifty score pages. In short, we never did see such a tiresome, good-for-nothing, sensible book.

The author, who is a native Ameri-

can, (we say that, positively, spite of the shape in which the work has come out here,) the author of this PEEP, to say all in a breath, has the faculty of being absurd, without being ridiculous; absurd and respectable, at the same time. So well behaved is he, that you cannot laugh at him; yet so *very* judicious, that if another would make him appear like a fool—you would be gratified beyond measure.

Wishing to escape the severity of English, and very much afraid of Scotch criticism, he has put forth a work—as if all the eyes of all the earth were upon him—a work, which, though it has been republished here, will never be read, by either English or Scotch critics. Having heard the literature of his country charged with “coarseness”—that other name for great vigour, wild power, and courageous peculiarity, everywhere, in every age, with people, who have refined away all their own chief, distinguishing attributes, the author of this book has begotten his babe to a model; shaped his offspring to a mould, we fear,—lopping the giants and stretching the dwarfs, by a stop-watch, and a foot-rule—or a yard-stick; and spoiling their shape with stays—worn before birth, we dare say, half the time—till they are neither one thing nor another; but half British, half American, half savage, half civilized, so that we are reminded, at every step, while they go by us, of Hunter himself, the shrewd, light-haired North American savage, wearing white kid gloves, at a patrician party here; and going to court, in breeches, with hair powdered—a bag, a lace frill, and a small sword, of which he was in greater peril, by far, than he ever had been, or ever will be, of a tomahawk or a scalping-knife.

But why do such things? Of what avail are they, to the half, or the whole savage; to the eater of men, or the writer of books, from abroad? Why go forth at all, if you may not go forth, in your own shape? Why throw off your own character, whatever it may be, when all eyes are upon you? Why undertake another—a new part, a serious one too, if you know what a serious part is—when you are playing for your life? In short, why

* PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS, 3 vols. 12mo. Geo. B. Whitaker, London, 1825.

become ridiculous? why make a fool of yourself to gratify another, who, if he be gratified by the sacrifice, must be, for that very reason, quite unworthy of it? Will the native North American please, or can he hope to please, a great people, or distinguish himself, by dressing after their fashion; by bowing, as they bow; talking, as they talk; *writing, as they write*? by aping their behaviour, look, and carriage? by adopting their habits, only to make himself and them, habits and people both, ridiculous? by throwing off that, which places him altogether aloof, and away from the multitude—his natural air; his national air; his brave, strong, decided individuality? by foregoing his privilege, prerogative, birth-right, and country? Will they like him the better for it? Will they like to see a coarse awkward fellow—a giant, if you please, in his own shape—caricaturing the pomp of high life; and all the parade of courtly bearing, by his absurd imitation thereof?—We believe not.

For convenience; for comfort, perhaps, it may be well enough, to do as other people do; but no man will ever be *distinguished*, by doing as other people do. Were Tecumseh himself, the great Indian warrior and prophet; were he alive now, we should say to him this,—If you are going to the *city* of London, to the Royal Exchange, or to Exeter Change, “by particular desire,” off with your barbarian robes; away with all that smacks of dominion or authority; hide your face; cover your heart; walk humbly; do as they do; go *there*, like other people—the very mob—no matter how awkward you are. But if your aim be far above that; if you are not so much a man of business or thrift, as you are a disciple of Ambition; if you are heedless of comfort; and care only for that, which is worthily cared for, by the brave and wise; if you would appear, like yourself, in the courts of royalty—at *home* there—even there; if you would bear up, face to face with it, like a man; or, if you are going to the West End, where the better sort of lions go—away with all imitation, with all awkward restraint; away with your white kid gloves, and every other badge of servitude—(for, to *you*, every such thing is a badge of servitude)—on with all the rude pomp of your office,

with all the barbarous dignity thereof:—Do all this, or keep away. Let your carriage be natural: Bear upon your very forehead, if you may, the sign of power, strange, though it be; the name of your country, savage, though it be—do all this, and, my word for it, Chief, they like you the better. They are courageous; they love courage. They are men; they love manhood: At any rate, if you go in your natural shape, in the true garb of your nation, you will never be laughed at. Grotesque, you *may* be; but, whether grotesque, or not, you will be respectable. If you are wise, you will not undertake the part of a fine gentleman, at your age. You may spend half your life before a looking-glass, with a drill-sergeant or a dancing-master,—half your life; and yet, if you are made of real North American stuff, you will be no match, in well-bred ease, for an English footman. You will not go into a room, or out of it; or approach a beautiful woman, with half so much graceful, smooth, self-possession; or a tithe of his courtly air.

All this we would have urged, if we had come in the way of such a noble creature as Tecumseh; a part of it, we did urge, to Hunter; and all of it, we now urge to the writers of America, who are coming out, one after another, in a vile masquerade—putting away their chief properties, and aping the style of another people.

If they are satisfied with comfort, or security from the criticks; or with insignificance; or a tolerable share of business, or profit; or with a few weeks' notoriety, on t'other side of Temple-bar; or a few months of undisputed—sober—price-current immortality anywhere, they have only to imitate, or copy, the chief scribes of this empire; to bow as they bow; talk as they talk; and write as they write—no disparagement, however, to the said chief scribes, who are capital, in their way; but whom it will never do, for American authors to imitate; authors, we should say, who hope to be cared for.

But if the writers of America be what we believe them to be; if their aim is higher, nobler, more courageous; if they would rather perish of cold, far up in the sky, than live to a good old age, among the fires of earth; if they would rather die, on the steep,

rocky path to immortality, with one great hope clinging to their exhausted hearts, above the reach of sympathy and succour, than live, or flourish, ever so long, as other men live, and flourish, on the common highways of our earth; if this be their temper, they will go abroad—each for himself, in the real costume of his tribe—the men of the everlasting woods; the giants of another world.

What have they to fear, who do this? Nothing—nothing—while they preserve their natural carriage; their natural freedom; their natural armour; their natural integrity: Everything—everything—if they are foolish enough to put off their distinguishing attributes; or simple enough to put on those of another people—whether of style, or manner.

It is American books that are wanted of America; not English books;—nor books, made in America, by Englishmen, or by writers, who are a sort of bastard English. The people here do not want copies, or parodies, or abridgments, or variations, or imitations—good or bad—of their great originals, either in prose or poetry. They would have something, which they have not; something, which does not grow here; something, which cannot be made here, nor counterfeited here. They want, in a word, from the people of North America, books, which, whatever may be their faults, are decidedly, if not altogether, *American*. Why have they no such book now? Why is there nothing of the sort, up to this hour; nothing, we should say, save a small part of two or three stories, by Brown, by Irving, by Neal, and by Cooper? And why is it, pray, that, even there, in those two or three, by such men, there is in truth not a single page decidedly, and properly American, either in character, language, or peculiarity?

If we go to another world, say the men here; if we go to another world for precious things; for plants, or flowers—in God's name, let us not come back loaded with Irish diamonds; or mica dust; or exotics, which are only the spurious, or degenerate issue of our own soil; or mistake, as others have, the superfluous leafing, or distempered richness of plethora, for beauty and great value—inflammation, for the splendour of

health. Let us have poison rather, for poison itself were more precious, than herbs of degenerate virtue. Give us that which is able to be mischievous, if unrighteously, or unworthily administered; for drugs of no power beget a habit of carelessness; and, whatever is incapable of doing mischief, is incapable of doing good. Every poison is the natural antidote of some other poison. Power is virtue. Hence do we require of the American people, great power; stout, original power; productions, whatever else they may be, indigenous to the country; preferring those, which are decidedly vicious, to those, which are of a neutral character—or of adulterated, or doubtful, or degenerate virtue. Give us a bad original, they would say, to every American writer, if they had any hope of him; keep your good copy: No great man was ever able to copy. Come forth naked, absolutely naked, *we* should say, to every real North American—savage, or not; wild, or tame; though your muscles *be* rather too large, and your toes are turned the wrong way for Almack's; but, in mercy to your country, to yourself, do not come forth, in a court equipage, with fine lace over your broad knuckles, and your strong rough hair powdered. We had rather see the Belvidere Apollo in breeches; or, if that be much too "coarse," in "shorts," or "tights," or "inexpressibles." Why turn out your toes now, if all your life long, hitherto, you have turned your toes in? If you do it ever so well here, nobody sees it; nobody knows it; but if you do it awkwardly, or, if you are caught rehearsing, with one heel at a time, it is all up with you. Do as you have done all your life—in such matters, if you wish to be respectable. Stick to your own habit. So long as you do, there is no standard for the genteel here, to try your gentility by. Throw it off, or take theirs; and you thereby acknowledge their jurisdiction, their power and authority, for trial and for punishment. Such would be our advice to every one, who, like the author of this book, is afraid of being stared at, for his originality, or laughed at, for his awkwardness, if he go among the polite, in his true shape—a rude, coarse man.

We had our eye for a while, we thought, upon the author. We were

going to swear it upon a lad, who has been romping, for several years, off and on, with a couple of North American Muses ; but, after getting through some forty or fifty pages, we gave up that idea—with pleasure. The lad, of whom we speak, has too much mettle, we know ; too much genius, we believe ; with forty times too much poetry ; and too little good sense, we are quite sure, for such a work. We *hope* so ; and yet, how came a bit of his poetry on the top of the opening chapter, with his name to it, in small capitals ? That looks rather queer ; rather suspicious—rather ; because, with all the boy's talent, he is very lazy ; and has done so little, in the shape of either prose or poetry, as to be wholly unknown out of his immediate neighbourhood. Wherefore, we are rather puzzled—for once ; but, wherefore, we venture to say that, if he (his name, by the way, is Mellen ; Greenville Mellen—son of Prentess Mellen, Chief Justice of Maine)—that if he did not furnish a part of the work, some very, very *particular* friend of his did, (as we have said before, while speaking of his insufferable precision,) for nobody else would have thought of citing his poetry, as if it were known to all our earth. By the by, some years ago—we are not making up a formal essay ; or writing well, by the square foot ; we are only rescuing a few ideas from a multitude, which are crowding over us, on a drowsy afternoon—or, in other words, illustrating the beautiful theory of suggestion by—but let us go back. Some years ago, while going through the States, we fell in with a volume of—of—say poetry, on the title-page whereof appeared four lines of—poetry ; call that poetry, too, (we have no better name for it,) four lines, beautifully set, in small capitals, from "FARMER." But who was FARMER ? Who the devil was FARMER ? We had somewhere heard of one SHAKSPEARE, BYRON, SCOTT, MOORE, and six or eight other men of small capitals ; but who the devil was FARMER ? Nobody knew ; nobody was able to guess. At length, however, we were happy enough to find out, after much inquiry. FARMER was Dr Farmer, (see BLACKWOOD, January, 1825, p. 48 ;) and he, Dr Farmer, was, oddly enough, the author of that

very book, wherein he, FARMER, was quoted on the title-page, in small capitals. We are justified, after this—are we not ?—in suspecting the author of this PEEP to be either Mellen himself, whose poetry is quoted on the top of chapter one ; or a dear friend of his ; for, as a poet, he is hardly so well known, at this hour, as Dr Farmer was five years ago.

A word now, of the style ; or, of a style rather, which is getting sadly in vogue. We meet with it, everywhere. Cooper's late novel (of which more, by and by) is crowded with it ; and about half, or two thirds of all the poetry, which comes in our way, is guilty of it. One brief specimen will serve ; we are not in the humour for copying to-day. "No great man was ever able to copy."

"We all know your opinion," *sailh* he, to whom we are indebted for a "PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS," vol. II. p. 112,—"*We all know your opinion ; but methinks a tongue, so eloquent as thine, should have won your cause ere this.*" Beautiful, to be sure ! beautiful ! but how are we to speak of one, who has been guilty of such an outrage, in black and white, upon our noble system of speech ; our beautiful, vigorous, and lofty language ? Yet if we slay him alive, as we ought, for such blasphemy ; what shall we say to others ; people, who know better, and are guilty of it, in every page ? It is getting very, *very* common. The pathetic of this day, is crowded with it. Prose or poetry, it is all the same. Cooper, in his *Lionel Lincoln*, is forty times worse. Do the blockheads know, or do they not, pray,* that a solemn style, and a familiar style, have no more business together, in the same period—or phrase, than two different languages ? What if we, desiring to show off, were to make up a period of two or three languages—after a shape like this, now—Ich—dois—amar à los pueblos,—what would be thought of our egregious folly ? Yet which is the more absurd ? We may tolerate a sudden departure, in the poets, when they are hard pushed for rhyme, or melody ; we may permit such fine cattle to change their paces, at every step, or two, when they are tied up, in sight of the green turf, or striving to swallow the fresh air ; but we have

* Pray ?—We dare say they do not.

no patience with heavy prose writers ; we cannot forgive the fidgetting of a dray horse, an overgrown ox, or the unwieldy vapours of a huge, heavy Flanders mare, pretending to kick up her heels, in a brave riot, forsooth, while she is breeding cart-horses.

There is Cowley, now. He translates Martial, Lib. II. Epig. 53, in this way, for a part—

“Would you be free ? ’tis your chief wish,
you say.

Come on ; I’ll show thee, friend, the certain way.”

* * * *

“If to no feast abroad, thou lovest to go ;”

&c. &c.

Outrageous ! we shall have some of these people saying, *thou have*, or *you hath*, next, if we do not give them a hearty cuff or two, in our good-natured way, while we are in the humour.

2. LIONEL LINCOLN.* Mr Cooper has wronged his early reputation by this unhappy affair. As a whole, though parts of it are fine, it is a poor book ; a very poor book. He has run the whole course, now, carrying weight enough all the way, for a stouter back than his, and has come out, after all, very near the spot, from which he set off, years ago, with “PRECAUTION ;” a starting-post, in truth, for him ; a very wooden article. Our “Leaguer of Boston ;” this late book—the child of his maturity, is quite of a piece, with his very first endeavour. It is a bachelor’s babe—nothing more ;—one of those dwarfish, drowsy portraits, half made up, which lazy men, who never marry till they are too fat, or too rich, leave behind them, as a substitute for living creatures.

The Spy was worth a dozen of it. We never thought very highly of Mr Cooper ; he has been greatly overrated by his countrymen ; he is too amiable ; too good a man—too popular, by half ; we never thought much of him ; yet are we disappointed, bitterly disappointed in this book. Still ; though

it is not the very thing that we require, it is a type, a shadow, a somewhat, in the shape thereof ; the “shadow,” perhaps, “of a coming event”—Who knows ? It is not a real North American story, to be sure ; but where shall we go for a real North American story ? is there such a thing, on earth ? † It is not such a book, as we might have, and shall have, we do hope yet ; a brave, hearty, original book, brimful of descriptive truth—of historical and familiar truth ; crowded with real American character ; alive with American peculiarities ; got up after no model, however excellent ; wove to no pattern, however beautiful ; in imitation of nobody, however great :—nay, it is not even so good a thing, as we might have looked for, from Cooper—“the Sir Walter Scott of America !”—for he was never the man to set rivers on fire ; but, still—and we are glad of an opportunity so to speak,—still, it is a thing of the right school. If not altogether American, it is not altogether English ; wherefore, let us be very thankful. It is not, as ninety-nine out of a hundred, of all the American stories are, a thing of this country—a British book tossed up, anew ; worked over, afresh ; and sent back, with a new title-page. Hitherto, if we took up here, a novel, or a poem, or a play, from the United States of North America, it has been with a sinking of the heart ; for we knew that we should find it, *altogether* English—in purpose, though not in language, perhaps ; English, in the character ; English, in the plot and scope ; English all over—bastard English, we might say—as if they, on t’other side of the great waters, were going to drive the British out of their own market, by counterfeiting their capital wares ; crowded with worn-out Scotch characters ; with cast-off Irish, and superannuated Welsh “ditto,” with lords and ladies, butlers and footmen, to help off the story ; crowded, in fact, with whatever was *not* American. The very pictures would be English ; the whole scenery. At

* LIONEL LINCOLN ; or the LEAGUER OF BOSTON. By the AUTHOR OF THE SPY, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. John Miller, 1825.

† Yes. BROTHER JONATHAN is a real North American story ; and REDWOOD, we have reason to believe, is another, and a very good one.

every page of the American tale, you would meet with something or other, which had never been met with, anywhere else, in America; a yew tree, perhaps; a fish pond, with a live hedge to it; a lawn; a blue lake, with a green turf border, rolled smooth; a pheasant, or a cottage, perhaps. The very dialect, in every case, though put into the mouth of a Yankee, or a Virginian, would be a wretched compound of Yorkshire, broad Scotch, Cockney, or bad Irish—and why? Because the writers of America will persist in writing after British models; because, they will make use of British literature, as they should not—prose and poetry—novels and plays;—grinding them over, all in a heap, every part and parcel thereof; incident, character, thought, phrase—beauty—rubbish and all; working up the British material, over and over again, after the British have worn it entirely out, or thrown it by, for ever; and slighting their own, very much as the British, under the house of Radcliffe and Co., kept working up the showy earth of Spain or Italy, year after year, to the neglect of that, a better and a richer sort, by far, which lay under their very feet. The writers of England were quite as much infatuated, for a while, with banditti, monks, friars, blue skies, ruins, guitars, inquisitions, daggers, and all that, as the Americans are, now, with every sort of English novel-machinery. But, while we are letting these people have it, as they deserve—the blockheads—for not having produced a true American story, or a novel, worthy of being called American, what if they should call out, in reply, somewhat after this fashion.—“Where is the downright English novel, of this age? Where is the novel, worthy of being called English? Where shall we go for a stout, strong, hearty novel, portraying, with force and courage, the true English character?”

Though Mr Cooper's book is unworthy of him, still we cannot be very severe with it; because, after all, if it be not a real North American story, as we have said before, it is very like one; if not exactly that, for which we have been longing, it is the shadow, and perhaps the forerunner of it. And, although Mr Cooper has not given us a single page of what is purely and absolutely American—

a single phrase, we might say, in all that he has ever written; or a single touch, either of language, or thought, or character, which is absolutely true, yet has he done that now, for which we would give him great praise, very great. He has undertaken to write a story, altogether at home. He has made a picture, the plan, the drawing, the rough outline of which is American, though the characters, their costume, their look and attitude are not. He has thrown up, after a poor fashion, a poor structure; but his materials are American; the ground-work, at least; and a part of the outside is truth, great historical truth. For that, he shall have praise, though the workmanship is bad, and a part of the stuff spoilt for ever; because they who come after him, will profit by his failure; and he, himself, after a time, perhaps, may do that well, in rock, or marble, which he has now done badly in clay.

Mr Cooper is a dwarf, to be sure; a dwarf, when he goes playing about, on all fours, in the shadow of pyramids; or a tiptoe, among the overthrown pillars of another age; “bobbing for whales,” on the lee-side of a bridge—a giant's causeway, in truth, over which the men of that revolution, (whereof he is now prattling, as if it were the work of a day; the stuff that novels are made of—a pretty incident—a scuffle—a row, worth taking up, in a popular story; worth alluding to;—) over which they travelled, year after year, *like* giants, to the noise of earthquake and battle—year after year—till they came to a place where the foundations of a great empire were laid, (an empire spreading from shore to shore,) not, as he may suppose, by the light of squibs and crackers, to the sound of threepenny whistles, pewter trumpets, or ivory castanets; but with prayer and worship; here, by the light of a rejoicing sky, crowded with stars, or blazing with broad, clear sunshine; there, to the noise of great bells in the earth, or cannon, or heavy thunder, perhaps—in the dead of night—or the loud roaring of the sea.

Cooper has done much, although he has done it, like a boy, without well knowing what he was about. He has broken up a new quarry; or broken his way to it, rather—a quarry which will never be exhausted; a quarry, which, till the “Sry” appear-

ed in his country, had never been approached, or disturbed.—He touched a spring, while he was half asleep, one day, rolling about, in the great unvisited store-house of North-American riches; overwearied with playing marbles there, in the hot sunshine of public favour, with a people gazing at him, a whole nation, for spectators. The touch electrified him—he was unprepared for it. He started up, “thrilling to the bone”—half crazy with astonishment, while the rocky doors flew open, with a great noise. He could not endure the sound, or the sight; so, he ran off—scampered away—cleared out, like Aladdin; freighted with treasure, accidentally gathered in a fit of childish curiosity—wealth plucked, by handfuls—huge, overgrown jewelry, which he mistook, one day, for a strange fruit, another for stained glass. But although Mr Cooper was not aware of the value of that which he carried away, for a while, nor of that which he left behind, others were; others, who caught a glimpse of the brief, bright, momentary, hap-hazard revelation; others, who are at work now; others, who will not be interfered with.

Mr Cooper himself has gone back, after a long interval, for another peep. It is too late for him though; he is the day after the fair. He has taken too much breath; lost a great deal too much time. Those who are now at work, will not be frightened away by noise, or flurried by anything. They will go deep—very deep—into the very foundations of that, which they have begun to explore.

Let him have praise for the “SPY,” because a part of the story was American, though most of the characters were not; being either Irish, or English, or nothing; yea,—though he did venture to make George Washington play bo-peep with a pretty girl; between two great armies, both of which were sadly in want of him; after night-fall, too, on the “neutral ground,” which was eternally overrun by the British; yea,—though Mr Cooper did set the mighty rebel down, like a good boy, to study geography, with a map of the world before him—on the top of a huge mountain—altogether alone—at night—with about fifteen or twenty thousand people, on the look out for him, if he stirred or winked; yea—yea—though Mr Cooper

did leave him, for a great while, gossiping with a tory—under a fictitious name, too—in disguise—alone—away and afar from all hope, or chance of relief or escape. Think of that! George Washington; the rebel commander-in-chief—playing a part, and such a part—in such a place, at such a time.

So; let him have all praise for the “SPY,” in spite of this, and a heap more of like absurdity, which we might gather from it, and fill up to overshadow him—if such employment were worthy of us; or if he were not a favourite with all, who candidly appreciate his power; and of course, therefore, with ourself. The book was, at least, an approach to what we desire—a plain, real, hearty, North American story; a story, which, if we could have our way, should be altogether American—peculiarly and exclusively so, throughout; as much American, to say all, in a word, as the Scotch Novels are Scotch: Let him have great praise; for, to give him his due, the “SPY” did, in truth, spy out a new empire for his countrymen; riches and power, in a new shape; a world of generous ore, which only requires to be wrought—having been smelted, with subterranean fires, half a century ago, while the nations above were asleep.

He did much, though it was by accident; as we have said before, and will continue to say; for, if he had known the value of that mine, which he blundered upon, while searching for base plebeian earth, (a little cash,) would he have gone away, and left others to work it? or would he have staid away so long? or would he have gone back to it now, with such a doubtful air, and such a sad misgiving of the heart?

The example of Mr Cooper—or the discoveries rather, which were made by the “SPY,” in that unvisited region of story, in the new world—its warlike history—were not lost upon others. Many have grown wiser by reason thereof; some with, and a multitude without, courage, nerve, and vigour. Several are at work now; and, we are told of one, the very latchet of whose shoe, when he treads the soil of North America, over the great pathway of rebellion, Cooper were not worthy to loose. In truth, it were downright sacrilege for Mr Cooper to meddle with such unwieldy,

prodigious machinery. He cannot move it; or, if he should—if he were to succeed—if he were to put a portion of it in play, by some lucky touch, while he was patiently feeling about among the foundations of a world, (as if he had found his way into a toy-shop, at blind man's buff, while the owner was asleep,) the noise would frighten him out of his wits, we do believe.

Yet Mr Cooper is now there. He has "rushed in, where angels fear to tread;" gone barefooted, perhaps; or slipshod; set off, without preparation, to visit a place where the Spirit of revolution broke loose, fifty years ago, tearing his way, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, like an earthquake; a place, to which Goliath himself could not go, without wading up to his middle in hot ashes, and lifting a passage for himself, through a world of rubbish—overthrown pillars, and imperial wreck; a place to which no dwarf will ever penetrate—ever—ever—though he wear sandals of brass, or go, with brazen panoply complete; or seek for immortality, after the fashion of those, who leap into the fire, when there is no other way to obtain it.

Of the characters which are brought forth in this "Legend of thirteen provinces," a word or two; and but a word or two. The chief, Job Pray, is a changeling, a sort of idiot, (a very bad copy, too,) a fool, who talks better by half, than the people of sense about him; and is always applied to, by the hero, whenever he lacks either advice or information, political or religious. "Old Nab" is pretty well. The story has no sort of interest, although it concerns a period which has no parallel in history; the breaking out of the revolutionary war at Boston, Massachusetts Bay, where a few grave men got up a rebellion, very much as if it were a matter of serious duty; a period of terrible interest, if it were talked about in a worthy fashion.

The females are, as heretofore, with Mr Cooper, nice, tidy, pretty-behaved women, who hold up their heads, keep their elbows back—run about in a stately way, and talk very much like a book; never going out, or coming in, but "flying," or "gliding," or disappearing, or vanishing—"furtively."

The Battle of Lexington, though, is well done. So is that of Bunker Hill—properly Breed's Hill. Parts of two

or three scenes, which have little or no business where they are; with five or six incidents rather out of keeping (like that of the shadowy arms, overspreading the church roof,) are very good—even capital. Three or four of the revolutionary characters are touched off pretty well—not very sharply, to be sure, but so, as to be known.—The tavern-keeper at Boston, while he is taking security for his furniture—is very good, very. Washington (who is come to be the butt of almost every whippersnapper now), luckily for Mr Cooper, does not appear at all in this book, though a trumpet is blown several times, to put us on our good behaviour. But why the mischief are we so repeatedly warned of his approach, and prepared for it, as in that passage, where the hero is on his way to Cambridge—leaving his bride on her wedding night—who, on earth, can tell us wherefore?

Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, Burgoyne, Earl Percy, and a few others on the royal side, are sketched—awkwardly enough; but we value the sketches, bad as they are, because we know that Mr Cooper is indebted for them, to the good people of Massachusetts, where the war broke out; and Charles Lee, though out of place, and rather out of drawing, is well done—pretty well done, we should say. (See BLACKWOOD for a sketch of Lee, Jan. 1825, p. 68.)

"Polworth" is a character made as nine characters out of ten are lately made. He says the same thing, over and over again. Why not paste a label on his forehead, or write a phrase on his back—that were about as well; if, to do a foolish thing fifty times over, be enough to constitute a character.

"Ralph" is nobody. He is an afterthought, we guess; a sort of interlineation; a bit of running accompaniment of mystery and surprise—like the "Spy" himself, without meaning or probability. What business had Ralph with a map, at night, in a deserted house? Answer: because George Washington, the only hero that Mr Cooper ever undertook before, had a map in his part (which map was very well received) in a similar situation—at night—on the top of a mountain. But why had George Washington a map there? Answer: because Mr Cooper was a midshipman of the United States navy; and because all the great men

that he had ever seen—suitably occupied in a time of great peril, had always a *chart* before them. Ralph, therefore, in the deserted house—at night; and George Washington, therefore, at night, on the top of a high mountain, are—bless your heart—only two captains of the United States navy, on a lee shore.

The great fault of Mr Cooper; or a great fault with him, is this. He wants courage to describe that which he sees; to record that, as it is—that, which he has power enough to see, as it is. The people of his book, with two or three exceptions, talk too well; too much alike, wherever he wishes to make them appear well bred. He is afraid of his dignity, perhaps; afraid if he make an idiot behave like an idiot, or talk like one, that he himself,—he, Mr Cooper, may be thought one; afraid, if he put bad grammar into the mouths of people, who, as everybody knows, talk nothing else, in real life, that he himself may be charged with bad grammar. We are sorry for this. It is a great error; but one which we hope to see done away with on every side, before long—everywhere—by everybody. Truth, whatever people may say, truth is not vulgarity; nor is untruth refinement. A few years ago, it was the fashion for Greeks to show off on the boards of our theatre, in the garb of Englishmen; or, at any rate, in the common tragedy garb of the house: Kemble appeared, and we have now remarkable truth, in dress. A few years ago, it was the fashion for heroes to spout, or declaim; it is now the fashion to talk there. A few years ago, it was the fashion to dress the great men of this empire, whenever they were painted, or sculptured, in the absurd habiliments of a Roman—absurd, we say, when adopted for such a purpose by such a people as the British. West appeared—Benjamin West; and you meet with historical paintings at every step now; noble pictures, and superb statuary, in the garb of truth. Let a Kemble, or a Kean, or a West appear in the world of literature, and we shall see men talk on paper as they talk everywhere else.

3. MEMOIRS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.*—We never heard of this work, till a few days ago. But, having read it, we begin to believe, that we

spoke, the other day, somewhat more sharply than we should, of American apathy, concerning the genius of Brown. This Mr Dunlop, we suspect, was the author of a life, of George Frederick Cooke, in America; a very decent affair (the book, we mean); with two or three comedies—or plays—or serious farces—or something else, of which we have but a very imperfect recollection; yet, such as we have, is in their favour. Brown's Life was written—we rather guess—for Mr Colburn's library; wherefore the nice little puff, some years ago, in the New Monthly. Bating the criticism of Mr D., which is bad enough, and takes up a good share of the book; bating another part of it—which we regard as a capital specimen of sober, serious, *chrononhotonthology*—with a tedious good-for-nothing essay or two—and a few letters not worth reading—the book is a pretty good sort of a book: that is—of the whole 337 pages octavo, about eighty or a hundred—small duodecimo—would be worth reading,—and yet, we are not sorry for having waded over the whole. It has been of great use, to *ourselves*; it has enabled us to correct several errors, of time or fact, or both, into which we have been led of late, while inquiring about poor Brown. By this LIFE, we perceive that he was born Jan. 17, 1771; that he died (we know not where, by the book; but we suppose, in Philadelphia)—Feb. 22, 1810; that he was, therefore, 39, at his death; that he was educated for the bar (like most of the chief writers, and all the chief statesmen of North America)—that, beside the books, which we enumerated, (see vol. XVI. p. 421,) he was the author of two political pamphlets, of great value; many papers, which we forget, with pleasure; a system of geography (incomplete)—was editor of the AMERICAN REGISTER, (a work of real worth,) five volumes of which were completed under his own eye; that he was in Philadelphia, during the yellow fever of ninety-three; but that his attack happened at New York, in 1798; that his novels were written, at New York, where he established a Magazine or two; that he wrote with remarkable rapidity; that several of his stories were under way, all at the same time; that CARWIN was the first, *written*;

ALCUIN (a fragment) the first, *published*; that his tales appeared in the following order—Wieland, Ormond, Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntly, Clara Howard (published here first, under the title of Philip Stanley,) Jane Talbot (published here, in 1804); that he was not married, till after the novels were written, so that his wife could not have helped him in them, how ever she might have assisted, in the Magazines, Pamphlets, or Register; and that his children were boys—twins.

4. JOHN BULL IN AMERICA.*—A very clever, saucy, ill-tempered book; with a deal of snappish rough satire in it; much biting truth; and a sort of laboured cross-humour, at which you cannot help laughing, bitter and surly as it is; ungraceful and wicked as it is—wicked, we say; because, of a truth, it is very malicious—angry—spiteful. A very large part of it is a caricature—and a very happy one, too, of the absurd accounts which are given about America, the American habits, language, vices, institutions, &c. &c., by that class of writers, who come under the title—God forgive us—of “British travellers in America;” a set of chaps who have done more mischief, and sowed more evil, rancorous thought, between two great proud nations—forty times over, than all the war, in which they have encountered each other.

The design of the book is well enough—or might be forgiven, at any rate, in such a case; but the execution is bad—bad, because it is not cheerful enough; bad, because, you see the bitterness of private feeling at the bottom of all the sharp truth, which appears.

We like the system of decided retaliation. Hard knocks, for us—no “pelted with roses.” There is glory in beating a stout man; little or no disgrace, if we are beaten by him. We are willing to give—or take—as the case may require—an eye for an eye; or a tooth for a tooth—in our way; but we would have all prejudice, and private personal animosity, kept clear off, while a man is pulling the tooth, or “gouging” the eyes of a whole nation; that is—if we made an attack upon a people, because that people, or a part of

their understrappers, had wronged our people, or a part of our understrappers, we should be very careful to make it, in such a way, that our indignation would appear to be roused, not for ourselves, but for our country; or, at least, for our countrymen. It should *appear* so—as a matter of policy, whether it was, or was not, so; for truth itself—the truth of a superior being, would be doubted, if it were known that he had a direct personal view, in promulgating it.

Wherefore, we should say that Paulding has overshot his mark. In every page of this volume, which would appear, or should appear, to be the patriotic, generous, brave, praise-worthy undertaking of a good fellow, ripe for mischief, or frolic—or both—in behalf, not of himself, or his own dirty quarrel, but of a great nation, afar off,—in every page or two, at every turn, where you are wholly unprepared for it—wholly—there starts up a phrase, or a flourish, which puts you upon asking, why the devil he is for ever going out of the way, for a back-handed slap at the Quarterly Review. Then, of course, the game is up—the murder is out. For, when it is well understood, by the readers of “JOHN BULL IN AMERICA,” that it is written by the reputed author of “OLD ENGLAND BY A NEW ENGLAND MAN,” which was reviewed, in a very bad way, by the Quarterly; when this truth comes to be understood by them, how much will they care for the rubbing up of John Bull, in America?—not a fig.

5. THE REFUGEE.†—The greater part of this work is insupportably tedious. It is written, we should suppose, by one, who has a great reputation for grave humour—in some village, of America. And yet, if the writer will—he may, in our opinion, write a much better story than Cooper ever did, or ever can. We had no idea of this when we took up the Refugee; nor when we had ploughed half through it—for ploughing it was, in truth; but such is our deliberate opinion, our fixed belief, now.

The author has poetry in him.—Cooper has not. For example; he says, (Refugee, vol. I. 280,)—“Where the sun first throws his beams on the grassy side of a grassy knoll, diving

* JOHN BULL IN AMERICA. London. Miller, 1825. 12mo.

† THE REFUGEE. New York, 1825. Wilder and Campbell, 2 vols, 12mo: London, 3 vols. 12mo, (Newman?)

among the flowers to *disenthral* a violet,"—&c. Is that poetry, or is it not?

His portrait of Washington is admirable, for truth; and so, indeed, are the greater part of his brief sketches. Try him on another tack. "Master Gil," he says—(we quote him here, for his familiar words, not for his poetry)—"Master Gil was a healthy urchin of four, as noisy as sin, and as brown as a berry. You might hear him of (on) a clear afternoon, the distance of half a mile, hallooing to the birds, as they winged their way to the mountains, for their evening nap. He was known by every person for ten miles around, as he seldom suffered a well-conditioned nag to pass, without an attempt to purchase him; and, where the housings and trappings were gay, detaining him, *vi et armis*, by the bridle,"—"With a copper clenched in his fist."—Very trivial as that sketch is, we value it; for it must have been copied from life.

But, in justification of what we say, let us give another passage. It is a capital scene; altogether characteristic. Ethan Allen was an atrocious outlaw, a brave bad man, who, without any authority, raised a troop of white savages, like himself, soon after the breaking out of the revolutionary war in America; and went up against Quebec. He failed, of course—after enduring incredible fatigue and hardship; was taken prisoner, and packed off to this country for trial—as a traitor. On the passage, he exhibited so many feats of strength, and such desperate rash impiety, that every creature on board was afraid of him; and afraid, for the ship. One day, being unable to reach the captain, who called Washington a traitor—as the story goes—Allen bit a piece out of a glass tumbler, chewed it up, and spat it in his face. He was very profane. Every other word was an oath; and yet his oaths were all his own—characterized by a sort of terrible humour. "I would have all hell boiled down to a bucket full," said he, one day, "and make every Tory on earth swallow a wine-glass of it; and as for Lord North—I hope to see him there yet, with the door locked, the key lost, and a board over the chimney." He had the reputation of being bullet proof; and here, we shall take the liberty of making a short extract from a manu-

script, in our possession, by way of showing what Allen was, before we give the passage that we have in view, from the Refugee.

"It was in the heat of summer. Allen was riding through a piece of open wood, or pine barren, as they call it there, with a score or two of his red and white savages behind. While they were on their way, a thunder cloud came up; and several huge trees within sight of them were struck. The followers of this old reprobate were frightened, and took to the wood; but he sat still, cursing and swearing, and bawling after them to come back, and he'd show 'em a bit o' clear stuff; he'd show 'em that he wasn't afeard of the Evil One himself; not he—being thunder proof, as well as bullet proof. While he was hallooing after them—the sturdy old blasphemer, and calling them all the bad names that he could lay his tongue to,—crash!—crack!—whizz!—down came the thunder and lightning, all in a heap together, upon a tree, not more than six or eight yards off, and shivered it into a thousand pieces. 'Very well done!' cried he; 'very well done, Iswar!' reining up, and heaving out his broad chest, very much as if he were on parade, reviewing a troop of invisible sharp-shooters,—'Very well, faith an' wax! what if yer try a pull o' that are button wood tree, yonder? That'll work your hide for yer, I guess.'

"The words were hardly out of his mouth, when lo! a tremendous clap of thunder broke over his head; and a stream of lightning struck the tree; tore it up by the roots, filled the air with leaves and dust, and fired all the bushes about.

"'Hourraw for you!' cried Allen; 'hourraw for you! Dawn harnsom that, by the great Gawsh of Jacop!' heaving himself up in the saddle, throwing his head back, so that all might see him brave the Destroyer, and smiting his broad iron chest, with all his power, till it rung like the solid rock: 'Dawn harnsom, by Gawsh! maybe ye'd like to try old Ethan, arter that?'"

Now for the picture of this man, as we met with it in "The Refugee," where the hero encounters the old wretch in prison.

"'By the pillar of fire!' cried he

(Allen)—‘By the pillar of fire, here is a fresh victim!’

“‘How do you know that, sir?’ asked Gilbert.

“‘Because,’ answered the *Verdmonter* (Vermont), ‘you have a ruddy cheek, a shaved lip, and a tattered garment. All these, by the Bulls of Bashan, get leave of absence hell-fired quick from these regions, let me tell you, friend; unless, to be sure, among the king’s officers.’

“‘I was brought in a prisoner last night, sir.’

“‘Name?—say.’

“‘Gilbert Greaves.’

“‘Son of the Brigadier? But no, he’s a Tory.’

“‘Yes, sir; son of the Brigadier.’

“‘God’s firelock! you don’t say so? Father against the son, and son against the father. Evidence for the prophets; say?—Ha, ha; a good thought.’

“‘Bitter disunion, sir; and a sundering of the bonds of natural affection,’ replied Gilbert.

“‘That there is,’ said Allen; ‘but I am sorry you are here. You had better be on Mount Etna, whipping sillabubs of brimstone for the devil’s dessert, than to be in this abode of hypocrites and Iscariots. *Entre nous*, I tell you, sir, this is an abominably blasphemous place; a Sodom, where—upon I pray that God may rain fire and brimstone; provided he do it shortly.’

Allen afterwards inquired how he was taken—‘whether fighting or sleeping, say?’

“‘Oh, I did not come here without hard tugging, I assure you, sir,’ answered Greaves.

“‘Nor I, neither; by the Twelve Mischief Makers,’ said the strong-lunged colonel. ‘I fought—by the by—my name is Ethan Allen—surprised, hey?—hope to be better known to you, sir.—Yes, I am he, known at Ticonderoga and elsewhere, for the damndest—but, I never brag. I fought the Britons, in that last business, two hours, bating sixteen minutes and the snap of a musket. I peppered Carden, and that rascally counter-jumping, quill-driving Taterson, besides ten or twelve others, with my own hand. But we were overpowered, friend, fairly overpowered. I had men, sir, that, toe to toe, would have taken thunder alive. What signifies valour like mine, d——n my

eyes, when your foes are ten to your one?’

“‘I believe you are a Hampshire Grant’s man, sir?’ said Gilbert, growing a little curious to know something more of this singular and eccentric being.

“‘Ay am I, but not by birth. Born in old Connecticut, upon a d—d fine January morning; hence my valour. The British know that Ethan Allen never flinches; that, give him elbow-room, and the Green mountain boys will follow him, as a flock of sheep, the belwether. That’s why they won’t exchange me.’

“‘Will they not exchange you?’ asked Gilbert.

“‘Won’t they exchange me, ask you? Sooner exchange one of the vials of wrath, if they had it, for a Dutch crucible. They might, perhaps, offer me as an equivalent, for Stoney Point or Fort Washington; nothing less than that, I assure you.’

“‘They estimate your prowess at a very high rate,’ said Gilbert.

“‘That they do. I am offered a regiment, if I will wheel about. May the earthquakes of damnation light upon them, for the attempt to seduce an honest man from his duty. See, sir! They think I am preaching treason to you. Good bye; I must keep out of the way of that pike-staff.’

There; from that passage alone do we argue, so true is it, and so vigorous, though other parts, and large parts too, of the book, are very stupid—from that passage alone, do we argue the possession of a power, in the writer of this book; a stout, original power, too, which if it be worthily encouraged, properly trained for a while, and seriously put forth, may add much to the proud character of his country, in a new way. He is a lawyer, we perceive—but he may be a very good man for all that; and after a time, perhaps, may assist in wiping away the reproach, that now adheres to the profession of law, even there, in America, where the greater part of their popular writers were brought up to the bar.

Perhaps we see that promise, which another would not see, in this book; but, such is our opinion, such, our assured belief and hope—religious hope, we might say; for nothing, after all, spreads the fame of a people so fast, or so far, as their literature.

The portrait of Paul Jones; the brave, sinewy, rough Scot, is well done;—well done, we say—not because of any parade of language, or thought, or any especial dramatic force, or showy situation, but because, to our knowledge, it is truth itself, so far as it goes.

We meet with real humour, two or three times—not more—in the book. For example, "They brought me a dish of pork and pease," quoth somebody; "the pork bearing about the same relation to the pease, that Alcibiades' estate bore to Attica." And we meet also with a few prodigious anachronisms. Thus, in the year 1776, people are talking about "Belcher" handkerchiefs, "Sykes and Niblo" (two tavern-keepers, recently up, in the city of New-York;) "Purdy and Eclipse" (the one a jockey, the other a horse—of 1822—the winners of a great race, which the people of New-York are eternally bragging about;) wherefore do we conclude, that, besides being a lawyer, the author of this book is a New-Yorker—(but he can't help that, we dare say.) The "Duke of York's Moses," (no match for their Eclipse, the New-Yorkers believe)—Dr Kitchener; and we know not what else.

But we have other charges to prefer. He keeps Sir Henry Clinton out of the battle at Brooklyn heights; and lugs him in—"just arrived"—when the catastrophe is nigh. Yet Clinton was a leader in that very battle. Again, this author, who is quite remarkable for his attention to historical truth, makes Lee appear at the table of Washington, while he was eight hundred miles off. Lee did not arrive in the north from Savannah, till Oct. 14, 1776; yet Washington's letter speaks of poor Greaves, the hero, as having entered the rebel service, in the month of September; and we find, that Greaves, the said hero, saw Lee the first day of his arrival, in the American camp. This would be a trifle, not worth mentioning; but for the ostentatious and obtrusive accuracy of the author. So too, in the battle; he is quite mistaken about several matters. Washington did not leave the roads, nor any road, without protection. So too, in a new book (BROTHER JONATHAN), which is now on our table, the author, who is remarkable for his attention to

historical truth, reports a short conversation, which *did* take place, between Franklin and Washington; but reports it, as having occurred *before* the battle on Long Island, when, in fact, it occurred *after* that battle; and was brought on, by overtures, made by the British, in consequence of that battle.

In "The Refugee" and in "Brother Jonathan," we observe, altogether unlike as they are, in style, purpose, thought, and character, a description of the very same battle (that of Flatbush;) the very same disgraceful skirmish (that of Kipp's Bay,) with two or three incidents—the deserters' behaviour—the escape of Washington—part of a military execution, &c. &c.

Both writers have erred, we think, while portraying the terrible scenes of that war—a civil war, in fact; erred, by not showing, in a few words, the amazing disproportion which existed between the rebel and royal armies. Howe had 37,000 men, at one time; while Washington had only 19,000, (the greater part militia,) in such a state of insubordination, that officers were tried for assuming the badges of rank, to which they were not entitled; and so wretchedly provided for a season of war, that, on a return (to give one example out of a score, which might be given)—that on a return being made by order of Congress, from the hospital department, which had received a full share of attention, it appeared that, in fifteen regiments, for the use of fifteen surgeons, and fifteen mates, there were only six sets, for amputation; two, for trepanning; fifteen cases, for the pocket; seventy-five crooked, and six straight needles; four incision knives; and three pair of forceps, for extracting balls; and that, even these, were private property, and in a very bad state.

How deplorable must have been the true condition of a great army, the hospital department of which was so wretchedly provided for the calamities of war! A single fact of this nature, without any pomp of diction to give it value and weight, is worth a volume of poetry, narrative, and eloquent, or beautiful exaggeration, to prove the awful devotedness which *did* characterise the armies of liberty, in the New World, while engaged in the struggle for independence.

6. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.*

This journal—a stout, serious, quarterly paper, too learned by half, and much too wise, hitherto, for the people of this earth—was got up nearly thirteen years ago, by the teachers of New-England-ism at Harvard University,—a college, three miles out of Boston, Massachusetts, where the chief scholarship of North America is gathered, as about a nucleus; and where all the Yankee teachers are confederated, as it were, beneath one roof,—a body of wise men, who pursue light-horse, a twelvemonth after a charge, with two-and-forty pounders; forage, with mortars; and skirmish, with elephants. —It lumbered away for about six years, doing little good, and less harm, without being heard of, or cared for, when it was heard of; took a new shape then—threw off a part of its ponderous armour; began to be of use; and after two or three revolutions, for profit-sake, “from grave to gay, from lively to severe,” has come to be, all at once, very much the sort of thing, which is wanted for this age, among the people of North America.

We have kept our eye upon it, for a long while, as the best record, within our reach, of the administration there, in matters of deep and lively import, of serious and great value, to mankind. We have thought highly of it, and spoken highly of it, more than once; although it bore the unwieldy, pawing, heavy gibes, and rough, back-handed love pats of the Edinburgh, much too long, we thought; and submitted, rather too meekly, year after year, to the kicks and cuffs, thumps and buffets, of the Quarterly, which, to say the least of them, were always given with hearty good will, in the shape of a declared foe;—in spite of all this unworthy forbearance, we have thought highly of the North American Review, believing it a work, which, if it were righteously employed, in the United States, would be of great use in promoting the welfare of that country, and of this.

We were glad, when we saw it open a broadside upon the Quarterly, not long ago; for the Quarterly deserved it, in truth: but we are much afraid, now, from what we observe in the pages

of this Number, much afraid, we confess, that it will now go too far, and, from being altogether backward in quarrel, become rash, hot, and fiery—talkative, perhaps. We perceive two or three indications of a bad, boyish temper, in this, worth rebuking.

Hostility should be met, and was met, as we have already seen, toe to toe; but why should hostility continue, when the aggression is over?—Why these new blows at the Quarterly?—And why these out-of-the-way flings at the Edinburgh?

We do not wonder much at the North American, though, after all, when we consider the case, for betraying a little more spite and bitterness toward the Edinburgh. It is much easier to forgive a foe, after he has wrought mischief to us, than a friend. The abuse of the Quarterly was bad enough; but praise from the Edinburgh, who *could* endure? A tough battle it were easy enough to forget, or forgive; but who can forget or forgive such regard, as that of the Edinburgh, for North America?—Fondling, which laid all her ribs bare? Kissing, which took the skin off? Toying, which

“Poor America might feel
Through triple bars of brass or steel?”
Or love, which made a suit of armour necessary, if she lay down for a nap? A blow from the Quarterly, she could put up with—a blow of the foot, we mean, of course, after the fashion of the Quarterly; but a hug from the Edinburgh would have been, or might have been, fatal—a caress, death. In a word, if you will, the unkindness of the Quarterly was that of one, who teaches you to fight, by continual outrage; makes you formidable, in spite of your teeth, by reiterated, rough, and brutal provocation; while the kindness of the Edinburgh was like that of the bear in the fable. Wishing to brush off the fly, he brushed off a nose with it. We do not wonder so much, therefore, at any especial inveteracy of the North American toward the Edinburgh; but still, we should say, now—Enough; enough. Stop where you are. You have gone quite far enough—too far, indeed; for you are now guilty of those very things,

* NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. XLVII. April, 1825. Boston, (New England,) Cummings and Hilliard: London, John Miller.

which you complained of in the Quarterly and Edinburgh. You have now said of a great people, that which is wicked, foolish, and absolutely untrue, because you are out of temper with a book; that which, you must have known, or should have known, to be untrue, even while you said it, and that which, if it were true, should not have been said where you have said it, nor when you have said it, nor without much provocation. You might as well have uttered it, from the desk, on the Sabbath day, as in this North American Review—and you know it. You have thrown out rash political sarcasms. You have abused all parties, here. Do not persuade yourself, by the way, that you are impartial, because you are abused, by all parties here, in reply. You have sneered about a national church. You have grown saucy, as you have grown popular. Having been praised for your spirit, we fear, about a twelvemonth ago; having obtained a few subscribers, where you dreaded losing a few, by your flourish at the Quarterly, you have begun to make a business of it; and are now flourishing away, in every other page, at one thing or another of this country. This may do for a time, perhaps; but, in the long run, it will prove a bad game—a bad “spec”—it won’t “pay well.” In short, you have grown scurrilous, impertinent—overbearing—to the full extent of your courage and capacity. You are personal, too; and you have gone aside, here, *here*, in this very paper, two or three times, for the purpose of insulting a nation. Your North American Review is a work of power; of great power. It is a work of authority; and, if we are not very careful, it may be a work of great mischief. All this, we should say, and all this we do say, of this April Number, from which we are now going to select a few passages, in justification of ourselves, and of our observations.

First. In a paper, purporting to be the review of a good American story—(a clever article, though much too long, about a very clever book,* it appears)—the writer says, “If he (an American author) is not satisfied with indigenous virtue, he may take for the

model of his characters, men, of whom the *old world is not worthy*, and whom it has cast out from its bosom.” Well enough that, so far; but he goes on to say, that “if he (the American author) finds himself in need of a class of men more stupid and degraded than are to be found among the natives of the United States, here are *crowds* of the wretched peasantry of Great Britain and Germany, flying for refuge from intolerable suffering, in every vessel that comes to our shores.” Pretty well that, faith! *Crowds, in every vessel*. With what face will the North American Review complain of the Quarterly now, for adopting the report of such people as Fearon?

Pass we over the review of BUTLER’S REMINISCENCES, which is well enough, to be sure; and a long paper, about Spanish America, headed “INSURRECTION OF TUPAC AMARU”—a capital thing, nevertheless, an article, under the general head of MODERN ASTRONOMY, subdivided, however, into several parts, every one of which is treated with singular perspicuity and vigour; the review of a work by MISS HANNAH ADAMS, (see BLACKWOOD, Nov. 1824, p. 560,) called LETTERS ON THE GOSPELS, which review, done as it is, in the way of trade—or, at least, of the shop—is very fair; passing over all these, and over the VINDICATION OF COUNT PULASKI, which is a proud paper, and a very generous paper, creditable, in every way, to the North American Review, and to the editor thereof, (see PULASKI, BLACKWOOD, Jan, 1825, p. 68,) we come to a masterly treatise upon the CODE NAPOLEON; a treatise, however, wherein we find a passage or two, which we look upon as a great reproach to this Number—nay, as a disgrace to the whole work; and as likely to excite a bitter prejudice everywhere against the character of it. “In a form a little modified, the condition of every prince in Europe is the same,” says this writer, p. 394. “There is not one of the leading sovereigns, who could reign a day, without his standing army. *Without the horse-guards, London itself would not be habitable.*” There! there!—that appears in the North American Review; a paper established, in a pa-

* REDWOOD, republished by John Miller, London.

roxysm of righteous hope, in a fit of indignant valour, for the protection of good men,—a great people, an abused people, against the absurd, eternal, atrocious calumnies of bad men, over sea ; a proud bulwark of truth, for one hemisphere ; a perpetual, though quiet rebuke ; a lofty, grave example for the other. What shall we say of such a story ? Foolish though it be, it is not a thing to laugh at. We look upon it as very serious, for such a paper as the *North American Review*, to say that, somewhere about a million—perhaps twelve or thirteen hundred thousand people, are kept in order by a troop, who are never seen or heard of, by the multitude. Why, there is a single parish in London,—that of St Mary-la-Bonne, (or, as they call it here, Marrow-bone-parish,) the inhabitants of which could eat up the horse-guards, horses and all, for breakfast. Well may the people of this country laugh at the wisdom of that, when they find such idle trash in the chief journal of America.

This, however, is not all ; for the writer believes it (anybody can see that) ; and what is more, the editor believes it, or he would not have permitted such a thing to appear. Both of these are clever men ; both, men of authority ; and both, we believe, honest, good men. Both, at any rate, are so regarded in America. And if so, what may not be said, and what may not be credited, hereafter, in that country, concerning this.

We did hope for a better example, in such matters, from the new world. We did hope for great moderation ; for wisdom and power ; for truth and soberness, whatever else there might be, in the *North American Review*, after it fell into the hands of Mr Sparks (a Unitarian preacher, who bought up the work on speculation) ; we did hope, that, after a while, an American would be sure to find that, in every page, if he took it up, among a strange people, that, which would make his heart leap ; that, which would make him feel proud of his country—as proud, as if her great war-flag were unfurled, in a desert, over him ; that which—or that, upon the truth of which, he would be willing to put his life.—But how would such a man—a man, full of hope, and full of pride—a man, who would sooner die than do aught

unworthy of his country—a man, who knows that if we dislike a person, we dislike the land—so far—which gave that person birth ; while, if we like a person, we like his country ; a man, who knows that our chief prejudice against every people proceeds from our acquaintance with some individual of that people ;—a man, who knows all this, feels it, and acts accordingly, how would he bear to meet with such a passage, in such a book, among the cities of Europe ? Would he not as lief see the flag of his country—the war-flag thereof, dishonoured ?

By the way, while reviewing two late orations of Professor Everett, (formerly editor of this very *N. A. Review*—See *BLACKWOOD*, Nov. 1825, 670,) somebody, (Mr Sparks himself, no doubt,) indulges Mr Southey, in a good-natured way, with a palpable hit. We give the passage, “ But what shall we say,” quoth Mr Sparks, “ what shall we say of the present Poet-Laureate of England ? He continues to dream dreams and see sights ; to indite ominous presages and scatter his portentous forebodings about America, with as much pertinacity as ever, and with as much apparent ignorance of the principles of our government, and the organization of our society. A twelvemonth has but just elapsed since this sagacious politician suggested several important changes in our constitution, without which, he is convinced, the whole system of American republics must come to a speedy end, and the people be left in a deplorable state of mental and moral degradation. And what do our readers imagine these reforms to be, which are to save our republican institutions from perils so threatening ? No other, indeed, than a gradation of ranks ; hereditary titles and wealth, and a Church establishment ! These are the salutary appendages that Mr Southey, in his wisdom, recommends as the necessary safeguards to our liberty, right morals, and religion, which he says are fast decaying, and fears will soon be extinct. His modesty, it may be presumed, prevented his adding one thing more as requisite to the good government, virtue, and happiness of these United States ; and that is a Poet-Laureate.”—Very fair.

THE NOBILITY.

WE are among the warm friends of a Nobility, looking at it in the abstract; and we are among the warm friends of the Nobility of this empire, looking at its circumstances and general character. A confession like this will do us no injury with our readers. The men are yet, we think, exceedingly numerous in this country, who do not confine their favour to one of the estates of the realm, and who esteem due reverence and affection for the whole three to be perfectly compatible with integrity and independence. Such men are not guided in their opinions by ignorance, envy, and cupidity; they look to other things than personal interests and prejudices for knowledge; they love the constitution, and they are aware, that, to preserve it, they must honour and defend one part of it as well as another. Men like these think railing against the aristocracy to be but a very poor way of serving the democracy, and they believe it to display just as much of patriotism as of wisdom. They feel the highest veneration for the House of Commons, and they are ready to shed their blood in defence of its rights and privileges; but then they do not look upon it as the sole depository of the nation's ability and virtue, and they never dream of making it the ruler of the Peers and the Sovereign. They know that their country was never intended to be governed solely by the democracy, and their ardent affection for it makes them wish that it never may be so governed. They are aware, from the testimony even of all republics, that a body, similar to the House of Peers in functions, must of necessity exist; and that, to enable it to discharge its duties properly, it must be, like the House of Commons, powerful, bold, free, and independent. Its conversion into the copyist and menial of the House of Commons would fill them with as much honour as the conversion of the latter into its copyist and menial.—They would combat as zealously for the rights, privileges, liberty, and independence of the one House, as for those of the other.

It is to men like these that we address ourselves; theirs is the favour that we covet. When they look at the aspect and circumstances of the times,

we are pretty sure that they will regard this article as a proof of our integrity and independence, even though it be somewhat complimentary to the rich and the titled. Our philosophers—Heaven mend their philosophy!—can find no form of government that is even tolerable, save a republic; they can see nothing in our constitution except a mass of deformities and evils; they can only discover our Nobility to be a source of mischief and misery to the rest of the community—a destroyer of that equality which they deem to be so essential for the happiness of mankind. They cry up America, without ceasing, as the only country in the world in which society possesses a perfect form, and government works for general benefit. They are taking the most effectual means for teaching republicanism to the bulk of the people, for causing the lower classes to embrace it as an instrument of personal profit, and for depriving the aristocracy of its influence and powers of self-protection. While this is the case, our policy, foreign and domestic, has taken a path which points rather to actual or practical republicanism, than to anything else. Public men cannot be so illiberal as to defend the old principles of the country; neither can they show such bad taste as to value any praise so highly as that of the philosophers. While the only ground on which a Nobility can stand is thus attacked, the most powerful engines are at work for rendering the existing Nobility odious. A leader of the House of Commons—a man who is thought by some to possess great powers and acquirements—has publicly called the House of Peers a den of tyranny and oppression—a place in which everything favourable to religious and civil liberty is stifled. A large part of the press, in the prosecution of its republican wishes, seizes every opportunity for maligning the Peers, and another large part, from its partiality for the Catholics, follows the same conduct. The sterling principles of English liberty are so far forgot, that if the Peers take the liberty of discharging their duty conscientiously, and of dissenting from the Commons, it is charged upon them less as an error than a crime. The common sense of our

country has so far lost its influence, that it is almost imagined men of titles never can be right when they differ in opinion from those who have none. In the midst of all this, it is too much the fashion with those who are the friends of the Nobility rather to apologise for its existence, than to display its value. They seem to speak of it as though it were a thing of feudal origin, which could not well be got rid of; they contend that it yields no evils, but they are reluctant to go much farther; they admire the magnificence of its appearance, and perhaps call it the Corinthian pillar of society; but their language appears to imply that it is rather ornamental than useful.

Our readers are aware, that we do not belong to the trimming school, and that we are perfectly free from that insatiable craving for universal popularity which now afflicts so deplorably our statesmen and writers. Nature has disabled us for attempting to splice hostile creeds together, and for standing aloof from friends in their extremity, that we may conciliate enemies; and this excites in us no murmuring. Our Magazine thrives as well, we have reason to think, as any trimming, tongue-tied work that is published. Thinking well, as we do, of the Nobility, we will give vent to our thoughts in our usual manner, without paying any attention to that white-livered, counterfeit prudence, which deems meek concession to be the best instrument for defending what is valuable. We will, however, in the first place, state the reasons on which we ground our opinions. On former occasions, we have intimated, that we quarrel with the innovators of the age, not because they are theorists, but because they build upon erroneous theory. Everything that is practically good, must be theoretically true, although its theory may remain without description; every sound, practical man, must be a sound theorist, although he may be too little of an orator, or a writer, to embody his theory in attractive language. The valuable practical things which are now so remorselessly swept away on the ground of their being theoretically false, have had, we think, a true theory to stand upon, although it has unhappily lain too deep for the weak eyes of their destroyers. We will now take upon ourselves the character of theorists; we will inquire whether no theory can be discovered

to justify the existence of a Nobility; we will endeavour to ascertain the real sentiments of philosophy touching the question.

Nothing could well be more obvious and indisputable, than that a nation should fashion its form of government and laws from the most full and accurate knowledge of human nature. It should have before it, not only the characteristics which are common to the people of every country, but likewise the peculiar ones which climate and other causes produce in its own inhabitants. It would be just as wise to assume that the same coat would fit all men alike, as to assume that the same system of government would suit all nations alike; and yet our philosophers of the day invariably build upon the latter assumption. The institutions and laws should be to the utmost point practicable, adapted to the character and circumstances of the people; they should form the instructor and guide, but not the enemy of human nature; and they should endeavour not to destroy the characteristics of the mind of man, but to temper and modify them into sources of individual and general benefit. The philosophic statesman sees in avarice, pride, envy, ambition, ferocity, selfishness, superstition, &c. &c., not things worthless, but things valuable; he sees in them the rough materials for the erection of society and government, and without which neither could be formed. He works all up, and destroys nothing; that which is unfit for the walls he uses in the foundations; that which cannot enter into the substantial parts of the fabric he converts into valuable decorations; that which cannot bear the storms which beat upon the exterior, he employs for most important purposes within. In his hands the clay rises into gigantic walls—the blocks of stone become magnificent pillars—the logs of wood resolve themselves into everything that utility commands—the metals shake off their dross to render themselves the sources of benefit and beauty—and the poisonous plants and minerals divest themselves of their noxious qualities, and scatter around them health and happiness. He spares not the axe and the hammer, the fire and the file; but he uses these, not to destroy, but to give shape, value, and continued existence.

Avarice forms the raw material of

frugality and economy—prodigality, that of benevolence, and generosity—pride, that of high feeling and severe virtue—envy, that of emulation—ferocity, that of daring bravery—ambition, that of unwearied effort and splendid public service—selfishness, that of industry and prudence, &c. &c. These are not to be destroyed, but to be worked up into the things we need; if we annihilate them, we must be without what we now fabricate from them. The loss of any one of them would be a grievous loss to society. We cannot make woollen cloth from iron, or raise brick walls from silk; and it is equally impossible for us to manufacture the different virtues that society calls for, from anything but the proper materials. We say not that the vicious feelings which we have enumerated are to come into action before they are worked up into virtues; we only say that they are parts of human nature which are thus worked up in early life by instruction and regulation.

Our philosophers, on these matters, fall into a capital error. They see what effects education and regulation have upon man, and they assume that these could change him into anything. They assume him to be originally a lump of inert matter capable of being manufactured into whatever their imagination may decide upon; and they attempt to make him what he cannot be made. They act upon the principle of hammering dust into gold, and weaving brass into cobwebs.

For men to form themselves into distinct ranks, is a part of their nature everywhere, which nothing can eradicate. Rulers and laws, do what they will, can never create anything beyond a nominal and incongruous equality. Were any government to establish and maintain a perfect equality in property, the talented and the fools, the knowing and the ignorant, the virtuous and the profligate, the old and the young, the members of different callings, &c. would still form themselves into distinct classes of different degrees of exaltation. There would still be high and low, if not rich and poor. But no government could attempt anything so monstrous, and the enjoyment of such rights and liberties as the most despotic one cannot withhold, inevitably creates rich men and poor ones, the great and their

dependents, masters and servants—a variety of classes naturally and harmoniously rising above each other.

The more closely this part of human nature is looked at, the more powerful and extraordinary it appears. While, to the superficial observer, society only seems to comprehend a few classes, it, in reality, comprehends almost an infinity. Those which difference of wealth alone forms between the richest and the poorest, can scarcely be numbered. Generally speaking, every trifling variation of income forms a distinct class throughout. After wealth has made its divisions, pride and other things step in and subdivide them to the utmost point possible. Those among the great, whom equality of riches has formed into one rank, are cut by blood, birth, and difference of mind and pursuit, into various ranks. In the middle classes, the subdivisions are alike numerous. A profession, or trade, may be much less lucrative than another; and yet, from its being more respectable in the eyes of the world, the members of it cannot possibly humble themselves to become the equals of the members of the other. The case is the same among the lower orders. The ploughmen hold the mechanics in contempt, as an inferior race of beings, although the latter earn the best wages: the journeymen cabinetmakers cannot degrade themselves by associating with the journeymen tailors: the journeymen shoemakers cannot so far forget their dignity as to make companions of the labourers: the gentleman's lacquey cannot, on any account, lower himself to the level of the carman. When we look at the almost endless multiplicity of callings which occupy mankind, it is astonishing to observe, how accurately the respectability of each is measured, and how tenaciously the members of each maintain their superiority over all whom they deem to be their inferiors. Scarcely any two of them stand on the same level, and the members of scarcely any two of them believe themselves to occupy the same rank: the distinction may be slight, but it is perceptible; the difference in elevation may be but a hair's-breadth, and yet it exists. As soon as a man obtains an increase of fortune, a step of promotion in his calling, or a new calling of a somewhat more exalted character, he withdraws himself, with

all imaginable alacrity, from the class in which he has previously moved, and pushes himself into that of which his acquisition entitles him to become a member. He may, perhaps, for the sake of decency, keep up some acquaintance with his former associates, but he takes care to make them sensible that they are no longer his equals. Every man in the community is constantly striving to establish the doctrine of superior and inferior; he is constantly warring against equality, and labouring to multiply classes of different exaltation; he is constantly endeavouring to raise himself above his equals, and to repel all from his rank whom he deems to be his inferiors. This begins at the lowest, and it ends only at the highest.

The division, therefore, of the inhabitants of a civilized country into separate classes of different exaltation, is unavoidable; no earthly power can prevent it; it is made by those eternal laws of nature which nothing under Heaven may ever abrogate. Let us now glance at some of its consequences.

In the first place, society could not exist, and no nation could be governed without it. The rich and great govern their dependents, landlords govern tenants, masters govern servants, parents govern children, superiors govern inferiors; were it not for this, the most despotic government could not maintain order, and keep itself in existence. Whatever form a government may possess, these are the instruments which enable it to be a government; they procure it obedience, and they do far more than itself towards the conservation of internal peace, and the prevention of vice and crime. The community practically divides itself into a vast number of small portions, which harmoniously rise above each other in rank, and in which the superior governs to a very great extent the inferior throughout. Without the superiority of rank, direct authority would be very inefficient. If the parent treat his children as equals, coercion gains from them very imperfect obedience; if the master treat his servants as equals, they disregard his commands; if the superior, speaking generally, treat his inferiors as equals, he loses the greater part of his influence over them.—Whatever aid these may derive from

legal and other means of compulsion, their authority flows principally from their forming distinct and more exalted classes. If a man expect to be obeyed, he must keep himself apart from, and above those from whom he expects obedience. This, and this alone, will procure for him the proper obedience, and combine it with habitual reverence and attachment. If a people should form only a mob of equals, the ready and cheerful obedience so essential for individual, as well as general good, would scarcely exist at all; the little obedience that might be found would be produced by compulsion, and it would light up general discord and animosity; he who commanded would be a tyrant, and he who obeyed would be a slave throughout.

In the second place, from the full and willing obedience which superiority of rank inspires, flow many of the most valuable characteristics of a community. The acquisition of useful knowledge, industrious habits, professional excellence, workmanlike skill and activity, and general good principles, depend mainly upon it. What would children learn from the school-master, were he to romp with them as their playfellow? What would apprentices learn from the tradesman, were he to be their constant associate? The very best servants would lose all their valuable characteristics, were their master to be their equal and companion. The unremitting employment of the rod, the law, and other instruments of coercion, would be of very little value without the superiority of rank. Compelled obedience is comparatively worthless. The youth will never possess much knowledge, who can only be made to attend to it by flogging; the servant will be a positive nuisance, who will only learn and labour from the fear of punishment. The superiority causes advice as well as command to be obeyed; it gives to displeasure and reproof—things which can always be resorted to on the instant—all the efficacy of punishment; it inspires the awe and reverence which operate as perpetual stimulants to voluntary obedience; it renders coercive means to a great extent unnecessary.

In addition to this, the student, the apprentice, the servant, and the dependent, find in the divisions of rank

an irresistible temptation to proper conduct. To rise in the world is what they all sigh for, and they can only hope to do this by the due discharge of their various duties. Equality would destroy, not only the wish, but all that the wish produces. Men pursue wealth and fame chiefly because these are the instruments for procuring elevation of rank: they accumulate money, not merely that they may fill chests with it, or be enabled to fare more luxuriously, but that they may purchase rank with its profits. As they add to their fortunes, they buy higher rank by increased expenditure. The miser will even part with so much of his money as may be necessary for keeping him above his inferiors. Were ranks few in number, they would only operate thus upon a small part of mankind; it is from their being so numerous that they operate upon all men. Every man when he begins the world, however poor and friendless he may be, has the means within his reach of raising himself; he has the hope, and the hope generates the endeavour. Good conduct, and skill in his calling, will often alone carry him through many ranks; if he combine them with rigid frugality, they will in a few years raise him to the middle classes. It happens, likewise, from ranks being so numerous, that the bulk of mankind may continually strive to rise, and may rise through life, without reaching the highest. Were there but three or four steps in the ladder, they would be at such a distance from each other, that it would be scarcely possible for those upon one to reach another; there would be little hope, and of course little exertion. As the case is, the steps are so numerous, that the whole population, allowing for slips and tumbles, can keep continually ascending: hope flags not, and the exertion which yields such invaluable benefits to the community, is terminated only by death, or old age.

Of course, the multiplicity of the divisions of rank acts likewise in the most beneficial manner upon parents, masters, and all who are in a great measure, or wholly independent. It incites them also to unremitted efforts to raise themselves—to undeviating adherence to that line of conduct which the good of the community prescribes. It subjects them to proper

control when they are almost wholly free from all other control.

The multiplicity in question acts as a schoolmaster to the mass of mankind in teaching knowledge which schools do not teach, and which is as necessary as anything that schools do teach. The higher ranks move amidst all varieties of knowledge, and every rank, from beginning to end, is, without ceasing, labouring to learn from, and imitate, those above it. The stream of general intelligence thus begins with the highest, and it flows without interruption, until it reaches the lowest. Men thus learn and imitate voluntarily, and they are led to do so by superiority of rank in those whom they make their teachers. The commoner must, as far as practicable, think, and do like the peer, the tradesman like the gentleman, the servant like the master, and the child like the parent; but the reverse must not be dreamed of. A man carefully avoids adopting the opinions and conduct of his inferiors; he is not very anxious to adopt those of his equals; but he must, by all means, be the copyist of his superiors, merely because these are his superiors.

If real equality of rank were established, the mass of men would then be deprived of all hope of rising in the world; to acquire wealth, either to hoard it, or to expend it in the gratification of sensuality, would be their grand motive of exertion; wealth could scarcely be used for other purposes. This would make them either misers or profligates, and it would operate in the most pernicious manner upon the interests of the community. As matters are, the higher a man's rank is, the greater his expenditure must be to support it: he endeavours to move in the highest possible, and this preserves him from becoming the slave of avarice and sensuality. The money that he expends in the maintenance of his rank yields the most important benefits to the community. If he be rich, he must have a numerous retinue of servants, splendid equipages, a noble mansion, and costly furniture; he must be an immense consumer of everything that gives the greatest employment to industry, and contributes the most to the revenue. People rail against the pomp and extravagance of the great,

when, in reality, the latter are paying taxes that otherwise could not be paid, and employing labourers who must otherwise starve. Men continually strain every nerve to obtain money, and as they obtain they expend it, principally, for the benefit of others. Rank restrains them in every division from hoarding too much, and from becoming inordinately sensual; it compels them to use property as they acquire it, for the benefit of the community. Nothing else could do it.

In the third place, to this endless multiplicity of ranks, general liberty owes its existence. As a free community never can be unanimous, it ought to be so far divided into bodies that no one may outweigh all the rest. Were this nation to be only divided into three or four bodies, the balance could not be maintained, and the powerful one would be the tyrant of the others. If the rich men, the masters, and the servants, were to form unanimous, indivisible bodies, nothing would be seen but animosity, convulsion, and tyranny. Nature abhors immense, ungovernable bodies, and, if she be not completely overpowered, never suffers them to exist; she is eternally occupied in endeavours to form small, weak ones, and to destroy great, potent ones. Those whom interest, or political and religious feeling combines, she divides by means of rank. Rank keeps the labouring classes from combining into a whole; it operates, in the same way, on the masters, and the rich and great; and, of course, it protects the state from the tremendous evils that would flow from their combinations; it forms a bulwark against those ills which community of interest and feeling would otherwise produce. The nation is thus divided and subdivided, until it is composed of an almost endless multitude of bodies, of which no one possesses mischievous power. These are not rivals and enemies, as a small number would be; the mass of them are, from similarity of interest and feeling, friends, although lukewarm and jealous ones. The subdivisions made by rank fill up the chasms that are left in society by the divisions made by other things; and, from the lowest of the democracy, to the highest of the aristocracy, ranks rise in beautiful order and connexion, and bind society together as a whole. It is

scarcely possible to discover where the democracy ends, and the aristocracy begins—where the point of meeting is between the poor and the rich. Several of the higher classes of servants even rank above several of the lower classes of masters; and thus connect the great divisions, of which they form parts. Each body is thus kept from tyrannizing, and therefore every set of rulers is kept from tyrannizing. Ministers reach office by qualification, and retain it by good conduct. The bodies govern each other; attempts to oppress dare not be made from any quarter, and the greatest share of general liberty is enjoyed.

Now, with all this before him, how would the philosopher fashion his government? Instead of vainly arraying himself against nature, he would be her ally. He would form laws, not to prevent her from creating her ranks, but to assist her—not to undo her work, but to protect it. He would endeavour, not to shorten her chain of ranks, but to lengthen it; and he would make every addition to her labours in his power. Such, it might be expected, would be the answer of everyone—of even the most inveterate theorist that ever plagued the universe.

Our republican philosophers, however, do exactly the reverse. With the name of Nature eternally in their mouths, with her praise constantly on their lips, they make it their study to thwart and trample upon her to the utmost. They detest everything that has been erected by herself, or from her suggestions; and love only what she hates and seeks to destroy. Instead of taking her for their guide in what they pull down and raise up, they follow only that blind and brainless art which is her implacable enemy. They cannot bear the idea of difference of rank; their nation must form a mob of equals; with them, everything that a community needs must flow from equality.

In the midst of the outcry which these sages keep up in favour of equality, let us ascertain what equality they really establish. They form one of names; no one must be called, My Lord, or Sir William; all must be plain Johns and Roberts, or, at the least, plain Masters. Does then inequality consist merely in difference of name? Would our nobles be less rich and proud? Would they possess

less control over their dependents, and less parliamentary and public influence, if they were stripped of their titles? Does the want of title place the rich men of America, or any other republic, on a level with the poor ones? The questions will only admit of one answer, and it covers the philosophers with derision. When they strike at title, they leave untouched the chief source of inequality—that from which title draws its principal influence. They clap a different name upon the evil, and they call this destroying it. What is the consequence? In America, that Elysium of English philosophers, society divides itself, as far as practicable, into ranks, as it does in this country. There are the same pride, the same keeping apart from inferiors, the same struggles for precedence, there as here. The chain of ranks is shorter, from its not possessing the links formed by a nobility; but as far as it reaches, it is similar to that which exists in England. There is practically an aristocracy in America, which is as ambitious of standing at the head of the community, and as anxious to engross the utmost degree of influence and power, as our own aristocracy. If it be comparatively weak and poor, title would not render it stronger and richer—title would not render it one whit more mischievous than it is at present.

It must be obvious to all men, that, if equality be essential for the good of a people, constitution-makers ought to labour to destroy that which is the real cause of inequality. As it is wealth, and not title, that raises a man far above the mass of his brethren, that gives him power over tenants, tradesmen, &c. that enables him to control a great number of electors, and that gives him great influence in the legislature and with the government, our philosophers ought to attack wealth, and not title. All men cannot be made rich, therefore they should make all men poor. They should prohibit people from deriving fortunes from public services, trade, bequests, and everything else. They should continually take money from those who accumulate it, and bestow it on those who do not accumulate. If, we say, equality be essential for public good, then, according to every principle of philosophy, this ought to be done, for it is the only means of producing equality.

As, putting out of sight a nobility,
VOL. XVIII.

the philosophers do not create a tittle more of real equality than the unphilosophical constitution-makers, we will now attempt to ascertain what benefits they bestow upon society by rejecting a Nobility.

It is essential for the well-being of a nation that its ministers, generals, admirals, &c. should be men of the first talents and virtues, and of course it should adopt the best means that could be contrived for alluring such men into its service. Now, upon theory, what would be the best means? Would money? No! such men, generally speaking, care very little for money; they wish merely to make a fortune, has very little influence over them; they often enough forsake a lucrative calling, to follow one that will barely promise them a maintenance, because the one offers a little more to gratify pride than the other. The nation, therefore, that offers money only as the reward of the highest kinds of public service, addresses itself to the wrong men; it appeals to avarice instead of ambition; it endeavours to catch eagles with the proper lure for geese. It should offer, not merely money, but fame, power, privilege, rank, and splendour; and it should not be too parsimonious in calculating and measuring; it should address itself to the best, and not the worst, of man's passions; and it should deal as much as possible in such temptations and rewards as tend to purify and ennoble.

Passing from the nation to its servant, every one will admit that the minister, general, admiral, &c. ought to be duly rewarded. Now, upon theory, what would form a proper reward? He who possesses the most rare talents—who devotes both his days and his nights to that toil which is hostile alike to health and pleasure—who submits to the most severe privations, and often braves death itself—and whose services yield the highest benefits, not to one individual, but to many millions; not to one, but to many generations—such a man surely ought to have higher remuneration than that which is thought to be fairly earned by common abilities in the performance of ordinary duties. According to every principle of theory, he ought to have the highest reward that human power can bestow.

Our constitution was formed before philosophy was much heard of among statesmen; its parents had no Philo-

sophers by profession to guide them, therefore they were compelled to follow nature and reason. They remarked that great powers scorned lucre, and panted for distinction and elevation; and, in consequence, they gave us a Nobility. They skilfully lengthened nature's chain of ranks, and formed with the new links a charmed circle, into which great abilities, and long and eminent public services, are almost the only means of admission. Unlike the Economists, they thought not of cheapness—unlike the Philosophers, they thought not of equality; they studied how to procure for the state the most able servants on the one hand, and how to reward public services adequately on the other. They proved themselves, after all, to be the best Economists and Philosophers.

Now, how stands the question between Britain and America touching these matters? The latter tempts and rewards only with money. Whatever services the public servant may perform, he has nothing but money to expect from the state. With regard to rank, he cannot hope for a permanent place in the highest. The state cannot afford to make him equal in fortune with the richest members of the community; and where there are no titles, the richest men rank as the highest. When he retires from public service, many traders surpass him in income; he is overstepped and outshone by the wealthy ignorant and vulgar; at his death he has nothing to bequeath to his children, save the paltry money; and they sink at once into the ignoble mass, with perhaps bitter cause for lamenting that he had not been a merchant or a shopkeeper.

In this country, money forms only a portion, and the most worthless portion, of the reward of exalted public services. The state gives perhaps as much of it as America, but it gives *in addition* that which renders the money insignificant. It spreads before the people, not only fortunes, but a long train of dignities, which can only be gained by serving it. A brilliant public service gives a man rank, which wealth alone cannot give; it raises him above the traders, the ignoble rich, and places him among the first classes of society. The public servant, when he retires, may be surpassed in fortune, but he possesses that which gives him precedence of rank—which

makes him one of the first men of the country. At his death, he has to bequeath to his children, not only his fortune, but that which is of far more value than any fortune. He leaves to them his rank; they suffer no degradation; he has secured for them and their heirs a place amidst the first of the realm, amidst the most valuable connexions, amidst the vortex of profit and honours for ever.

In America, a man has less to expect from serving his country, than from following divers callings which have no connexion with such service. In Britain, a man can gain infinitely more from serving his country, than from anything else. Profession disconnected with public service, and trade can give nothing, compared with what is given by the state; the most splendid and captivating rewards that talents and industry can acquire, are to be acquired only in the service of the nation. In America, the offered rewards are but little calculated to tempt the rich; in Britain, they are sufficiently tempting to the whole talent of the community; in the former, they are most paltry and inadequate; in the latter they are, as far as possible, proportioned to desert.

Whether we look at the nation, or the individual, we are compelled to think that, on this point, the Philosophers treat philosophy most barbarously—that they violate, in the most outrageous manner, the plainest of its dictates. They speak of patriotism, and far be it from us to undervalue it; but, however it may operate upon particular individuals, every one knows that it is not to be trusted to for procuring for a nation the best servants. Our Pitts, Burkes, Nelsons, and Wellingtons, who perhaps begin the world with little or no fortune, must have something beyond patriotism to make them prefer the service of their country. Most men will sacrifice largely for their country, when the need for it is apparent; but a young man, when he begins the world, has no such need before him. A nation, to have the choice of the market of ability, must outbid all competitors. Our opinion seems to be verified by history. This country has generally had a profusion of candidates of the first character to select its higher servants from; it has generally had ministers, generals, admirals, &c. &c. of the greatest talent,

and who have performed for it almost more than could be expected from human nature. America has scarcely had one public servant who has risen above mediocrity since the Revolution.

If this nation lost by its liberality towards its servants, then, perhaps, something might be said in favour of the Philosophers; but that it gains by it prodigiously, is a thing which admits not of question. We need not point out how its interests must be affected by the difference between the most able ministers, generals, &c. and those of moderate ability. For every pound that it gives to its Pitts, Burkes, Wellingtons, and Nelsons, it receives from them, in power, territory, revenue, honour, principle, &c. to the value of a million. A man has only to cast his eyes upon this empire to be convinced, that whatever it may have given to its great men, it has given nothing in comparison to what it has received from them.

Mr Brougham, in the last session of Parliament, complimented America on its having procured a *cheap* government. *Cheap!*—*cheap* statesmen!—*cheap* heroes!—the nation bantering, and over-reaching, and buying *cheap* genius, knowledge, skill, wisdom, virtue, industry, blood and suffering of the individual! Could anything be more unnatural, more disgusting, more beggarly, more outrageously hostile to every principle of honour, justice, and reason than this? We hate cheap things of all descriptions, for, whatever they may cost us, we never find them worth the price; and we shrewdly suspect *cheap* public service to be the most ruinous *cheap* article that can be speculated in.

The Philosophers tell us, that when an American President leaves office, he sinks into the mass of society, and is scarcely to be distinguished from the small gentry, farmers, &c. who surround him. They see him destitute of ceremony, rank, and distinction—mixed up with the low—looked down upon by a large part of the ignorant and vulgar—and the sight throws them into raptures; it is grand, sublime, affecting, and we know not what else. Detestable philosophy! The man who has been for years at the head of the community—who has mixed only with the first of its members—who has been in constant communication with the leading men of the world—who has

cultivated his mind to the highest point—and whose character, tastes, and habits are perfectly dissimilar to those of the classes below him; this man is thrust from his rank, placed on a level with inferiors whom he scorns, denied what he has earned, humbled and degraded—doomed to mix in society that he despises, and to endure the insolent familiarity of the low and uncultivated, and it yields delight to Philosophers! Once more we say, detestable philosophy!

The Philosophers pretend to be warmer friends to talent and merit than other people, and yet here they array themselves against them—they rejoice because they are subjected to the most gross injustice, to the vilest robbery. They declare that the talented and meritorious should stand at the head of society, and yet they here attack the only regulation that can raise these to the head of society. They maintain that rank should not be regulated by wealth, and yet they here assail the only thing that can prevent it. It is for them, and not ourselves, to reconcile their inconsistencies.

According to the doctrine and working of our constitution, this seems to be undeniably the constitutional origin of our Nobility. It exists to procure for the nation the most able servants—to stimulate these to the utmost display of industry and ability in the discharge of their duties—to give adequate rewards to their services—to raise those who do more for the community than other men, to the head of the community—to place talent and desert above riches—and to prevent wealth alone from disposing of the first places in society. This Nobility is open to the whole nation. Win and wear, is its motto. The child of the peasant, the mechanic, the beggar, may enter it. The greater part of those who, in late years, have been its members, were, when they began the world, men of humble family, of common education, possessing few connexions, and little fortune, or perhaps none at all. If but few can reach it, this is essential for public good. Those, who cannot hope, derive inestimable benefits from the competition and services of those who can. The Nobility is the child of the Democracy—it is composed of men chosen from the latter—it exists to reward and benefit it—and

there is not a member of the Democracy who does not draw large advantages from its existence.

We have, we hope, said sufficient to prove, that, if a Nobility, as a body, could be turned to no public use after its creation—that if it should even produce a portion of evil—still, regard for the public service, and bare justice to the public servant, command that it should exist. We shall now, we think, prove, that if it were perfectly worthless in procuring the best servants for the state, and in rewarding such servants, its existence would still be most essential for the weal of the community.

America yet possesses comparatively few rich men ; these are scattered over a large extent of territory, and they are perhaps never congregated together in the same spot to become connected. Rich men abound in this country. The fortunes which have been in so many ages gained in the colonies, as well as at home, are here enjoyed. Not only the proprietors of our soil, public debt, &c. but the actual possessors of many of our foreign possessions, and of a large part of the public debts of other nations, dwell here. The mass of the rich men of the whole empire are inhabitants of this small island ; and, for a large portion of every year, the greater part of them reside in one city, and become known to, and connected with each other. We, as we have already said, hold it to be essential that the community should be divided into weak, manageable bodies ; and nothing would be more pernicious than for our rich men, numerous and powerful as they are, to be formed into only one, or two. Nature has but little influence in dividing the rich ; the man of L.100 per annum separates himself from him who has but L.40 ; he who has L.500 per annum, ranks far above him who has but L.100 ; he who has a yearly income of L.4000 looks far above him who has one of only L.1500. The relations of servant and master, conflicting trading interests, &c. combine with difference of wealth to divide these ; ranks above attract from those below. But after income reaches five or six thousand per annum, differences in it have but little effect in producing divisions of rank. The rich are pressed together by the classes below them, and there are none above to draw them from each other. Politics and religion

cannot perhaps do more than divide them into two bodies, which, in point of rank, are equal.

That which nature cannot do, unaided, but which she evidently wishes to be done, is accomplished by means of a Nobility. Our constitution divides the rich as she divides those who are below the rich. By the existence of a Nobility, the rich men are divided into almost as many ranks of different feelings and interests, as the poorer ones ; they are broken up into bodies which balance, and prevent each other from acquiring undue weight. Nothing else could accomplish such a division, and, without it, our rich men would combine to produce the most grievous evils. It would be idle to argue against this by the example of America, because, as we have already said, America, compared with this country, has no rich men.

The rich men of a community possess direct control over a vast number of tenants, tradesmen, servants, &c. and they are the objects of general imitation. They govern fashions, they direct opinions—they enjoy an immense portion of political power. To prevent this, is out of the question, for it could only be done by robbing them of their property ; and, of course, it becomes a matter of the first necessity to qualify them for using what they possess beneficially. They who act as general guides should be taught how to guide properly—they who serve as general models should be formed into correct models. The vital interests of the state demand that they should be generous, compassionate, magnanimous, honourable, and patriotic, in order that they may be good landlords, masters, &c. ; that they may be well-principled legislators ; and that their mighty influence may be made a prolific source of public benefit. They ought to be, in various points of character and conduct, perfectly different from other men ; things in them would be vices, which in others are virtues ; much that to other men is truth and wisdom, would be to them falsehood and error. Frugality, selfishness, want of feeling, the love of money, keenness, cunning, servility, sleepless regard for personal interest, eternal craving for personal profit, &c. &c. which are perhaps essential not only for the success of the man of business, but for making him beneficial to the communi-

ty, would convert the rich man into a public curse.

Now, how are the rich to be made what they ought to be? Laws for the purpose would be worthless. The rich are much farther beyond the reach of religion and morality than other men; these only lay down rules for the general guidance of mankind, and they leave much to the discretion of every individual. The rich man may follow closely the steps of the tradesman, and yet not violate the precepts of either. Religion and morality do not instruct the mechanic in his calling, neither do they instruct the rich man in what, so far as regards the nation, is his calling. Men must have various feelings and habits, which are not distinctly taught by religion and morality, although they must stand upon what the latter teach to work for good and endure. The formation of a Nobility must be the grand means. People speak of titles as though these were mere empty names; nothing could be more glaringly absurd. A title gives to a man new feelings and habits; it places him in different society; it subjects him to a different set of laws; it imposes upon him duties, obligations, and restrictions, from which most other men are exempted.

That titles do make those who possess them differ from other men in many points, in which it is of the first importance that they should so differ, is a matter which is attested by the whole of history. Generally speaking, the Nobility has, in all countries, differed essentially from the rest of the community in character and conduct. It has displayed its share of vices and crimes, but these have been upon the whole dissimilar to the vices and crimes of the untitled. It has always prided itself upon, and laboured to keep as wide as possible, this difference. Nobles have been generous, ostentatious, high-minded, and princely; they have been men fond of splendour and magnificence, regarding money with contempt, and looking with scorn upon low, mean things. They have been so, principally from possessing titles. Titles have placed them higher than other men, and then nature has constrained them to feel and act differently from inferiors in everything necessary for the maintenance of their rank. The rest of the community

knows what laws their titles impose upon them, it watches them jealously, and it punishes them for violating these laws. That which is tolerated and even lauded in the man of business, would be execrated in the Noble. The Philosophers rail against titles, when the latter are the instruments which give the poor control over the rich.

The great object of trade and profession is, not merely to gain bread, but to acquire fortunes—to amass as much money as possible. Men can scarcely pursue such an object the greater part of their lives without attaching too much value to money, and too little to everything that may stand in the way of their getting it. They are exposed to everything that can tempt them to be mercenary, dishonest, and dishonourable. In these glorious days of competition a man of business can hardly hope to escape the Gazette, except by walking on the confines of knavery, putting honour out of the question. The operation of this is shown by the frauds in flour, tea, and almost every article of consumption, by the bills of Attorneys, &c. and by the things which are brought to light in the cases of insolvents and bankrupts. The mass of barefaced villainy which trade and profession exhibit is frightful, and the greater part of the community is engaged in trade and profession. Saying nothing of what is actually knavish and disgraceful, the unremitting pursuit of personal gain must tend powerfully to stifle many of the feelings on which the weal of the state depends. It is therefore of the first importance that a balance of feeling should be created against that generated by business, that effectual means should be taken for nurturing and promoting, amidst the more influential part of the community, generosity, chivalrous honour, high feeling, and the opposite of almost everything that business inspires. It is essential that in the intercourse between the men of trade and the great landlords, &c., the former should be the inferiors—should be the relievers, and not the givers, of example. This is accomplished by means of a Nobility. The possessor of a title is bound by it to hold in contempt the feelings of the man of business; he is the superior, and of course he must resemble in nothing the inferior. The Nobles

are imitated by people of fortune ; men of business imitate the ranks above them, and the feelings of the titled, to a certain degree, spread through the whole community, to protect the honour and honesty of the traders, &c.

That the leading ministers and legislators, the officers of the army and navy,* and all who hold important public trusts, should be, as far as possible, men of spotless honour and high feeling, men scorning the dictates of lucre, and worshipping their country ; and that they should be separated from low, sordid, ignorant society, seem to us to be things perfectly above question. A Nobility operates powerfully to give the character, and effect the separation. By making title the great instrument of reward, public servants are led to regard money as a matter of secondary importance, and to look to the titled for example. The higher of them move amidst the Nobles, and the whole turn from those who pursue money only, to seek among the Nobles connexions and feelings.

For the truth of these opinions, we appeal to history. Republics have hitherto perished through the destruction of good principles. Their inhabitants fell far below immorality and licentiousness ; they lost all patriotism, all honour, all honesty—all principle of every kind. The trading feelings over-ran everything among them ; they sold everything, soul included, for money ; they combined with bad morals the darkest and most despicable villainy. The public servants were, as the generality of public servants too often are, but little under the control of religion and morality, and nothing existed to enforce against them the laws of honour. They sprung

solely from the democracy ; they had nothing but the democracy before them ; their interest was on the side of bad conduct, and they were at last distinguished as the blackest and meanest villains of the whole. Religion and morality had not, among the influential classes, honour to support them, therefore they were overpowered ; patriotism, chivalrous honour, &c., had nothing to nurture and protect them ; cupidity and knavery had nothing sufficient to stem and render them infamous ; national ruin was unavoidable.

America is only an infant as a nation, and yet its history supports us. Its government has generally manifested, in its dealings with other states, the shirking, low cunning, and mean trickery of the petty tradesman. Interest has been with it everything, and honour nothing. Without an aristocracy, its ministers have been slaves to the passions and interests of the traders. If we look among its leading military and naval officers, we find such men as Jackson, Hull, Rodgers, Porter, &c., persons who appear to be anything rather than gentlemen. The duelling of America may be assumed to convey pretty correct information touching the character of the higher classes ; and, contrasted with that of this country, it only leaves the impression of ferocious blackguardism. General Jackson, on a recent occasion, narrowly escaped being made the chief magistrate. The people must indeed know but little of high principle, who can imagine a man like him to be qualified for such an office. A portion of the Americans very lately railed against an aristocracy, in the very moment in which they announced their determi-

* We cannot leave this point without expressing our hope, that the interference of certain members of the House of Commons, towards the close of the last session, with the exercise of the prerogative, will be treated as it deserves. We trust that those whose duty it is to select our generals and admirals, will never turn their eyes towards such persons as Sir R. Wilson, and Lord Cochrane. The British uniform has hitherto covered men who have valued money as dirt, and honour and loyalty as the most precious of earthly possessions ; and we hope the time is not arrived for it to cover men of a different character. There is a party in the country which would no doubt be highly delighted by seeing the army and navy filled with political generals and admirals, resembling the individuals we have named ; but the nation at large has no wish to see the army and navy converted into political bodies of any kind, much less into "*liberal*" and reforming ones. By the way, looking at all the circumstances, is there any man with one drop of English blood in his veins, who would deign to wear the SIR of Sir R. Wilson ? The *Liberals*—these scorers of kings and aristocracies—must have an inordinate passion for titles.

nation to keep slaves. These simpletons, it seems, cannot discover that they are to the slaves a very odious aristocracy, although they are neither lords nor baronets. It is aristocrats like these who ought to be exterminated; aristocrats who openly teach cupidity and knavery, and who would upset the general government because they are not suffered to enjoy a bargain of the most fraudulent character, to the robbery of the native inhabitants.

Perhaps no nation in the world ever maintained so high a character among other nations for honour and good faith, as England; we need not dilate on the benefits which we have reaped from this, and we ascribe it, in a very great degree, to the existence of the Nobility. The trading interests have never been able to obtain undue influence over the government; the ministers, officers, &c., have been men who valued honour above everything else; high feelings have been abundantly protected, and the community at large has been content to value character as well as profit. Let any man figure to himself the principles on which our intercourse with other nations would be conducted, if the aristocracy were annihilated, and the ministers were controlled by, and filled with the spirit of, the democracy. Let any man figure to himself the fate which the high feelings of this nation would meet, were the democracy to become the sole source and guide of national feelings.

Republicans have ever found a legislative and judicial body, similar to that formed by our House of Peers, to be indispensable, and yet they have never been able to form one fitted for the discharge of its duties. What is the Senate of America as a legislative body? It is in effect little better than a worthless continuation of the House of Representatives. The two bodies are composed of men of similar ideas, habits, feelings, interests, and rank, and who are, in effect, chosen much in the same manner. The Senate is under the control of the popular voice, it has no distinct part of the community to stand upon, its members have no peculiar character, it is destitute of moral weight and power, it cannot act as a check upon, and a counterpoise to, the other body, neither can it make any effectual stand against it on

great public questions. Compare this Senate with our House of Peers; the former is but a contemptible shadow, the latter possesses everything requisite for the exercise of its important functions.

Our Philosophers declaim against the Nobility, on the ground that it engrosses a very unfair portion of the management of public affairs. Now, let us place before us the naked facts. By means of titles, a large part of the richest and most powerful men in the country are prohibited from sitting in the House of Commons. However they may interfere in the choice of the members by means of their wealth, not of their titles, they cannot themselves become the members. When a new title is given, the legislature receives an additional member; the new Peer is commonly taken from the House of Commons, and his advancement makes a vacancy in this House, to be filled generally by a member of the democracy. Now, what would be the case if we possessed a constitution like that of America? Nearly the whole of the Peers would be excluded from the legislature, if they did not possess seats in the House of Commons. A seat in the Senate would be perfectly worthless in every respect, compared with one in the other legislative body, and those who are now our Peers would monopolise the greater part of the seats in the latter for themselves and their relatives. Where influence cannot command, wealth can buy electors; a man in this country must expend a moderate fortune in a single election contest to be successful. The abolition of titles and the cutting down of our House of Peers into a Senate, like that of America, would be so far from diminishing the political influence of our Nobles, that it would very greatly increase it! It would give them far greater control over public affairs than they possess at present. The House of Commons would then be, in effect, the sole Legislative body, and it would be composed principally of themselves.

These are some of the reasons which make us friendly to the existence of a Nobility; if space would permit, we could adduce many others. Reasons like these caused us, when we first saw the Peers of England assembled together as a body, to regard them with other feelings than envy and con-

tempt. We saw that some of them were anything rather than handsome, and that others wore clothes as unfashionable as our own; we were told that some were men of small capacity, and that others did not lead very commendable lives. This gave us no surprise whatever, for we knew before we saw them that they were but men. We were aware that titles were earned by other things than beauty of person and taste in dress, and that ability and virtue could not be bequeathed with them. We looked beyond these matters, much as they were dwelt upon by the Philosophers. We went from the title to that which gained it, from the descendant to the ancestor, and then the greatest men of our history, the heroes and sages of the past as well as the present,—the men whose blood and toils had raised our country to its greatness and grandeur, stood before us. We shall never forget our feelings of that moment. Could we quarrel with our country for having consecrated its richest blood, and most splendid talent and virtue, for having munificently rewarded, not for a transient life, but for ever, those who had suffered, and bled, and died, to make it the first among nations,—and for having given the highest place in society to genius, wisdom, and heroism? Could we remember our Burleighs and Marlboroughs, and yet despise their offspring; or look at what our Pitts, Wellingtons, and Eldons have performed, and still murmur at their elevation? No! we were not so far destitute of English feeling—we were not so far the enemies of talent and virtue—we were not so far strangers to justice and patriotism—our native hills had taught us a better philosophy. Instead of feeling degraded by the existence of these Nobles, we felt exalted; humble as we were, the splendour that blazed around them threw some rays upon us, and in their honours we were honoured. Their titles still left them our countrymen, our brethren—our brothers; and no despicable, mercenary, dishonest craving for equality, which we had not earned, and did not deserve, prevented us from feeling the pride and affection inspired by the consanguinity.

If our Nobles possessed liberties and privileges that operated to the injury of the rest of the community, we should scarcely be found among their friends; but they do not. Their li-

berties and privileges are rather different than peculiar; and, in so far as they are favoured, the object is more the public good than their own. They are restricted equally with the Commoners from trespassing on the liberties and privileges of others. Whatever may be said respecting close boroughs, patronage, &c. the Philosophers themselves must know, that these things are not given by titles, and that the destruction of titles would not take them away.

The reasoning of our Philosophers on this question is not less contemptible than erroneous. Here is a body which grows out of, and is kept alive by the Democracy; which is, in reality, composed of the flower of it—which is open to all its members—which mixes and intermarries with it—which exists to reward its most deserving members, and to perform the most important public duties—this body they vilify as a separate caste, and they will scarcely admit that it forms a part of the community. They hate a Noble, merely because he is a Noble. They ask not what gained him his title—they look not at the blood, toil, and privation which it cost himself or his ancestor—they turn away from the magnificent price which was given for it, and the mighty gain which the country drew from the purchase—and they speak as though he had gained it, not merely without an equivalent, but by corrupt means. The mean dishonesty of this is loathsome. They say he is but a man, they will not admit him to be their equal as a man, for they conceive titles to possess some miraculous power to corrupt and destroy the mind; they argue from this that he ought to have no title, and they call this philosophy. It is at any rate very common and threadbare philosophy. If they will converse with the unlettered hind, the lowest cobbler, the most ignorant and barbarous individual that the country contains, they will find these to be profoundly versed in the very same philosophy, without having had any instruction.

That must be a miserably blind philosophy, which confounds title with wealth, and imagines that the destruction of the one would prevent the effects of the other. That must be a prodigiously false philosophy, which asserts that rich men are a public evil, and that equality would abundantly com-

pensate a nation for the absence of them. That must be a very ruinous philosophy, which would destroy that grand spring of exertion,—that great improver of talent,—that powerful teacher of good conduct,—that fertile source of almost all that can benefit society, *ambition to rise in the world*. That must be a mean, beggarly, brutish, vile philosophy, which, instead of inciting the ploughman and the mechanic to attempt to reach the elevation of the Noble, would compel the Noble to herd with the ploughman and mechanic; which, instead of placing the patriot, the sage, and the hero, on an eminence to be imitated and venerated by the world, would chain them down to be trampled on by the rabble of the ignorant and vulgar rich—and which, instead of endeavouring to soar to the regions inhabited by the talented, the mighty, and the glorious, would drag down all above it to crawl on its own filthy dunghill.

If the Philosophers could prove that the gift of a name impoverishes the country, it might be something in their favour; this they cannot do, and they cannot even deny that in many cases it prevents demands upon the public purse. If they could prove that a title has no beneficial effect upon the manner and conduct of its possessor, we would speak of them more respectfully; but they are so far from this, that they are constantly confessing that title has an effect upon the manners and conduct of its possessor, which all men, but themselves, know to be a beneficial one. They are eternally casting sarcasms upon the pride, hospitality, generosity, and magnificence of the Nobility. What results from the pride of the Noble? He scorns all but the first society;—he is ashamed of low, mean actions;—he labours to differ from his inferiors in things that make him a more valuable member of the community. It will scarcely be asserted, we think, that the nation would profit from the mixing of our Ministers of State, great landlords, &c. with merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics, to imbibe the sentiments of the counting-house, the shop, and the pot-house. We imagine that all thinking men rejoice that means exist for keeping them from society which, respectable and meri-

torious as it is in its place, would teach them what would yield anything rather than public benefit. What are the fruits of the profusion and magnificence of the Noble? Low rents to the tenant, large profits to the tradesman, employment to the labourer,—great contributions to the revenue. Almost every titled family in the nation, that prides itself upon its age and blood, its rank and ancestry, is to its tenants, tradesmen, servants, and all over whom its influence extends, almost everything that it ought to be. Destroy the pride, and you terminate the good conduct; destroy the title, and you destroy the pride. Those who are almost above the influence of religious teachers, and who constantly move amidst the most powerful temptations to immorality, are placed by titles under the laws of honour. Where religion and morality fail, honour gives a conscience; and whatever the Philosophers may say, the statesman rejoices that he can give the rich and powerful a conscience of any kind, and more especially one which constrains them to follow that conduct which yields the most benefit to the community.

We love to look at facts—to appeal to experience. What are our present Nobles? Granting that a portion of them are immoral and vicious, would the loss of title make them less so? Something is even gained by that which compels men to be more decent, refined, and honourable in their immoralities and vices. But this, whatever may be maintained to the contrary, can only be charged against a portion. A very large part of what is called the vice and profligacy of the great, is caused and committed by the untitled and ignoble rich. The finest models upon earth, for the imitation of both man and woman, are to be plentifully found among the old families. Taken as a whole, a more high-minded, intelligent, noble body of men never existed than our present Nobility. Looking at them in their political capacity, their debates, for just sentiment, sober and sound reasoning, and deep and comprehensive view, will at any time bear comparison with those of the Commons. At this period, the Upper House represents the feelings and opinions of the country at large, much more accurately than the Lower

one. Do the Nobles injure the independence, or the independent feelings, of the rest of the community? No! The poor man of this country possesses the utmost degree of independence that he could safely possess under any form of government. Were we desired to say where the best specimens of pure, generous, manly, unsophisticated independence of feeling might be found, we should point to the tenantry of these Nobles. Have public affairs been badly conducted, and have public interests suffered from the existence of a Nobility? Look at both the past and the present. What other nation ever, for a succession of ages, possessed such able and upright servants as England has possessed? What other nation was ever blessed with such invaluable laws and institutions? What other nation ever reached such a glorious height of wealth, power, and grandeur? Have genius and knowledge, art and science, been trampled upon by this Nobility? No, it has been their best friend. At this very moment the genius, knowledge, art and science, of boasted America, are constrained, by the danger of actual starvation, to come to England to be fed, caressed, and enriched by our slandered aristocracy. Are we to be told that a body, so powerful, active, and influential as the Nobility, has had no share in producing our greatness, prosperity, and happiness? We might as well be told that the sun of heaven has had no share in producing the abundant harvest which our farmers are now reaping.

We should perhaps have been silent, if the Philosophers had not been producing incalculable mischief. They are getting up what they are pleased to call a New Aristocracy—an Aristocracy of Science. This new Aristocracy is to be composed exclusively of the working orders, and it is to be the enemy and ruler of the old one. All old modes are to be reversed. The Peer is to take example from the mechanic—the master is to take law from the servant—the labourer is to imagine that he occupies the most exalted place in society. Instead of the low and ignorant being taught to imitate the high and intelligent, they are to be taught to differ from them as much as possible—instead of the poor and

barbarous being stimulated to rise from their native dunghill, they are to be told that it is the most honourable place they can be in—instead of the channels of knowledge and good conduct being carefully kept open between the higher and lower classes of society, they are to be carefully closed. The bonds of society are to be rent asunder, and the labouring orders are to be formed into a gigantic confederacy against their superiors. The Englishman is to be divested of almost every feeling that has made his country what it is. He is to despise his superiors—to disregard his duties—to hate the most deserving of his countrymen—to cast away his ambition—to disdain every stimulant to good conduct—and to scorn his form of government and his country. He is never to speak of England except to slander it—he is never to mention America except to worship it—he is to turn in abhorrence from his own unrivalled Nobility, to kneel to the bullies and braggarts of other states as his superiors—and he is constantly to endeavour to sacrifice his native land for the benefit of foreign nations. He is to trample in the dust his generosity, honour, national pride, lofty spirit, and patriotism; and to degrade himself into a despicable, brainless, brutish, filthy creature, wicked enough to commit any kind of depravity, and senseless enough to demolish his own habitation, and eat his own flesh for the profit of strangers. Nature scorns the stupendous folly—Reason shudders over the monstrous phrenzy—Honesty loathes the appalling iniquity. The blindest of the human race must he be, who cannot perceive that it threatens alike the nation and the individual—that it is not more pregnant with calamities to the exalted than to the humble.

Much has been said in favour of conciliating America. We ourselves value not the wrath of America a snap of the fingers, and the fear of it will never make us suppress our opinions. In what we have said, however, respecting America, we have acted on the defensive. We have no wish to attack that state, and we quarrel not with its inhabitants for valuing their country and form of government above all others. But a tribe of mean-spirited, evil-principled simple-

tons—persons of English birth—are eternally crying up America and its constitution, for the purpose of making our countrymen despise their country and its institutions, and this we cannot tolerate. We cannot be silent when, for a purpose like this, the unnatural, imperfect, feeble, and disjointed constitution of America, is proclaimed to be superior to the finished, stately, and powerful one of Britain—the coarse, vulgar, limping, one-handed, half-headed, deformed creature which society forms in America, is declared to surpass the polished, symmetrical, beautiful, and noble one which it forms in this country. We believe the people of America are, by nature, as fine a people as any under the sun; but we do not believe that their form of government is capable of making them what they are capable of being made. We quarrel with it, and its consequences, not with them. We ascribe a very large part of the

benefits they possess to other things than their constitution. It did not create the land which prevents the population from becoming superabundant. It leaves them without the laws of religion, as well as those of honour. It did not give them, otherwise than by sufferance, their religious bodies, the principles of these bodies, and the instructors and guides which these bodies possess in this country. It did not give them the English language and English literature, and it is not it that keeps them under the continual influence of English feelings and opinions by means of this literature. The British constitution scatters its benefits far and wide among them, and Britain still, to a very great extent, governs America. Republicanism is, however, upon a pretty fair trial in other parts of the world, and, as far as appearances go, the result will give most people a surfeit of it.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON SOME PASSAGES IN THE NUBES OF ARISTOPHANES.

“Οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἔτοιμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται,”—THUCYD.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE been frequently surprised, that, while in England several periodical publications are almost exclusively appropriated to classical literature, it is rare to find in this country, in any magazine or journal, even occasional essays or observations of a purely literary nature. This, I have no doubt, will be attributed, by a certain description of persons among us, to our ignorance of the learned languages, and the want of zeal or capacity in those whose business it is to train up the rising generation in a proper knowledge of them. Our ignorance of the Greek language is a constant subject of complaint with these petty critics and declaimers; and every attempt and exertion to wipe away the stain, if stain there be, is disregarded, if at all successful—if mixt with error and imperfection, attacked with the utmost malignity. Although in one of

my own classes, portions of the higher and more difficult Greek authors are read every season, and read by the students as well, I will venture to say, as the corresponding Latin authors, yet, if accounts now and then published to the world are to be credited, we scarcely get beyond the mere rudiments, and are totally unable to translate and parse a few verses of the Greek Testament. That less progress is in general made than could be wished, is not to be denied; but while the teachers are made responsible for this, it is never inquired how long the students remain under their care, and what knowledge of this or any language they are likely to acquire in the short space of one or two sessions, which, with the greatest number, complete the term of their Greek studies at college.* I have introduced the observations I am now to make on

* On this subject I shall probably furnish you with a few remarks in a subsequent number of your Magazine.

certain passages in the *Nubes* of Aristophanes with these remarks, because this play was read by my third class during last session, along with a portion of the Oration of Demosthenes for the Crown, and because some of what I consider errors were pointed out to me by two or three of my most distinguished pupils.

When examining the *Nubes* with a view to publication in the third volume of the *Collectanea Græca Majora*, I was surprised to find various passages, in which I thought I observed violations of the idiom and construction of the language, passed over without remark by Brunck, Hermann, and others, who had published editions of this play. Some of these I shall now point out, and suggest corrections upon them, to which I invite the attention of scholars, both here and elsewhere; and if they can prove that I am in the wrong, I shall most readily acknowledge my mistake, as I conceive there is no degradation in confessing an error, but a high degree of culpability in persisting in one after conviction.

In verse 217 of Brunck's edition, we have Ἄλλ' οὐχ οἶόν τε, νῆ Δί'. The error here consists in the use of the particle νή, with a negative sentence. Those who have attended minutely to the structure and idiom of the Greek language, as employed by the best writers, know that the particle νή is always used by them in a sentence implying an affirmation; while the particle μὰ is employed with a negation. Examples of both occur in many places of this play; but I shall here produce two only.—In verse 250, Socrates asks Strepsiades, Βούλει τὰ θεῖα πράγματ' εἰδέναι σαφῶς, Ἄττ' ἐστὶν ὁρθῶς; to which Strepsiades replies, Νῆ Δί', εἴπερ ἐστὶ γι. In verse 261, we find μὰ with a negation. Μὰ τὸν Δί', οὐ ψεύσει γέ με. I would, therefore, propose to read, Ἄλλ' οὐχ οἶον, μὰ τὸν Δί', omitting the particle τε, as seldom used in an expression of this kind, unless when followed by some part of the verb εἶμι.

I am surprised that none of the Editors of this play have adopted Ernesti's reading ὁ Σωκράτης, in v. 219, instead of the incongruous exclamation ὦ Σάκρατις, Brunck, indeed, says,

"In prioribus Edd. adverbium ὦ omissum erat. Est autem illud admirantis, non vocantis." A somewhat strange assertion. Hermann, though satisfied that Brunck was mistaken, retains the reading, ὦ Σάκρατις, and says of Ernesti's, "Articulus hic vehementer frigeret." To me, the article appears absolutely necessary to express the surprise of Strepsiades. When the scholar informs him, that the person he beholds suspended aloft in a basket is Socrates himself, he naturally asks, with a tone and gesture of surprise, we may suppose, ὁ Σωκράτης; the celebrated philosopher himself in such a situation! Had he addressed himself to Socrates, by using the expression ὦ Σάκρατις, why should he have immediately turned round to the scholar with the request to introduce him to that philosopher? "Ἴθ' οὗτος, ἀνάβασον αὐτόν μοι μενᾶ."

In verse 324, Brunck, Hermann, and Schütz, have given ἥσυχᾶ ταύτας, from the early editions and MSS. Invernizius, ἥσυχως αὐτάς. Both readings are faulty. In the first place, ἥσυχᾶ must be considered as an adverb formed from the adjective ἥσυχος. I believe, however, that I may assert, without the fear of contradiction, that there are only two forms of the adverb, viz. ἥσυχως and ἥσυχῃ, the latter the dative sing. fem. of the adjective, and that ἥσυχᾶ is nowhere to be found in any Greek author, except in this solitary instance. In the next place, as the metre is anapestic tetrameter cat., it is plain that ἥσυχως is inadmissible, because the foot would be an amphimacer. I apprehend that the mistake, in both instances, has arisen through ignorance of the laws of this kind of verse, and not discriminating between the use of the pronouns αὐτὸς and οὗτος. Both Brunck and Hermann were sensible that ἥσυχως would injure the metre, and therefore they adopted a word, sanctioned only by former editors, to make the versification correct. They would perceive that ἥσυχῃ with ταύτας, would equally violate the metre, as ἥσυχως with the same pronoun; and they probably thought, that with the other pronoun αὐτάς, the last vowel could not be shortened. I am convinced, for the following reasons, that ἥσυχῃ αὐτάς

is the genuine reading. Those who have made the niceties of the Greek language their study, and no person is fit to be a critic in this language in particular who has not done so, must know, that in the application of the pronouns αὐτός and οὗτος, to objects spoken of, there is a material difference. In a dialogue, οὗτος always refers to an object within the view or hearing of both parties, to which an immediate reference can be made, and to which the speaker can point with his finger and say, *here or there it is*. Αὐτός, on the contrary, refers to an absent object, or to one to which no immediate reference is made. It is plain from the tenor of the dialogue, that Strepsiades had not yet observed the clouds descending towards Socrates and himself; for, in one of the preceding verses, he says, ὅστ', εἴπως ἐστίν, ἰδεῖν αὐτάς ἤδη φανεῶς ἐπιθυμῶ. To which Socrates replies, Βλέπει νῦν δευρὶ πρὸς τὴν Πάρενθ'. ἤδη γὰρ ὁρᾷ κατιούσας. Ησυχῇ αὐτάς—for I now perceive them, (not these ταύτας,) gently descending. Those who are not sufficiently acquainted with the structure of anapestic verse, might perhaps be deterred from reading ἡσυχῇ before αὐτάς, because they might suppose that the last vowel would remain long. A few examples, however, will show that a long vowel or a diphthong, in such a situation, according to the rules of the verse, must be shortened: Thus, verse 374, τῷ τρέπον, ὃ πάντα οὐ τολμῶν.

Verse 320, ἐτέρω λόγῳ ἀντιλογῆσαι.

Verse 326, Νῦν γέ τοι ἤδη καθορᾷς αὐτάς. Where, it may be remarked, αὐτάς, not ταύτας, is employed, according to the observations stated above.

I come now to notice, not so much a corrupt reading, as a misappropriation of part of the Dialogue between Socrates and Strepsiades. Any person capable of understanding the original, and appreciating the character which the poet throughout this play has assigned to Strepsiades, will, I imagine, agree with me in thinking, that some of the lines attributed to that rustic are altogether unsuitable to his character. In that part of the Dialogue commencing with the 331st line, where Socrates informs Strepsiades who the

clouds were, and what was their office, it was evidently the intention of Aristophanes to ridicule the Dithyrambic poets, by imitating or quoting some of their extravagant bombastic expressions. Socrates corrects the clown's notion of the goddesses by saying, ἀλλ' ἴσθ' ὅτι πλείστους αὐταὶ Βόσκουσι σοφιστάς. I apprehend Socrates's account of their patronage goes no farther than to the 334th line; and that that line, with a slight addition to the first word of the conjunction καί, should be attributed to Strepsiades, as containing a very natural conclusion drawn from the preceding statement made by the philosopher. Streps. Καὶ οὐδὲν δρῶντας Βόσκουσ' ἀργούς, ὅτι ταύτας μουσικοῖουσιν. And so they maintain them in complete idleness, because they celebrate their praises! The lines that follow, as far as the middle of the 338th, are utterly unsuitable to the character of Strepsiades, whom the poet all along represents as an ignorant clown, stupid, and possessed of no memory, and therefore not very likely either to invent or recollect words of such portentous length, even though he might have heard them repeated on the stage. They are evidently quoted from some ranting Dithyrambic poet, whose verses possessed more sound than sense, in order to expose the whole race to ridicule. As such, therefore, they ought to be attributed to Socrates, and be considered as forming a sequel to the ridiculous description he had already given. It will be observed by the learned and judicious reader, that they commence with a reference to the expressions in the preceding line, which I have assigned to Strepsiades; viz. Καὶ οὐδὲν δρῶντας Βόσκουσ' ἀργούς.—Socr. (διά)—Ταῦτ' αἱ ποιοῦν ὑγρὰν Νεφέλαν στρεπταιγλᾶν δάιον ὀρμάν. κ. τ. λ. They therefore celebrate the wasting fury of the watery clouds darting the forked lightning. The description, it will be observed, is of a piece as far as the middle of the 338th line, and the dialect employed is the Doric, which was always adopted by the Dithyrambic poets. The words that follow are not likely to have proceeded from Socrates, but from Strepsiades. Εἴτ' ἀντ' αὐτῶν κατέπεινοι Κιστρᾶν τεμάχῃ μεγαλᾶν, ἀγαθᾶν, κρέα τ' ὀρυθία κισηλᾶν. The first word in the sentence, εἴτα,

so then, is a proof that the expressions which follow must have been made by another speaker, as that conjunction is frequently employed to denote a sneering assent to what had been stated by one of the interlocutors. Besides, the observation would come extremely well from Strepsiades, who knew enough of the luxurious taste of the Dithyrambic poets, though he probably was but indifferently acquainted with their verses. As the words have evidently no connexion with the preceding quotation, they ought, therefore, not to be expressed in the Doric dialect, but in the Attic, like the other parts of the Dialogue, especially if, as I suppose, they proceeded from the mouth of Strepsiades. One copy, indeed, of the *Nubes*, marked C, and quoted by Brunck, though it makes no distinction in the distribution of the speech, has the words in the Attic, and not in the Doric dialect. Thus, *Κιστρῶν τεμάχη μεγάλων, ἀγαθῶν, κρέατ' ἐνίθεια κιχηλῶν*; which I have not the least doubt is the genuine reading, with the exception perhaps of *κρέατ'* for *κρέα τ'*—a very slight error. According to this distribution of the dialogue between Socrates and Strepsiades, it will be seen that the whole quotation in imitation of the Dithyrambic poets is attributed to the former, who may be presumed to have been well acquainted with their verses, while the latter makes such remarks and observations only as become his character, and the degree of knowledge he possessed.

Though there are several other incorrect readings in this play, I shall at present advert to one only, where there is an evident violation of the idiom. In v. 374, we find in all the editions *Ἀλλ' ὅστις ὁ ἐροντῶν ἐστι, φράσον*. The error has arisen here, as in many other instances, from an imperfect knowledge of the laws of prosody, as observed by the Attic poets, or rather of their occasional deviations from more general rules. The idiom of the language requires, *Ἀλλὰ τίς ὁ ἐροντῶν ἐστι, φράσον*. Thus, v. 368, *Ἀλλὰ τίς νῦν*; and still more to the purpose, as being a similar construction, v. 379, *ὁ δ' ἀναγκάζων ἐστὶ τίς αὐτάς*. Whenever *ὅστις* is employed, it must always

be preceded in the order of construction with *τίς*, *πᾶς*, or some other antecedent word expressed or understood, which it follows as a relative. The editors of Aristophanes have evidently been deterred from giving the correct reading, from a fear of violating what they conceived to be an established rule in prosody, viz. that a short vowel before such a mute and liquid as *εϛ*, could not be lengthened. In the Appendix to the fourth edition of my *Prosodia*, I have shown that Aristophanes occasionally lengthens short vowels before several mutes and liquids, not considered by writers on Greek prosody as exceptions. Thus, v. 211, *Νέμεσθα*

φῦλα μυρία κριτοτράγων, where not only the omikron of the compound *κριτοτράγων* is lengthened before the mute and liquid *τρ*, but the *α* of *μυρία* is made long before *κρ* of the same compound. In the *Nubes*, v. 320, where the verse is anapaestic, we find the *α* in *καπνοῦ* lengthened. *Καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ἤδη ζητεῖ, καὶ περὶ καπνοῦ,*

στενολισχεῖν. See also the *Aves*. verses 579, 591. In addition to the examples I have given in the Appendix of the power of the metrical ictus to lengthen shortsyllables, I shall produce one from the play under consideration, v. 371, *Καίτοι, χεῖν αἰθρίας ὑεῖν αὐτόν, ταύτας*

δ' ἀποδημεῖν. In every other place, where *αἰθρία* occurs in Aristophanes, the middle syllable is short. Thus, *Plut.* v. 1129, *Ἀσκαλιαῶς ἐντᾶυθα πρὸς τὴν αἰθρίαν*. *Thesmoph.* 1001. *Ἐνταῦθα*

νῦν οἰμᾶσι πρὸς τὴν αἰθρίαν. The reader must observe, that this is the Greek of a Scythian.

With these remarks I shall close this paper. If favourably received, more may perhaps soon follow on different Greek authors. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* alone, as they have been edited and commented upon, would furnish ample scope for a score, at least, of critical Essays.

GEORGE DUNBAR.

College of Edinburgh, }
1st Aug. 1825. }

NORTH AMERICAN POLITICS. BY A GENUINE YANKEE.

Probable Separation of the States ; Causes—considered in detail. Georgia Resolutions, &c. &c. &c.

WE had occasion, about a twelve-month ago, (see vol. XVI. p. 694,) while speaking of North American affairs, to observe that a separation of the States—a probable event, in our opinion—was likely to proceed from the very circumstances, which, according to the hypothesis of Mr Munroe, the American President, as put forth in his remarkable message to Congress, at their meeting of 1823, were so many additional guarantees for the duration of the Federal compact. Our opinion, though hastily expressed, in the shape of a note, was gravely made up, after much deliberation, much inquiry, and a careful examination of the whole subject. One year has gone over, and we have had no reason to change our belief, though very unpopular, and very heterodox ; but, on the contrary, much to confirm us in it.

Our wishes are one thing ; our sorrowful conviction—our fears, another. We pray God—let him judge of our sincerity ; let him deal with us, according to our truth—we pray God, with all our heart, and with all our soul, that, among this new sisterhood of republics, there may be a perpetual peace, and a perpetual union ;—we hope that both may be for ages ; but we do fear, and our fear is confirmed, with every consideration that we bestow on the question ; we do believe, and our belief grows stronger and stronger every day, in spite of our wishes, that, among the variety of people who go to make up the confederacy of states in the new world, there does, in truth, exist—partly on account of their geographical situation, which includes every kind of soil, and every sort of climate, with every degree of temperature, and partly on account of the varied moral habits, and modifications of character resulting therefrom—a secret, vigorous, and ever active tendency to disunion ; a natural tendency to separation, which is augmenting every hour, while the chief, original cause of union—outward pressure—is abating every hour in force and virtue ; a tendency which, because of their having so little to fear from abroad, because of their not being crowded into coalition, by a host of

warlike, bad, ambitious neighbours, nor beset on every side by the watchful, mighty barbarian, is met by no counteracting power, and must of course, therefore, prevail—one day or another.

We believe a separation to be inevitable, and we shall give our reasons for it, before we have done. We believe, too, that, after a separation, war will arise, great mischief, principalities, powers, and varied forms of government. We believe that America, both Americas indeed, will have to go through a series of trial, overthrow, and revolution, very much like that which every other part of the globe has gone through. We believe that America will be what Europe has been, what Asia has been, what Africa has been—a place of combat for dominion, age after age. But we do not believe that a separation is near ; we do not believe that a civil war is going to break out in the United States for a long while ; nor that anybody alive, who knows of what stuff the Georgia Legislature is made, will care a fig for the vapouring of their committee, whose *unadopted* “ resolutions ” have made such a stir in this part of the world.

We had no time to give all our reasons for the opinion which we put forth, when it was put forth, nor space, nor inclination, for urging those which we did give, as we might have urged them, at another time, or another place. We had no disposition to trifle ; no room to be serious, with our subject ; and we touched upon it, as we did, only because it fell in with our chief plan, while we were devoutly engaged in preparing the way for much thoughtful and sober discussion, by the removal of many idle and wicked prejudices that interfered with it, on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is not so now. We have room for proof this year ; and leisure for it. We are not afraid of tiring people to death, now, by speaking of that, which, look upon it as you will, concerns the chief interests of two great empires. We began, with little to encourage us. We have succeeded so far, beyond our expectation—almost beyond our hope.

We have been heard patiently on every side, while talking about America. We have persuaded men to hear us, while they stood in our way with uplifted weapons. What more could we ask, if our cause be just, and our aim truth?

We have reason to believe that much good has come of our enterprize, already; and we have ground for hope that more will come of it, if we persevere. We shall persevere.

Did we covet popularity on either side of the great waters, the popularity of a season, rather, we should pursue another course: we should keep away from the sore places, which are scattered over the institutions, moral and political, of both hemispheres; we should pour out a fragrant oil, or spread a precious ointment over the very plague-spots, which we are now cutting away with a sharp knife, or burning with fire.

A truer notion, a much better knowledge of the American people, of their habits, views, and real temper, has begun to prevail in this country, as well as in Europe; and we do believe, because we are assured of it, in a variety of shapes, by men who have no interest in deceiving us, that much of all this may be owing to the papers which have appeared, month after month, for the last year and a half, in the pages of this very Magazine. If so, we have only to say, in a few words—Let others do their duty, as we have done ours, and every sort of unworthy strife will cease for ever, between those who have warred for a whole age, without justification or excuse; every thought of mischief between the wise, able, and good men of two powerful states—one, the mother of nations, haughty and high, as the overshadowing states of yore; the other, akin though she be, afar off, and youthful, stamped in the forehead with a sign of close and high relationship, wearing the shape of her proud lineage, the look and stature of high pedigree—proof that she was born of that mother; proof in her carriage, proof in her tread, proof in the haughty sound of her voice.

We do not speak of the share, which we have had in this, either lightly or vain-gloriously, be that share much or little; but we speak of it, because, in our opinion, it is a duty; because we believe in the efficacy of truth, however, and wherever it may appear; and

because we hope that others of America, and others of Great Britain, who have studied or thought of the laws and sympathies, which unite the political communities of our earth, may do, as we have done—or better.

Having a short holiday just now, and a good excuse for investigating the subject, seriously, and thoroughly, in the late proceedings of the Georgia Legislature—(which we regard only because they go to prove a single fact, one of a multitude, upon which our opinion is founded)—we shall undertake herewith, to give our reasons for the belief, which we avowed a twelve-month ago, respecting a probable separation of the States, in America.

Our doctrine will not be relished—we are quite aware of that, by the contented of America, or the discontented of Great Britain, whatever may be thought of our political wisdom; but our facts will be simple and few; our hypothesis fair; and our conclusion, we are very much afraid, inevitable.

And here, we must beg leave to quote a paragraph or two from the paper of June, 1824, to which we have referred; so that, when we come to give a rapid historical view of the causes, which have led to the dispute between Georgia and the General Government of the United States—for the true causes, after all, are not known, here, we may be understood with more ease, and, perhaps, heard with more attention. It will not escape the reader, that we foretold, a year ago, much of that, which has lately occurred, in America. We have no miraculous power; we do not prophesy; but we believe that what has been, will be, or may be—wherefore, we claim to be heard.

Our opinion was conceived in the following words—(See as above, p. 694)—“If the United States were, at this hour, situated in the middle of Europe; or if a separation should unhappily take place among themselves, (*a very probable event*, notwithstanding Mr Munroe’s ingenious and plausible supposition,) they would soon be obliged to keep up a standing army, or militia continually under arms; to choose military men for civil offices; to reward the popular favourites, who, in time of war, would, of course, be the most fortunate and adventurous of their military men, by the highest offices; to give the President the

power of declaring war; and probably to keep him in office during life, partly on account of his experience, partly to avoid the dangers of electioneering controversy, and partly, whatever he might be, under the fear of changing for the worse."

To the above, which is our text, in some measure, for a part of our present article, was added the following note, which may require the exhibition of more proof than we were then at liberty to give:—"Mr Munroe, in his last message, speaks of the remarkable faculty, inherent, as he supposes, in the constitution of the American confederacy, by virtue of which, on the admission of every new State, the chance of separation is diminished, while the strength of the whole is augmented."

"Mr Munroe is mistaken. The confederacy is already too large. The longer the sceptre, the more unmanageable it will always be. Sources of difference already exist, and are continually multiplying. The alleged encroachment of the Supreme Court, as the supreme judiciary of the country, upon the legislative power, under pretence of construction, which amounts, in reality, to legislation; the disputes between Virginia and Kentucky; the sectional prejudices; the real inequality of taxation and representation, are some of these. In fact, every State has its own particular grievances; and, of course, if you augment the number of States, you augment the number of their grievances, and, therefore, the causes of separation:—Because, if one desire to separate, and is afraid of being prevented, by force, she will combine with others, until sufficiently strong—each helping to relieve the other. These grievances are not felt now; but, in a time of war, with an enemy at the door, and heavy taxes pressing them down, as they suppose, unequally, almost every State will have the disposition to dictate some sort of terms to the rest, and the power, very often, to enforce her claims, whether just or unjust. The last war was full of warning on this point."

Such was the language that we held more than a year ago, concerning a part of the causes, which we believe, must lead, one day or other, to a dissolution of the confederacy; and we refer to the paper in which our opinion appears—although the one is not

so carefully expressed, nor the other so well written as we could wish—with a feeling of pride, because we know that, in a little space, it contains much truth—truth, which only requires a page or two of illustration, such as we are now ready with, and a few words of explanation, to be clear and obvious. Our opinions are peculiar, so far as they regard the political affairs of North America; and we desire to show, once for all, the true foundations thereof, before it is too late; before that which we have said of the future, in this very Magazine, shall be for ever confounded with what others have said of the past; before prophecy, that prophecy, which is permitted still, to the men of our earth, while watching the progress of empire, shall have become history.

Our creed is very brief: we shall now declare it. Our notions are very decided—in this matter: we are going to publish them. Our facts—*are* facts: we shall put a few upon record. But, before we do this, that we may not be charged with hostility or prejudice toward America, the United States, the government, or the people, thereof; that we may not be mistaken at all, either in this country or that—for we are not afraid of the consequences, and would not appear to be afraid of them—it may be well to throw off our mask, avow the plain truth, and prepare for the worst. We shall—we do; very sure that our motives, like our opinion, will endure the investigation, abide the trial, of years. We acknowledge, therefore, that we have hitherto worn a disguise,—for no bad, or idle, or common purpose, however; but simply to know if our language or manner would betray us; if our thought or feeling; our prejudice toward any other people, or partiality towards our own, would show that we are—what we are—altogether American; American, by birth, by parentage, and by education—"Yankee," we believe and hope, to the back-bone. We acknowledge this, now; we throw off our cloak; we are satisfied with our experiment here; and shall pursue it no longer. We have been heard, fairly; we have been tried, fairly—on our own merits. We have been judged of, without fear, and without favour; by what we have done, or rather, by what we have said; not by the place of our

birth. We have been regarded here, as one of this people. Nobody can say, now—the time has gone by, for that—nobody can say now, that we have been praised, or quoted, with favour, because we were from the New World; a stranger, claiming the rights of a stranger; a sort of gentle savage whose pranks are tolerated in high life, because nothing better can be expected of a savage; a wild American author, who, being taught, “as we teach an ape;” when he gets hold of a pen, cuts a few capers with it, and flies for refuge, in his dread of criticism, to the hospitality, the compassion, the household gods, the pity, the table and fire-side of those, before whom he is going to play off. Nobody can charge us with attempting to soothe or flatter; coax or wheedle. We have sought for justice, not for mercy. We determined, whatever should come of us, to prevail, if we did prevail, in such a way, that nobody should be able to escape from his avowed opinion, whether favourable or otherwise, by saying that he knew us to be American—that he spoke of us, therefore, not as an English writer, who would have been tried with more severity; but, as an American writer, entitled, of course, to be treated with much greater indulgence.

We have been regarded *here*, we say, as one of this people; and we might say, everywhere, save by those, who have come to a knowledge of the truth, from outward evidence,—proof, obtained by travelling out of the record, on both sides of the Atlantic; or by those, who have doubted a little, because we have not been so bitter with America, and all that regards America, as the fashion was. And if two or three able men have conjectured, as they have, in this country, that we were no subject of the British empire, neither English, Scotch, nor Irish, because, in their opinion, we have not been severe enough on the people, or institutions of America; a multitude in that country have looked upon us, all the time, as either English, or Irish, or Scotch, because, in their opinion, we have always been much too severe both on the institutions and people of America.—Who can doubt our impartiality, after this? Does it not show that we are thought impartial here, if so few

have suspected our birth-place, from what we have said; while running a sort of parallel between it and other countries? Nay—does it not argue that we *are* impartial—that we are so in truth, if, while we are giving out our testimony, day after day, month after month, we are believed by each party, or by some of each party, to belong to the other? Is it not proof indeed, so far as it goes, if, while the British, or a part of the British, believe us to be American, a part of the Americans believe us to be British; or, what is much worse, an apostate from the cause of our beloved home—the home of our noble fathers?

But enough. Our disguise, we have done with, for ever. We throw it off, in this way—acknowledging as we do so, why it was adopted, partly to justify ourselves for what we have done, hitherto; partly to prove our sincerity; and partly to secure attention hereafter.

Now for the creed of which we spoke. We believe that the United States of North America cannot remain together long—*because* they are powerful, rich, and populous. We believe that if they were crowded back into their original territory; if they did not multiply so fast; if they were much weaker; not so rich; more exposed; or more apprehensive, they would be much better off. They cover too much earth, now. The tide of their population is broad and shallow—it spreads, but without any fertilizing effect, from the Atlantic, to the Pacific, from Nova Scotia to New Spain. It is too unequal, for great purposes—here, scarcely wetting the soil; there, overflowing its barriers, or tearing up the earth—only to leave it barren; or abiding in deep, still reservoirs, apart from the chief stream.

The people of the United States are unsafe; the confederacy itself, in our opinion, is unsafe, because of their large territory, spreading over such a variety of soil, under such a variety of climate; because they have so little to fear from abroad; because they have no common peril to keep them together, such as they had, in the origin of their political birth; in the by-gone days of their coalition; because they have little community of interest now; and because that little is becoming less and less, every hour.

And yet, we believe, though not much given to paradox, that when a separation occurs, it will take place in a time of war—a time of peril, from abroad.

Let us clear up this. Great peril would make them strong, where less peril would make them weak. An equality of pressure, on every side, such as that which they felt some fifty years ago, when every member of the whole was a maritime state, accessible on the Atlantic frontier, with sea-ports, commerce, and ships at risk, would only cause the parts unite, in proportion to the pressure; would only serve, therefore, to consolidate the union; while a pressure that was unequal would operate, of course, to detach the parts, in proportion to the pressure; and would therefore only weaken the union.

But already, the twenty-four parts, which go to make up the whole of the "UNITED STATES"—we say nothing of the "territories," which are unincorporated, or unpeopled, yet; and which, though not looked upon as a part of this mighty whole, are quite enough to make such another, of—already, these twenty-four parts occupy so much earth, are so wealthy and so populous (a part of them, too, and a very large part being so remote from the sea board, as to be inaccessible to the miseries of war—external war, we should say) that no *equal pressure* can ever be applied again, to their federal association. Of course, therefore, we argue, that a foreign war would operate as *unequal pressure*; and serve rather to enfeeble, than to fortify the present political union.

We believe, too, that if the very same people were driven back to the limits of their territory, in 1776; and withheld from passing over those limits, by a superior power, they would be more happy, more formidable, much more united, and much less likely to separate, for mischief.

It is a part of our creed, also, that if, when they were thus driven back, they were divided by the same power, from the rest of our earth, by a desert like a sea; a wall of iron, or fire;* another Atlantic, or any sort of barrier, beyond which their surplus population could never pass, but in the

shape of a colony, such as a commonwealth of bees will throw off, at every generation; or such as the powerful maritime states of yore got rid of, when they shipped off the rasher part of their idle young, day after day, to shores that were like the shores of another world; so far off, that nothing was to be feared from their hostility or ambition; it is a part of our creed, we say, that if this could be done for the United States; or, in other words, if that which is altogether impossible could be done, the sisterhood of republics might endure till the end of time, very much as they have endured hitherto;—otherwise not. By all which, we mean, that, if they were shut up within a territory, not more than a quarter part as large as that which they now overshadow with a sort of penumbra; and if they were separated from the rest of the world, as the continent of America is now—by a wide sea, there is nothing, we believe, either in the people, or in their mode of government, unfavourable to their duration as a State. In such a case, the hopes and fears would be the same; their views, their habits, very much the same; their laws, language, and literature, if not precisely the same, very much more alike than they are now, and altogether more alike, than they will be, fifty years from this.

Owing to the extent of their territory, now, which is greater, perhaps, than that of the Roman empire, at any time, it is not in the nature of things, for all the confederated members to be put in jeopardy, alike, as they have been, heretofore; to feel a common hope, or a common fear, such as they did feel, when they first associated; such as they do feel, now, in a less degree; and such as they would continue to feel, whatever might happen, if they occupied only a fourth part of the land which they do occupy.

And owing to that very cause, the prodigious extent of their territory, a multitude of new and peculiar habits, opinions, views, antipathies, and bitter jealousies, have sprung up, in several parts of the country. How could it be otherwise, indeed, when the Federal power stretches from sea to sea; from the rude, rough skies, and sterile

* A wall of China, perhaps, were not enough.

regions of the north, away to the fruitful, warmer south; from the rocky soil, where white men labour, to the scented earth, where they sleep; from the hills, which are never in flower, to the mighty plain, which is always in flower; from the abodes of men, who do their chief business with ships; live by the great sea; fish up a part of their wealth from it, and look upon the sailor, as worthy of protection at all hazard, even to the abode of those who never saw a ship, or a salt-water fish, and care about as much for the sailor, as a good seaman would care for a shepherd; from a country, the people of which cannot be otherwise than hardy, poor, laborious, equal, and free—in other words, republican; to a country, the people of which cannot be, and are not, either hardy, laborious, or equal; cannot be, and are not free; (for about one half, now, are slaves;) do not, and, we believe, cannot ever enjoy equal power and equal rights; or, in other words, cannot be, and are not republican?

The fact is, that, already, the twenty-four States are beginning to subdivide into four large divisions, or circles, with each a separate, and rather peculiar interest. Names are already given to these very divisions. One is composed of the New England or Eastern States; a second of the Middle States; a third of the Southern States; and a fourth of the Western States.*

Another division, however, which is beginning to be thought of, would seem to be more natural. It is that, which divides the confederacy into halves, instead of quarters; and effectually separates the two, by the interposition of the Alleghanies. The Western States, or those on the western side of the Alleghanies, have peculiar habits, a peculiar interest, and views of their own. The Atlantic States have other views, other habits,

and quite another interest. One set of States are commercial; the other—God knows what—anything but commercial though.* And here, by the way, if we had room, we would give a sketch of the people, and show, after a more particular fashion, how these habits and views have grown up, and what they are; but we have not, and shall reserve so much of our illustration, for another article.

We have now published our creed in this matter. We have now shown why, in our opinion, the confederacy will not endure; why it was that we contradicted Mr Munroe, who saw in the variety of interest, which every new people brought into the confederacy, nothing but a new guarantee for the duration thereof; in the perpetual augmentation of territory, and rapid increase of population, that which we could not see, an augmentation of power to the whole; why it was that we said a separation would be likely to occur in a time of war—of outward pressure, peril, misery, and strife; although, but for a time of war—of outward pressure, peril, misery, and strife, there never would have been a political union of these very States; and why, to say all in a word, why it is that we entertain a belief so unlike that, which is universal in America, and very general in Europe.

A few facts now; and we have done with our subject, for a while. 1st, The New England States have no slaves; the Middle States, very few; the Western, a few, rapidly increasing, however; and the Southern about 1,100,000, while the free whites do not exceed 1,300,000. 2dly, The blacks are gaining every day on the whites, in a fearful ratio; the rate of increase for each, in the five Atlantic States where slavery is permitted, being as follows, from 1790, to 1810.

Maryland,	Black,	31 per cent.	White,	13 per cent.
Virginia,	—	38 —	—	24 —
North Carolina,	—	70 —	—	30 —
South Carolina,	—	84 —	—	44 —
Georgia,	—	267 —	—	275 —

Whereby, we perceive that, in two of the States, North Carolina and Maryland, the blacks multiply more than twice as fast as the whites; and

* See notes 3 and 4 at the end of this article.

in a third, Virginia, more than one-half faster. 3dly, The white population of the States, where slavery is not permitted, on the Atlantic (that is, of the New England States, of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware,) multiplied more than twice as fast, as the white population of the above-enumerated States, from 1790, to 1810.

From which three facts, we infer, that the differences, which have been caused between the States which do not hold slaves, and the States, which do, because of the slaves, will continue to increase:—that the day is not far off, when the coloured population of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, will be too much for the white population thereof:—that war will arise, in all human probability, first between the whites and blacks of the States which do hold slaves; and, afterwards, between the States which do, and the States which do not hold slaves. And why? Because the people, who do not, however much they might feel for, and pity those, who do, would rather wish, in a servile war, for the complete emancipation of the blacks, for ever, than for their subjugation to renewed slavery—which they abhor, in every possible shape; might keep aloof, perhaps, in the time of such war, alleging, what is very true, that, in spite of all they could urge, or say, in spite of all their prayers, and all their entreaties, year after year, age after age, their white brethren of the South had persisted in holding their fellow-creatures in bondage, without regard for the common welfare; laughing to scorn the chief right of those, who are made in the great image of God—between whom and whose wrath, in the day of retribution, it were not wise to interfere; and thereby setting His law, the great law of their political association, with liberty and equality both, at naught; or, if they should not keep aloof, in this way, saying to the slave dealer, “as you have sown, you may reap,” they would be charged with a lack of brotherly affection, or zeal; with “over righteousness,” or, peradventure, with encouraging the slaves, or taking their part; and a civil war, in either case, according to our belief, would be the natural consequence.

But, while we are speaking of these

two great evils—the augmentation of States, and the increase of slavery—either of which were enough to bring about a separation, though everything else were favourable to union, it may be well to add, perhaps, that great as they are, and much as they are to be sorrowed for, by every thoughtful, wise, or good man, there is no such thing as a cure for them—in our opinion. We do not qualify the words at all. The mischief is in the nature of things. There is no cure, no remedy for either; and if the coalition should escape every other disease, and every other trial, and survive the changes of war—the trial in chief—it will be destroyed, one day, or other, by slavery and its natural consequences, or by the growth of new States: For, so long as people thrive, so long as babies are made black or white in the United States of North America, so long will it be necessary to treat them as bond or free, equal or unequal, friends or foes. And so long as the tide of population sets toward the frontiers, whither it will set, for aye, so long will it be necessary to pursue it, with Federal jurisdiction. So long as the material for new places will keep springing up, in the great meadows, or wilderness, beyond the power of the old States, so long must the Federal authority continue to interfere and cast the material into shape. Whenever the stragglers—the forlorn hope, who delight in keeping a little beyond the reach of law—the adventurous, hardy, rough white savages, who always march a-head of their incorporated brethren, are collected, in a sufficient force, at one particular spot, they must be incorporated too, in some shape or other, and reclaimed in part, while another part pushes on a-head, as before. If nothing be done, by the Federal power, if no visible authority be asserted over them, they will turn out a body of outlaws: if anything be done, it must be on what are considered equal terms. They must be admitted into the Union, first, as a “Territory,” then, as a “State,” and if they are so admitted on equal terms, they are friends—for a while; if not, enemies, for ever. The United States, therefore, by admitting State after State, into the Union, are choosing the least of three evils,—though a very great one.

We have now to enumerate a few

other causes for quarrel, which have appeared of late, among the sisterhood, with a few, which are beginning to appear.*

I. Morals and habits are unlike; and are becoming more so, every year. The people of the north are industrious and frugal. Those of the south are not,—(more of this at another time, though)—Whatever is done by the New Englander, is done by hard work; by downright labour—his own labour. In the south, oddly enough, to be sure, there is no such thing as hard work; and whatever is done, be it little or much, is done by slaves. The southern white is very unlike the northern white. His politics are different, his carriage through life, his religion, his moral behaviour. One is a natural born aristocrat—a lord, from his birth; while the other is a natural born republican. This looks upon labour as a privilege, a duty, a thing to be proud of; that, as unworthy of a white man; as a badge of inferior servitude;—affecting the laborious, brave, warlike, haughty Spartan, thus far, but no farther. Can such people, or the children of such people, ever associate with true cordiality?

II. The soil and climate are unlike; wherefore the productions are unlike. Those of the south are half spontaneous, of more value, and such, in almost every case, that other nations have need of them, and would send for them, in ships of their own, if the ships of the north were not employed in their transportation. The people of the south are not commercial, therefore have not to find out a market for their produce, in every part of the world. The planters of the south are rich; the farmers of the north, poor. It is much, if the capital of one is doubled, in the course of a long life: it is not much, if the capital of the other is doubled in eight or ten years. The men of the north are shipwrights, fishermen, breeders of cattle, merchants, and manufacturers. They have to go abroad for their market, and a cargo of this will undergo a score of transmigrations, before it appears in the shape of cash. It is not uncommon for a New England ship to be gone three years on what is called a trading voyage. Here is another fruitful source

of discontent, various habitudes, bitter jealousy, and rivalryship.

III. The manufacturing power, which is now prodigious, in America, and the commercial power, which has been altogether paramount, are now in array against each other, while the agricultural power, including the growers of corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco, rice, indigo, and sugar-cane, is in array against both; alleging that, because the commercial States are importers, exporters, and carriers, for the whole confederacy; and because the manufacturing States have had heavy protecting duties laid for their particular advantage, the other States, which are neither commercial nor manufacturing, are rendered, in truth, tributary to them. It has gone so far, this quarrel between the two parties, one of which is commercial, and the other manufacturing, that several high offices, not only of the individual, but of the general government, have been sought for, and, we believe, obtained, by persons, who came out openly as advocates of one party, or candidates of the other; while the office of President, or Chief Magistrate of the whole Union, has lately been the prize, for which the agricultural party were in array against the other two. Here is another apple of discord.

IV. The people of the Eastern, or New England States, are a peculiar people. We have no time now to dwell upon their peculiarities; but we may do it, hereafter. They are called Yankees; a term of reproach with all, who are born to the south of New England, which is now made up of six states, namely, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Maine; the two last of which have been carved out of the original territory, since the declaration of independence. The Yankees, however, seem proud of the title; and persuade themselves, agreeably enough, that it is derived from *Yankaw*, the name—so the story goes, of a warlike Indian tribe, that never were conquered—never heard of, they might say. The truth is, if we may believe Dr Gordon, who speaks of it, in his large History of the American War, (vol. I. p. 481;) the truth is, that the word Yankee is a cant word, which came

* We shall refer to these hereafter, as titles I. II. III. &c.

into use among the students at Harvard College, near Boston, about the year 1713 (much as the familiar saying of "Hobson's choice" came into use at Cambridge, here.*) It was applied to whatever was good, or better than usual. Thus, by a Yankee heart, a Yankee head, or Yankee cider, was meant a good heart, a good head, or good cider. It was caught up, afterwards, in the American war, by the British troops; and is now applied, by the people of New England, to themselves; by the rest of the confederacy, to those who live north and east of themselves, if they do not live within fifty or a hundred leagues; in which case, they are only a sort of qualified Yankees; and by the people of Europe to all the inhabitants of the United States.

Out of this word, very trivial as it may appear, and out of the peculiarities, which mark the people to whom it is applied, many a grave quarrel has already arisen. Fifty years ago, while the troops of the republic lay in the very neighbourhood of a powerful British army, in hourly expectation of battle, the Yankee and Southern troops would have come to blows, but for the perpetual interference of their commander-in-chief—: and about eleven years ago, the Yankee States were quite resolved on a separation, if peace was not offered—honourable peace—to the British.

They have not been heartily forgiven yet, by the rest of the confederacy; and would have been severely punished, long before now, if they had not been so powerful, and so determined; wise and able enough to outweigh treble their number; and after a great political overthrow, to place a New Englander in the Presidential chair.† This fountain of bitterness will never be dried up.

V. The Indians (of the south and west) are now, and will be for ages, or so long as they have an acre of soil, a subject of misunderstanding—perhaps of war; as we shall see, when we come to show the true why and wherefore, which produced the Georgia resolutions.

VI. The Supreme Judiciary is complained of in every quarter. It is alleged, with much plausibility; that, by virtue of their *constructive power of construction*, they do, in truth, legislate. Of course—that cannot be helped: construction is a sort of legislation; but every judge must have the power of construction. It is the nature of all power to encroach; and always to encroach, if it may, by interpretation, or construction; more or less artful, as it is more or less arbitrary. The Supreme Court *have* gone too far. Several disputes have occurred already. By a decision which affected the title of lands, sold by the State of Kentucky years after she separated from Virginia, those two States were seriously embroiled with each other, and with the General Government. By another decision, whereby the same judges declared that no individual State of the Union had power to pass a law, discharging the future acquisitions of an insolvent from the claims of a creditor, (though it would pass a law to discharge his body, for ever)—they shook five or six of the States to their very foundations—overthrowing the steady practice of two or three, in a multitude of courts, for a whole generation. By a third, which related in some way to the great National Bank, a dispute arose between several of the States and the General Government, which ended in a military force being ordered out, for the collection of a tax, imposed by that individual State, on a branch of that National Bank. We have no records to refer to; and our recollection is not very clear in the details of this matter; but we are substantially correct. We might enumerate other cases; but these are enough to show in what manner the Supreme Judiciary power is likely to be regarded hereafter.

VII. The Missouri Question, which had well nigh produced a civil war, some years ago, in America, is not fully disposed of yet; nor will it be for ages to come. We have treated of this in part, while occupied with slavery; and shall speak of it again, after we take up the Georgia State pa-

* See Spectator, No. 509.

† John Quincy Adams, the *now* President, is a Yankee. His father was a Yankee also, and followed Washington in the Presidency; since which the Yankees have enjoyed no political power, till of late.

per. It will be renewed, with more and more bitterness, every time that a new State is admitted into the confederacy. The question was, whether Missouri should, or should not, keep slaves; or, in other words, whether Congress had, or had not power, to impose new conditions upon the new members of the confederacy (before admission.) The advocates for slavery succeeded before; and a renewal of the controversy is much to be dreaded.

VIII. The last election of President has betrayed a remarkable infirmity in the Federal constitution; a sort of infirmity, for which there would seem to be no cure, and, we are afraid, no help. It appears that Andrew Jackson was the undoubted choice of the people; and yet John Quincy Adams was elected by their representatives. General Jackson, though a very brave and very good man—for a soldier—is one of the last, whom we should wish to see in the Presidential chair of North America; while Mr Adams, the actual chief magistrate, is altogether well fitted for the office;* and yet, we do not scruple to say, that, according to the genius of the Federal theory, General Jackson has more right, in the chair, while we speak, than Mr Adams.

The President of the United States, we should observe, is chosen either by electors, or by the House of Representatives. The electors are chosen by the people, or by the State Legislatures, which are chosen by the people; and are proportioned to the number of senators and representatives, to which the several States are entitled. The electors are chosen within thirty-four days, anterior to the first Wednesday of December, every fourth year. On that day, they meet in their several States; vote for the President and Vice-President separately; and make a list, which they seal, and send off to the Vice-President of the United States, at Washington. The papers are opened by him, (as President of the Senate,) the certificates read, and the votes recorded, by different clerks, before both Houses of Congress; and the candidate, who has a majority over

all the other candidates; or, in other words, a majority of all the votes given, is elected. But if there be no such majority for either candidate, the election devolves upon the House of Representatives, who choose a President, by ballot (every State, however, be it little or large, being allowed but one vote,) from the three most favoured candidates. Two-thirds of the twenty-four States form a quorum; and a single member from each is enough; so that, after all, the President of the United States may now be chosen by sixteen individuals.

In the late election it appears, that among all the votes given, by the people, for electors, about 150,000 were for electors favourable to Jackson; while about 100,000 were for electors favourable to Adams; that, of the whole number of electors chosen by the people and States, *ninety-nine* were for Jackson, while but *eighty-four* were for Adams; that, of the number of electors chosen by the people alone, *ninety-four* were for Jackson, while but *forty-eight* were for Adams; that, of the whole twenty-four States, only *six* were unanimous for Adams, while *eight* were unanimous for Jackson; that the six, which voted unanimously for Adams, were the six New England, Eastern, or Yankee,† States; while the eight, which voted for Jackson, were partly of the Middle, partly of the Southern, and partly of the Western circles; that the six were able to give but *fifty-one* votes for a countryman, while the eight were able to give *eighty-six* votes for a stranger; that, of the five other States which gave a majority of their electoral votes, for either Adams or Jackson, *three* gave that majority for Jackson, over Adams, Clay, and Crawford; while but *one* gave that majority for Adams, over Jackson, Clay, and Crawford; and *one* gave a majority for Adams, over Crawford and Clay, but not over Jackson; that, of the five States which manifested a second choice, if their principal favourite should not prevail, by their votes for electors or otherwise, *four* were for Jackson, while but *one* was for Adams; that *fifteen* States preferred Jackson,

* We had occasion to say this long before the election. See vol. XVI. p. 510, May, 1824.

† See Title 4—Explanation of the word YANKEE.

while but nine *preferred* Adams; that Adams received only four electoral votes, from the people, out of New England, where he was born; while Jackson received votes in every part of the country except New England.

All these things are true, and yet we find that General Jackson is not elected, and Mr Adams is elected—By the people?—No; but by those who are called the representatives of the people. No one of the whole four candidates having a majority of *all* the votes, given by the electors, the choice of President for the Union devolved upon the House of Representatives, who took up, according to law, the three candidates who had received the greatest number of electoral votes, (Jackson, who had 99, Adams, who had 84, and Crawford, who had 41 votes,) and after balloting, elected Mr Adams, by giving *thirteen* votes to him, (out of the whole twenty-four which the twenty-four States were able to give,) *seven* to Jackson, and *four* to Crawford.

Perhaps the reader may be curious to know how this great revolution was effected? Perhaps he may wonder how John Quincy Adams, who, of a truth, stood only second best in the popular favour, was able to get elected by those, who undertook to represent the popular opinion; and how he came to be elected with such nicety; elected, by thirteen, out of the twenty-four States which make up the coalition, just enough to secure the majority; just enough, and no more? Perhaps he would like to know, if Mr Adams really is a very adroit politician; a very sharp, frugal, keen player? If he would, we must beg leave to refer him to a paper which appears in Blackwood, vol. XVI., p. 508, where he will meet with a sketch of the four candidates; to vol. XVII., p. 308, where he will find a paragraph or two, more, about Mr Adams; and to vol. XVII., p. 628, where an allusion is made to the intrigues of the Federal city; after which, we have only to say that Mr Calhoun, late secretary at war, and one of the candidates, withdrew from the field before the race began; paid forfeit in his way, and is now Vice-President of the United States, “a figure 9 with the tail cut off;” and that Mr Clay, another candidate, formerly Speaker of the House, and one of the negotiators at Ghent, being

thrown out in the race, before the people, went over to the side of his adversary, carrying all his backers with him, and is now secretary of state, under Mr Adams, with a salary of five thousand a-year—dollars, we should say, (about 1100 pounds,) and of course, within a step, a single step of the federal throne; for hitherto that secretaryship has been so considered. Whether it will be so, hereafter, is a question; for the struggle, which is now just over, will produce material changes, we have no doubt, in the mode of election. As to the Vice-Presidency, we have only to repeat what we have said before. It is a paltry office, quite unworthy of a young, able, ambitious man; so paltry, indeed, that few Americans are ever able to say who the incumbent is, and so paltry, that unless the President should go off, in some shape or other, during the term, or engage to expire before that would, it were hardly worth having. This much to prove that intrigue and corruption are at work already, in the very heart of the republic.

IX. War will be dangerous to the confederacy in several ways. Happen how it may, and with whom it may, one part of the members will suffer much, while another will not suffer at all. Hence the effort of New England; an effort which made a separation of the States probable, during the last war with Great Britain. The manufacturing power is, in every way, decidedly opposed to the mercantile power. War would be advantageous to the former; quite ruinous to the latter. The manufactures of North America took a start, in the last war, such as they could not have taken, or would not, in fifty years of peace. If another war should take place between the United States and Great Britain, we believe that a separation would occur, as a matter of course, in one of two ways. The inequality of pressure would be felt by the people of the New England States, who are quite English in their habits and prejudices; and by a part of the Middle States' population; who are much more English than the rest of the confederacy. They would feel most, and complain most. Bitter jealousies would spring up; threats would be used; mutual recrimination; rough words, no doubt, and rough blows,

after a time. This would be one way. Another, which will appear quite visionary to those who have not considered the matter, as we have, although it appears quite a probable thing to us, would be this : On the breaking out of another war with Great Britain, the United States would put forth all their power (enough at any rate for the purpose) at one blow, for the reduction of both Canadas, which, with Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c. are wanted, as they declare, to "round off their territories." Expedition after expedition, for a like purpose, having failed hitherto, the republican chief, who succeeded (and such a force would be employed, under such a man too, if a new war broke out, as would be very sure to succeed, for the last one taught the Americans how to prevail) —would become the idol of the American people. Seeing him do that, which has never been done before, (except where Wolfe met poor Moncalm in a sort of single combat, under the walls of Quebec,) they would overlook the great power employed, and regard him as the chief captain of our earth ; as a greater man, by far, than Cæsar, Hannibal, Frederick, or Napoleon. They would look upon him as "another Jackson." To keep the Canadas would require a large military force. His popularity and his power would be enough to destroy him at Washington. The President, who is *ex officio* commander-in-chief ; and the Secretary at War, who is rather apt, in such a case, to meddle, would soon lead him into a scrape. Plans would be matured in the Federal city, for encountering every possible event—as they were, in the foolish campaigns of 1812, 13, and 14, and the general, with spirit enough to act for himself, or even to judge for himself, on the spot, would soon be entrapped. A court-martial would ensue, and he would be tried by a score of holiday campaigners, the men who fight battles on paper, and circumnavigate a subject, much as Cooke did our globe, whenever they undertake to be

very clear. Would he submit?—Are we too speculative?—We hope not. Our opinion is built upon that, which we think a pretty good foundation. The chief, who succeeds in the overthrow of Canada, *must* be such a man as Wolfe, whom the elder Pitt chose, not for his age, but for his youth ; not for his great wisdom, but for his great —his awful ambition ; or such another man as Montgomery, who died in the very footsteps of Wolfe ; or such another man as "Old Hickory," that brave, able, savage partizan of the south. But such a man would never be played with, as puppets are, by secretaries at war ; and if hotly pursued by the jealousy of his government ; or much pestered by its officers, whether civil or not, he would appeal at once to the people, with whom he would be sure of great favour, as General Jackson is now—let him do what he may. If the Secretary of War should call on such a man for his sword, the reply would be, "come and take it." He would be the favourite of a large army and a great people. He might either invade New York, join the New England States, and help to make up another federal power, if he would ; or he might negotiate with some foreign power—if treated unworthily at home.

A separation, we say, *will* take place ; and after a separation, there will be changes of government, because the States that withdraw will seek to improve upon the political habits of which they complain ; feuds will grow up ; standing armies ;* warfare and revolution will follow.

We are now to give a short history of these Georgia Resolutions. They would appear to proceed from the alleged interference of the United States with certain of the Georgia laws respecting slaves and slavery ; but they do not proceed from any such thing, in reality. The plain truth is, however, that the native Indians have yet remaining a small territory of rich land, out of the empires which did belong to their

* As they grew up in Europe, after the battle of Pavia. One state improves her militia, that she may not be taken by surprise. Her next neighbour, having a like fear, adopts a like measure. The military turn out more frequently, and keep longer on foot every year. Economy prevails. A few good men are worth a host of bad ones—regular troops, under the name of militia, appear. And after a while, standing armies are found everywhere.

brave ancestry. This rich land, they mean to keep, and the Georgians have set their hearts upon persuading them out of it; while the United States have interfered—saying, “Thus far shall ye go, but no farther.” Such is the true ground of controversy. It arose out of the following facts:

The Federal government, not long ago, while negotiating with Georgia, undertook to extinguish the Creek title to certain lands, within the boundaries of Georgia—so soon as it could be done *peaceably*, and *by consent of the tribe*. Not long after this, the Creeks, who found their fertile possessions literally wasting away from under their feet, called a meeting of their great men, and passed a law (which law was proposed by M’Intosh, a half-blooded chief, who had great influence with the tribe) making it capital for any chief to consent to the alienation of their lands. By and by, the people of Georgia undertake a treaty of purchase; but are baffled. Still persisting in their object, however, they get a few chiefs together, among whom was M’Intosh himself, who was employed in bribing others; and after a deal of negotiation, succeeded in obtaining another treaty of cession. The tribe refused to confirm the treaty, alleging, properly enough, that M’Intosh had violated their law; that he had no power, as chief, to convey the Creek lands, after such a law, if he ever had before; that only one other chief signed the treaty with him,—while many refused; and that both were to suffer death for attempting a violation of the law. The tribe were as good as their word. They gave judgment of death upon the two chiefs, and caused them to be shot, or tomahawked, without loss of time. But the Governor of Georgia took the part of M’Intosh; persisted in regarding the treaty as fair; and ordered the lands to be surveyed, for the use of the State. New troubles arose. The Creeks would not endure the survey; the Georgians were all on fire; and the United States immediately interposed, by sending off an agent, with a letter for Governor Troup (Georgia,) of which the following paragraph is an extract, and

with powers which the said Governor complained of.—

“I am instructed to say to your *Excellency*,”* says the *Honourable* James Barbour, Secretary at War, in his letter to Governor Troup, dated May 18, 1825, “that the President expects, from what has passed, as well as from the new state of feeling among the Indians, that the project of surveying their territory will be abandoned, by Georgia, till it can be done consistently with the treaty.”

To justify such language to the Governor of Georgia, from the Secretary at War, who was himself, but the other day, Governor of Virginia, we should observe, that, about one year ago, the Georgia Executive was rather saucy to the Federal Executive; and that the treaty, which had been obtained of the Indians, though ratified by the Senate of the United States—or approved, rather, is alleged by the Creeks to have been approved, in a great hurry; after much misrepresentation; without proper inquiry; on the faith, too, of interested parties. But for this, we do not believe that the Secretary at War would have dared so to write, under the eye of the President, in a letter to the chief magistrate of a republic. “The President *expects*,” quoth James Barbour. It is new language for America.

This letter is dated on the 18th of May, 1825. On the 3d of June, Governor Troup delivers a message to the Legislature of Georgia—a boyish eloquent affair; very worthy of a young man at college; but very unworthy of an old man—where he was—urging them to take certain measures for their future dealing with the Federal Government. On the 6th, Mr Lumpkin, of the Select Committee, to whom was referred so much of the governor’s message, as related to the improper interference of the United States’ government with the domestic affairs of Georgia, presented a report, with resolutions, from which the following are extracts:—

“The Committee, to whom was referred so much of the Governor’s message, as relates to the disposition, which has so often latterly, unhappi-

* The people are as lavish of titles to each other—titles which are forbidden by law, too—as the wretched Italians are.

ly, evinced itself in the different branches (1) of the general government, to control the domestic affairs, and to intermeddle with, and to endanger the peace, the repose, (2) and union of the Southern States, after deliberating on this subject, with the deepest feelings of sorrow and regret, have to proclaim that the hour is come, or is rapidly approaching, when the States, from Virginia to Georgia, (3) from Missouri to Louisiana, (4) must confederate, and, as one man, say to the Union, we will no longer submit our retained rights (5) to the snivelling insinuations of bad men (6) on the floor of Congress, our constitutional rights to the dark and strained constructions of designing men, upon judicial branches; (7) that we protest (against?) the doctrine, and disclaim the principles, of unlimited submission to the general government."

"The great objects of the American Union were as simple in practice as beautiful in theory. They were as easily understood as they were important. The relations with foreign nations were confided to the united government. The powers necessary to the protection of the Confederate States, from enemies without, and from enemies within, alone were given. All others were retained by the several States, (8) as separate and sovereign, and must not be usurped by construction, (9) legislative, executive, or judiciary."

"The States of the south will convey the products of a fertile soil and generous climate to the markets of the world. The world will open wide its arms to receive them. (10) Let our northern brethren then, if there is no peace in union, if the compact has become too heavy to be longer borne, in the name of all the mercies, (11) find peace among themselves. Let them continue to rejoice in their self-righteousness. Let them bask in their own Elysium, while they paint all south of the Potomac as hideous reverse. (12) As Athens, as Sparta, (13) as Rome was, we will be. They held slaves, we hold them. Let the north, then, form national roads for themselves. (14) Let them guard with tariffs their own interest. Let them deepen the public debt till a high-minded aristocracy shall rise out of it. We want none of all these blessings; (15) but, in the simplicity of the patriarchal government, we would still remain mas-

ters and servants, under our own vine, and our own fig-tree, and confide our safety upon Him, who of old time looked down upon this state of things without wrath." (16.)

In addition to all this, the committee echo the governor's words, who talks of "*staving off*" encroachment; and say that "having exhausted argument, they will stand by their arms;" pledging themselves, thereto, after the known style of America, with "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour."

"The men of the south," add they, "did not meanly stoop to calculate the cost, (in the war of 1776,) but resolved that the wrongs of a part were the wrongs of the whole American family;"—"and conquered, in war on the mountain wave (17) and marshes of the west, the freedom of the trade of the world."

We have done. We have only a few notes to add; with a few illustrations; for such a paper, so entirely characteristic of the rash, haughty, unreasonable Georgia Legislator, should not go down to posterity without a few salutary explanations. At the north, in America, it will be read as a bit of declamation; of schoolboy rhetoric; laughed at, and thrown aside, for ever; but, in the south, it may produce a "considerable sensation." As a whole, it is a compound of egregious folly, fine talk, plain truth, and real good sense. Yet more—if it were purged of the superfluities, which we are going to speak of, it would be a superior state paper. It is amusing enough, by the way, to compare the messages and resolutions of the south, at any time, with the messages and resolutions of the north; a letter from De Witt Clinton, or Caleb Strong, with a letter from Governor Troup. You might swear to every word. One tries to be very poetical, the other, very reasonable. One paper has no sort of connexion; the other has too much. One is a grave, weighty syllogism; the other a showy piece of declamation. A message in the south, however absurd it may be, as a message, will be very sure to contain a paragraph or two, much beyond the style of a northern paper; while a message in the north, however it may be characterized by a severe and beautiful decorum, will be very sure to make you sleepy.

Now, for the notes. (1.) Allusion

is made here to the temper of which we spoke under title 6. Our observations were restricted there, to the Supreme Judiciary; but we might apply most of them to the Supreme Executive, and Supreme Legislative power; both of which are encroaching, every day, by interpretation. (2.) "Peace and repose;" altogether characteristic of a Georgian, who cares no more for the meaning of words, if they sound well, than a favourite singer does. (3.) (4.) Here is the indication of another confederacy—that of the Southern and Western States, against the Middle and Eastern. If this were to take place, it would leave but one slave State in the whole northern coalition—(Maryland.) See our speculations in titles 3 and 4. (5.) "*Retained rights.*" In this remark and in others which follow, the committee show a deal of good sense—apart from their fury and fervour. The rule of construction we take to be this. The power of the general government is a delegated power. The constitution of the United States is not a code of laws; but a paper, which must be interpreted, in every passage. Whatever is not expressly given to the Federal government; or expressly prohibited to the particular governments; and whatever is not necessary to the exercise of that power, which is given to the general government, is retained by the particular governments. (6.) "*Snivelling insinuations.*"—Here the people of New England are directly meant; for they talk through the nose, or "snivel." See titles 4 and 7. (7.) See note (5.) above, on *retained rights*. (8.) See note (5.) above; and mark the rule of construction. (9.) Express reference here to the encroachment of the Judiciary. See notes (1.) and (4.) above. (10.) "Fertile soil and a generous climate." See title (2.) "The world will open wide its arms,"—fudge. (11.) (12.) "Fair hits; for the northern people are indeed rather self-righteous;" but mark how the accusations are made up—rhetoric with treason; childish talk with bitter sarcasm. See titles 4 and 7. (13.) "Sparta,"—worthy of Lacedæmon herself, that phrase; but see title 1. (14.) Sharp allusions here to the manufacturing interest, and mer-

cantile interest—one of which is favoured by a tariff, the other by national roads, or by the consideration which its prodigious wealth procures for it. See titles 1 and 3. (15.) "We want none of these blessings;" *ergo*, they want no "national roads." (16.) An eloquent and brave, though not over-pious appeal. (17.) Very true. In the Revolutionary War, the State of Georgia was rather favoured by this country, in the hope of keeping her out of the coalition. But she would make "the wrongs of a part, the wrongs of the whole American family." She did well; but when her legislators, half a century afterwards, finish a proud allusion to her behaviour then, with a declaration that she has "conquered in war, on the *mountain wave* (see "*Mariners of England*") and marshes of the west, the freedom of the trade of the world!"—One hardly knows whether to pity, or laugh at her. What has Georgia ever done; what will she ever do, on the "*mountain wave*?" and as for the "*marshes of the west*," we should like to know what they ever had, or can have, to do with "the trade of the world."

But quere—Will the Georgians persist in the survey? We dare say not; we hope not—for, if they should, the United States must and will protect the Indians. We hope not, because, although these talkative, blustering resolutions were reported by the committee, they do not appear to have been taken up, even for consideration.

But if a serious quarrel should spring out of this—will Georgia find any supporters? We think she would. Every Southern State has a grudge of its own; with views, grievances, and hopes of its own. They have confederated heretofore, when they had each a separate interest, in other matters, because they had such a common interest, as this; and what has been, will be, or may be, again. If they should, they had better adopt the original arms of the Federal Association—a rattle-snake, cut into a number of pieces, corresponding to the number of States, with the motto—*Unite, or Die.*

N.

Miller's American Reading-Room,
London, Aug. 3, 1825.

SOUTHEY'S TALE OF PARAGUAY.*

WE fear that Mr Southey has greatly over-rated the merits of this poem, and that it is unworthy of his high genius and reputation. He takes his motto from Wordsworth—

"Go forth, my little book,
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good."

Now, perhaps Mr Southey will not acknowledge those readers to be among "the gentle and the good," who are not pleased with his little book. For our own parts we have been pleased—considerably pleased with it—but our admiration of Mr Southey's powers cannot blind us to that which the whole world, himself excepted, will speedily pronounce to be a somewhat melancholy truth—namely, that the "Tale of Paraguay" is, with many paltry, and a few fine passages, an exceedingly poor poem, feeble alike in design and execution.

The poem opens with an address to the spirit of Dr Jenner, and then describes at some length the ravages of the small-pox among "a feeble nation of Guarani race." The progress of depopulation is sketched but indifferently, and one couple only are left alive, Quiara and Monnema. They build themselves a leafy bower in a glade beside the slow stream of the Mondai, and in due time a child is born.

"Now soften'd as their spirits were by
love,
Abhorrent from such thoughts they turn'd
away ;
And with a happier feeling, from the dove,
They named the child Yeruti. On a day,
When, smiling at his mother's breast in
play,
They in his tones of murmuring pleasure
heard
A sweet resemblance of the stock-dove's
lay,
Fondly they named him from that gentle
bird,
And soon such happy use endear'd the
fitting word.

Days pass, and moons have wax'd and
waned, and still
This dovelet, nestled in their leafy bower,
Obtains increase of sense, and strength,
and will,

As in due order many a latent power
Expands,...humanity's exalted dower :
And they, while thus the days serenely
fled,
Beheld him flourish like a vigorous flower,
Which, lifting from a genial soil its head,
By seasonable suns and kindly showers is
fed.

Ere long the cares of helpless babyhood
To the next stage of infancy give place,
That age with sense of conscious growth
endued,
When every gesture hath its proper grace ;
Then come the unsteady step, the totter-
ing pace,
And watchful hopes and emulous thoughts
appear ;
The imitative lips essay to trace
Their words, observant both with eye and
ear,
In mutilated sounds which parents love
to hear.

Serenely thus the seasons pass away ;
And, oh ! how rapidly they seem to fly
With those for whom to-morrow, like to-
day,
Glides on in peaceful uniformity !
Five years have since Yeruti's birth gone
by,
Five happy years ;...and ere the Moon,
which then
Hung like a Sylphid's light canoe on high,
Should fill its circle, Monnema again
Laying her burthen down, must bear a
mother's pain.

Alas, a keener pang before that day,
Must by the wretched Monnema be
borne !
In quest of game Quiara went his way
To roam the wilds as he was wont, one
morn ;
She look'd in vain at eve for his return.
By moonlight through the midnight soli-
tude
She sought him ; and she found his gar-
ment torn,
His bow and useless arrows in the wood,
Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear,
and blood."

So terminates the First Canto. The few stanzas we have quoted are among the best ; and it is altogether inconceivable to us, how a true poet, such as Mr Southey, could have so miserably failed in tracing a picture of se-

* A Tale of Paraguay. By Robert Southey. London : Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

cluded and solitary peace, hope, and love. There is not one exquisite touch to mark the hand of a master; and, worst of all, the delineation is laboured in its simplicity, and extravagant in what is manifestly meant to be the very truth of nature. The enumeration of Monnema's household virtues is about as interesting as a page of Mrs Rundle, and the account of her lying-in absolutely ludicrous, if not disgusting.* For example,

"Of answering years was Monnema, nor less

Expert in all her sex's household ways.
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;
And in what depth to drop the yellow
maize

She knew, and when around its stem to raise

The lighten'd soil; and well could she prepare

Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper praise;

Or in the embers turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes
for daintier fare.

And how to macerate the bark she knew,
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,
And bleaching them in sun, and air, and dew;

From dry and glossy filaments entwine
With rapid twirl of hand the lengthening
line;

Next interknitting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots combine,
And shape in tapering length the pensile
bed,

Light hammock there to hang beneath
the leafy shed.

Time had been when, expert in works of clay,

She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,

And fill'd it for the appointed festal day
With the beloved beverage which the bold
Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy of
old;

The fruitful cause of many an uproar rude,
When in their drunken bravery uncontrol'd,

Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,
And wrath and rage and strife and wounds
and death ensued."

Of her lying-in, we need only say
that it is painfully circumstantial;

and the reader is informed that her husband, having nobody to shoot for him, was prevented from taking to his bed, on the occasion, according to the "custom strange" of many savage tribes. Serious poetry furnishes no such instance of folly as this, which is, in truth, more like the drivelling of a Cockney dotard, than the inspiration of England's Laureate.

Canto Second commences with a short description of the grief of Monnema in her sudden widowhood, of her resignation, and the comfort springing from the birth of another babe. The affection and delight with which the brother and sister regard each other, as they grow up into feeling and intelligence, are very beautifully described.—

"No looks but those of tenderness were found

To turn upon that helpless infant dear;
And as her sense unfolded, never sound
Of wrath or discord brake upon her ear.
Her soul its native purity sincere
Possess'd, by no example here defiled;
From envious passions free, exempt from
fear,

Unknowing of all ill, amid the wild
Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy
child.

Yea, where that solitary bower was placed,
Though all unlike to Paradise the scene,
(A wide circumference of woodlands
waste,)

Something of what in Eden might have been

Was shadow'd there imperfectly, I ween,
In this fair creature: safe from all offence,

Expanding like a shelter'd plant serene,
Evils that fret and stain being far from
thence,

Her heart in peace and joy retain'd its
innocence.

At first the infant to Yeruti proved
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred
moved

His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts without alloy
The sense of kind: a fellow creature she,
In whom when now she ceased to be a
toy

For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see
Connatural powers expand, and growing
sympathy.

For her he cull'd the fairest flowers, and
sought

Throughout the woods the earliest fruits
for her.

The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb he
brought

To this beloved sister,—whatso'er,
To his poor thought, of delicate or rare
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find.
They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and
foully wrong mankind.

Three souls in whom no selfishness had
place.

Were here : three happy souls, which
undefiled,

Albeit in darkness, still retain'd a trace
Of their celestial origin. The wild
Was as a sanctuary where Nature smiled
Upon these simple children of her own,
And cherishing whate'er was meek and
mild,

Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being
unknown."

These are pretty stanzas, but the
effect of them is sadly marred by the
disquisition which follows on the doc-
trine of original sin, than which no-
thing can be imagined more unfortu-
nately out of time and place, while it
is worded in the jargon of the conven-
ticle. The rest of the canto is occupied
with a narrative of Monnema's rude
religious opinions, to which Yeruti
and Mooma listen in that solitude. It
is by far too long ; and, with the ex-
ception of a very few stanzas, most te-
dious and uninteresting. We quote
the stanzas which seem to us to be the
best.

"Nathless departed spirits at their will
Could from the land of souls pass to and
fro ;

They come to us in sleep when all is still,
Sometimes to warn against the impend-
ing blow,

Alas ! more oft to visit us in woe :

Though in their presence there was poor
relief !

And this had sad experience made her
know,

For when Quiara came, his stay was brief,
And waking then, she felt a fresher'd
sense of grief.

Yet to behold his face again, and hear
His voice, though painful was a deep de-
light :

It was a joy to think that he was near,
To see him in the visions of the night, . . .
To know that the departed still requir'd
The love which to their memory still will
cling :

And though he might not bless her wa-
king sight

With his dear presence, 'twas a blessed
thing

That sleep would thus sometimes his
actual image bring.

Why comes he not to me? Yeruti cries :
And Mooma echoing with a sigh the
thought,

Ask'd why it was that to her longing eyes
No dream the image of her father brought ?
Nor Monnema to solve that question
sought

In vain, content in ignorance to dwell ;
Perhaps it was because they knew him
not ;

Perhaps...but sooth she could not answer
well ;

What the departed did, themselves alone
could tell.

What one tribe held another disbelieved,
For all concerning this was dark, she said ;
Uncertain all, and hard to be received.
The dreadful race, from whom their fa-
thers fled,

Boasted that even the Country of the
Dead

Was theirs, and where their Spirits chose
to go,

The ghosts of other men retired in dread
Before the face of that victorious foe ;
No better, then, the world above, than
this below !

What then, alas ! if this were true, was
death ?

Only a mournful change from ill to ill !
And some there were who said the living
breath

Would ne'er be taken from us by the will
Of the Good Father, but continue still
To feed with life the mortal frame he
gave,

Did not mischance or wicked witchcraft
kill ;...

Evils from which no care avail'd to save,
And whereby all were sent to fill the
greedy grave.

In vain to counterwork the baleful charm
By spells of rival witchcraft was it sought,
Less potent was that art to help than
harm.

No means of safety old experience brought :
Nor better fortune did they find who
thought

From Death, as from some living foe, to
fly :

For speed or subterfuge avail'd them
nought,
But wheresoe'er they fled they found him
nigh :
None ever could elude that unseen enemy.

Bootless the boast, and vain the proud
intent
Of those who hoped, with arrogant display
Of arms and force, to scare him from their
tent,
As if their threatful shouts and fierce
array

Of war could drive the Invisible away !
Sometimes regardless of the sufferer's
groan,
They dragg'd the dying out, and as a prey
Exposed him, that content with him alone
Death might depart, and thus his fate
avert their own.

Depart he might, ... but only to return
In quest of other victims, soon or late ;
When they who held this fond belief,
would learn,

Each by his own inevitable fate,
That in the course of man's uncertain
state
Death is the one and only certain thing.
Oh folly then to fly or deprecate
That which at last Time, ever on the
wing,
Certain as day and night, to weary age
must bring !"

The first thirty stanzas of Canto
III. are absolutely unreadable. Sup-
pose, however, that "good old" Father
Dobrizhoffer is visiting that part of Pa-
raguay, anxious to spread the tidings
of salvation. He is arrested in the
woods by an angel's song. The de-
scription is over-laboured, but it is
beautiful.

"Them thus pursuing where the track
may lead,
A human voice arrests upon their way.
They stop, and thither whence the sounds
proceed,
All eyes are turn'd in wonder,—not dis-
may,
For sure such sounds might charm all
fear away.
No nightingale, whose brooding mate is
nigh,
From some sequester'd bower at close
of day,
No lark rejoicing in the orient sky,
Ever pour'd forth so wild a strain of
melody.

The voice which through the ringing fo-
rest floats

Is one which, having ne'er been taught,
the skill
Of marshalling sweet words to sweeter
notes,
Utters all unpremeditate, at will,
A modulated sequence loud and shrill
Of inarticulate and long-breathed sound,
Varying its tones with rise and fall and
trill,
Till all the solitary woods around
With that far-piercing power of melody
resound.

In mute astonishment attent to hear,
As if by some enchantment held, they
stood,
With bending head, fix'd eye, and eager
ear,
And hand upraised in warning attitude
To check all speech or step that might
intrude
On that sweet strain. Them leaving thus
spell-bound,
A little way alone into the wood
The Father gently moved toward the
sound,
Treading with quiet feet upon the grassy
ground.

Anon advancing thus the trees between,
He saw beside her bower the songstress
wild,
Not distant far, himself the while unseen.
Mooma it was, that happy maiden mild,
Who in the sunshine, like a careless
child
Of nature, in her joy was caroling.
A heavier heart than his it had beguiled
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all
sweet birds of spring.

For these had been her teachers, these
alone ;
And she in many an emulous essay,
At length into a descant of her own
Had blended all their notes, a wild dis-
play
Of sounds in rich irregular array ;
And now as blithe as bird in vernal
bower,
Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive lay,
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet
more.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song,
With rapid interchange of sink and
swell ;
And sometimes high the note was rais-
ed, and long
Produced, with shake and effort sensible,
As if the voice exulted there to dwell ;

But when she could no more that pitch sustain,
So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,
That with the music of its dying strain
She moved herself to tears of pleasurable pain."

Mooma stands before the Jesuit in her naked beauty, and then calls her mother to share her wonder and surprise.

"At that unwonted call with quickened pace

The matron hurried thither, half in fear.
How strange to Monnema a stranger's face!

How strange it was a stranger's voice to hear!

How strangely to her disaccustom'd ear
Came even the accents of her native tongue!

But when she saw her countrymen appear,

Tears for that unexpected blessing sprung,

And once again she felt as if her heart were young.

Soon was her melancholy story told,
And glad consent unto that Father good
Was given, that they to join his happy fold

Would leave with him their forest solitude.

Why comes not now Yeruti from the wood?

Why tarrieth he so late this blessed day?
They long to see their joy in his renew'd,
And look impatiently toward his way,
And think they hear his step, and chide his long delay.

He comes at length, a happy man, to find
His only dream of hope fulfill'd at last.
The sunshine of his all-believing mind
There is no doubt or fear to overcast;
No chilling forethought checks his bliss;
the past

Leaves no regret for him, and all to come
Is change and wonder and delight. How fast

Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum
Of joys unknown, whereof the expectance makes him dumb!

O happy day, the Messenger of Heaven
Hath found them in their lonely dwelling place!

O happy day, to them it would be given
To share in that Eternal Mother's grace,
And one day see in heaven her glorious face

Where Angels round her mercy-throne adore!

Now shall they mingle with the human race,
Sequester'd from their fellow kind no more;
O joy of joys supreme! O bliss for them in store!

Full of such hopes this night they lie them down,

But not as they were wont, this night to rest.

Their old tranquillity of heart is gone;
The peace wherewith till now they have been blest

Hath taken its departure. In the breast
Fast following thoughts and busy fancies throng;

Their sleep itself is feverish, and possess'd
With dreams that to the wakeful mind belong;

To Mooma and the youth then first the night seem'd long.

Day comes, and now a first and last farewell

To that fair bower within their native wood,

Their quiet nest till now. The bird may dwell

Henceforth in safety there, and rear her brood,

And beasts and reptiles undisturb'd intrude.

Reckless of this, the simple tenants go,
Emerging from their peaceful solitude,
To mingle with the world,...but not to know

Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor feel its woe."

In Canto Fourth and last, Mr Southey tells the story of their altered lives, when brought into social and Christian life. The spirit and ceremonial of the Catholic Faith are written of in a mild temper—a temper neither unpolitical nor unphilosophical, yet there is a feebleness felt pervading the whole strain—peculiarities, and affectations of thought and diction, sadly interrupt the flow of the genial current of the soul; and we seldom—never—say to ourselves, "that was the voice of the great poet." The following stanzas are the best we can select; and many persons may admire them more than we do, and more deeply feel their spirit.

"Mild pupils, in submission's perfect school,

Two thousand souls were gather'd here, and here

Beneath the Jesuit's all-embracing rule
They dwelt, obeying him with love sincere,

That never knew distrust, nor felt a fear,
Nor anxious thought, which wears the
heart away :

Sacred to them their laws, their Ruler
dear ;

Humbler or happier none could be than
they

Who knew it for their good in all things
to obey.

The Patron Saint, from whom their town
was named,

Was that St Joachin, who, legends say,
Unto the Saints in Limbo first proclaim'd
The Advent. Being permitted, on the
day

That Death enlarged him from from this
mortal clay,

His daughter's high election to behold,
Thither his soul, glad herald, wing'd its
way,

And to the Prophets and the Patriarchs
old

The tidings of great joy and near deliver-
ance told.

There on the altar was his image set,
The lamp before it burning night and day,
And there was incensed, when his votaries
met

Before the sacred shrine, their beads to
say,

And for his fancied intercession pray,
Devoutly as in faith they bent the knee.
Such adoration they were taught to pay.
Good man, how little had he ween'd that
he

Should thus obtain a place in Rome's
idolatry !

But chiefly there the Mother of our Lord,
His blessed daughter, by the multitude
Was for their special patroness adored.
Amid the square on high her image stood,
Clasping the Babe in her beatitude,
The Babe divine on whom she fix'd her
sight ;

And in their hearts, albe the work was
rude,

It raised the thought of all-commanding
might,

Combined with boundless love and mercy
infinite.

To this great family the Jesuit brought
His new-found children now ; for young
and old

He deem'd alike his children while he
wrought

For their salvation, . . . seeking to unfold
The saving mysteries in the creed enroll'd,
To their slow minds, that could but ill
conceive

The import of the mighty truths he told.

But errors they have none to which they
cleave,
And whatsoe'er he tells they willingly
believe.

Safe from that pride of ignorance werethey
That with small knowledge thinks itself
full wise:

How at believing aught should these de-
lay,

When everywhere new objects met their
eyes

To fill the soul with wonder and surprise ?
Not of itself, but by temptation bred,
In man doth impious unbelief arise ;
It is our instinct to believe and dread,
God bids us love, and then our faith is
perfected.

Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
Like children, unto all the teacher taught
Submissively an easy ear they lend :

And to the font at once he might have
brought

These converts, if the Father had not
thought

Theirs was a case for wise and safe delay,
Lest lightly learnt might lightly be forgot ;
And meanwhile due instruction day by day
Would to their opening minds the sense
of truth convey.

Of this they reck'd not whether soon or
late ;

For overpowering wonderment possess
Their faculties ; and in this new estate
Strange sights and sounds and thoughts
well nigh oppress

Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the
breast

Resenting less of pleasure than of pain ;
And sleep afforded them no natural rest,
But in their dreams, a mixed disordered
train,

The busy scenes of day disturb'd their
hearts again.

Even when the spirit to that secret wood
Return'd, slow Mondai's silent stream
beside,

No longer there it found the solitude
Which late it left : strange faces were
descried,

Voices, and sounds of music far and wide,
And buildings seem'd to tower amid the
trees,

And forms of men and beasts on every
side,

As ever-wakeful fancy hears and sees,
All things that it had heard, and seen,
and more than these.

For in their sleep strange forms deform'd
they saw

O frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies:
 And souls who must abide the rigorous
 law
 Weltering in fire, and there, with dolorous
 cries
 Blaspheming roll around their hopeless
 eyes;
 And those who doom'd a shorter term to
 bear
 In penal flames, look upward to the skies,
 Seeking and finding consolation there,
 And feel, like dew from Heaven, the precious
 aid of prayer.

And Angels, who around their glorious
 Queen
 In adoration bent their heads abased:
 And infant faces in their dreams were
 seen
 Hovering on cherub wings; and Spirits
 placed
 To be their guards invisible, who chased
 With fiery arms their fiendish foes away:
 Such visions overheated fancy traced,
 Peopling the night with a confused array
 That made its hours of rest more restless
 than the day."

But Monnema, Yeruti, and Mooma,
 are all doomed to die. The mother
 goes first; and never, surely, was any
 death more dully recorded, even in the
 obituary of a newspaper.

"All thoughts and occupations to com-
 mute,
 To change their air, their water, and their
 food,
 And those old habits suddenly uproot
 Conform'd to which the vital powers pur-
 sued
 Their functions, such mutation is too rude
 For man's fine frame unshaken to sustain.
 And these poor children of the solitude
 Began ere long to pay the bitter pain
 That their new way of life brought with
 it in its train.

On Monnema the apprehended ill
 Came first; the matron sunk beneath the
 weight
 Of a strong malady, whose force no skill
 In healing, might avert, or mitigate.
 Yet happy in her children's safe estate
 Her thankfulness for them she still ex-
 prest;
 And yielding then complacently to fate,
 With Christian rites her passing hour was
 blest,
 And with a Christian's hope she was con-
 sign'd to rest."

Poor Mooma, overwhelmed with
 grief, soon droops and dies. We think
 the stanzas dedicated to her fate, the
 best in the poem.

"I said that for herself the patient maid
 Preferr'd no prayer; but oft her feeble
 tongue
 And feebler breath a voice of praise es-
 say'd;
 And duly when the vesper bell was rung,
 Her evening hymn in faint accord she sung
 So piously, that they who gathered round
 Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents
 hung,
 As tho' they thought it were no mortal
 sound,
 But that the place whereon they stood
 was holy ground.

At such an hour when Dobrizhoffer stood
 Beside her bed, oh how unlike he thought
 This voice to that which ringing through
 the wood
 Had led him to the secret bower he sought!
 And was it then for this that he had brought
 That harmless household from their na-
 tive shade?
 Death had already been the mother's lot;
 And this fair Mooma, was she form'd to
 fade
 So soon, . . . so soon must she in earth's
 cold lap be laid?

Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;
 And wherefore should he? he had acted
 well,
 And deeming of the ways of God aright,
 Knew that to such as these, whatever
 befell
 Must needs for them be best. But who
 could dwell
 Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,
 So blithesome late? What marvel if tears
 fell
 From that good man, as over her he hung,
 And that the prayers he said came falter-
 ing from his tongue!

She saw him weep, and she could un-
 derstand
 The cause thus tremulously that made
 him speak.
 By his emotion moved she took his hand;
 A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek
 Past, while she look'd at him with mean-
 ing meek,
 And for a little while, as loath to part,
 Detaining him, her fingers lank and weak,
 Play'd with their hold; then letting him
 depart
 She gave him a slow smile that touch'd
 him to the heart.

Mourn not for her! for what hath life
 to give
 That should detain her ready spirit here?
 Thinkest thou that it were worth a wish
 to live,

Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere?

That simple heart, that innocence sincere
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er
could be

For the great change; and now that
change is near,

Oh who would keep her soul from being
free?

Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best
for thee!

She hath past away, and on her lips a
smile

Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged they
aright,

Or suffer'd they their fancy to beguile
The reason, who believed that she had
sight

Of Heaven before her spirit took its
flight;

That angels waited round her lowly bed;
And that in that last effort of delight,

When lifting up her dying arms, she said,
I come! a ray from Heaven upon her
face was shed?"

Yeruti, too, is marked for the grave,
and the progress of his dissolution is
evidently laboured with all possible
care. Sorry are we to say, that it is
the very worst of all Mr Southey's
failures. The poem ends thus:

"Regular his pulse, from all disorder free;
The vital powers perform'd the part as-
signed;

And to whate'er was asked, collectedly
He answer'd. Nothing troubled him in
mind;

Why should it? Were not all around
him kind?

Did not all love him with a love sincere,
And seem in serving him a joy to find?
He had no want, no pain, no grief, no
fear:

But he must be baptized; he could not
tarry here.

Thy will be done, Father in heaven who
art!

The Pastor said, nor longer now denied;

But with a weight of awe upon his heart
Entered the church, and there the font
beside,

With holy water, chrism and salt applied,
Perform'd in all solemnity the rite.

His feeling was that hour with fear al-
lied;

Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight,
And while he knelt his eyes seem'd larger
and more bright.

His wish had been obtain'd, and this
being done

His soul was to his full desire content.

The day in its accustomed course past on:
The Indian mark'd him ere to rest he
went,

How o'er his beads, as he was wont, he
bent,

And then, like one who casts all cares
aside,

Lay down. The old man fear'd no ill
event,

When, 'Ye are come for me!' Yeruti
cried;

'Yes, I am ready now!' and instantly he
died."

If the opinion which we have un-
willingly expressed of this poem be
erroneous, we have furnished the pub-
lic with ample means of convicting us
of critical incapacity. Our extracts
have been numerous, and we have se-
lected as many of the best stanzas as
we could well do; so Mr Southey's
verse may put down our prose. Un-
doubtedly there is a good deal in it to
please—even to delight—"the gentle
and the good." But it is a faint, feeble,
and heavy composition; and the "gen-
tle and the good" will act prudently
in perusing it before night-fall; for if
read late on in the evening, it will be
apt to set the "gentle and the good"
to sleep without a night-cap. Why
will not our poets give us something
very good?—Mr Bowles, we think,
could have written a better Tale of
Paraguay than Mr Southey.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XXI.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

Blue Parlour.—NORTH and TICKLER.

NORTH.

With what admirable ingenuity hath our Ambrose contrived to procure a perpetual play of Zephyr, even during the summer noon, in this Sanctum Sanctorum !

TICKLER.

What a scientific thorough-draught ! How profound these shadows ! Not a leaf is withered on that beautiful geranium ! Never was that flowering myrtle more " brightly, deeply, beautifully green." Week after week that carnation tree displays new orbs of crimson glory. Saw ye ever, North, such a tiger-lily, so wildly, fiercely beautiful, like its forest brother, the animal that terrifies the desert with his glittering and gorgeous motion, as he bounds over brake and jingle in famine or in play.

NORTH.

Timothy, Timothy, Timothy ! First Timothy ?

TICKLER.

Too poetical ? Why, that red champagne has stirred up all the etherial particles that mysteriously constitute the soul ; and, as Jeffrey said to Coleridge, " Why, sir, my whole talk is poetry."

NORTH.

Whoever wishes to know what poetry is, to know it clearly, distinctly, and permanently, let him read Barry Cornwall's article thereon in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

TICKLER.

That young gentleman deserves a dressing at your hands or mine, North, for he often runs a-muck now ; not in the Malay, however, but Cockney fashion, and the pen must be wrested out of his lily hand.

NORTH.

The image is not unamusing ; a slight, slim poetaster mincing a-muck among the great English bards ! I love Barry ; for he writes pretty—very pretty verses—and has an eye for the beautiful—but in the character of critic

TICKLER.

He courts the world's applause, by endeavouring to imitate Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, the London Magazine, himself, Johnny Keates, and the morning papers ; and in such slang he jargons the characters of Shakspeare and Milton. It is, indeed, despicable to see the old Blue and Yellow reduced to such drivelling as this ;—but what are you reading, North ?

NORTH.

The account of the Lion-fight at Warwick ; a most brutal business—hideous and loathsome. But why confuse such infamous cruelty with such a cheerful pastime as pugilism ? Would you believe it, that the editor of the New Times has discontinued those admirable accounts of all the great fights that made

his paper as much prized in the sporting as it has long been in the political and fashionable world? I do not find that he has shut his columns to those grossly indecent quack advertisements, that render newspapers unfit to lie on the breakfast-table of an honest family. Is this consistent?

TICKLER.

Very silly. By so doing, he disappoints a vast number of his subscribers. What right has he to disappoint five hundred country gentlemen, all anxious to know the character and result of any battle?

NORTH.

None. They take his paper, to be sure, for other and higher reasons; but they are entitled to find in its columns full and particular accounts of all such contests, for, right or wrong, they form part of our national pastimes, create a prodigious interest among all classes, and a man looks and feels like a ninny on going into company in utter ignorance of that event which furnishes the sole conversation of that one day. I trust this hint will be taken.

TICKLER.

Confound all cruelty to animals!—but I much question the efficacy of law to protect the inferior creation against the human. Let that protection be found in the moral indignation of the people. That Irish jackass, Martin, throws an air of ridicule over the whole matter by his insufferable idiotism. I hope to see his skull, thick as it is, cracked one of these days; for that vulgar and angry gabble with which he weekly infests the Police-Offices of the metropolis, is a greater outrage to humanity than any fifty blows ever inflicted on the snout of pig, or the buttocks of beeve; blows which, in one and the same breath, the blustering and blundering blockhead would fain prosecute, punish, and pardon.

NORTH.

It is not possible to define cruelty to animals, so as to bring it within the salutary operation of law. That being the case, there should be no law on the subject. I am an old, weak man now, but I was once young and strong; and this fist, Timothy, now with difficulty folded into a bunch of fives,—for these chalk-stones forbid,—has levelled many a brute in the act of unmercifully beating his horse, his ass, or his wife. Every man ought to take the law into his own hands on such occasions. Thus only can the inferior animals walk the streets of London in any degree of security.

TICKLER.

Pray, Mr Richard Martin, did you ever try to drive a pig? or to keep a flock of sheep, or a drove of cattle together, in the midst of the riot, tumult, and confusion of Smithfield? It is no such easy job, I can tell you; and nothing short of a most impertinent and provoking puppy must that person be, who stops short a drover in all his agonies of exasperation, for merely banging the hide of an over-fed ox, about to join the colours of another regiment.

NORTH.

Why don't they murder him at once?

TICKLER.

Oh! he cannot expect to sit in another Parliament. I presume you know that he is to be Chancellor of the University of London?

NORTH.

I do. University of London! With what an air of pride will a young man look about him, in a company of poor Oxonians and Cantabs, who may have just finished his education in the University of London!

TICKLER.

Tims, I am told, is to be a Professor. Yet, joking apart, I am sorry there is to be no theological chair. I had intended occupying it, and had even sketched out a course of lectures; but understanding that ODoherty was a candidate, I retired before the claims of the Adjutant.

NORTH.

The Adjutant! Do you mean to tell me that the Standard-Bearer is an Unitarian? Impossible! ODoherty could never have intended to accept the chair.

TICKLER.

On the whole it is better, perhaps, that he is to be appointed Professor of Gymnastics? Clias does not mean to oppose him, and therefore, for the Adjutant's sake, let us drink success to this institution:—"Sir Morgan ODoherty

ty, and the University of London ;" *with all the honours.* *Hip, hip, hip—&c. &c.*

NORTH.

Young persons, my good friend, will, no doubt, get information of various kinds at the said London University ; but it will always be a vulgar, coarsish sort of an academe. True it is, that the expense of a complete and gentlemanly education at Oxford or Cambridge is a serious thing, and must deter many parents from sending their sons thither ; but such education as this metropolitan school will supply, never will be considered as a satisfactory substitute for the other, either by the heads of families, or the young gentlemen themselves ; and it is plain that the students must be of a low grade in society. Be it so ; it is well. Let its real character be understood, and many of the objections to the scheme will fall to the ground ; just as many of the expectations of its utility will do, now absurdly exaggerated and misrepresented.

TICKLER.

No Divinity—no Polite Literature—no Classics !—What a Menagerie it will be of Bears and Monkeys ! a nursery for contributors to the Westminster Review.

NORTH.

Pray, Tickler, have you read Milton's Treatise on Christianity ?

TICKLER.

I have ; and feel disposed to agree with him in his doctrine of polygamy. For many years I lived very comfortably without a wife ; and since the 1820, I have been a monogamist. But I confess that there is a sameness in that system. I should like much to try polygamy for a few years. I wish Milton had explained the duties of a polygamist ; for it is possible that they may be of a very intricate, complicated, and unbounded nature, and that such an accumulation of private business might be thrown on one's hands, that it could not be in the power of an elderly gentleman to overtake it ; occupied, too, as he might be, as in my own case, in contributing to the Periodical Literature of the age.

NORTH.

Sir, the system would not be found to work well in this climate. Milton was a great poet ; but a bad divine, and a miserable politician.

TICKLER.

How can that be ?—Wordsworth says that a great poet must be great in all things.

NORTH.

Wordsworth often writes like an idiot ; and never more so than when he said of Milton, " his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart !" For it dwelt in tumult, and mischief, and rebellion. Wordsworth is, in all things, the reverse of Milton—a good man, and a bad poet.

TICKLER.

What !—That Wordsworth whom Maga cries up as the Prince of Poets ?

NORTH.

Be it so ; I must humour the fancies of some of my friends. But had that man been a great poet, he would have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of England ; whereas his verses are becoming less and less known every day, and he is, in good truth, already one of the illustrious obscure.

TICKLER.

I never thought him more than a very ordinary man—with some imagination, certainly, but with no grasp of understanding, and apparently little acquainted with the history of his kind. My God ! to compare such a writer with Scott and Byron !

NORTH.

And yet, with his creed, what might not a great poet have done ?—That the language of poetry is but the language of strong human passion !—That in the great elementary principles of thought and feeling, common to all the race, the subject-matter of poetry is to be sought and found !—That enjoyment and suffering, as they wring and crush, or expand and elevate, men's hearts, are the sources of song !—And what, pray, has he made out of this true and philosophical creed ?—A few ballads, (pretty at the best,) two or three moral fables, some natural description of scenery, and half a dozen narratives of com-

mon distress or happiness. Not one single character has he created—not one incident—not one tragical catastrophe. He has thrown no light on man's estate here below ; and Crabbe, with all his defects, stands immeasurably above Wordsworth as the Poet of the Poor.

TICKLER.

Good. And yet the youngsters, in that absurd Magazine of yours, set him up to the stars as their idol, and kiss his very feet, as if the toes were of gold.

NORTH.

Well, well ; let them have their own way awhile. I confess that the "Excursion" is the worst poem, of any character, in the English language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine, even in the sense, as well as the sound. The remaining 7300 are quite ineffectual. Then what labour the builder of that lofty rhyme must have undergone ! It is, in its own way, a small Tower of Babel, and all built by a single man !

TICKLER.

Wipe your forehead, North ; for it is indeed a most perspiring thought. I do not know whether my gallantry blinds me, but I prefer much of the female to the male poetry of the day.

NORTH.

O thou Polygamist !

TICKLER.

There is Joanna Baillie. Is there not more genius, passion, poetry, in the tragedy of Count Basil, than in any book of Wordsworth ?

NORTH.

Ten times.

TICKLER.

There is Mrs Hemans. Too fond, certes, is she of prattling about Greece and Rome, and of being classical, which no lady can hope to be who has never been at one of the English public schools, and sat upon the fifth form. But is there not often a rich glow of imagery in her compositions, fine feelings and fancies, and an unconstrained and even triumphant flow of versification which murmurs poetry ?

NORTH.

There is.

TICKLER.

Is not L. E. L. a child of genius, as well as of the Literary Gazette ; and does she not throw over her most impassioned strains of love and rapture a delicate and gentle spirit, from the recesses of her own pure and holy woman's heart ?

NORTH.

She does.

TICKLER.

And was not Tighe an angel, if ever there was one on earth, beautiful, airy, and evanescent, as her own immortal Psyche ?

NORTH.

She was.

TICKLER.

And what the devil then would you be at with your great bawling He-Poets from the Lakes, who go round and round about, strutting upon nothing, like so many turkey-cocks gobbling with a long red pendant at their noses, and frightening away the fair and lovely swans as they glide down the waters of immortality ?

NORTH.

With Fahrenheit at 80 in the shade, I praise the poetry of no man. You have carte blanche to abuse everybody, Tickler, till the thermometer is less ambitious.

TICKLER.

Wordsworth is a poet—but unluckily is a weak man. His imagination shows him fine sights, but his intellect knows not how to deal with them, so that they vanish in glittering and gorgeous evaporation.

NORTH.

Just so, Tickler—and then how ludicrously he over-rates his own powers. This we all do, but Wordsworth's pride is like that of a straw-crowned king in Bedlam. For example, he indited some silly lines to a hedge-sparrow's nest with five eggs, and, years afterwards, in a fit of exultation, told the world, in another poem equally childish, that the Address to the Sparrow was "one strain that will not die!" Ha! ha! ha! Can that be a great man?

TICKLER.

Had that man in youth become the member of any profession, (which all poor men are bound to do,) he would soon have learned in the tussle to rate his powers more truly. How such a man as Jeffrey, with his endless volubility of ingenious argumentation, would have squabashed him before a jury! Suppose him Attorney-general in the Queen's trial, stammering before Brougham, who kept lowering upon him with that cadaverous and cruel countenance, on a sudden instinct with a hellish scorn! Or opposed in Parliament to the rapier of Canning, that even while glancing brightly before the eye, has already inflicted twenty disabling wounds! Or editor of a Poetical, Philosophical, and Political Journal, and under the influence of a malignant star, opposed, *vi et armis*, to Christopher North, the Victor in a Thousand Fields!

NORTH.

Ay, ay, Tickler—my dear Tickler—He would have found his level then—but his excessive vanity

TICKLER.

Contrasted with the unassuming, and indeed retiring modesty—I might say bashfulness—of your mind and manners, sir, the arrogance of the stamp-master

NORTH.

Hush—no illiberal illusion to a man's trade.

TICKLER.

I ask pardon. No person more illiberal on this very point than our lyrical ballad-monger. His whole writings, in verse and prose, are full of sneers at almost every profession but his own—and that being the case

NORTH.

Scott's poetry puzzles me—it is often very bad.

TICKLER.

Very.

NORTH.

Except when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer. His versification in general flows on easily—smoothly—almost sonorously—but seldom or never with impetuosity or grandeur. There is no strength, no felicity in his diction—and the substance of his poetry is neither rich nor rare. The atmosphere is becoming every moment more oppressive. How stands the Therm?

TICKLER.

Ninety. But then when his martial soul is up, and up it is at sight of a spear-point or a pennon, then indeed you hear the true poet of chivalry. What care I, Kit, for all his previous drivelling—if drivelling it be—and God forbid I should deny drivelling to any poet, ancient or modern—for now he makes my very soul to burn within me,—and, coward and civilian though I be,—yes, a most intense and insuperable coward, prizing life and limb beyond all other earthly possessions, and loath to shed one single drop of blood either for my King or country,—yet such is the trumpet-power of the song of that son of genius, that I start from my old elbow-chair, up with the poker, tongs, or shovel, no matter which, and flourishing it round my head, cry,

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

and then, dropping my voice, and returning to my padded bottom, whisper,

"Were the last words of Marmion!"—

NORTH.

Bravo—bravo—bravo!

TICKLER.

I care not one single curse for all the criticism that ever was canted, or decanted, or recanted. Neither does the world. The world takes a poet as it finds him, and seats him accordingly above or below the salt. The world is as obstinate as a million mules, and will not turn its head on one side or another for all the shouting of the critical population that ever was shouted. It is very possible that the world is a bad judge. Well then—appeal to posterity, and be hanged to you—and posterity will affirm the judgment, with costs.

NORTH.

How you can jabber away so, in such a temperature as this, confounds me. You are indeed a singular old man.

TICKLER.

Therefore I say that Scott is a Homer of a poet, and so let him doze when he has a mind to it; for no man I know is better entitled to an occasional half-canto of slumber.

NORTH.

Did you ever meet any of the Lake-Poets in private society?

TICKLER.

Five or six times. Wordsworth has a grave, solemn, pedantic, awkward, out-of-the-worldish look about him, that rather puzzles you as to his probable profession, till he begins to speak—and then, to be sure, you set him down at once for a methodist preacher.

NORTH.

I have seen Chantry's bust.

TICKLER.

The bust flatters his head, which is not intellectual. The forehead is narrow, and the skull altogether too scanty. Yet the baldness, the gravity, and the composure, are impressive, and, on the whole, not unpoetical. The eyes are dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lightens up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy.

NORTH.

Is he not extremely eloquent?

TICKLER.

Far from it. He labours like a whale spouting—his voice is wearisomely monotonous—he does not know when to have done with a subject—oracularly announces perpetual truisms—never hits the nail on the head—and leaves you amazed with all that needless pother, which the simple bard opines to be eloquence, and which passes for such with his Cockney idolators, and his catechumens at Ambleside and Keswick.

NORTH.

Not during dinner, surely?

TICKLER.

Yes—during breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper,—every intermediate moment,—nor have I any doubt that he proses all night long in his sleep.

NORTH.

Shocking indeed. In conversation, the exchange should be at par. That is the grand secret. Nor should any Christian ever exceed the maximum of three consecutive sentences—except in an anecdote.

TICKLER.

O merciful heavens! my dear North—What eternal talkers most men are now-a-days—all at it in a party at once—each farthing candle anxious to shine forth with its own vile wavering wick—tremulously apprehensive of snuffers—and stinking away after expiration in the socket!

NORTH.

Bad enough in town, but worse, far worse, in country places.

TICKLER.

The surgeon! The dominie! The old minister's assistant and successor! The president of the Speculative Society! Two landscape painters! The rejected contributor to Blackwood! The agricultural reporter of the county!

The surveyor ! Captain Campbell ! The Laird, his son ! The stranger gentleman on a tour ! The lecturer on an orrery ! The poet about to publish by subscription ! The person from Pitkeathly ! The man of the house himself—My God ! his wife and daughters ! and the widow, the widow ! I can no more, the widow, the widow, the widow ! (sinks back in his chair.)

NORTH.

I have heard Coleridge. That man is entitled to speak on till Doomsday—or rather the genius within him—for he is inspired. Wind him up, and away he goes, discoursing most excellent music—without a discord—full, ample, inexhaustible, serious, and divine !

TICKLER.

Add him to my list—and the band of instrumental music is complete.

NORTH.

What stuff is spoken about the oratory of pulpit and parliament !

TICKLER.

Brougham is a volcano—an eruption—a devouring flame—a storm—a whirlwind—a cataract—a torrent—a sea—thunder and earthquake. You might apply the same terms, with the same truth, to a Billingsgate fishwife.

NORTH.

Brougham's invective is formidable chiefly for its vulgarity. One hates, loaths, fears to be pelted with the mud and missiles of an infuriated demagogue—just as a gentleman declines the proffered combat with a carman, although conscious that in three rounds he would leave the ruffian senseless in the ring.

TICKLER.

That sometimes occurs—as in the case of Canning.

NORTH.

The straight hitting of the Foreign Secretary soon dorses your round-about hand-over-head millers, like Harry Brougham.

TICKLER.

Yet how that outrageous violence and fury, arms aloft, eyes agog, cheeks convulsed, and lips quivering, passes with the multitude for demonstration of strength and science !

NORTH.

Brougham never fights at points—he throws away his blows—and beyond all the other men, lays himself open to fatal punishment, although he has weight, length, and reach, and generally enters the ring in good condition, and after long and severe training, yet has he lost every battle. His backers are never confident—yet in a casual turn-up, it must be allowed that he is an ugly customer.

TICKLER.

Notwithstanding the truth of all this, I am a great admirer of Brougham. He is unquestionably a man of great and versatile talents.

NORTH.

Yes—and to hear his lickspittles speak, you would think that a man of great and versatile talents was a miracle ; whereas there are some thousands of them publicly acknowledged in England at this day. We hear of his wonderful literary talents—wherein exhibited ?

TICKLER.

The Edinburgh Review.

NORTH.

Very well—many able papers in the Edinburgh Review no doubt—which are his ? Let us suppose all of them, and that the trash is Jeffrey's, Smith's Mackintosh's, &c. ; are the best of those papers astounding, prodigious, miraculous, prophetic of the Millenium ? I read them without awe—my hair does not rise—my knees do not tremble—No cold sweat overspreads my aged frame—I read on—on—on—am pleased to see intuitively the fallacy of all he writes—and fall asleep with a calm conscience.

TICKLER.

He is a great mathematician.

NORTH.

So is his brother Billy, who was to have beaten Joshua King at Cambridge,

and come forth from the Senate-house senior Wrangler, with "Incomparabilis" at his name. But on the day of trial he was found wanting—and showed himself no mathematician at all, although he too, it is said, writes his scientific articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. Yes! he is the Euclid of the *Edinburgh*.

TICKLER.

His Colonial Policy?

NORTH.

Speeches in the Speculative Society, and trial-essays for the *Edinburgh Review*—a foolish farrago—although on some subjects I prefer the ignorant sincerity of the boy there exhibited, to the instructed hypocrisy of the man in his late bellowings on Slavery and the Blacks.

TICKLER.

Then what say you to his Glasgow affair?

NORTH.

Why, as to his Inaugural Discourse, it is far from being a bad performance, but stiff, pedantic, and cumbrous. It was written, he tells the world, on the Northern Circuit; and his childish sycophant in the *Edinburgh Review* opens his mouth to a dangerous extent at this wonder of wonders, braying, that "it sounds like monstrous and shocking exaggeration, or fabulous invention."

TICKLER.

The short and the long of it is, then, that, when inquired into, Henry Brougham's literary and scientific pretensions sink into absolute nothingness, and that there are at this moment at least fifty thousand men in England equal to this prodigy in all the attainments of scholarship, and certainly not fewer than ten thousand his superior, incomparably, both in argument and capacity?

NORTH.

Doubtless, Tickler,—add his Bar practice and Parliamentary howling, and still he can be accounted for without the aid of "fabulous invention."

TICKLER.

He is a first-rate fellow in his way, and that I can say, without "monstrous or shocking exaggeration." But his stature does not reach the sky, although his head is frequently in the clouds. Copley is his master.

NORTH.

That is a capital article on the Drama in the last number of *Maga*. It cuts up your dogmata, in your sprightly review of Doubleday's Babington, with civility and discretion.

TICKLER.

Indeed! What I asserted in my sprightly review of Doubleday's Babington was simply this, that it was easier for a man of great poetical genius to write dramatic poetry, than any other kind. In the course of my very sprightly review I remarked, that "with a powerful intellect, a vivid imagination, and a keen insight into human nature, particularly into its passions, where is the prodigious difficulty of writing a good tragedy?"

NORTH.

Why, I confess I see none.

TICKLER.

But hear our friend.—"To this I answer, None whatever; and when we shall find first-rate intellect, imagination, and knowledge of human passion combined, we shall have found the true writer of tragedy, and the true Phœnix besides."

NORTH.

And what say you in reply?

TICKLER.

I say, that I cannot but wonder at such a sentence from so clever a correspondent. Why, are not all great poets that ever existed such men as I have described? There was no description of a Phœnix, but of any one of some hundreds, or perhaps thousands, or tens of thousands of men and Christians. I did not argue the question at any great length; but I made out my point unanswerably, that epic poetry (for example) was more difficult than dramatic,—and that—

NORTH.

Come, come—nobody remembers one single word that either of you have said upon that, or any other subject. It is pleasant to know how immediately everything said or done in this world is forgotten. Murder a novel, or a man, or a poem, or a child—forge powers of attorney without cessation during the prime of life, till old maids beyond all computation have been sold unsuspectingly out of the stocks in every country village in England—for a lustre furnish Balaam to a London magazine, at thirty shillings per bray—in short, let any man commit any enormity, and it is forgotten before the first of the month! Who remembers anything but the bare names—and these indistinctly—of Thurtell, and Hunt, and Fauntleroy, and Hazlitt, and Tims, and Soames, and Southeran. Soap-bubbles all—blown, burst, vanished, and forgotten!

TICKLER.

Why, you might almost venture to republish Maga herself in numbers, under the smirk of a New Series. I know a worthy and able minister of our church, who has been preaching (and long may he preach it) the self-same sermon for upwards of forty years. About the 1802 I began to suspect him; but having then sat below him only for some dozen years, or so, I could not, of course, in a matter of so much delicacy, dare trust to my very imperfect memory. During the Whig ministry of 1806, my attention was strongly rivetted to the “practical illustrations,” and I could have sworn to the last twenty minutes of his discourse, as to the voice of a friend familiar in early youth. About the time your Magazine first dawned on the world, my belief of its identity extended to the whole discourse; and the good old man himself, in the delight of his heart, confessed to me the truth a few Sabbaths after the Chaldee.

NORTH.

Come, now, tell me the truth, have you ever palmed off any part of it upon me in the shape of an article?

TICKLER.

Never, 'pon honour; but you shall get the whole of it some day, as a Number One; for, now that he has got an assistant and successor, the sermon is seldom employed, and he has bequeathed it me in a codicil to his will.

NORTH.

Tickler, you think yourself a good reader—there is Southey's new poem, “The Tale of Paraguay:” Spout.

TICKLER.

I read well—although hardly a John Kemble or a James Ballantyne. I do not read according to rules, but I follow my feelings, and they never mislead me. Accordingly, I never read the same composition in the same way, yet each way is the right one. But judge for yourself . . . Give me Southey (*Rises and reads.*)

“He was a man of rarest qualities,
Who to this barbarous region had confined
A spirit with the learned and the wise
Worthy to take its place, and from mankind
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined;
From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he came,
And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honour'd name.

“It was his evil fortune to behold
The labours of his painful life destroy'd;
His flock which he had brought within the fold
Dispersed; the work of ages render'd void,
And all of good that Paraguay enjoy'd
By blind and suicidal power o'erthrown.
So he the years of his old age employ'd,
A faithful chronicler, in handing down
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

" And, thus when exiled from the dear-loved scene,
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
Of sad remembrance : and the Empress Queen,
That great Teresa, she did not disdain
In gracious mood sometimes to entertain
Discourse with him both pleasurable and sage ;
And sure a willing ear she well might deign
To one whose tales may equally engage
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of age.

" But of his native speech because well nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history ;
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught
With matter of delight and food for thought.
And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,
As when he won the ear of that great Emprèss Queen.

" Little he deem'd when with his Indian band
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,
A Poet then unborn, and in a land
Which had proscribed his order, should one day
Take up from thence his moralizing lay,
And shape a song that, with no fiction drest,
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,
And sinking deep in many an English breast,
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest."

NORTH.

Very bad—very bad.

TICKLER.

I offer to read you for a rump and dozen. Sir, which of us call you bad—the poet or the spouter ?

NORTH.

Both, both—bad, bald, mean, and miserable !

TICKLER.

Bald !—Can't help that. Would you have me wear a wig ?—But here's at it again.—(*Reads.*)

" The Moon had gather'd oft her monthly store
Of light, and oft in darkness left the sky,
Since Monnema a growing burthen bore
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by ;
And now her hour is come, and none is nigh
To help : but human help she needed none.
A few short throes endured with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new-born son,
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

" Might old observances have there been kept,
Then should the husband to that pensile bed,
Like one exhausted with the birth have crept,
And laying down in feeble guise his head,
For many a day been nursed and dieted
With tender care, to chiding mothers due.
Certes a custom strange, and yet far spread
Through many a savage tribe, howe'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as the new.

" This could not then be done ; he might not lay
The bow and those unerring shafts aside :
Nor through the appointed weeks forego the prey,

Still to be sought amid those regions wide,
None being there who should the while provide
That lonely household with their needful food ;
So still Quiara through the forest plied
His daily task, and in the thickest wood
Still laid his snares for birds, and still the chace pursued."

NORTH.

Conceived and brought forth in the true spirit of a howdie !—
" Then slid into the stream, and *bathed, and all was done !*"

TICKLER.

Look at the passage, North, with your own eyes. You see it—so do I.
Shall I ring the bell for Ambrose and other witnesses ?

NORTH.

" What is writ is writ." But oh ! how unlike the spirit of Byron ! It is indeed pitiable.

TICKLER.

What the devil are you whimpering at ?—Not a poet living who has not indulged in his drivel.

NORTH.

Oh ! not surely to that degree !

TICKLER.

Yes ; beyond the superlative. Then hear the people in Parliament. What ludicrous pomposity in the enunciation of old, decrepid, emaciated truths, walking arm-in-arm with skeleton falsehoods ! Are there, I ask you, six men in the House of Commons who could support a part in our Noctes Ambrosianæ ?

NORTH.

I intend shortly to try. We shall then see of what metal they are made.

TICKLER.

Who are the first men in England ?—The spirits of the age ?

NORTH.

I know none superior to our two selves. The world tires speedily of everything set before it, except The Magazine. All the other periodicals seem to sicken their subscribers. To conduct the state is, I verily believe, much easier than to conduct Ebony. The state goes on of itself. All that the ministry is expected to do, is not to stop the state. But we carry the Magazine on. A national bankruptcy would be nothing in comparison to our stopping payment.

TICKLER.

I know not whether your death, or that of the Great Unknown, would most fatally eclipse the gaiety of nations.

NORTH.

Mine.

TICKLER.

List !—I hear Mullion, Hogg, and Odoherty.

(*Door burst open, and they enter.*)

NORTH.

Glad to see you, gentlemen. Here, Tickler, and I have been discussing Dick Martin and Wordsworth, Southey and Brougham, till we are fairly tired of the whole set.

TICKLER.

To change the subject, Mullion, will you give us a song.

MULLION.

With all my heart.

[*Sings.*

1.

When Panurge and his fellows, as Rab'lais will tell us,*
Set out on a sail to the ends of the earth,

* See Rabelais Pantagruel, Livre V. Chap. xlv. After arriving at the oracle of the holy bottle, and asking its advice, "*de la sacree bouteille yssit ung bruit tel que*

And jollily cruising, carousing, and boozing,
 To the oracle came in a full tide of mirth;
 Pray what was its answer? come tell if you can, sir;
 'Twas an answer most splendid and sage, as I think;
 For sans any delaying, it summ'd up by saying,
 The whole duty of man is one syllable—"DRINK."

2.

O bottle mirific! advice beatific!
 A response more celestial sure never was known;
 I speak for myself, I prefer it to Delphi,
 Though Apollo himself on that rock fix'd his throne;
 The foplings of fashion may still talk their trash on;
 And declare that the custom of toping should sink;
 A fig for such asses, I stick to my glasses,
 And swear that no fashion shall stint me in drink.

3.

And now in full measure I toast you with pleasure,
 The warrior—

[To SIR MORGAN ODOHERTY, who bows.]

—the poet—

[To MR HOGG, who bows.]

—the statesman—

[to MR TICKLER, who bows.]

—and sage;

[To MR NORTH, who bows.]

Whose benign constellation illumines the nation,
 And sheds lively lustre all over the age;
 Long, long may its brightness, in glory and lightness,
 Shine clear as the day-star on morning's sweet brink!
 May their sway ne'er diminish! and therefore I finish,
 By proposing the health of the four whom I drink.

NORTH, HOGG, ODOHERTY, TICKLER.

Thank ye—thank ye—Bravo!—A capital first-rate song.

NORTH, (*aside to HOGG.*)

A poor effusion that of Mullion's; I think he grows worse every day.

HOGG, (*aside to NORTH.*)

Awfu' havers. It maist gart me gie up my stomach.

ODOHERTY, (*aside to TICKLER.*)

Stuff, by all that's bad.

TICKLER, (*aside to ODOHERTY.*)

Stupid trash.

MULLION.

I am glad it has pleased you all so much. Mr North, I believe it is your turn.

NORTH.

Faith, Doctor, you know I seldom sing. However, I shall give you one which I used to hear a long time ago in Paris, when I was at the dear *petits soupers* of the divine Duchesse de —. Pshaw!—no matter. It was written by Coulanges, when he was about eighty. And I heard it first sung by a man of the same age, who had heard Coulanges himself singing it a very short time before he died.

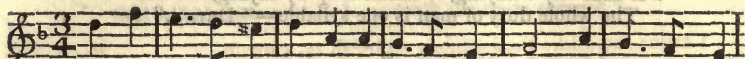
HOGG.

When was it that that Cool-onj ye speak o' dee'd?

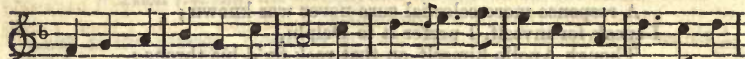
font les abeilles naissantes de la chair dung jeune taureau occiz et accoustre selon l'art et invention d'Aristeus; ou tel que fait une guarot desbandant l'arbaleste, ou, en esté, une forte pluye soubdainement tumbant. Lors feut ouy ce mot, TRINQ." which Bacue the priestess' son interprets to be a panomphean, signifying Drink,

NORTH.

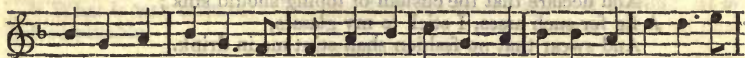
Somewhere about the fifteen—I mean 1715, or perhaps 16. I heard it perhaps sixty years after, if not more.



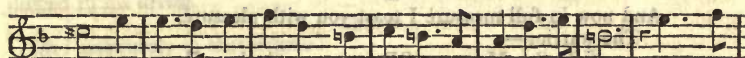
Je voudrais à mon â-ge, (Il en se-roit temps,) E-tre moins vo-



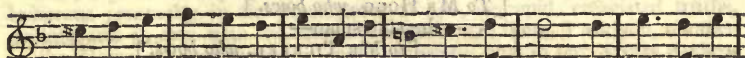
la-ge Que les jeu-nés gens, Et mettre en u-sa-ge D'un veillard bien



sa-ge Tous les sen-ti-mens. Je voudrais du viel homme E-tre se-pa-



ré: Le morceau de pomme N'est pas di-gé-ré Gens de bien, gens d'hon-



neur, A vo-tre sçavoir fai-re Je li-vre mon cœur; Mais laissez en-



ti-ere Et li-bre car-ri-ere A ma belle humeur.

I think it fits my age, and, Heaven forgive me! I am afraid, with such companions as you are, it but too well suits the character I, no matter how unjustly, have got in the world.

HOGG.

Weel, weel, I was born a true Scot, and dinna care a bodle aboot sic clish-maclavers o' ayont-the-water jauberin.

TICKLER.

Why, Hogg, O'Doherty here says that he can translate extempore: ask him.

NORTH.

What say you, Sir Morgan; are you an Improvisatore?

ODOHERTY.

No, sir; I am a thick-and-thin Tory; but I shall try. What are we to call it—Mr North's apology for presiding at Ambrose's in his seventieth year?

TICKLER, (aside.)

Eightieth, I believe; but no matter.

ODOHERTY.

At my time o' day

It were proper, in truth,

If I could be less gay

Than your frolicksome youth;

And now old and gray,

To plod on my way

Like a senior, in sooth.

I wish my old tricks

I could wholly forget;

But the apple here sticks,

Undigested as yet.

Let the good folks who will

With my plan disagree,

They may scold me their fill,
If I only am free—
To retain in full glee
All my good humour still.

I canna say I like the harmony o' yer ditty, captain.

More ungrateful that of you, Shepherd, after all the civil things I have said of the harmonious rhythm of your Queen Hynde, for which, I hope, I shall not have to account another day.

HOGG.

I wush, my lad, ye wad write a volumn yersell, and no be jockin' at the warks o' ithers. Ye wad find an unco difference between jeerin' at authors and bein' ane yersell.

NORTH.

Yes, Hogg, I confess there is a degree of unfairness in the critics of the present age. Who are the great reviewers—the persons whose literary opinions guide the British public?—Jeffrey, John Coleridge, O'Doherty—yet not one of these gentlemen ever wrote a book.

Nae mair than yersell, Mr North.

NORTH.

James, James, that is a sore subject. It is no matter what I wrote—time will tell all that—wait till my autobiography is published, and then it will be seen what effect my works have had upon the age! But I am anticipating. Your health, James, and song.

HOGG, (*aside*.)

Auld baudron's back's up, I see! (To Mr NORTH.)—O, as for a sang, here goes—Wauken up Mr Tickler.

TICKLER, (*wakes*.)

It's no use, Jamie, till your song is over, for that will inevitably put me to sleep; so let me nap till then, and then I'll stay awake for the remainder of the evening. [*Relapses into slumber.*]

HOGG.

Some people's intellects are sairly malshackered by age.—(*Sings.*)

Air—Auld Langsyne.

There's nought sae sweet in this poor life

As knittin' soul to soul;
And what maist close may bind that knot?

The glass and bowl!
The glass and bowl, my boys,

The glass and bowl;

So let us call, for this is out,

Another bowl.

Chorus—ye neerdoweels, chorus.

Chorus.

The glass and bowl, &c.

We never paddled in the burn,
Nor pull'd the gowan droll—

ODOHERTY.

The gowan droll! What is there droll about a gowan? The gowan fine, you mean.

HOGG.

Sir Morgan O'Doherty, if ye be Sir Morgan, ye'll hae the goodness to mak sangs for yersell, and no for me. It was, nae doubt, "gowans fine," in Burns, for he wanted it for a rhyme to "Auld langsyne." Now I want it to rhyme to "bowl," a word far different. And besides, the gowan is a droll-like sort of crater as ye wad see in a field.

I beg your pardon—Proceed, Shepherd.

We never dabbled in the burn,
Nor pull'd the gowan droll,
But often has the sun's return
Surprised our bowl.

Chorus.—Our glass and bowl, my boys,

Our glass and bowl ;

So let us call, as this is out—

Another bowl.

And aft did we the merry catch

And cheering ditty troll,

And hooted mony a whiggish wretch

About the bowl.

Chorus.—Our glass and bowl, &c.

And, therefore, hills betwixt may rise,

And though ocean water roll,

Yet we'll ne'er forget the lads who met

About the bowl.

Chorus.—Our glass and bowl, &c.

And whan yer poet's dead and gane,

And laid beneath the moul',

Let those who sung his memory, drink

About the bowl.

Chorus.—The glass and bowl, my boys,

The glass and bowl ;

So let us call, for this is out—

Another bowl.

NORTH, (*much affected*.)

Thank ye—thank ye, James. Long distant be that day ! It will, in the course of nature, be your duty to lay me in the grave, and then I hope, as Southey says to Savage Landor, you will remember your friendship for me, when the paltry heats and animosities of the day are forgotten.

In the 99th, they fined anybody who spoke of the death of a comrade, a dozen of wine. I propose the same law for our club.

Tickler, let us leave these youths to settle the fine and the bill.

[*Exeunt NORTH and TICKLER.*]

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VOL. XVIII.

A WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ONCE more amid the woods!—Loud howls the wind,
And wither'd leaves are rustling all around!
Oh, what a store of cherish'd thoughts enshrined
In Memory's Temple wakes at every sound!
Long, long such lonely raptures had declined,—
Ay, raptures,—for even like the tones profound
Of solemn music, to the heart are dear,
All recollections that await me here.

And thou art as of yore, so mild and bright,
Oh, lovely Moon, that proudly sail'st on high;
And I have deem'd that your unclouded light
On our vain cares and toils beam'd mockery,—
So calmly movest Thou through the starry height,
Whilst we, unheeding how the moments fly,
In worldly strife and sorrow life consume,
Till, unprepared, we sink into the tomb.

But falsely have I deem'd; for in that sphere,
As wise men, science-aided, have descried,
Traces of human habitants appear—
Churches and towns, not less than waters wide,
And waving woods—Out on this creed severe!—
Thine aspect is no more to peace allied!—
Churches have churchyards;—many a woe-worn heart
Thy towns conceal;—so then my dreams depart.

Mid yon far distant mountains, forest-crown'd,
The poet, as on earth, is early won
By Nature's charms, and moves on fairy ground;—
For him, too, gleams the same autumnal sun;
For him the fancied laurel-wreaths are wound;
But scarcely has the reign of Joy begun,
Ere, onward rushing, through the charmed air,
He hears the Tempest's voice, that cries "Beware!"—

"Beware then!—Leave not thine own blest domain,—
 Leave not thy woods and wilds, where thou art free,—
 Where none but thine advent'rous step can gain
 The mountain realms of jocund Liberty!—
 All other joys are but the mask of pain,—
 Deceitful fruits of the forbidden Tree!—
 Then, turn not on the distant towns thy sight;—
 The spell, once broke, will never more unite.—

"Lift not the swarthy veil that on them low'rs;
 It hides no Paradise for eyes like thine;—
 There are no palaces, nor fairy bowers,
 Where Hope and Joy their azure garlands twine!"—
 In vain the warning!—Fleeting are those hours;
 The tempest comes, when every gleam benign
 That shone around him hath for ever died;
 Broke are the bands that Nature would have tied!

Oh, countless are the mysteries, whereof we
 Speak not, because fit utterance is denied,
 Feelings that to the heart resistlessly
 Cleave inward, and yet prove no steadfast guide;—
 For, the mind changes like the blighted tree;
 But he that lives to Nature still allied
 Changes the least: The sun—the stars—the sky—
 The wild rocks—shadow forth Eternity!—

What is our mortal life?—Delusion vain!—
 Look at yon radiant "Beauty—of all eyes
 The Cynosure"—while *hers* among the train
 Of wondering youths, (with lustre that outvies
 The diamond,) their inspiring "influence rain"
 Proudly, to cheer her suppliant votaries:—
 But, what is Beauty,—flattered thus and prized,—
 More than a death's-head, transiently disguised?

Were I not thus alone, mid the wild woods,
 These words had not been uttered; for no more
 May truth be heard on earth, nor understood,
 Nor visually beheld. From shore to shore,
 Where lives the man, that yet hath hardihood,
 Her spectral form to view, that whilom wore
 The guise of Beauty?—But she wore that guise
 Only for youthful poets' gifted eyes.

Brief are their joys;—soon broken every spell!—
 But there has been a time in earlier days,
 When the first light of inspiration fell
 On Christian hearts, to guide them through the maze
 Of life's dark wilderness, and then full well
 Could mortals with undaunted courage gaze
 On the dread ghostly form that unto them
 Brought, of eternal life, the diadem.

They sought no longer for enjoyments here,
 Where, in possession, all enjoyments die,
 But found that suffering and a life austere
 Could to the mind supernal strength supply:
 Hence on that spectral shape, unblanch'd by fear,
 They fix'd their willing eyes, that could descry,
 Far in the distance, realms of changeless light,
 And with firm faith believed that all was right.

But to return ;—in yonder orb, whereon

The sun now brightly gleams, even at this hour,
Hath not some lorn and weeping mourner gone

To the still burial-ground, with many a flower,

To deck the grave of him that Death has won,

Perchance untimely ?—Oh there lives no power

In sunlight, to restore that broken heart !

With those we love, all temporal hopes depart.

Still on the grave let many a wreath be thrown,

From flow'rets woven, that are of azure hue ;—

Emblem of all that to the mourner lone

Is left, her wasting anguish to subdue ;—

Emblem of beauteous tints around the throne

Of power supreme—the Heavens' eternal blue :—

The flowers, 'tis true, will wither ; but on high,

Their tints are deathless in the unfathom'd sky.

For whom are shed those tears ? For whom are twined

Those vernal wreaths ?—Oh, were the veil uproll'd

That hides the varied sufferings of mankind

From kindred hearts, not hardened yet, nor cold,—

Henceforth, where might we peace and joyance find ?—

That curtain drawn, what Hero dares behold,

Unmoved, the tragic theatre, whereon

The direful scenes of daily life are shown ?

Yet, fleeting moments come, when, even as now,

That veil is half withdrawn. Hence, I descry

One lonely form, beneath the cypress-bough,

Lifting her dim sight to the beaming sky,

In prayer, that Heaven, in mercy, will allow

Strength to sustain her weight of misery,—

Then homeward crawls, where, dauntless all the while,

Her children on their widow'd mother smile.

And dauntless let them be !—Though temp'ral power

And strength they boast not, in their weakness here

They are more safe, than in his martial tower

The sternest king with iron shield and spear ;—

On infancy descends a matchless dower

Of Innocence, that guards from every fear,

And inspirations deep to them are given,—

“ They have not lost their Father, yet, in Heaven !”

Not yet !—But there might come another day,

When childhood is no more, and from those eyes,

Wherein the gleams of Hope and gladness play,

Despair would flash with fitful energies ;—

When on those hearts, so tranquil now and gay,

Remorse would feed,—the worm that never dies :—

But angels guard them now, and on life's toils

And cureless woe, they cast unconscious smiles.

For whom were shed those tears ?—That question we

Have answer'd ; but not yet, we mark'd the strife,—

The long contention with his destiny,

Ere that stern victim did yield up his life.

He fell not like a dry leaf from the tree,—

But as a man, who parts with child and wife,

And leaves them in a ruthless tyrant's hand,

While he is borne to some far distant strand.

That tyrant was the World. No matter where,—
 Or in the cold moon, or the colder earth,
 There is for grief no refuge but despair !
 And he had tried the world in hours of mirth ;
 Had trusted then to the pretensions fair
 Of men renown'd for piety and worth,—
 And tried them when, in evil days, the sun
 Was clouded, and the spells of Mirth undone.—

“ Of all who flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued,—
 (Thanks, noble Byron, for that verse !) not one
 There came to soothe him in his anguish'd mood ;—
 The world did now his mournful presence shun,
 And most of all, the “ pious and the good,”
 (So were they named,) who had his friendship won.
 Right willingly the cup of joy they shared,
 But for his grief scarce even compassion spared.

Then did Regret and Disappointment prey
 Like Demons on his heart ? Not so. But Scorn
 And Indignation held resistless sway ;—
 And a rash vow that fated youth had sworn,
 Yet, ere he died, to pluck the mask away,
 That many a prosperous hypocrite has worn.
 Oh vain resolve !—The hydra brood of Hell
 Fail not to guard the slaves who serve them well.—

His rash vows were fulfill'd ; but not the less
 The Bishop did in saintly pomp appear ;
 The Judge pronounced his heartless calm address,
 So learn'd forsooth, and godly, though severe ;—
 The legal robber triumph'd o'er distress,
 By theft augmenting wealth from year to year :—
 Tear from their visages the mask ;—what then ?—
 The world protects each chosen denizen.

In vain the strife !—As in a murderer's den,
 One virtuous hero should contend alone,
 And for each blow dealt forth, encounter ten,
 From a wild horde, that mercy ne'er have shown,—
 So he that would reveal the crimes of men,
 Leaves them as they were found, and is o'erthrown.
 Then gibbering laughter circles round his head,
 Till his faint groans expire, and he hath fled.—

Ay, *fled* !—There is no courage that at last
 Will not to suffering yield, when, day by day,
 More bitter grows remembrance of the past,
 Contrasting now with pain's relentless sway ;—
 No bonds on earth have ever clung so fast,
 That the tired spirit might not float away,
 First resting in brief sleep, as if outworn,—
 Then woke by radiance of th' eternal morn.—

So this man died,—but not as others die !—
 Full many a time, when his last hour drew on,
 And (while his eyes were fix'd on vacancy)
 In dreams, he kneel'd before Heaven's dazzling throne,—
 There rose upon his ears a fearful cry,—
 “ Oh, husband,—father,—leave us not alone !”
 Then struggling with his fate, once more he woke,
 And of new combats resolutely spoke.

Combats !—But were that strife for evermore
 'Gainst outward foes, 'twere well, and if the mind,
 In strength exulting, rose, as heretofore,
 Triumphant o'er the weakness of mankind ;—
 But what if all the hopes that bloom'd of yore,
 Now fade, like leaves before November's wind,
 And with himself at war, he marks the light
 Of his own soul fast yielding unto night ?—

Enough of this ;—at length he died.—And why
 Thus waste the fleeting hour on themes like these ?—
 The towns and churches too have revelry ;
 And, better 'twere a blooming wreath to seize
 From Pleasure's garden—wisely reason'd—ay !
 Even in this hour, full many a heart, at ease,
 In indolence or mirth, the time enjoys,
 Heedless of all that humbler life annoys.

Ye worldlings then,—“ admit me of your crew,”
 And from your brimming goblets I shall drain
 Fit inspiration, and ere long renew,
 With pomp and energy, the minstrel strain,
 Till even *your* jocund spirits I subdue,
 And Folly's crown with acclamation gain ;—
 Her cap and bells.—Oh, rare !—far nobler meed,
 Than deathless honours to the bard decreed !—

Ay—this is life !—Who, but a madman, so
 Had linger'd in the forest's fading bower ?—
 How sweetly through this vaulted gallery flow
 The notes of gentlest music !—What a shower
 Of roseate light the lofty argands throw
 On the fair groups that wander here below !—
 In every heart is joyance ; every eye
 Gleams as it mirrors the rich pageantry.—

Not so.—Mark yonder youth, whose deep dark eyes
 Disdainful glances cast on all around ;—
 His are no feelings now to harmonize
 With those who tread in Pleasure's giddy round ;
 For he hath learn'd her witchery to despise :
 The transient spells are broken and unbound,
 And sternly there in his abstracted mood,
 He frowns on his own changeless solitude.

Yet earlier days have been, when on that brow
 No darkness linger'd, but, even as the morn
 In spring-tide, when gay blossoms deck the bough,
 He seem'd all wintry grief to hold in scorn.—
 Blossoms are bright, but fade ere long, and now,
 Of earlier joys stands Harold all forlorn ;
 Ay, Harold ! for that youth must have a name,
 And I have crown'd him thus with deathless fame.

No !—like the faint moan of th' autumnal wind,
 These words will pass away unheeded all ;
 But never may *that* name oblivion find !
 And while, of lot obscure, the reckless thrall,
 No blooming wreath have I for Harold twined,
 I glean the wither'd leaves that round me fall,
 And, fall'n like them, yet shrink not to impart
 The homage of a life-worn, wither'd heart.

While with a stern and scornful aspect there,
 He marks the laughing forms that round him float,
 And may no longer in their pastime share,
 His "mind's eye" dwells on scenery far remote,—
 On woods and wilds, (where through the fragrant air
 Steals many a gentle and inspiring note,)
 Lakes, mountains, heaths, and rivers known of yore,—
 But now, their soothing influence rules no more.

All pleasures he hath tried, and transiently
 Their solace might the wasting fire subdue,
 That in his ardent soul could never die;—
 In eager haste, from clime to clime he flew,
 And oftentimes, with a reckless energy,
 A master's hand across the harp-strings threw,
 Not for himself alone, (that pilgrim lorn,)
 His numbers breath'd, but through the world were borne.

Ay,—like the billows of the stormy sea,
 From shore to shore the spreading echoes broke,
 And in his native land, with homage free,
 Applauding multitudes their wonder spoke.
 Proudly he mark'd his own supremacy,
 And conscious triumph in his heart awoke.
 Such pleasures were, alas! like all the rest;—
 When sought they fly, and perish when possess'd.

For though, with influence undenied, he wields
 His magic sceptre o'er the realms of mind,—
 Brief are the joys that even such victory yields:
 What boots it thus to triumph o'er mankind,
 If yet no spell his inward spirit shields
 From wasting thoughts, that are with life entwined,
 And Truth, relentless, thus his ardour cools—
 "Thou reign'st but o'er a world of knaves and fools."

"All is delusion!" next, in wrath, he said,
 And many a strain in mockery he sung,
 Whereat the wise man frowning shook his head,—
Bas-bleus and saints ere long their gauntlets flung;—
 Nay, more,—from wife and child has Harold fled,
 Though *his* weak heart was then by suffering wrung:
 Not so the wife;—what was *her* parting strain?
 "Dearest of Ducks, we may not meet again."

Ye saints and wise men,—in your pomp and pride,
Bas-bleus and bishops,—'tis all one—the crew
 That fills the moon, 'twere bootless to divide,—
 Lunarians all—fools, knaves—one word with you!
 Ere on the deeds of Harold you decide,
 Say what yourselves have done, or yet may do?
 This much we know,—*his* fame will never die;
 The tomb, ere long, will hide your infamy.

Ye saints and wise men! what is here *your* claim
 To favour and regard, and wherefore so
 Heap obloquy on Harold's deathless name?
 If, like a sluggish stream, with motion slow,
 Ye crept along, without or praise or blame,
 Through varied scenes of mortal weal and woe,—
 Should then the cataract's rage,—the spirit wild,
 Be judged by *you*, and fearlessly reviled?

Yet whilom ruled a critic, who perchance
 Deserved applause,—who like a poisonous fly,
 When Harold did in early days advance,
 Chanting a prelude to high minstrelsy,
 Came on blue wings with yellow tiny lance,—
 Struck him, and deem'd the youth would prostrate lie.—
 Bravo, poor wasp! thou did'st the lion wake,
 And gad-flies shall be honour'd for thy sake.

“Of all who flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued,”
 Might *one* be found, of whom could Harold say,
 “Here stands the friend, immutable of mood,
 Dauntless and true, beneath even Sorrow's sway,
 When dark'ning thoughts on life's dark evils brood?”—
 No!—*bas-bleus* are by bailiffs driven away:
 Uncles and aunts give counsel sage and civil,
 And, in their hearts, would give him to the devil.

Enough of this. If life be wearisome,—
 If pleasures are out-worn, and friends are few,—
 These few but *soi-disants*; if spring-tide's bloom
 Is past, and only bitter fruits ensue,—
 One refuge yet is left,—the friendly tomb:
 But to the goal, what path shall he pursue?
 What better, than on battle-field to die,
 With sword in hand, for Truth and Liberty?—

In vain—in vain! Truth, I have said; erewhile
 Is but a name, or spectral shape that none
 Dares now behold; and, for the radiant smile
 Of Liberty,—the glance that she has thrown
 Of inspiration on her votaries' toil,—
 Scarce have we mark'd her beauty ere 'tis gone!—
 A grinning fiend supplies her presence then,—
 Vassals or kings—alas! all are but men.

These words did Harold prove. Mark how the cloud
 Now steals along the moon's yet radiant sphere,
 As if in darkness fittingly to shroud
 Those isles that lured him to his last career.
 There waxed the voice of Insurrection loud,
 And Liberty was blazon'd far and near;—
 He bore her standard, too, but all was nought:—
 Even here, alas! he found not what he sought.

Death came at last: No matter how. The veil
 Of mystery rests on those dread lonely hours;
 Perchance, too late he did the breath inhale
 That steals on man from amaranthine bowers?—
 Not so;—his heavenward hopes might never fail,
 Whose earthly path was rarely strewn with flowers.
 Beware, ye judges grave, ye saintly crew,
 Doom, sterner far, may be reserv'd for you.

* * * * *

A shower of wither'd foliage through the wood
 Comes rushing on. How wildering are the dreams
 That haunt the wanderer in his “idlesse mood,”
 Like shadows flickering in the moon's pale gleams!
 Little he recks if he were understood,
 Who speaks but to the winds and dashing streams:
 The storm is up amain by land and sea;—
 Careless, he joins the desperate revelry,

And chants, to while a midnight hour away,
 A song unmeet, I ween, for critic's ear,
 Where wayward thoughts the faltering numbers sway,
 Changeful as now the woodland scenes appear,
 For black'ning clouds obscure the moonlight ray,
 And all is dark. I'll muse no longer here,
 But since the transient visions thus are gone,
 Return to punch and P*****k R*****n.

M. M.

BYRON.

Eskgrove, August 22, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR,

AMONG a number of letters which I have been lately looking over from Lord Byron, the inclosed, I think, may be published without violating the proprieties of private life, or betraying the confidence of friendship. It is not only interesting on account of the matter it contains, but shows his spirit in a more amiable and kinder character than the invidious part of the world has been willing to allow to it. With all his peculiarities of temper, (faults they may perhaps have been,) there was without question a vast fund of good feeling and of true generosity in his disposition.—It is of no consequence to the public what was the circumstance which gave occasion to the inclosed, but the work referred to is the *Bride of Abydos*.

Yours truly,

J. G.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq.

Pray, omit the paragraph respecting R——.

MY DEAR GALT,

THERE was no offence—there could be none. I thought it by no means impossible that we might have hit on something similar, particularly as you are a dramatist, and was anxious to assure you of the truth, viz. that I had not willingly seized upon plot, sentiment, or incident; and I am very glad that I have not, in any respect, trenched upon your subjects. Something still more singular is, that the *first* part, where you have found a coincidence in some event within your observations on *life*, was drawn from observations of mine also! And I meant to have gone on with the story, but, on second thoughts, I thought myself *two centuries* at least too late for the subject, which, though admitting of very powerful feeling and description, yet is not adapted for this age, at least this country, though the finest works of the Greeks, one of Schiller's, and one of Alfieri's, in modern times, besides several of our old (and best) dramatists, have been grounded on incidents of a similar cast. I therefore altered it, as you

perceive, and in so doing have weakened the whole, by interrupting the train of thought; and in composition I do not think *second thoughts* are the best, though *second expressions* may improve the first ideas.

* * * * *

I do not know how other men feel towards those they have met abroad, but to me there seems a kind of *tie* established between all who have met together in a foreign country, as if we had met in a state of *pre-existence*, and were talking over a life that has ceased. But I always look forward to renewing my travels; and though you, I think, are now stationary, if I can at all forward your pursuits *there* as well as here, I shall be truly glad in the opportunity.

Ever yours, very sincerely.

B.

December 11, 1813.

P. S. I believe I leave town for a day or two on Monday; but after that I am always at home, and happy to see you, till half past *two*.

LETTERS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF INDIA.

No. V.

I AM perfectly aware, that in the description which I laid before you in my last letter, of the system of internal government acted upon in British India, many imperfections will be discovered by the savants. The limits within which I felt bound to confine myself, rendered it impracticable to do full justice to a subject so extensive and so important. Nevertheless, you may rely upon the correctness of my detail as far as it goes; whilst of the numerous omissions perceptible in it, some must still remain unnoticed, whilst others will be partly supplied in the following narrative of the effects of our enactments upon the condition of the people, and the general prosperity of the country.

It would be difficult to decide which of all the innovations made by Lord Cornwallis upon the ancient usages of India has wrought the greatest sum of misery among its inhabitants. By several high authorities it is affirmed, that had his Lordship fallen into no other political mistake, his mode of acting towards the Zemindars was of itself sufficient to bring ruin upon the country; and so far these gentlemen are correct, that, in the theory which placed the Zemindars upon a footing with the European barons of the middle ages, we may discover the root and source of all his Lordship's other blunders. But his Lordship committed sundry grievous mistakes besides that. Of these I now proceed to give you an account one by one, beginning with the consequences of the proprietary grant to the Zemindars, and then going on to the workings of the new judicial and police machinery.

The difference between a Zemindar of 1707 and 1793 may be thus briefly stated. At the former of these periods, he was an hereditary officer of revenue, who discharged, at the same time, the functions of a magistrate, or superintendant of police, and was paid by a percentage, generally to the amount of one tenth part on the amount of his collection. While thus circumstanced, he was liable, in case of malversation, to severe bodily punishment. The management of his Zemindary might for a time be taken away from him,

and consigned to a Sazawul, or government agent; his personal property and private glebe might be confiscated; he might even be expelled from his situation altogether, and have a choice submitted to him either to embrace Mahomedanism or suffer death. Yet his family rarely lost their rank in society. His son, his nephew, sometimes his widow, under proper tutelage, was invariably vested with the office and dignity of Zemindar; nay, so attentive were the Moguls to this matter, that even when the farming system became universal, and strangers were permitted to bid for the revenues of Pergunnahs, the stranger who succeeded in levying the collections became bound to pay to the family of the Zemindar the usual Nancar, and exercised the authority granted to him in the name of his pensioner. It seems, indeed, to have been the decided policy of the Mussulmans, never, unless driven to it by necessity, permanently to depose a Zemindar, or to reduce his family to mix with the lower orders of the people.

In the year 1793, the Zemindar found himself vested with a nominal property in the soil of his Pergunnah. In exchange for this, he gave up all the judicial and financial authority which his fathers had exercised for ages, and was thrown into a situation, to him utterly unintelligible, and very far from being agreeable—that of a mere country gentleman. Under the new regulations, moreover, his pecuniary resources were by no means increased. The rental of his estate was estimated for him, so as that the Ryot, or tenant, might enjoy two-fifths of the produce of the soil. The sums extracted from the Ryots were again made up into a single account, and the supreme government having asserted its claim to ten shares of the whole, one share, and one share only, was left for the landlord. Again, the Zemindar was no longer liable to the cruel punishments formerly inflicted by the Mahomedans upon defaulters. No: long imprisonment, bodily torture, &c. were measures far too harsh for the new authorities; and hence, whilst his person was rendered secure

against violence, his estate was held responsible for the payment of the land-tax. In every other respect, it will be seen, even now, that the Zemindar was no great gainer by the change. The sole question therefore is, was he a gainer by the last-mentioned enactment? I, for one, think not; and if the ruin of whole families, and the casting out of many wives and children to beggary, be esteemed a greater national evil than the occurrence of a few individual cases of bodily torture, I am surely correct in my opinion.

I stated to you in my last, that if the whole revenue due upon one month were not paid to the collector by an early day in the month following, the Zemindary of the defaulter was declared subject to attachment and sale, either in whole or in part, by public auction. Now it is remarkable enough, that whilst the agent of Government was permitted to adopt this prompt measure for the satisfaction of the public claims, the Zemindar was peremptorily prohibited from following any similar course with such of his tenants as might fall into arrears. No power of distrains was granted to him in case of non-payment of his rents; but he was required to commence a suit against the defaulter before the civil court, and to lie out of his money till judgment was given. But these courts, from their paucity, their extreme attention to form, and the general insufficiency of their construction to the nature of Indian society, became, in an incredibly short space of time, so completely choked up with causes, that the life of the longest liver would not, it was calculated, suffice to bring his suit to an issue. The Zemindars were accordingly placed at the mercy, not only of the public collector, but of their own tenants. Whilst the former were enabled—ay, and obliged—to seize the Zemindary, whenever the slightest defalcation occurred, the latter entered into combinations against their landlord, and compelled him to engage in tedious and expensive suits, which invariably ended in his ruin. The consequences were exactly such as might have been expected. So early after the introduction of the permanent settlement as 1795, nearly one third of the Zemindaries in the old provinces were put up to sale, whilst

the various civil courts were overwhelmed with business, there being at that period, in the district of Burdwan alone, no fewer than thirty thousand suits pending before the Judge.

So great, however, was the predilection of the Indian Government for the new system, that, in the various reports transmitted by them to the Court of Directors, the local authorities affected to treat the circumstances just detailed as matters of congratulation. They attributed the ruin of the ancient Zemindars to their extravagance and want of consideration; they assured their employers in Leadenhall Street that the land of India was rapidly passing into better hands; and observed upon the division of the large Zemindaries into smaller ones, as a proof that land was becoming more justly parcelled out, and the country, in consequence, growing daily more prosperous. The enormous increase of litigation, they spoke of as bearing testimony to the ameliorated condition of the lower orders, who, instead of crouching beneath the iron yoke of a set of lawless chiefs, found protection and security in the Company's regulations. In one word, there was always some preponderating advantage brought forward in these dispatches to compensate for a few acknowledged evils; and these few, it was said, would gradually disappear, as the country became more settled, and the new system were better understood.

But though this was the general tenor of the dispatches from India, from 1793 up to 1799, the Supreme Government could not conceal from itself that the new system was not working as had been expected, and that things were every day growing worse instead of better. The reports of the various Zillah functionaries contained little besides notices of lands attached or sold; for estates changed their owners with almost every new year. The whole country was in confusion, and no man felt himself secure in the enjoyment of his patrimony beyond the period of a single month. Some half-measures were accordingly adopted, such as the establishment of additional courts in the single district of Burdwan, the appointment of native commissioners, with powers such as have been already described—

and other things ; but the forms and technicalities of the Zillah Courts were still continued, nor was any alteration proposed, either in the system of attachment on the part of the collector, or in the means granted to the Zemindars of collecting their rents.

From such remedies as these, when applied to evils so enormous, little good was to be expected, and very little benefit arose. Suits fell faster and faster into arrear ; the public revenue gradually ceased to be realized with punctuality, sales continued to take place with the same frequency as before ; till, in the year 1799, a very large majority of the natives of rank and respectability, had either abandoned the provinces altogether, or were mixing with the dregs of the people. In the meanwhile, the Zemindaries had passed into the hands of merchants and adventurers, who, residing at the Presidency, managed their estates by means of agents ; and getting as much into arrear with government as the regulations would allow, finally gave up again for sale estates, which they had themselves purchased with no other view, than that of making a profit on the transfer, and so defrauding others.

Were I to state to you the full extent to which these evils, consequent upon our revenue regulations, thus early gave birth, I question whether you would give me credit for the truth of my relation. The remonstrances of the few Zemindars, who, for a time, stood the shock, are couched in the most striking and even touching language. The Zemindar of Burdwan, for example, “ begs leave, through the medium of the collector, to submit to the consideration of the Board of Revenue, whether or no it can be possible for him to discharge his engagements to Government with that punctuality which the regulations require, unless he be armed with powers as prompt to enforce payment from his renters, as Government had been pleased to authorize the use of, in regard to its claims on him ; and thinks it must have proceeded from an oversight, rather than from any just and avowed principle, that there should

have been established two modes of judicial process under the same Government ; the one summary and efficient, for the satisfaction of its own claims, the other tardy and uncertain, in regard to the satisfaction of the claims due to its subjects ; more especially in a case like the present, where ability to discharge the one demand necessarily depends on the other demand being previously realized.” * Instead of contemplating with gratitude the gift of the proprietary right over their Zemindaries, and considering the English Government as one deserving of their support and allegiance, the Zemindars looked upon it as the most tyrannical and oppressive to which their country had ever been subjected ; and concluded that the system of 1793 had been pursued with the express design of degrading and annihilating the native gentry. They all said, that such a harsh and oppressive system was never before resorted to in that country ; and that the custom of imprisoning landholders for arrears of revenue was, in comparison, mild and indulgent to them. “ It will probably be found,” says Sir Henry Strachey, “ on inquiry, that the natives do not ascribe the present wretched state of the old Zemindars to the unexpected difficulty of collecting their revenues under our regulations, or to other causes of a similar kind, which are unquestionably the true ones ; they imagine it to be the result of a settled, premeditated plan of policy in the Government, to level and degrade its most powerful subjects.”

But it was not alone by depriving the majority of the old Zemindars of their means of subsistence, and reducing them to beggary, that the operations of the new system proved hurtful to the community at large. Our system drove those who survived it into practices of chicanery, no less injurious to their own morals than fatal to the interests of the Government. The amount of assessment laid upon each estate, in the year 1793, having been fixed, not according to an accurate measurement of its produce, but according to an average of the gross

* See a Letter from the Collector of Burdwan to the Board of Revenue, January 9, 1794.

proceeds during a certain number of years preceding, it was impossible for the public officers to make themselves at all accurately acquainted with the value of such portions as might, from time to time, be sold off to cover arrears. Had the offices of Conongoe and Coolcurnie been kept up on a respectable footing, no such difficulty could have arisen; because, to ascertain the exact amount of produce in each separate field, and to calculate the claims of Government upon that amount, constituted the especial duty of these functionaries. But the office of Conongoe no longer existed at all, whilst the Coolcurnie appeared only in the capacity of steward or agent to the Zemindar. Instead of a public servant, he was the private servant of the Zemindar, and as such would not, of course, convey to the collector any information which might prove hurtful to the interests of his master. Now it was clearly to the interest of the Zemindar to exaggerate the value of such portions of his Zemindary as might be attached or put up to sale; because, according to the value set upon the part taken away, would be the diminution of public demands upon the part left; and so completely was Government without the means of better information, that, in all such cases, the Collector could only go by the Zemindar's personal statement. Again, if the Zemindar were desirous of becoming himself the purchaser, (which, under a false name, was very frequently the case,) he prudently under-rated the value of the district to be sold. Thus was the Government cheated on all hands, and the revenues became every year less and less accurately realized. But all would not do to save the Zemindars. One after another, a whole succession of them fell, till the Government at length felt itself necessitated to interfere, for the purpose of placing the landlords on something of a better footing towards their tenantry.

In the year 1799, a regulation was accordingly framed, by which the Zemindars were permitted to secure the payment of their rents from the Ryots and other tenants, by means as prompt as those which were employed by Government, in securing the revenue due from them. Now, then, the tables were completely turned. Up to this date, the proprietors (as they were

called) may be said to have been at the mercy of the tenantry, who, by combinations among themselves, could at all times ruin their landlords. The very reverse was now the case, and the unfortunate Ryots were left wholly at the mercy of the Zemindars. Upon them was thrown the burthen of instituting suits for the recovery of goods, or stock, or farming utensils improperly seized; whilst the Zemindars were at liberty to distrain as often and as wantonly as they chose. It would be difficult to say which of these measures worked more effectually to bring ruin and confusion into the country. By the operations of the first, almost the whole of the native gentry were swept away; by the operations of the last, the industrious classes of society were exposed to endless oppression and annoyance. Nor was it the least mischievous part of our proceeding, that we first contrived to cast out into beggary the great mass of ancient Zemindars—of men, between whom and the Ryots a sort of natural connexion subsisted—and then gave these rents up by the sale of the Zemindaries to the caprice of Banyans, money-lenders, menial servants of Europeans, and under-officers of our courts. From that hour, robberies, thefts, and decoitry, began to increase in a fearful degree; for those adventurers felt no pity for the Ryots, and the courts of justice were totally unable to defend them. To such a length, indeed, had the evil arisen, that the Ryots frequently met the agents of the Zemindars and the distraining officers with arms in their hands; and it formed no unusual occupation for a regular military detachment to collect by force those rents, or to carry away that property, which nothing short of military force could have wrung from them. In this manner our revenue regulations, instead of ameliorating the condition of the people, brought upon them ten thousand evils, with which, during the worst seasons of the Mogul tyranny, they were unacquainted; while our judicial institutions were found totally inefficient, and our police worse than inefficient—positively hurtful.

The principal cause of failure in that system of civil judicature which has now prevailed in the lower provinces of India for upwards of thirty years, may be traced back to its excessive

complication, as well as to the inadequacy of the means which it furnishes for supplying those numerous demands which a crowded state of society necessarily makes upon it. In every point of view, it is far too artificial. A degree of attention is paid to forms, which, however requisite it may be in England, is, and must be, altogether out of place in India. The whole of our scheme is, moreover, built upon the notion that the natives are utterly unworthy of confidence; and hence, that justice will never be administered at all, if its administration be not immediately superintended by an European. The consequence is, that we shut out the body of the people from all situations of trust and respectability, and refuse to avail ourselves of native agency, though we cannot find Europeans enough who are even moderately qualified to supply their places. In former times, as has already been pointed out, justice was, in India, both cheap, and easy of attainment. Every village contained its magistrate and its Puchayet, for the settlement of private disputes; whilst the collector or Fesheldar was equally accessible in cases of dispute between the cultivator and the government agent; and in all these courts, if courts they may be called, proceedings were conducted in a manner so plain and simple, that every litigant could fully comprehend them, and conduct his own cause safely, and without expense. Now matters are entirely changed. The Puchayet is no longer acknowledged as a legal tribunal; for though private arbitration be frequently had recourse to, it rests with the disputing parties to abide by the award of the arbitrators, or to set it aside at will; whilst such cases as are referred to arbitration by a decree of court, go there, after all the evils attendant upon regular litigation have been incurred. The authority of the Potails is moreover annihilated; nay, the very collectors, although Europeans, can take no cognizance of causes, all disputes being determinable by the Judge above. But before the Judge so many forms prevail, that no uninitiated native can possibly attend to them; whilst expenses of institution fees, stamps, Vakeel's fees, and I know not all what, operate as a positive denial of justice to the whole body of Ryots, who possess no property beyond what is barely sufficient to supply the demands of

nature. "Our judicial system," says Sir Thomas Munro, "has failed in the most important object of all law, the securing the great body of the people from oppression. It may truly be said, by the heavy expenses attending it, to put them legally out of the protection of the law. The great mass of the Ryots, who are the people most exposed to wrong, must suffer in silence, because they cannot afford to complain. Under every native government, though occasionally subject to the most tyrannical exactions, they could in general obtain redress free of expense; it is only under a new judicial code, framed expressly for their benefit, that they are utterly excluded from justice."

The truth of this remark is indeed fully evinced by the state of the roll. There were, in the year 1813, no fewer than one hundred and thirty thousand suits in arrear, in the provinces subject to the Bengal Government. These would require, on a moderate computation, the presence of one million of witnesses at the various Courts; and if the expense to which these witnesses were put, together with the consequences of the protracted absence from home, be taken into account, it will be no easy matter to calculate the full extent of the evil to the country at large. But perhaps it will be said, that this mass of litigation, if it prove anything, only proves that the Hindoos are a litigious race.

Hear the opinion of Colonel Munro on this subject. "Had this (litigiousness) been their real character," says that intelligent officer and statesman, "it would have appeared when they paid nothing for trials. I have had ample opportunity of observing them in every situation, and I can affirm that they are not litigious. I have often been astonished at the facility with which suits among them were settled, and at the fairness with which the losing party acknowledged the claim against him. But when irritated by expense and by delay, it is not surprising that litigation should grow with the progress of the suit through its tedious stages. When the native is obliged to apply to the Commissioner, and from him to the Judge, he gets heated as he goes. What he would have gladly settled on any terms, in his own village, he refuses to accommodate at an after period. *Our system produces the*

litigation which we groundlessly impute to the character of the people."* The great arrear of business, in the various Courts of India, must therefore be referred, first, to the extreme paucity of these Courts; secondly, to the permission of continual appeals from one Court to another; and thirdly, to the multitude of forms which mark the proceedings, and tend only to waste time, without adding anything to the rectitude of the sentences given.

Dreadful as this state of things truly is, when the great body of the people are oppressed, and dare not seek redress, it is but part of the evil which has arisen from the introduction of our judicial system. That system has engendered, not misery only, but its concomitant crime. Struck with the degree of caution which the Zillah Judges exhibit in the reception of evidence, the natives have learned to speak falsely on all occasions, under the idea that they are more likely to be believed, provided they enter into particulars, than if they give a plain ungarnished account of the case at issue. Our Courts of Justice are consequently the very hot-beds of falsehood and perjury; indeed especial care is taken that no man shall appear as a witness before them who has the slightest reverence for an oath. The general or corporate oath in our Courts is by the Ganges water—a kind of oath which no man of respectability will take. It is indeed the most solemn and dreadful of all imprecations; for whether the witness speak truth or falsehood, the very pronouncement of that vow consigns him to eternal torments. The consequence is, that none, except the most reprobate, will appear as witnesses in any cause where an oath is to be taken. Instances are on record where individuals have fled from home and property, and everything dear to them, rather than pronounce that vow; nay, whole villages have been known to be abandoned, as soon as it was ascertained that the inhabitants would be called upon to give evidence in one of our courts of justice.

Another very common consequence of the new judicial system is, the commission of acts of violence in the settlement of disputes, by open battle. Two Ryots of different villages disa-

gree about the boundary of their fields, or the right of keeping in repair a tank or water-course. They are perfectly aware, that if this case be carried before the Commissioner, it will from him be farther removed to the Zillah Court, and that a final sentence will not be procured for many years to come, or without the absolute ruin of one or both contending parties. How, then, do they proceed? Instead of entering a Court of Justice at all, they assemble their friends and neighbours, and arming themselves with clubs, swords, or spears, in many instances decide the difference by shedding each other's blood. The same mode is also adopted in many cases when the produce of a field, or the right to a field itself, may be doubtful; and on almost all occasions of distrait for arrears of rent, the agent of the Zemindar is sure to be openly opposed, unless he be accompanied by such an armed force as shall render all hope of successful resistance vain.

The inefficiency of our judicial system to protect the Ryots against the oppressions of the Zemindars, has also tended to increase, to a fearful extent, the crimes of burglary, murder, and decoity, or gang robbery. Driven to despair by repeated exactions, and feeling that the government under which he lives either will not, or cannot protect him, many a Ryot betakes himself to those criminal practices, who, had the ancient institutions of his country remained in force, would have lived and died an honest man; nor does anything prevent the whole of the provinces from rising into open rebellion, except the overwhelming strength of our armies, by which they are held in awe.

Again, the miserable amount of the pittances allowed to the native Commissioners, which are gathered from a per-centage on suits instituted before them, and seldom realize more than twenty, or five-and-twenty pounds a year, holds out the greatest inducement to those persons to be guided in the nature of the sentences which they pronounce, not by the merits of the case, but by the amount of the bribe offered. That such is actually the case in too many instances, we cannot be surprised to hear; indeed, it is

* Answers to Court Inquiries, page 119.

only wonderful that so much honesty should be found amongst them, as that to which the Company's ablest servants bear testimony. "With few exceptions," says Mr Ernst, "I have found reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Munsiffs and Commissioners who were employed in the districts of Burdwan and Throghty, where I held the offices of judge and magistrate for near six years, and in point of diligence and capacity for the trial of such causes as came before them, I believe that they are quite on a par with the European Judges." But even when the case is so, it seldom happens that litigants are satisfied with the decision of a native Commissioner. By exhibiting, in their own proceedings, the very extreme of suspicion towards their Hindoo subjects, the government of British India has taught their subjects to suspect one another; and hence no person, who can in any way afford to carry their cause before the Zillah Judge, will sit down contented with the decision of a Munsiff.

Again, of the causes which are actually brought into Court, not a few are fostered and encouraged by the Vakeels, or native licensed pleaders. Though our regulations have left no legal authority to the Panchayet Courts, there is nevertheless a recommendation given to decide as many disputes as possible by arbitration. To this mode of proceeding, however, the Vakeels offer every possible opposition, and, by the power of their eloquence, they not unfrequently occasion suits to be commenced, which, had that race of persons not existed, would not have seen the light. In such cases, the Vakeels have actually determined how judgment is to go, before they bring the suit forward, for it is a fact, that with all the expressed distrust in native agency, our judges, nevertheless, are and must be guided almost entirely by their native law-officers.

That the whole population of India are hostile to the judicial system which we have introduced, cannot, under these circumstances, surprise us. Nor is it one of the least objectionable parts of it, that it acknowledges no distinction of persons. The man of rank is subjected by it to precisely the

same forms as the peasant; the same oath, at the option of the opposing party, may be exacted from both; whilst the objection to that oath is so unsurmountable among the higher orders, that they are frequently known to suffer any degree of imposition, or to pay any sum demanded of them, rather than submit to take it. "The whole system," says Colonel Munro, "is of recent origin, and has in a few years arisen from nothing to be the most expensive judicial system in the world. Had it been called for by the people themselves, or had any great benefit resulted from it; or had it even been acceptable to them, the expense might have been defended; but the higher ranks were averse to it, because it diminished their influence, and the inferior orders, because it was attended by vexatious delays, forms, and expenses; and all classes were better pleased with the old imperfect mode of administering justice, because it was supported by ancient custom and prejudice,—because it was free of expense in its principle, and because, though occasionally corrupt, it was less so than at present."*

But by far the most oppressed and harassed of all the members of the community by the operation of the new system, are those very men who, under the native systems, formed the strength of the country,—I mean the Potails and Cumumes of villages. These persons, though they are by our enactments deprived of all legal rank and authority, continue, nevertheless, to be held in much estimation by their neighbours, and are frequently consulted and referred to as arbitrators, when arbitration is at all resorted to. Of course, they are deeply wounded by the loss of their authority, and are, says Colonel Munro, "no doubt, disposed to exert their influence in support of any revolution by which they may hope to regain it. But it is not of the loss of authority alone that they have cause to complain. They are continually liable to be called away from the cultivation of their fields, in order that they may appear as witnesses in every case of petty litigation which may be carried from the village to the Zillah Court. They are supposed to know the state of the matter better than anybody else,

and are, therefore, always summoned. They are detained weeks and months from the management of their farms, and are frequently no sooner at home than they are called away fifty or a hundred miles by a fresh summons, about some petty suit, which they could themselves have settled much better upon the spot; and crowds of them, as well as the principal Ryots, are always lying about the Court, and very often without its being known to the Judge that they are there.”* We talk of the horrible depravity of the Hindoo character, and of the prevalence of crime in our Eastern territories. Is it surprising that the case should be so? Nay, could any other consequence be expected to result from the introduction of a system of jurisprudence into the country, which is not only not competent to preserve the people from outrage, but which absolutely tends to generate oppressions and dissensions? Our revenue laws have swept away almost all the ancient families of Hindostan, and taught the lower orders to shake off that reverence for their betters which they once experienced, and which, after all, is the surest bond of order in every state. As soon as this had been effected, the government, as if resolved to ruin all classes, changed its plans, and gave all the lower orders to the free and unfettered oppression of a new race of landowners, which its own laws had put in possession of the estates of the exiled gentry. True, there are Courts of Justice, which are represented to be open to all applicants indiscriminately; but what benefit can these bestow upon a class of men, whose entire subsistence were incapable of defraying the expense attendant upon litigation; before which no new litigant can hope to have his cause heard in the ordinary course of human life.

But has it not been stated, that persons are exempted from the payment of institution-fees and stamp-duties, who obtain permission to plead “*in forma pauperis*?” No doubt they are, but of what nature is the benefit conferred?

A person who desires to plead “*in forma pauperis*,” must, in the first place, go before the magistrate, and

make oath that such indulgence is requisite. This oath must be substantiated by the testimony of witnesses, which witnesses must, as well as the litigant, make their personal appearance before the bench. Now if it be recollected that the abode of the single magistrate is often a hundred miles and more from the home of the pauper; and that the pauper not only leaves his own farm, but requires his witnesses to leave theirs; that he is obliged frequently to remain many days or weeks about the Cutcherry before the magistrate can command sufficient time to hear his application; and that as long as this is the case, he is not only living at great expense himself, but supporting his witnesses; that these witnesses naturally look to him for a compensation in lieu of time lost, or crops damaged by the interruption of their agricultural pursuits; and that even at the seat of justice, nothing can be done without fees and bribes given to the miserably-paid officers who attend about the Court, something like an adequate notion may be formed of the extent of that benefit, which is conveyed in the permission to plead “*in forma pauperis*.”

But perhaps the evils arising from a confessedly inefficient system of civil law, may in some degree be compensated by the excellence of our criminal law, and the efficiency of our police. So far is this from being the case, that our criminal law is to the great body of the people absolutely unintelligible, because they have never been accustomed to it, whilst our police in India is perhaps the very worst and least effective police in the whole world.

It has been formerly stated, that the criminal law adopted by our Government in India, is the law of the Koran. This, though both barbarous and defective, the founders of this new system were led to adopt, under the idea that it had already been established by the Mahomedans, and that it was well suited to the prejudices and habits of the people. The truth, however, is, that a more mistaken notion, on a subject of such vast importance, never prevailed in any country under the sun. The Mahomedan criminal law was at no period introduced into Hindostan as the ge-

neral law of the land. At the capital of the empire, indeed, and in each of the chief cities of provinces, Courts were established, where the laws of the Koran were administered; and by these laws, all such offenders as might be brought before such Courts, whether Hindoos or Mahomedans in faith, were of course liable to be tried. But throughout the country at large, the Mahomedans at no period so much as attempted to change the ancient laws of Hindostan. This is rendered clear from the fact, that at least nine-tenths of the Zemindars, who, by the constitution of the Mussulman government, acted both as civil and criminal judges, were Hindoos, by whom the Mahomedan law could not possibly be administered, not only because it was not understood by them, but because, if it were, its operations must have continually wounded their religious prejudices. The consequence was, that whilst in great towns, and in great towns only, Judges sat to try criminals according to the precepts of the Koran, throughout the country at large the natives were tried by their own laws—by the simple process of oral examination, and received such sentence as the merits of the case, and the usage of ages, pointed out.

We, however, have gone very differently to work. Our criminal laws are the laws of the Koran, modified and altered, indeed, to suit our own taste, and so rendered unintelligible to both classes of our subjects. Surely no plan was ever devised so rude and so improvident as this. If the legislators of India resolved to make the original laws of the country still binding, why did they not ascertain more perfectly what these laws were, and then preserve them in all their vigour? If changes were necessary, as unquestionably they were, why not abolish the native laws entirely? As matters now stand, an English Judge sits upon the bench, listens to pleading, which he does not always understand, and is then indebted to his Cauzy for information as to the nature of the sentence which he ought to award. If the criminal be a Hindoo, in all probability the sentence violates some one or other of his religious prejudices, and so inflicts upon him a punishment ten times more severe than the Judge designed to inflict, and infinitely more

severe than it would be when applied to a Mahomedan guilty of the very same offence. Should the culprit be a Moslem, again, it is ten to one but that a punishment is awarded which no Mussulman will admit to be just, because, forsooth, it is a modification of the sentence of the Prophet. Now, if we were to innovate at all, would it not have been much better to draw up laws of our own, which the people might come in time to comprehend, instead of professing to adhere to their laws, and yet to violate or set them aside, whenever the violation may suit our views or finer feelings?

Again, by the modifications introduced by us, into the code of native laws, all authority is taken away from fathers and heads of families, except such as may be exercised in England by persons similarly situated. Now had the country arrived, in the year 1793, at that degree of refinement, which our own and some other European nations have attained, unquestionably the legislators of India would act wisely in withdrawing from the hands of the natives a power, which no doubt they have sometimes abused. But such was not the case. Upon a native of Hindostan, no disgrace can be inflicted more galling or intolerable, than the dragging into a public court the domestic concerns of his household. Such, however, is the course required to be followed by us. Instead of punishing his wife or children, as the laws of Menu permit, the Hindoo is compelled to prosecute them in a court of Nysamut Adawlut; and though the sentence of that court may be, perhaps, much milder than the sentence which he would himself have awarded, even the criminals feel no gratitude for this. On the contrary, the regulation serves only to degrade all parties in their own eyes, whilst it violates every prejudice which they were once accustomed to reverence.

Nor is it only in these respects that our criminal law and its mode of administration, serve to annoy and to disgust the people. In India, as in England, we are so tenacious of the life and liberty of an innocent man, that rather than punish one person who is not guilty, hundreds are daily suffered after trial to escape, who are guilty. Thus, in cases of decoity, of robbery,

murder, or any other offence, the judges are frequently obliged to acquit a prisoner, for want of satisfactory evidence, when it is quite notorious both in court and out of it, that he is guilty. In India, circumstantial evidence is very cautiously received, and a little cross-questioning soon confuses and confounds the simple Hindoo, who has probably added many falsehoods to a tale fundamentally correct, merely because he fancied that his tale, with these additions, would appear more credible than without them to the European judge. This, of itself, is a great bar to the due administration of justice; but it is not the only bar. The people are in many instances afraid to prosecute, because there is in the country no police capable of protecting them from the vengeance of the prisoner or his friends; and hence every Decoit, or gang robber, is secure in exact proportion to the degree of terror which his name inspires. To prove an alibi, too, is, in India, the easiest of all matters. It has been observed that the oath administered in our courts is, by the Ganges Water; a form of execration which no honest or respectable man will pronounce. While, therefore, the poor prosecutor is, perhaps, scrupulous and uneasy, the friends of the criminal, men as worthless as himself, come forward at once, and swear anything with the most unblushing effrontery. The great expense, too, attending even criminal prosecutions, serves as an insuperable hindrance, in many cases, to the punishment of crime. A poor Ryot, who is never worth more than is absolutely necessary to support his family from day to day, and whose fields require constant attention, cannot afford to journey a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles to the seat of the circuit court, where, with his witnesses, he may be kept many days waiting before his cause comes on. He is quite aware that such a proceeding will not only cost him more money than he immediately possesses, but, if the circuit chance to be held during the season of sowing, or irrigation, or weeding, to leave his field, even for a few days, would occasion the entire loss of his crop, and the consequent ruin of his family. For the Zemindar must pay the Government demands, other-

wise his Zemindary is attached; he cannot, therefore, if he would, remit those rents, by which alone he is enabled to save it from attachment.

Again, the length of time during which persons accused of crimes must necessarily remain in jail, is an evil of which no native of a more temperate climate can form an adequate conception. In India, too, any man is liable to be arrested and cast into prison, on the mere evidence of a Darogah, who persuades the magistrate that there is just cause to suspect him of crime, and there he must remain, not only till the circuit court arrives, but frequently many months, or even years, after the expiration of his sentence, (supposing him to be convicted, and to receive sentence of imprisonment,) for want of security for his future good behaviour.

As an account of the modes pursued for the conviction of prisoners, may be considered as connected, not less with the administration of criminal law, than with the management of the police, it may not be amiss to state here some of those horrible practices, to which our system has given rise. It is well known that nothing is more difficult than to bring the charge of decoity home to a prisoner, unless some of his companions are tempted to turn king's evidence. Now, whenever a robbery has been committed in a district, the Darogah, or police officer, either ignorant of the real perpetrators, or anxious to conceal them, proceeds to arrest as many persons as caprice may dictate. "The usual course then appears to be," says Mr E. Watson, acting judge of circuit for the Calcutta Division, in a letter to the magistrate of the twenty-four Pergunnahs, bearing date 11th September 1810, "to select those individuals who are to confess, and determine on the purport of their confessions; the prisoners are taken out singly at night, and subjected to every species of maltreatment, till they consent to subscribe before witnesses to the contents of a confession drawn up for their signature by the buckshee, or to learn it by heart, and repeat it in their presence; and a Darogah, who is sure of his post, will, with the utmost impudence, send in a confession witnessed only by a few pykes or other police dependants, who were,

perhaps, the very instruments, by whose means it was extorted." Mr Watson farther goes on to say, that "In every case of decoity which came before him at the Sessions, to which his letter relates, the proof rested on a written mofussil confession, given in evidence on the trial; and all these confessions bore the marks of fabrication."

There is something truly horrible in the contemplation of such scenes. That the lives and liberties of men should thus be placed at the mercy of such persons as the Darogahs are represented to be, was one of the most extraordinary spectacles which the annals of universal legislation are capable of bringing before us. Nor is this all. It has just been noticed, that persons sentenced to a few months' imprisonment, may be detained in confinement long after the expiration of that sentence, provided they are unable to give proper security for their future conduct. This is a hard case; but it is a trifle compared with the following.

Whenever suspicion lights upon an unfortunate native, he is immediately cast into prison. If sufficient evidence be wanting to bring him to trial, he is required to give security for his future good conduct, previous to his release; and till such security be given as the magistrate sees fit to accept, in prison he must remain. The following extract from the judicial letter to Bengal, of 9th November, 1814, under the head of criminal justice, will show to what a dreadful length this tyranny has sometimes been carried.

"We are informed by Mr Welland, that at Backergunge prisoners were retained in confinement two and three years, for want of security for their future conduct, and that of 102 prisoners, imprisoned on the same account, many had been continued ten and twelve years, and some even for crimes, the punishment for which, on a full conviction, would have fallen short of the period during which they had been continued in confinement, merely on account of the suspicion attaching to them." He further states, that several prisoners under confinement on this account, have been known to declare that they would sooner suffer any defined sentence, whether from a magistrate, or any of

the superior Courts, by which their punishment of imprisonment should be at once declared, even for a specified period of five or seven years, than be liable to this uncertain award.

If these matters be taken into consideration, and coupled with what we are told of the consequences of extorted confessions; of the sufferings of witnesses and prosecutors, who are compelled, first to appear before the Zillah Magistrate, and then in the circuit court, something like an adequate idea may, perhaps, be formed, of the effect of our criminal laws in their administration upon the people of India. On this latter head Mr E. Watson thus expresses himself:—

"The trouble and inconvenience to individuals, and the expense to government, (and a most serious one we find it,) from obliging prosecutors and witnesses to come twice from all parts of the district, to give their evidence at the Suddee station, in all criminal trials now subject to the cognizance of the courts of circuit, are certainly subordinate considerations; but they ought to have some weight, if the great object of certainty in judicial inquiries, and if public example should be equally attainable, by requiring their attendance only once."

"In the preceding year," says the judicial letter above-quoted, "we find the senior judge of the court, for the division of Moorshedabad, bringing under the notice of the Nysamat Adawlut the distress endured by witnesses, waiting in attendance upon his court. After stating that there were near 500 attached to the calendar, (a number, we must observe, by no means uncommonly large at the present day, and often much exceeded,) he proceeds to observe, "these are mostly people of the lower orders, cultivators of the soil, who sustain great injury by being dragged from their cultivation; a detriment by no means compensated by the allowance of subsistence which they receive from government, whose expenditure on that account is nevertheless greatly enhanced by the system now pursued; and the clamours of indigent prosecutors and witnesses which assailed me daily on the opening and closing of the court, has had considerable effect to prompt this representation."

The consequence of all this is just what might be expected. But it is

now high time to look to the state of the police.

Never were any two systems of police more diametrically opposed to each other, in all respects, than the ancient police of India, and that which we have substituted in its room. Under the native institutions, all classes of men were, in some degree, interested in preserving order, and repressing crime; from the Zemindar, with his Paiks or Peons, down to the Potal of the village, with his Talliards and Totties. It was quite impossible for any suspicious character to remain unwatched, far less for any decidedly bad character to abide undetected, in any part of the country. Gangs of robbers might, indeed, come down from the jungles, or make incursions from neighbouring states, laying waste all before them; but for such there could be no secure harbour in any village or parish throughout the provinces. Under the new system, the people at large are not only exonerated from the trouble of aiding the police, but are absolutely prohibited from interfering, unless especially called upon for the purpose. The Talliards of villages still exist, but they are no longer responsible to the Potal, or act under his directions, whilst the Zemindar has been reduced from the rank of a magistrate, to that of an assistant to the Darogahs, or constables; and the whole of his Peons, who were once so useful in suppressing crime, are disbanded. The sole measure adopted by our government for the maintenance of good order, and the apprehension of criminals throughout India, consists in the institution of Darogahs, or constables, acting under the orders of the Zillah Magistrates, each of whom, with about fifteen or twenty armed men, is bound to repress all disorders, and to arrest all suspicious or accused persons, who may be found within a compass of no less than four or five hundred square miles.

That such an establishment can in any degree suffice for the proper maintenance of order in a country subject to so many oppressions and evils as British India, no one will for a moment imagine; and we accordingly find, that in the course of a very few years after its introduction, crimes of every description, but especially decoity, murder, and rapine, increa-

sed to an amount absolutely appalling. The unfortunate natives never went to sleep in peace; because every man knew that there were as many chances as not, that he would never awake again; whilst the jails were speedily filled with prisoners, many of whom had been guilty of no other offence than that of falling under the displeasure of the Darogah, or being unable to satisfy his cupidity.

But it was not the absolute inefficiency of our police which alone produced this awful increase of crime. The whole body of pikes, which used to be supported by the Zemindars, and were always ready at his call, were at once disbanded, their lands or pausbauts were resumed, and themselves let loose upon the country, without the smallest provision having been made for their future support. Now, when it is considered that every acre of cultivated land in India, is burthened with the full amount of persons whom it is capable of supplying with food; that cultivators are, not generally, but universally, poor; that in India there are neither poor-laws, nor any other provision for the maintenance of paupers; it cannot but occur to every reflecting person, that to send forth upon a country so situated a multitude of men, totally unprovided with any apparent mode of earning or procuring the common necessities of life, was of all possible arrangements the very best which could have been adopted for increase of crime. These men, having arms in their hands, would not starve: but they must starve if they did not use these arms; and hence, by far the greatest proportion of each Zemindar's former train of followers became public robbers, instead of guardians of the peace. To these each Ryot, as he became ruined by the arbitrary exactions of his landlord, and the vexatious delays attendant upon our judicial proceedings, regularly joined himself; till the evil became so glaring and so enormous as to lead to the adoption of a measure, for which it is hardly possible, under any circumstances whatever, to invent an excuse.

The British government, finding that the regular police was totally inadequate to the preservation of good order, and that the crime of decoity, in particular, was every day increasing, had recourse, but a very few years after the introduction of their new

system, to an organized and legal course of espionage. Spies, called in the language of the country Gogendahs, were everywhere employed; and, as an inducement for them to be active, a premium was given on the conviction of every Decoit, and so much per cent on the amount of all property recovered. The evils to which this led were almost greater than we are willing to believe. The most daring among the Decoits themselves took service in the capacity of spies under Government, prosecuted their old calling with increased activity, and then swore away the life of every honest man against whom they had a grudge, with the most perfect indifference. Sir Henry Strachey, in one of his answers to Court Queries, gives the following description of the effects of that system at Nuddea, the province in which it was first adopted, and, as it was said, with great success:

“At Nuddea, were sent in as Decoits, from 20th November, 1808, to 31st May, 1809, 2071 persons. Great delay necessarily took place in the examination of those prisoners. I am unable to state the ultimate disposal of this multitude; but I find, that in six months and ten days forty-eight had already died in jail; two hundred and twenty-eight are stated to be in a course of inquiry, or under examination by the magistrate. Prisoners not yet examined, 1477.

“In some resolutions of the Nysamut Adawlut, dated in June, 1811, they observe, that since the preceding December, when there were still fifteen hundred prisoners in the Nuddea jail, the number had been reduced to seven hundred and fifty-three. This is two years after the death of the forty-eight. Now, it is very probable that all these dreadful proceedings had some effect, though innocent men suffered. I conceive it to be most likely that Decoits, seeing a great stir made, and that the vigilance of the police was excited to such a pitch, that no man could be secure against being seized by the Gogendahs, and thrown into jail, would abstain from their depredations for a while, or leave the country, or betake themselves to some other employment. In this way, I think the new measures may have had some good effect. Indeed, it is certain, that in Nuddea, at least, many Decoits were brought to justice; whe-

ther by the ordinary mode, or whether they were included in the 2071, I am not informed; at all events, the good done was purchased at the expense of too much evil. Such shocking cruelty, such a monstrous perversion of justice, committed with our eyes open, and with deliberation—the imprisonment of multitudes, the harassing, the subornation of perjury, the plunder, the death of innocent men in jail—these scenes I conceive to be most discreditable to those who permitted them. They ought not, under any circumstances, to have been endured. Decoity itself, dreadful as it is, cannot be compared, in its quantum of mischief, with what was produced by this horrid system.”

The justice of these remarks came soon after to be admitted, and the plan was accordingly abandoned.

The next step taken was to enjoin all Zemindars, and native Commissioners, to assist in the apprehension of robbers, within the bounds of their respective Zemindaries and districts; and they were in some degree held responsible for the production of the perpetrators in gang robberies or murders. But the injunction was accompanied by no delegation of power. If the Zemindar should chance to seize a robber, he could not commit him, nor even forward him to the European magistrate of his own authority, but must make the Darogah acquainted with the circumstance, who should take the prisoner out of his hands, and either commit or forward him, as he might himself deem proper. The same restrictions were imposed upon the Commissioners, or Moonsiffs, whether they chanced to be Potails by descent or otherwise; and hence the native gentry were reduced to the humiliating necessity of either taking no interest in the welfare of their country at all, or of acting in capacities subordinate to an officer of government, whose rank corresponds to that of a parish constable in England. It will readily be believed, that under these circumstances, neither the Zemindars nor Moonsiffs were very prompt in attending to the injunctions of government; and hence many culprits still continued to escape, who, had a more just and liberal policy been pursued, would have certainly been apprehended.

In the appointment of Darogahs, likewise, the Anglo-Indian govern-

ment was quite as attentive to economy as in any other arrangements which it has made with its native subjects. Whilst a responsibility so great and so important is intrusted to that officer, the officer himself is remunerated by a pittance so scanty, as hardly to suffice for the procurement of common necessities. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that nine-tenths of the Darogahs neglect their duty? So far from it, that in fact no criminal need be apprehended in India, who possesses property enough to purchase his escape. Let him but offer a sufficient bribe to the Darogah, and the crime, be it what it may, with all its consequences, is for ever hid from the eyes of government.

But not only are these Darogahs negligent; they are worse than negligent, they are oppressive. Whenever a Darogah is in want of money, he goes and threatens one or more Ryots, that he will accuse them of Decoits, and commit them to prison, unless they supply his deficiency. Now, as a man once committed on a charge like this, must remain in confinement till the arrival of the circuit court; and as an absence from the management of his affairs of a few months only, is sufficient, under any circumstances, to ruin an unfortunate cultivator, we cannot be surprised to learn, that bribes are readily given, even by the innocent, in order to avert the charge; for besides his horror of a tedious confinement, every man is aware that false witnesses can soon be procured, and that, however conscious he may be of his own innocence, a wretched Hindoo is never sure of an acquittal. The extent of this evil, indeed, is so great, as to render our Indian police one of the heaviest curses which have been imposed upon that ill-fated race of men; and so it must continue to be, till the entire system shall undergo a revision.

In speaking of the injunction issued by the Indian Government to all Zemindars to lend their assistance in the apprehension of criminals, only one cause has been assigned for its inefficacy, namely, the reluctance which these persons experience, and naturally experience, to act in a capacity subordinate to the Darogahs. It is, now, a melancholy fact, that were our Government to determine upon restoring to the Zemindars all the power and influence which they enjoy under the

native Governments, the general aspect of our system has been such, as to prevent the possibility of carrying that determination into force. The Zemindaries have so frequently changed their owners, and for the most part are broken down into so many petty estates, that, in the ancient provinces at least, it may be questioned, whether there could be found a competent number of persons, possessed of sufficient respectability in the eyes of their countrymen, to render an increase of their authority in any degree beneficial; and for this, it is beyond dispute, that government may thank its own regulations, particularly that most harsh and oppressive one, which held the estates of the Zemindars liable to attachment, dismemberment, and sale, whenever the owner might chance to fall a few days in arrear with the payment of the revenue. Still some attempts of the kind ought to be made, and if the new Zemindars be found unworthy of so great a trust, let such of the Potails as have survived the shock of our system be reinstated in their ancient privileges.

The adoption of this measure, indeed, would not only add inconceivable strength to the police, but it would greatly tend to the prompt and due administration of justice throughout the country. It has been stated, that the Darogahs, and their assistants, act in subserviency to the Zillah Judge and Magistrate; who is rather to be considered as the head of the police, than as a criminal-judge for his Zillah or district. Criminal justice, affecting life or liberty, can indeed be administered only in the circuit courts; but lesser offences, implying punishments more mild, such as moderate fines, flagellation, or even a year's imprisonment, are subject to the cognizance of the Magistrate, who, with his assistant, are the only persons authorized to award even these punishments throughout India. Now, it is self-evident, that by far the greatest number of crimes committed in any country, are such as will be sufficiently punished by fine, flagellation, or a short imprisonment. In India, indeed, calumny, abusive language, slight trespasses, inconsiderable assaults, petty thefts, adultery, fornication, and rape, are all cognizable by the Zillah Judge, and by him alone; and if it be borne in mind, that each Zillah Judge has

under his charge a multitude of men and women, amounting, on a moderate computation, to a million, or a million and a half of souls, it will easily be seen how very inefficient our regulations must be in the maintenance of good order in the country.

Of this fact, the Judicial Letter to Bengal, dated Nov. 9, 1814, under the head of Police, takes the following notice:—

“We have hitherto confined our observations to that branch of your police, which regards the means of discovering and apprehending public offenders, and bringing them to justice. We are, if possible, still more struck with the great deficiency of the means provided for the hearing and deciding upon those petty offences and misdemeanours which are properly brought within the judicial cognizance of this department. The only persons who, under the regulations of your government, are permitted judicially to take cognizance of such offences, are the Zillah Magistrate, and his assistant; his Darogahs, with the exception of petty thefts, not being allowed, by a late enactment of police, even to receive any charges of that nature, the complainants or prosecutors being expressly required to prefer them direct to the Magistrate. This inadequacy of the means for checking these offences against the peace and order of the community, and the consequent impediments in the way of obtaining redress of the injuries which they involve, goes, in effect, nearly to tolerate the unrestrained commission of them.”

In the justice of this observation, every thinking person must, it is imagined, coincide; nor does the evil stop here: Irritated and annoyed by petty grievances, which they find themselves unable legally to redress, the natives of India too often proceed to take the law into their own hands; and hence follow tumults and strifes, and homicides and assassinations, and all those crimes which are in this country most absurdly attributed to the innate depravity of the Hindoos.

The question is put in so clear a light, by the writer of the same Letter from which the preceding paragraph has been copied, that I feel myself bound to lay before the reader another extract.

“We would ask, what would be the state of public manners in our

own country, if, instead of having in almost every parish a magistrate at hand to prevent and punish misdemeanours of the above description, and with little other public business to command his attention, there were but two public functionaries in each county who could interfere in such cases; and those functionaries, at the same time, oppressed with such a weight of other business, as to be obliged to keep the prosecutor and his witnesses for months in attendance before the complaint could be heard and decided? This, as applied to the Bengal province, is no exaggerated representation of the state of things in this particular. It must be evident, under such circumstances, that misdemeanours innumerable, in the nature of private wrongs, and affecting the good order of society, must be daily practised, which are either quietly submitted to by the injured party, or the Courts are borne down with complaints, a great part of which are instituted for any other purpose than for the satisfaction of a grievance sustained.”

The reply to the above is obvious. Were there only two public functionaries in each county of England, authorised to take cognizance of all the petty offences which might occur, and were these functionaries oppressed, as are the Zillah Magistrates of India, with the decision of civil suits at the same time, our moral and happy country would speedily fall into confusion and disorder; and, in the lapse of half a century, we should be probably much more immoral than those very Hindoos, against whose depravity so great an outcry is raised.

Struck with the extent of the evil just noticed, and feeling, that the necessity of personal attendance on the part of the prosecutor must operate as a positive interdiction against prosecuting for minor offences, the Indian Government proceeded, in the year 1807, to pass a regulation, whereby parties aggrieved were permitted to assign the conduct of their prosecutions to agents, they having, in the first place, sworn to the general truth of their complaint. The effects which ensued are described by Mr Blunt, the Zillah Judge of Moorshedabad, in the following terms:

“In consequence of this practice, the Foudgary Courts are not only fre-

quented by individuals who subsist by conducting such prosecutions on the part of others, but even a certain number of the native pleaders of the Civil Courts are permitted and appointed to attend the Foudgary Court for that purpose. In consequence of this practice, I have found in one district, (and the same evil prevails to a serious extent in many others,) that, during the period of six months, the number of 1200 complaints of misdemeanours, or of the most trivial offences, have been preferred to the Foudgary Court, through the medium of these Vakeels, or agents. The complainants having sworn to the truth of their complaints, are permitted to execute a Vakeelnamah, or written authority, to another person to prosecute the charge, and return to their homes. I may venture to affirm, from the records I have inspected, that of these 1200 complaints more than one-half have been utterly without foundation, and preferred merely with a view to harass and distress the parties complained against, and the persons named as witnesses; and I do not believe that, in the whole 1200, the number of 100 have ever been prosecuted in person by the complainants to a conclusion, and the charge established. The number of persons who have been forced from their homes and families, either as dependants (defendants) or as witnesses in these complaints, there is reason to believe considerably exceeds 6000." (From a subsequent letter it appears he had ascertained the number to be near 10,000.) "Many of these persons had been brought from the most distant parts of the district, and had probably left their lands untilled, their crops ungathered, or their families unprotected, or unprovided with the means of subsistence in their absence." He farther adds, "that on the arrival of these persons at the station, where they are unfriended and unknown, they must fee the Vakeels, or subordinate officers of the Court, to induce them to become sureties for their appearance; otherwise they are detained in attendance at the station until they are reduced to the utmost distress, and their families all exposed to the greatest extremities; and that, when at length the cause is heard, (which, from the number of cases pending, is not, probably, till

after a lapse of some months,) the complaint is probably found to be entirely false and malicious, and the complainant has disappeared, from the time he filed his complaint and executed his Vakeelnamah. Thus he escapes unpunished, and the Court is rendered the instrument of oppression, and subservient to the gratification of the passions and resentments of individuals."

It is impossible to read all this, without feeling that our Government, with the very best intentions, has done, as yet, nothing to benefit their native subjects, and everything to oppress them. The regulation just noticed has, indeed, been rescinded; but what then? Things have returned to their old state; and "the provisions" now in force, "though they are certainly calculated to discourage the institution of vexatious and unfounded charges, operate also to discourage the bringing forward all charges of misdemeanours and petty offences, whether they be true or false." Such is the language employed by the Court of Directors, in their Judicial Letter already mentioned; and it gives but too just a representation of the state of British India.

To sum up all in a few words: The general effect of the British Government upon the happiness and moral principles of the natives of India, has been ruinous. By the operations of our permanent settlement, we first of all changed the entire landed tenure of the country, by reducing the Ryots to the situation of mere tenants at will, and by bestowing upon the Zemindars a proprietary right in the soil of those districts from which, under the native governments, they had received only a fixed stipend, as a compensation for their labour in collecting the public revenues, in administering justice, and in superintending the local police. We have next driven into poverty and despair by far the greater part of the ancient families in our provinces, and planted in their room a race of needy adventurers, or wild speculators, whom we dignify with the appellation of Zemindars. We have destroyed the entire system of native police—abolished the native Courts, with all their simplicity—stripped of their authority all native magistrates—and completely unhinged the whole social system. We have swept away, rudely

and at once, all ancient and well-known institutions, without substituting anything effective in their place. The poor are even taught to vex the rich with litigious accusations, and the rich are suffered to oppress the poor, against whom the Courts of Law are virtually shut. There exists no plan, in short, for the preservation of peace and good order among the people; and yet we complain of their immorality.

I will not pursue the inquiry farther, because I have reason to believe that the subject will, before long, be introduced to the notice of the public under a more perfect form. In the meanwhile, let me end as I began: Be not surprised if you hear of a general rebellion in British India. Men thus governed are ripe for it, and the constant abuse of their religion by the missionaries will soon bring it about.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

No. V.

THE kindest thanks for your generous letter—if this somewhat contraband figure of rhetoric may be made use of to express every feeling of gratitude, and a sensation far more devoted than that of gratitude at the same time;—the boon offered in it, is one which I would perish rather than accept; but it will support my spirits, under the severest fate, that I have received such an offer, and had firmness to decline it.

I think, upon more calm reflection, you will find you have been too hasty in complaining of my silence. The unkindest word that woman ever uttered, let her only not repeat it, and that forbearance shall stand for its recall. But, if I have been silent, fair lady, it has been from hard cause; believe me, never from ingratitude or insensibility; for, to confess a truth, which, but that I had still some honesty left, I had confessed a thousand times in the few days while we were together—to declare that which I should be a villain to declare, were it not fixed, past recall, that we must part—don't think that I mean to presume, or even that I would hazard an expression which might sound too lightly; but—Eliza Bellarmine—I am half afraid that I am very seriously in love with you.

Make some little allowance for the ill-governed feelings of a man, who is as forlorn—even as you take him to be. The whole tenor of your last letter; its style and expression; the very smallest points which go to make it up; are all elegance and delicacy; but there is not a line in it, nevertheless, which does not say plain-

ly, and, that which is still more, say quite truly—that Charles Edwards has not a guinea; and (of course) not a friend, in all the world.

And indeed, for the friend—so far as the matter of the guinea might be supposed consequent—unless it were a friend of your own sex, and of your own romantic, self-disregarding spirit—thank Heaven, it is tolerably impossible that I should have one. With all my misfortunes, the general disposition of events be praised! I never yet was so unhappy as to be a man to be befriended.—And I return thanks the more for this dispensation, because, if I had happened by any mischance to have been such a kind of thing, I should have had very little sympathy under any circumstances—that fact I know perfectly well, Mistress Eliza Bellarmine, from you. Women and Kings are the only creatures on earth from whom an honest man can properly receive a favour—(whence, perhaps, in some degree, the disposition which I have always felt to be so loyally attached to both)—but, the acceptance of aid from any other quarter, it does imply a confession of inferiority on the part of the receiver, which—don't contradict me now!—you would not care very much for any lover who could acknowledge.

Pray, do not let this wild talk, though it be absurd, seem to be too hardy. I cannot deny myself, for this once, the pleasure—the only pleasure left which I can command—of writing to you; and something should be pardoned for the boldness of the poor rogue to-night, who has to be hanged, with the best

grace he may, to-morrow morning. Do not suppose that I think *you* are in love with *me*. If I did think so, you may see clearly, in the temper I am in, that I should speak it. But I am not a coxcomb, though I may sometimes seem to be one ; and I am incapable of doing your generosity—your charity, (for such it is)—the injustice of such a suspicion. When I tell you that I am more than half in love with you—and have the freedom to tell you, moreover, that I know that declaration will be gratifying to you—I mean only to say this—“ Eliza Bellarmine, you are a very accomplished, charming woman of eight and twenty.”—If I meant to flatter you, I should say four and twenty, but it is a far greater triumph that I can afford to speak the truth. “ You have the whitest hand,” I would add, “ that I ever touched, without venturing to kiss it”—a danger which you may recollect I did not trust myself to, even when we last parted. “ You have fair, luxuriant, flowing hair ; a placid, deep blue eye ; a full and graceful form, and a soft voice—sometimes almost sad, and then (do you not know that it is so ?) most interesting !”—“ and, with all these charms to seduce, and one other which is worth them all—that delicacy, that chastity—that delicious feminine-ness which fills your whole heart and manner”—I believe that there is no such exact term as “ feminine-ness ” known to the language of England, and I wish there were not some women in the country, who, for their sins, seem quite ignorant of what it means ;—“ With all these attributes to command submission through the world, I say—deny it if you can—you would not be well pleased to have any man, short of an idiot, able to see you without loving you ;—and under that last character—my own vanity !—you cannot reasonably hope that it will allow me to stand excused.

In truth, accident, and I might almost say my own carelessness of ceremonies, first brought me near you. The common disposition which every man feels to oblige a handsome woman, made me abandon my anger against a man whom custom allowed me to excuse, for he had only injured, and not insulted me. But to your harp ; and to your silver voice ; and to the long bright evenings in which I wandered among your rose trees and

gazed on your blue eyes ; I was indebted, with danger and distress pressing me on every side, for some hours of repose—of quietude—which I shall never perhaps forget. And it was little else than the conviction that I saw you happy—tranquil—and secure,—while I was a wayward, restless, outcast ;—that, if I did speak, I should but be bringing wretchedness where I found peace—destroying content which I could no more share in than restore ; that your mildness would be terrified by my moody, rugged temper—your very beauty blasted by my adoration :—that my love, like the hot sand-wind of the desert, would have withered—scorched—the lovely flourishing flower that it breathed upon ;—that if the sordid regard for self which men dignify with the name of “ honourable principle,” had saved your little fortune from rapacity and dissipation, still your peace of mind—your calm content—your happiness and hopes, would have been ruined—wasted—wrecked for ever :—if I had not felt that the kite was no fit companion for the dove—the white doe for the wolf—that the hyacinth must die which we plant on the brow of the volcano—and that the ruffian billow, seeming to clasp the gay and gaudy vessel, courts but to stifle her in his embrace—had I not felt all this, and tamed myself down to question and to know it, I should have told you on the very last evening when we met, two truths, which, after all, perhaps I did but ill conceal from you—that I was a consort only for darkness and for danger—a beggar—helpless—hopeless—and, but for your love, almost careless ;—but that whatever I might be, I had still a heart ; and that, as far as—life or soul—a man might venture, you held the power to tempt—to command me to exertion—and to reward it.

But if you escaped, in the moment of trial, from that peculiar danger, to which the fate that made you a woman made you liable, upon the remote peril—which forms no part of your contract with fortune—I cannot let you come to harm. A moment of passion might have afforded some excuse ; while you were present to tempt me, I might have done wrong, and been forgiven. But I must not take time to consider, and then plunder you deliberately, and in cold blood. I talk out of season, and even with a freedom

which I am scarcely warranted to use ; but, trust me, that freedom proceeds from no want of respect—no want of reverence, in my most reckless mood, towards you. A thousand pounds gained by a stroke at play—gained so that I neither thanked nor bowed to any human creature for it—could not have raised my spirits as these crow-quill lines of yours have done, which life must have left me when I leave to remember and to acknowledge. I tell you all—tell it you to tediousness—because I know you will rejoice. I was melancholy—sick of existence—drooping—the firmness that I had was but the obstinacy of necessity and despair. I was quitting the world on ill terms—that is, quitting the world in which I had lived, which is the real world to every man—and no one, though I went for ever, seemed to regret or notice my departure. But your letter, I tell you, Eliza, flatters me—gives me a hope—nay, a desire—yet to live. One silken cord binds faster than a hundred chains of iron. Tell men only that they are worthy, and the very worst of them will almost wish to be so. The absence of a hundred who should now be near me ; the avoidance of all who ought to offer me aid, even although I would not receive it ; the cool triumph of those who hate me—more insulting because cold and silent ; all this, which I cannot resent—this, which I must not notice,—which to none, perhaps, but you dare I own I see—and which cries out more loudly, therefore, for retribution, while soul or memory shall exist, than the deadliest wrong—the broadest, deepest insult, that even human malice (inventive as it is) could openly offer to me ; all this does not one-half so strongly excite me to acquire fresh power, and with that power the means of gratitude—(for if it be not “gratitude,” what synonyme, I ask then, have we for revenge?)—as the thought that there is still *one* being upon earth—one valuable, virtuous, lovely one—who would weep perhaps for the ruin of Charles Edwards, and, ill as he is, still thinks him worth preserving.

And since your good report, therefore, is so precious in my eye, you will not be angry if I refuse to do the thing which must deprive me of it ? For the trifling service I ever afforded Captain B—, it is not worth remembrance—far less such a return as, to soothe my

impatience of obligation, you would affix to it. Trust me, it is not pride which makes me shun your offer ; for the proudest event of my life I take to be the having received it. You do me injustice if you but think I should be *ashamed* of being indebted to Eliza Bellarmine—of calling her my benefactress—of saying—I may not say that she is “my mistress,” but I may profess that I am her slave. But, frankly, a man ought not to sit down contented, after having ruined his fortunes at six-and-twenty. I can pardon his having destroyed his estate at that age ; but not his wanting virtue to endeavour to retrieve it. And, besides, there is another point :—A man has no right to put forth desperate principles (as I have done) for the conduct of all the world ; and then, in his own necessity, to shrink back, like a coward, from proceeding upon them.

You are poor, Eliza—rich every way as compared with me,—but it is that you have little, I have nothing. I could not lose sight of this truth—not of your being poor—for all the world ; because it multiplies a hundredfold, nay, it forms, the triumph that I now enjoy. She who flings away the whole rental of a manor upon the fashion of a new necklace or a new carriage, might lavish half as much upon such a runagate as I am, and think little of him after. She gets rid merely of that which is superfluous—nay, of that which she has a pleasure to divest herself of ; and which may just as well serve the gratification of one passing whim as of another. But you, Eliza—my pride cannot bate an ace of the recollection—you would deny yourself that which you want. What a hundred little extravagances—nay, I do them wrong, for they are but elegancies—the very particular attractions which so few female hearts can resist,—how many flowers, feathers, balls, and baubles, were resigned altogether in that little slip of paper, which, almost with tears shed, and with a thousand blessings written on it, I now return to you !

And could I now let you make such a sacrifice ? Come—you have a noble heart, as well as a gentle and a generous one ! You would know the worthless, although you might aid the worthless—you would pardon weakness, but I am sure you must detect it—could

I meet your eye, Eliza—ask yourself if I could—and say that I was come to accept your offer? It would not do. Admit that it would not. And, besides, with what you offer, I should never be content. At a moment like this, one fury ought to neutralize another. I am fighting up against a desperate and rapidly approaching crisis; and yet, if, even while I write to you, I forget the danger that immediately impends,—why then, what if I were to be placed near you—with you—seeing you daily—finding an opiate in your fascinations which would lull me beyond the sense of my degraded condition—what would be my situation then? It will be long, Eliza, before we meet—if we are ever to meet again. I do not presume, for my words are uttered to none but yourself; and it is but tearing a sheet of paper, and the record of them will have passed for ever;—but—Eliza Bellarmine—such arrangement could lead but to one termination.

Now, you merit better than to become the wife—the unhappy, perhaps the neglected, wife—of a penniless, restless, discontented, spendthrift. Of all the women I have ever known, the fancy (or the frenzy) of a moment past, you are one whom I would select to pass a calm, retired life of love and safety with; but such a life is not the life that I, at least with my present feelings, should ever be able to endure. I have figured such a life to myself a thousand times in all its bearings; of all my day-dreams, its quietness has been the most delicious; but I never could make even myself believe—that it would be lasting. There was always some after-arrangement—some episode, for which I hated, and almost despised myself, but which was just as certain, nevertheless, as all the fairer features of the picture. There are hearts to which present excitation—even although it be that of torture—is the only vital principle. The day-dream of the opium-chewer is death; but it would be worse than death to him to live without it. Then, if I have not strength enough to act honestly in the face of temptation, I will at least have sufficient virtue to shun temptation. I believe in my soul, that, if I had my father's estate, and Heaven defend that, at the price of desiring his death, I should have it!—I believe, if I had even a pro-

spect, no power on earth could keep me twenty-four hours from your presence; but, standing as I do—with nothing but suffering before me, (asking you to partake of it.)—*I will find self-denial enough to avoid it.*

So now—blessings, ten thousand times redoubled, fall upon you. Take his thanks, who has nothing else but thanks, and your own bounty back again, to give; and keep for my sake the little remembrance that I enclose. I give it to you as it was given two years since to me. It was the last possession of a poor Polish officer—perhaps the precious token of some beautiful mistress. He gave it me in the hour when he was dying—it is now my last possession, Eliza—and, in my turn, I give it now to you.

For what shall be my fate, dearest, be under no alarm. In my existence, I never felt more confidence than I feel at this moment. Helpless, is it said I am?—Never!—I have health, youth, strength,—I have the possession even now that has turned peasants into kings. Helpless! I am glad there be some that think me so—I would not change estates even now with half the peerage—looking at your letter, not with the whole. For does not that show that I am not helpless? Trust me, I never in my life knew a man complain, who did not richly deserve all that he complained of. Fortune—you shall see it—has not disinherited me; she has but cast my patrimony forth among strangers, that I may show my courage and activity in redeeming it.

And so, once more, farewell! I will not tell you of my purpose—not even as far as I can guess at it; the deed, whatever it is, shall prosper; and you, Eliza, afterwards, shall applaud it. In the first hour that I thrive, look to be troubled with me; and you must accuse yourself for the encumbrance. There may come yet a day—there shall come one—when, in some golden summer's evening, when the pale twilight star is shining brightly, and the west wind whispers through the leaves, as though unwilling to disturb their silence—when the first moonbeams just begin to steal upon the river and the mountain, and daylight dies so sweetly and serenely, that, could our last hour pass thus, sure we should court, not shun, its coming; in some hour like this, *I will*

be seen once more—again unbidden and unexpected—in your little garden at Clifton; and with a feeling, for the future, I fear more anxious than even that with which I left it. I shall listen, Eliza, for the sound of your harp as I approach. I shall hope—let what will be my fate—for the moment, to find you alone. Fleet and free must the good horse be, when that time comes, that bears me to your gate. Speed then shall bring me there, more tired and travel-worn, than anger and necessity brought me to you at first. You will not have quitted the cottage—I am sure you will not—which to me was the happiest retreat I ever rested in! The roses will still be there—the honeysuckles that used to twine round your window. They will have died for a season, like my fortune; but, by that time, they will have revived again.

And you, too, Eliza, shall I not find you as you were—still as lovely and as fascinating? For, you have not loved me yet; but you will—a little—a very little after I am gone—Shall not a warmer smile than that which wished me health and rest at parting—Oh, that hour seems but as yesterday!—Shall it not shine, love, to congratulate my return? Shall not again my first glance of that exquisitely-proportioned form, show it as full and lovely as in the first hour when I first beheld it? Shall not those lips have still their same coral red—those teeth the same transparent whiteness? Oh! say that those polished arms shall still retain their wonted roundness—that hand, that welcomes me back to peace, its wonted warmth and moisture. Let that waist still keep its delicious symmetry—those bright ringlets, their free and tasteful disposition. Let the foot be still as light, the step as elastic, that meets my approach; and that deep blue eye, let but one tear increase, not dim, its heavenly tint and lustre for my return. Oh! let me but hope that these blessings shall await me; and, though the times of romance—unhappily for both of us—are past, yet I will bear up against the heaviest pressure of all that sordid detail, and misery, which the state we call “civilization” dooms its victims to, upon the veriest chance, the forlornest hope, to sustain me in the interim, that, by possibility, I may yet return, and to enjoy them.

I must leave writing, for I could go on thus for ever; and you would scarce imagine, love, how strangely these dreams of bliss for the future, are running into time which should be devoted to thoughts of a very different character, for the present. Before you read this, I shall be far from the spot at which it is written; in a new character; among new associates; in a new world—for that in which I have lived will protect me no longer. Whatever may be my fate, one precious treasure—your letter—while I have life, shall never part from me. Remember—but I need not tell you that—that it would be the very refinement of cruelty, first to raise hopes, and then to disappoint them. There is not one kind word, be sure, in all that you have written—though I refuse to hold you by them now—that, let but fortune aid me, I shall not return to claim and take advantage of.

Heaven guard you, and adieu! I know that I am wrong, and that I have no claim that you should even listen to this wild nonsense; but, if your beauty and kindness will persist to call up such feelings, the fair penalty is that you should be doomed to hear them. *I shall return*, unless fate be too strong for me; but I claim no promise—I presume not to set up any title. I may return to find you happy in the arms of another lover; should it be so, see me only once before you forget me for ever. For it will then not be long before I shall be an object fit only to forget; a passive, sunk, degraded thing, beyond the reach of memory, or sensation. The worst will be known, and it will be over; there will be no future—no dread of ills to come; but the follies of those I love, and the malice of those I hate—the tears of my friends, and the triumph of my foes—the curses of the world, or its regret, will be alike unavailing—for they will all alike be unheard and unnoticed by me.

So, but one other word, and farewell, for the last time indeed; for it is cowardice to delay my hour of trial any longer. Utter one wish for my success—as you would wish safety to the mariner who clings to one plank at the mercy of the tempest—when you read this. You will be my incentive to exertion. You will be the magnet that shall attract—the north star,

which, if ever I return, will ever guide me homewards. But I claim no favour—I ask none—except, so long as your love is not another's, that you will wear my trifling ring? That pledge, when we meet, shall be the symbol of my fate. Should my first glance again behold it, made precious by being borne on your hand, I shall believe that your generosity has prevailed, and that I am not forgotten.

Should it be otherwise, it will be of little import what becomes of me; but, come what will, I shall still keep your letter next my heart. In the last words that ever I write, your name will be remembered; and my last prayer shall be, that the best blessings of Heaven—the richest and choicest—may for ever fall upon you.

London, 1812.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.*

WE were the first in this country who did justice to the literary merits of the citizens of the United States; indeed, so anxious were we to convince THE GREATEST REPUBLIC, that no unquenchable animosity was really cherished amongst the better sort of British against her, that we did more than justice, and we now plead guilty to the charge of having lauded Washington Irving a little too much. We do not, however, regret the practice of such occasional encouraging affability; on the contrary, we rejoice and glory in it, and as often as we are blamed for our extreme good-nature, we console ourselves with the heart-gratifying reflection, that if we have once or twice over-rated mediocrity, we have never, like many others, Mr Jeffrey, for example, attempted to undervalue genius and originality. No doubt, what the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* has done in that way, was done conscientiously, and to the best of his “poor wit.” But often indeed must that amiable unhappy gentleman, with the inward pang of bitter thought, have rued the petulance of his pert pen, and stained his pillow with the secret tears of contrite inferiority, weeping for the crimes of its presumption. As we have, however, heard that he is about to “sin no more,” we shall spare him for his penitence, believing he is, as all the world has long since been, at last convinced that there was a time when he was greatly over-estimated. But we do not intend to let him slip from currency altogether. He has borne an accidental mintage so greatly above his intrinsic value, that common jus-

tice requires at our hands, even after all the raspings we have already inflicted, that we should describe the quantity of the alloy and the nature of the plating, which we nail upon the counter. In the meantime, to return to the task immediately in hand,—a task which, as it relates to travelling in America, ought rather to have been in the hands of our old friend Galt, who has lately returned from that country,—but he is busy with his own quarto.

Though we do take credit to ourselves for having been the first to show to the citizens of the United States, that American talent would be as kindly respected amongst us, according to its quality, as the talent of any other people, we are yet perfectly aware that the prejudice which we were then desirous to soften, had not arisen against us without the warranty of just cause and unrighteous provocation. The hostile spirit which led to the resentments of the late contest, had been of long duration on both sides. It was the natural consequence of the rebellion, by which the thirteen provinces separated themselves from the mother-country. On the part of the Americans, it was produced by the insolency of the means with which their claims to legislative independence were so injudiciously rejected, and by all those innumerable wrongs and oppressions, the progeny of civil war, which at once strengthen the arm and hallow the justice of political resistance. With us it sprung from causes no less legitimate. Rebellion of itself is an offence which stirs the feelings alike of indignation and of hatred, no matter

* The Journals of Madam Knight and the Rev. Mr Buckingham, from the original MSS., written in 1704 and 1710. New-York, Wilder and Campbell, 12mo, pp. 129.

how great may have been the provocation of the insurgents. To that offence the success of the Americans added mortification to our national pride, and the measures of retaliation which they adopted in the struggle, inflicted many private wounds, and produced much individual misfortune.

The spirit and tendency of the French Revolution were in unison with the sentiments which the Americans felt towards this country, and the partiality with which the citizens of the Transatlantic republic regarded the aggressions of France, even when most at variance with the manifest rights of nations, quickened afresh those angry and contemptuous feelings,—the unquenched embers of the preceding war, till the arrogance of our cruisers on the one side, and the jealousy of the American leaders on the other, with the exasperating recollection of individual losses and suffering on both, would no longer admit of forbearance to either. We hated the Americans nationally, because they were democratical, and sided with our enemies, and their animosity was no less fierce against us, for obvious though opposite reasons. They felt that we looked down upon them, and resented the arrogance accordingly. Those hostile feelings entered largely into the dealings and business of private life. Whenever there was deficiency on the part of the Americans in mercantile speculation, we at once ascribed it to fraud; and our reproaches, sometimes perhaps justified by instances of individual turpitude, took the character of national accusations, till the late war, which may be fairly described as a war of the navy and merchants, was the consequence.

But the cause of the latter animosity of the two countries was not entirely owing to political circumstances and public events. The intercourse between them had, from the peace of 1783, been altogether of a mercantile character. While the colonies remained attached to the mother-country, the constant interchange of civilities between officers of high connexions at home, and the inhabitants of the new settlements, tended to preserve a sentiment of reciprocal respect. The opulent colonists found themselves treated with courtesy by

those to whom they were accustomed to look up, and repaid it with an hospitality, which persons of the highest hereditary rank delighted to remember in England. But all this perished in the Revolution. After the peace of 1783, importunate creditors, endeavouring to recover the wreck of their fortunes, and young adventurers, of humble parentage and coarse acquirements, were the only visitors who for many years arrived in the United States from this country. A few supercargoes, with mercantile recommendations, were the best sort of guests that we obtained in return. The opulent planters, too sensible that the part they had taken in the rebellion excluded them from the civilities of those to whom they had previously been personally known, and by whom they might have found access to the best society of London, refrained from coming to England. And on our side, we had no travellers inclined to visit America, who could in any degree fill up the void which had been left by the governors, and by those other high provincial officers who received their education in England, and their offices from her appointment. In a word, the war of the American independence broke off, between the two countries, the gentlemanly intercourse, which even yet cannot be said to have been renewed; and the consequence is, that the latter generation of Americans have judged of us by a race of coarsely educated adventurers; while we too, of the latter time, have done them equal injustice, by considering a few bragging supercargoes as affording fair specimens of American manners and intelligence. The error has been equal on both sides; but if peace shall continue, a happier and more just conception will be formed of the true character of each other. It is, however, more in our power to soften the prejudices of the Americans, than it is in theirs to do so to ours. For, interesting as a new country is to the philosopher and the statesman, it affords but few objects to invite the attention of the literary traveller. And, accordingly, for one visitor whom we shall send, merely for curiosity and pleasure, to the United States, we may expect to receive at least a score; and for one report which we shall obtain of American intelligence, and Ameri-

can attainment, the Americans will be supplied in an equal proportion with a description of everything that relates to this country, the tone and temper of which descriptions will depend much on our own urbanity and good taste towards the strangers.

But although the United States present few objects of interest connected with the associations of learning, and perhaps also of taste, they nevertheless offer a magnificent spectacle of human exertion. Scarcely a century has elapsed since the whole of that vast region was one continued forest; but cities and towns innumerable have arisen in the midst of the wilderness, and in the short space of fifty years A NATION has grown up among them which dares to compete in strength with the greatest kingdoms of the whole earth. In the year 1789 there was scarcely a Christian habitation in the state of New York beyond Utica, and the town of Utica itself consisted then but of a tavern and a smithy. In the tract of country which has been settled since that period, more than three hundred flourishing towns and beautiful villages, adorned with churches of Grecian architecture, have sprung up, as it were, from the soil, comprehending a population of more than six hundred thousand inhabitants. The history of the old world affords nothing to parallel this stupendous increase; but still, except in the hiving and the industry which such unexampled colonial prosperity presents, how little is there in all that busy scene to excite the feelings, or to awaken the imagination of the shovel-hatted collegian; even the poet will sigh for more variety than the everlasting sound of the axe in the woods, and the night-blaze of the burning timber. The ivied tower and straw-covered cottage will still be more congenial to his fond enthusiasm, than the brilliant white steeples of a Canandaigua, or the log-huts of the ancestors of unborn nations.

But, fortunately both for American merit and for mankind, there are other sorts of persons in the world than collegiate dignitaries and the stringers of rhyme, by whom the progress of civilization and domestic comfort can be appreciated, even where no monumental ruins serve as landmarks to determine the speed of the current and the trending of the coast. The merchant, the

manufacturer, the statesman, and the philosopher, are all of that class, and, perhaps, few memoirs have ever been submitted to their consideration of so homely a character, yet so deserving of attention, as the little book from which we intend to make a few extracts. It is the private journal kept by a lady on a journey from Boston to New-York in the year 1704, and we are assured that it is no fiction, as the scarcity of old American manuscripts might induce some to imagine, but a diary in the author's own handwriting, compiled soon after her return home, as it appears from notes recorded daily on the road. She was a resident of Boston, and evidently a person of no ordinary talent and strength of mind. Over that tract of country where she travelled about a fortnight on horseback, under the direction of a hired guide, with frequent risks of life and limb, and sometimes without food or shelter for many miles, the journey may now be performed without hazard or fatigue in the space of little more than thirty-six hours, through a well-peopled land, supplied with good stage-coaches and comfortable inns, several of which deserve the epithet of elegant.

"Monday, Octbr. ye second, 1704.—About three o'clock afternoon, I begun my Journey from Boston to New-Haven; being about two Hundred Mile. My Kinsman, Capt. Robert Luist, waited on me as farr as Dedham, where I was to meet ye Western post.

"I vissited the Reverd. Mr Belcher, ye Minister of ye town, and tarried there till evening, in hopes ye post would come along. But he not coming, I resolved to go to Billingses where he used to lodg, being 12 miles further. But being ignorant of the way, Mad^m Billings, seeing no persuasions of her good spouses or hers could prevail with me to Lodg. there that night, Very kindly went wyth me to ye Tavern, where I hoped to get my guide, And desired the Hostess to inquire of her guests whether any of them would go with mee. But they being tyd by the Lipps to a pewter engine, scarcely allowed themselves time to say what clownish * * * * *

Madam Knight then gives the following lively account of her negotiation with the hostess for her son, whom she was desirous of engaging for a guide; but did not offer enough to satisfy the extortionate demands of the landlady.

"Then John shan't go, sais shee. No,

indeed, shan't hee; And held forth at that rate a long time, that I began to fear I was got among the Quaking tribe, believing not a Limbertong'd sister among them could out do Madm. Hostes.

"Upon this, to my no small surprise, son John arose, and gravely demanded what I would give him to go with me? Give you, sais I, are you John? Yes, says he, for want of a Better; And behold! this John look't as old as my host, and perhaps had bin a man in the last Century. Well, Mr John, sais I, make your demands. Why, half a pss. of eight and a dram, sais John. I agreed, and gave him a Dram (now) in hand to bind the bargain.

"My hostess catechis'd John for going so cheep, saying his poor wife would break her heart * * * * *

This John is described with some humour, and a Yankee maiden with still more.

"Thus Jogging on with an easy pace, my Guide telling mee it was dangero's to Ride hard in the Night, (wh^{ch} his horse had the sense to avoid,) Hee entertained me with the Adventurs he had passed by late Rideing, and eminent Dangers he had escaped, so that, Remembering the Hero's in Parismus and the Knight of the Oracle, I didn't know but I had mett wth a Prince disguis'd.

"When we had Ridd about an how'r, wee come into a thick swamp, wh. by Reason of a great fogg, very much startled mee, it being now very Dark. But nothing dismay'd John: Hee had encountered a thousand and a thousand such Swamps, having a Universall Knowledge in the woods; and readily Answered all my inquiries wh. were not a few.

"In about an how'r, or something more, after we left the Swamp, we come to Billinges, where I was to Lodg. My Guide dismounted and very Complasantly help't me down and shewd the door, signing to me wth his hand to Go in; wh^{ch} I Gladly did—But had not gone many steps into the Room, ere I was Interogated by a young Lady I understood afterwards was the Eldest daughter of the family, with these, or words to this purpose, (viz.) Law for mee—what in the world brings You here at this time a night?—I never see a woman on the Rode so Dreadfull late, in all the days of my versall life. Who are You? Where are You going? I'me scar'd out of my witts—with much more of the same kind. I stood aghast, Prepareing to reply, when in comes my Guide—to him Madam turn'd, Roreing out: Lawfull heart, John, is it You?—how de do! Where in

the world are you going with this woman? Who is she? John made no Ansr. but sat down in the corner, fumbled out his black Junk, and saluted that instead of Debb; she then turned agen to mee and fell anew into her silly questions, without asking me to sitt down.

"I told her shee treated me very Rudely, and I did not think it my duty to answer her unmannerly Questions. But to get ridd of them, I told her I come there to have the post's company with me to-morrow on my Journey, &c. Miss star'd awhile, drew a chair, bid me sitt, And then run up stairs and putts on two or three Rings, (or else I had not seen them before,) and returning, sett herself just before me, showing the way to Reding, that I might see her Ornaments, perhaps to gain the more respect. But her Granam's new Rung sow, had it appeared, would affected me as much. I paid honest John wth money and dram according to contract, and Dismist him, and pray'd Miss to shew me where I must Lodg. Shee conducted me to a parlour in a little back Lento, wh^{ch} was almost fill'd wth the bedsted, wh^{ch} was so high that I was forced to climb on a chair to gitt up to y^e wretched bed that lay on it; on wh^{ch} having Stretcht my tired Limbs, and lay'd my head on a Sad-colour'd pillow, I began to think on the transactions of y^e past day."

We think the following description of travelling by night in the wilds of America, touched with spirit and playfulness.

"Now was the Glorious Luminary, wth his swift Coursers arrived at his Stage, leaving poor me wth the rest of this part of the lower world in darkness with which wee were soon Surrounded. The only Glimering we now had was from the spangled Skies, Whose Imperfect Reflections rendered every Object formidable. Each lifeless Trunk, with its shatter'd Limbs, appear'd an Armed Enemy; and every little stump like a Ravenous devourer. Nor could I so much as discern my Guide, when at any distance, which added to the terror.

"Thus, absolutely lost in Thought, and dying with the very thoughts of drowning, I come up wth the post, who I did not see till even with his Hors: he told mee he stopt for mee; and wee Rode on Very deliberately a few paces, when we entered a Thicket of Trees and Shrubbs, and I perceived by the Hors's going, we were on the descent of a Hill, wh^{ch}, as wee came neerer the bottom, 'twas totally dark wth the Trees that surrounded it. But I knew by the Go-

ing of the Hors wee had entred the water, w^{ch} my Guide told mee was the hazardous River he had told me off; and hee, Riding up close to my Side, Bid me not fear—we should be over Imediatly. I now ralyed all the Courage I was mistriss of, Knowing that I must either Venture my fate of drowning, or be left like y^e Children in the wood. So, as the Post bid me, I gave Reins to my Nagg; and sitting as Stedy as Just before in the Cannoo, in a few minutes got safe to the other side, which hee told mee was the Narragansett country.

“Here We found great difficulty in Travailing, the way being very narrow, and on each side the Trees and bushes gave us very unpleasant welcomes wth their Branches and bow's, w^{ch} we could not avoid, it being so exceeding dark. My Guide, as before so now, putt on harder than I, wth my weary bones, could follow; so left mee and the way beehind him. Now Returned my distressed apprehensions of the place where I was: the dolesome woods, my Company next to none, Going I knew not whither, and encompassed wth Terrifying darkness; The least of which was enough to startle a more Masculine courage. Added to which the Reflections, as in the afternoon of y^e day that my Call was very Questionable, w^{ch} till then I had not so Prudently as I ought considered. Now, coming to y^e foot of a hill, I found great difficulty in ascending; But being got to the Top, was there amply recompenced with the friendly Appearance of the Kind Conductress of the night, Just then Advancing above the Horisontall Line. The Raptures w^{ch} the Sight of that fair Planet produced in mee, caus'd mee, for the Moment, to forgett my present weariness and past toils; and Inspir'd me for most of the remaining way with very diverting tho'ts, some of which, with the other Occurances of the day, I reserved to note down when I should come to my Stage. My tho'ts on the sight of the moon were to this purpose:

Fair Cynthia, all the Homage that I may
Unto a Creature, unto thee I pay;
In Lonesome woods to meet so kind a guide,
To Mee's more worth than all the world beside.
Some Joy I felt just now, when safe got o'e
Yon Surly River to this Rugged shore,
Deaming Rough welcomes from these clownish
Trees,
Better than Lodgings wth Nereidees.
Yet swelling fears surprise; all dark appears—
Nothing but Light can disipate those fears.
My fainting vitals can't lend strength to say,
But softly whisper, O I wish 'twere day.
The murmur hardly warm'd the Ambient air,
E're thy Bright Aspect rescues from despair:
Makes the old Hagg her sable mantle loose,
And a Bright Joy do's through my Soul diffuse.
The Boistero's Trees now Lend a Passage Free,
And pleasant prospects thou giv'st light to see.

“From hence wee kept on, with more ease yⁿ before: the way being smooth and even, the night warm and serene, and the Tall and thick Trees at a distance, especially wⁿ the moon glar'd light through the branches, fill'd my Imagination wth the pleasant delusion of a Sumptuous citty, fill'd wth famous Buildings and churches, wth their spiring steeples, Balconies, Galleries, and I know not what: Granduers w^{ch} I had heard of, and w^{ch} the stories of foreign countries had given me the Idea of.

Here stood a Lofty church—there a steeple,
And there the Grand Parade—O see the people!
That Famousse Castle there, were I but high,
To see the mote and Bridg and walls so high—
They'r very fine! says my deluded eye.

Being thus agreeably entertain'd without a thou't of any thing but thoughts themselves, I on a sudden was Rous'd from these pleasing Imaginations, by the Post's sounding his horn, which assured mee hee was arrived at the Stage, where we were to Lodg: and that musick was then most musickall and agreeable to mee.”

This is also good.

“Being come to mr. Havens', I was very civilly Received, and courteously entertained, in a clean comfortable House; and the Good woman was very active in helping off my Riding clothes, and then ask't what I would eat. I told her I had some Chocolett, if shee would prepare it; which with the help of some Milk, and a little clean brass Kettle, she soon effected to my satisfaction. I then betook me to my Apartment, w^{ch} was a little Room parted from the Kitchen by a single bord partition; where, after I had noted the Occurrences of the past day, I went to bed, which, tho' pretty hard, Yet neet and handsome. But I could get no sleep, because of the Clamor of some of the Town tope-ers in next Room, Who were entred into a strong debate concerning y^e Signification of the name of their Country, (viz.) *Narragansett*. One said it was named so by y^e Indians, because there grew a Brier there, of a prodigious Highth and bigness, the like hardly ever known, called by the Indians *Narragansett*; And quotes an Indian of so Barberous a name for his Author, that I could not write it. His Antagonist Replied no—It was from a Spring it had its name, w^{ch} hee well knew where it was, which was extreem cold in summer, and as Hott as could be imagined in the winter, which was much resorted too by the natives, and by them called *Narragansett*, (Hott and Cold,) and that was the originall of their places name—with a thousand Impertinances

not worth notice, w^{ch} He utter'd with such a Roreing voice and Thundering blows with the fist of wickedness on the Table, that it pierced my very head. I heartily fretted, and wish't 'um tongue tyed; but wth as little success as a friend of mine once, who was (as shee said) kept a whole night awake, on a Jorney, by a country Left. and a Sergeant, Insigne and a Deacon, contriving how to bring a triangle into a Square. They kept calling for tother Gill, w^{ch} while they were swallowing, was some Intermission; But presently, like Oyle to fire, encreased the flame. I set my Candle on a Chest by the bed side, and setting up, fell to my old way of composing my Resentments, in the following manner:

I ask thy Aid, O Potent Rum!
To Charm these wrangling Topers Dum.
Thou hast their Giddy Brains possess—
The man confounded wth the Beast—
And I, poor I, can get no rest.
Intoxicate them with thy fumes:
O still their Tongues till morning comes!

And I know not but my wishes took effect; for the dispute soon ended wth 'tother Dram; and so Good night!"

But this is better.

"From hence we proceeded (about ten forenoon) through the Narragansett country, pretty Leisurely; and about one afternoon come to Paukatoug River, w^{ch} was about two hundred paces over, and now very high, and no way over to'ther side but this. I darid not venture to Ride through, my courage at best in such cases but small, And now at the Lowest Ebb, by reason of my weary, very weary, hungry and uneasy Circumstances. So takeing leave of my company, tho' wth no little Reluctance, that I could not proceed wth them on my Jorney, Stop at a little cottage Just by the River, to wait the Waters falling, w^{ch} the old man that lived there said would be in a little time, and he would conduct me safe over. This little Hutt was one of the wretchedest I ever saw a habitation for human creatures. It was supported with shores enclosed with Clapbords, laid on Lengthways, and so much asunder, that the Light came throu' every where; the doore tyed on wth a cord in y^e place of hinges; The floor the bare earth; no windows but such as the thin covering afforded, nor any furniture but a Bedd wth a glass Bottle hanging at y^e head on't; an earthan cupp, a small pewter Bason, A Bord wth sticks to stand on, instead of a table, and a block or two in y^e corner instead of chairs. The family were the old man, his wife and two Children; all and every part being the picture of poverty. Notwithstanding both the Hutt and its

Inhabitants were very clean and tydee: to the crossing the Old Proverb, that bare walls make giddy hows-wifes.

"I Blest mysele that I was not one of this misserable crew; and the Impressions their wretchedness formed in me caused mee on y^e very Spott to say:

Tho' ill at ease, a stranger and alone,
All my fatigu's shall not extort a grone.
Those Indigents have hunger with their ease,
Their best is worse behalfe then my disease.
Their Miserable hutt w^{ch} Heat and Cold
Alternately without Repulse do hold:
Their Lodgings thyn and hard, their Indian fare,
The mean Apparel which the wretches wear,
And their ten thousand ills w^{ch} can't be told,
Makes nature er'e 'tis middle age'd look old.
When I reflect, my late fatigues do seem
Only a notion or forgotten Dream.

I had scarce done thinking, when an Indian-like Animal came to the door, on a creature very much like himselfe, in mien and feature, as well as Raggad cloathing; and having 'litt, makes an Awkerd Scratch wth his Indian shoo, and a Nodd, sits on y^e block, fumbles out his black Junk, dips it in y^e Ashes, and presents it piping hot to his muscheeto's, and fell to sucking like a calf, without speaking, for near a quarter of an hower. At length the old man said how do's Sarah do? who I understood was the wretches wife, and Daughter to y^e old man: he Replied—as well as can be expected, &c. So I remembered the old say, and supposed I knew Sarah's case. Butt hee being, as I understood, going over the River, as ugly as hee was, I was glad to ask him to show me y^e way to Saxtons, at Stonington; w^{ch} he promising, I ventur'd over wth the old man's assistance; who having rewarded to content, with my Tatteredtailed guide, I Ridd on very slowly thro' Stonington, where the Rode was very Stony and uneven. I asked the fellow, as we went, divers questions of the place and way, &c. I being arrived at my country Saxtons, at Stonington, was very well accommodated both as to victuals and Lodging, the only Good of both I had found since my setting out. Here I heard there was an old man and his Daughter to come that way, bound to N. London; and being now destitute of a Guide, gladly waited for them, being in so good a harbour, and accordingly, Thirsday, Octobr y^e 5th, about 3 in the afternoon, I sat forward with neighbour Polly and Jemima, a Girl about 18 Years old, who hee said he had been to fetch out of the Narragansetts, and said they had Rode thirty miles that day, on a sory lean Jade, wth only a Bagg under her for a pillion, which the poor Girl often complain'd was very uneasy.

"Wee made Good speed along, w^{ch} made poor Jemima make many a sow'r

face, the mare being a very hard trotter; and after many a hearty and bitter Oh, she at length Low'd out: Lawful Heart father! this bare mare hurts mee Dingee-ly, I'me direfull sore I vow; with many words to that purpose: poor Child sais Gaffer—she us't to serve your mother so. I don't care how mother us't to do, quoth Jemima, in a passionate tone. At which the old man Laught, and kik't his Jade o' the side, which made her Jolt ten times harder."

But me must not yet end the adventure with the amiable Jemima.

"About seven that Evening, we come to New London Ferry: here, by reason of a very high wind, we mett with great difficulty in getting over—the Boat tos't exceedingly, and our Hors'es cappè'd at a very surprizing Rate, and set us all in a fright; especially poor Jemima, who desired he rather to say so Jack to the Jade, to make her stand. But the careless parent, taking no notice of her repeated desire, She Rored out in a Passionate manner: Pray suth father, Are you deaf? Say so Jack to the Jade, I tell you. The Dutiful Parent obey's; saying so Jack, so Jack, as gravely as if hee'd bin to saying Catechise after Young Miss, who with her fright look't of all coullers in ye Rain Bow."

Nor is this account of the primitive administration of justice less diverting.

"A negro Slave belonging to a man in ye Town, stole a hog'shead from his master, and gave or sold it to an Indian, native of the place. The Indian sold it in the neighbourhood, and so the theft was found out. Thereupon the Heathen was Seized, and carried to the Justices House to be Examined. But his worship (it seems) was gone into the feild, with a Brother in office, to gather in his Pompions. Whither the malefactor is hurried, And Complaint made, and satisfaction in the name of Justice demanded. Their Worships can't proceed in form without a Bench: whereupon they Order one to be Immediately erected, which, for want of fitter materials, they made with pompions—which being finished, down setts their Worships, and the Malefactor call'd, and by the Senior Justice Interrogated after the following manner. You Indian why did You steal from this man? You sho'dn't do so—it's a Grandy wicked thing to steal. Hol't Hol't, cryes Justice Junr, Brother, You speak negro to him. I'll ask him. You sirrah, why did you steal this man's Hoggshead? Hoggshead? (replies the Indian,) me no stomany, No? says his Worship; and pull-

ing off his hatt, Patted his own head with his hand, sais, Tatapa—You, Tatapa—you; all one this. Hoggshead all one this. Hah! says Netop, now me stomany that. Whereupon the Company fell into a great fitt of Laughter, even to Roreing. Silence is commanded, but to no effect: for they continued perfectly Shouting. Nay, sais his worship in an angry tone, if it be so, take mee off the Bench."

And we must not omit the following account of trading in those days:—

"They give the title of merchant to every trader; who Rate their Goods according to the time and spetia they pay in: viz. Pay, mony, Pay as mony, and trusting. Pay is Grain, Pork, Beef, &c. at the prices sett by the General Court that Year; mony is pieces of Eight, Ryalls, or Boston or Bay shillings (as they call them,) or Good hard money, as sometimes silver coin is termed by them; also Wampon, viz. Indian beads w^{ch} serves for change. Pay as mony is provisions, as afores^d one Third cheaper then as the Assembly or Gen^l Court sets it; and Trust as they and the merch^t agree for time.

"Now, when the buyer comes to ask for a comodity, sometimes before the merchant answers that he has it, he sais, is Your pay redy? Perhaps the Chap Reply's Yes: what do You pay in? say's the merchant. The buyer having answered, then the price is set; as suppose he wants a sixpenny knife, in pay it is 12d—in pay as money eight pence, and hard money its own price, viz. 6d. It seems a very Intricate way of trade and what Lex Mercatoria had not thought of.

"Being at a merchants house, in comes a tall country fellow, wth his alfageos full of Tobacco; for they seldom Loose their Cudd, but keep Chewing and Spitting as long as they'r eyes are open,—he advance't to the middle of the Room, makes an Awkward Nodd, and spitting a Large deal of Aromatick Tincture, he gave a scrape with his shovel-like shoo, leaving a small shovel-full of dirt on the floor, made a full stop, Hugging his own pretty Body with his hands under his arms, Stood staring row'n'd him, like a Catt let out of a Baskett. At last, like the creature Balaam Rode on, he opened his mouth and said: have you any Ribinen for Hatbands to sell I pray? The Questions and Answers about the pay being past, the Ribin is bro't and opened. Bumpkin Simpser, cryes its confounded Gay I vow; and beckning to the door, in comes Joan Tawdry, dropping about 50 curtsees, and stands by him: hee shows her the Ribin. Law, You, sais shee, its right Gent, do You,

take it, tis dreadfull pretty. Then she enquires, *have You any hood silk I pray?* w^{ch} being brought and bought, Have You any *thred silk to sew it wth* says shee, w^{ch} being accomodated wth they Departed. They Generaly stand after they come in a great while speechless, and sometimes dont say a word till they are askt what they want, which I Impute to the Awe they stand in of the merchants, who they are constantly almost Indebted too; and must take what they bring without Liberty to choose for themselves; but they serve them as well, making the merchants stay long enough for their pay."

The little sketch of New York cannot fail to be interesting.

"The Cittie of New York is a pleasant, well compacted place, situated on a Commodius River w^{ch} is a fine harbour for shipping. The Buildings Brick Generaly, very stately and high, though not altogether like ours in Boston. The Bricks in some of the houses are of divers Coullers and laid in Checkers, being glazed look very agreeable. The inside of them are neat to admiration, the wooden work, for only the walls are plasterd, and the Sumers and Gist are plained and kept very white scow'd as so is all the partitions if made of Bords. The fire places have no Jambs. (as ours have) But the Backs run flush with the walls, and the Hearth is of Tyles and is as farr out into the Room at the Ends as before the fire, w^{ch} is Generaly Five foot in the Low'r rooms, and the piece over where the mantle tree should be is made as ours with Joyner's work, and as I supose is fasten'd to iron rodds inside. The House where the Vendue was, had Chimney Corners like ours, and they and the hearths were laid wth the finest tile that I ever see, and the stair cases laid all with white tile which is ever clean, and so are the walls of the Kitchen w^{ch} had a Brick floor. They were making Great preparations to Receive their Governor, Lord Cornbury from the Jerseys, and for that End raised the militia to Gard him on shore to the fort.

"They are Generaly of the Church of England and have a New England Gentleman for their minister, and a very fine church set out with all Customary requisites. There are also a Dutch and Divers Conventicles as they call them, viz. Baptist, Quakers, &c. They are not strict in keeping the Sabbath as in Boston and other places where I had bin, But seem to deal with great exactness as farr as I see or Deall with. They are sociable to one another and Curteos and Civill to strangers and fare well in their houses.

The English go very fashionable in their dress. But the Dutch, especially the middling sort, differ from our women, in their habitt go loose, were French muches w^{ch} are like a Capp and a head band in one, leaving their ears bare, which are sett out wth Jewells of a large size and many in number. And their fingers hoop't with Rings, some with large stones in them of many Coullers as were their pendants in their ears, which You should see very old women wear as well as Young.

"They have Vendues very frequently, and make their Earnings very well by them, for they treat with good Liquor Liberally, and the Customers Drink as Liberally and generally pay for't as well, by paying for that which they Bidd up Briskly for, after the sack has gone plentifully about, tho' sometimes good penny worths are got there. Their Diversions in the Winter is Riding Sleys about three or four Miles out of Town, where they have Houses of entertainment at a place called the Bowery, and some go to friends Houses who handsomely treat them. Mr Burroughs carry'd his spouse and Daughter and myself out to one Madame Dowes, a Gentlewoman that lived at a farm House, who gave us a handsome Entertainment of five or six Dishes, and choice Beer and metheglin, Cider, &c. all which she said was the produce of her farm. I believe we mett 50 or 60 sleys that day—they fly with great swiftness, and some are so furious that they'le turn out of the path for none except a Loaden Cart. Nor do they spare for any diversion the place affords, and sociable to a degree, they'r Tables being as free to their Nighbours as to themselves."

We shall now conclude by extracting the account of Madam Knight's return to Boston.

"Having here transacted the affair I went upon and some other that fell in the way, after about a fortnight's stay there I left New York with no Little regret, and Thursday, Dec. 21, set out for New Haven wth my Kinsman Trowbridge, and the man that waited on me, about one afternoon, and about three come to half-way house about ten miles out of town, where we Baited and went forward, and about 5 come to Spiting Devil, else King's Bridge, where they pay three pence for passing over with a horse, which the man that keeps the Gate set up at the end of the Bridge receives.

"We hoped to reach the french town and Lodg there that night, but unlhapily lost our way about four miles short, and

being overtaken by a great storm of wind and snow which set full in our faces about dark, we were very uneasy. But meeting one Gardner who lived in a Cottage thereabout, offered us his fire to set by, having but one poor Bedd, and his wife not well, &c. or he would go to a House with us, where he thought we might be better accommodated—thither we went, But a surly old shee Creature, not worthy the name of woman, who would hardly let us go into her Door, though the weather was so stormy none but she would have turnd out a Dogg. But her son whose name was gallop, who lived Just by Invited us to his house and shewed me two pair of stairs, viz. one up the loft and tother up the Bedd, w^{ch} was as hard as it was high, and warmed it with a hott stone at the feet. I lay very uncomfortably, insomuch that I was so very cold and sick I was forced to call them up to give me something to warm me. They had nothing but milk in the house, w^{ch} they Boild, and to make it better sweetened wth molasses, which I not knowing or thinking oft till it was down and coming up agen w^{ch} it did in so plentifull a manner that my host was soon paid double for his portion, and that in specia. But I believe it did me service in Cleering my stomach. So after this sick and weary night at East Chester, (a very miserable poor place,) the weather being now fair, Friday the 22^d Dec. we set out for New Rochell, where being come we had good Entertainment and Recruited ourselves very well. This is a very pretty place well compact, and good handsome houses, Clean, good and passable Rodes, and situated on a Navigable River, abundance of land well fined and Cleerd all along as wee passed, which caused in me a Love to the place, w^{ch} I could have been content to live in it. Here wee Ridd over a Bridge made of one entire stone of such a Breadth that a cart might pass with safety, and to spare—it lay over a passage cutt through a Rock to convey water to a mill not farr off. Here are three fine Taverns within call of each other, with very good provision for Travailers.

“Thence we travailed through Merinak, a neet, though little place, wth a navigable River before it, one of the pleasantest I ever see—Here were good Buildings, especially one, a very fine seat, w^{ch} they told me was Col. Hethcoats, who I had heard was a very fine Gentleman. From hence we come to Hors Neck, where wee Baited, and they told me that one Church of England parson officiated in all these three towns once every Sunday in turns throughout the

Year; and that they all could but poorly maintaine him, which they grudg'd to do, being a poor and quarelsome crew as I understand by our Host; their Quarrelling about their choice of Minister, they chose to have none—But caused the Government to send this Gentleman to them. Here wee took leave of York Government, and Descending the Mountainous passage that almost broke my heart in ascending before, we come to Stamford, a well compact Town, but miserable meeting house, w^{ch} we passed, and through many and great difficulties, as Bridges which were exceeding high and very tottering and of vast Length, steep and Rocky Hills and precipices, (Puggbears to a fearful female travailer.) About nine at night we come to Norwalk, having crept over a timber of a Broken Bridge about thirty foot long, and perhaps fifty to y^e water. I was exceeding tired and cold when we come to our Inn, and could get nothing there but poor entertainment, and the Imperitant Bable of one of the worst of men, among many others of which our Host made one, who, had he bin one degree Impudenter, would have outdone his Grandfather. And this I think is the most perplexed night I have yet had. From hence, Saturday, Dec. 23, a very cold and windy day, after an Intolerable night's Lodging, wee hasted forward only observing in our way the Town to be situated on a Navigable river wth indifferent Buildings and people more refine than in some of the Country towns wee had passed, tho' vicious enough, the Church and Tavern being next neighbours. Having Ridd thro a difficult River wee come to Fairfield where wee Baited and were much refreshed as well with the Good things w^{ch} gratified our appetites as the time took to rest our wearied Limbs, w^{ch} Latter I employed in enquiring concerning the Town and manners of the people, &c. This is a considerable town, and filld as they say with wealthy people—have a spacious meeting house and good Buildings. But the Inhabitants are Litigious, nor do they well agree with their minister, who (they say) is a very worthy Gentleman.

“They have abundance of sheep, whose very Dung brings them great gain, with part of which they pay their Parsons sallery, And they Grudg that, preferring their Dung before their minister. They Lett out their sheep at so much as they agree upon for a night; the highest Bidder always caries them, And they will sufficiently Dung a Large quantity of Land before morning. But were once

Bitt by a sharper who had them a night and sheared them all before morning—From hence we went to Stratford, the next Town, in which I observed but few houses, and those not very good ones. But the people that I conversed with were civil and good natured. Here we staid till late at night, being to cross a Dangerous River ferry, the River at that time full of Ice; but after about four hours waiting with great difficulty wee got over. My fears and fatigues prevented my here taking any particular observation. Being got to Milford, it being late in the night, I could go no further; my fellow traveller going forward, I was invited to Lodg at Mrs —, a very kind and civil Gentlewoman, by whom I was handsomely and kindly entertained till the next night. The people here go very plain in their apparel (more plain than I had observed in the towns I had passed) and seem to be very grave and serious. They told me there was a singing Quaker lived there, or at least had a strong inclination to be so, His Spouse not at all affected that way. Some of the singing Crew come there one day to visit him, who being then abroad, they sat down (to the woman's no small vexation) Humming and singing and groneing after their conjuring way—Says the woman, are you singing quakers? Yea says They—Then take my squalling Brat of a child here and sing to it says she for I have almost split my throat wth singing to him and cant get the Rogue to sleep. They took this as a great Indignity, and mediately departed. Shaking the dust from their Heels left the good woman and her Child among the number of the wicked.

“This is a Seaport place and accommodated with a Good Harbour, But I had not opportunity to make particular observations because it was Sabbath day—This Evening.

“December 24. I set out with the Gentlewomans son who she very civilly offered to go with me when she see no parswasions would cause me to stay which she pressingly desired, and crossing a ferry having but nine miles to New Haven, in a short time arrived there and was Kindly received and well accommodated amongst my Friends and Relations.

“The Government of Connecticut Collony begins westward towards York at Stanford (as I am told) and so runs Eastward towards Boston (I mean in my range, because I dont intend to extend my description beyond my own travails) and ends that way at Stonington—And

has a great many Large towns lying more northerly. It is a plentiful Country for provisions of all sorts and its Generally Healthy. No one that can and will be diligent in this place need fear poverty nor the want of food and Rayment.

“January 6th. Being now well Recruited and fitt for business I discoursed the persons I was concerned with, that we might finish in order to my return to Boston. They delay^d as they had hitherto done hoping to tire my Patience. But I was resolute to stay and see an End of the matter let it be never so much to my disadvantage—So January 9th they come again and promise the Wednesday following to go through with the distribution of the Estate which they delayed till Thursday and then come with new amusements. But at length by the mediation of that holy good Gentleman, the Rev. Mr James Pierpont, the minister of New Haven, and with the advice and assistance of other our Good friends we come to an accommodation and distribution, which having finished though not till February, the man that waited on me to York taking the charge of me I sit out for Boston. We went from New Haven upon the ice (the ferry being not passable thereby) and the Rev. Mr Pierpont wth Madam Prout, Cuzin Trowbridge and divers others were taking leave wee went onward without any thing Remarkable till wee come to New London and Lodged again at Mr Saltonstalls—and here I dismiss my Guide, and my Generos entertainer provided me Mr Samuel Rogers of that place to go home with me—I stayed a day here Longer than I intended by the Commands of the Hon^{ble} Governor Winthrop to stay and take a supper with him whose wonderful civility I may not omitt. The next morning I Crossed y^e Ferry to Groton, having had the Honor of the Company, of Madam Livingston (who is the Govenors Daughter) and Mary Christophers and divers others to the boat—And that night Lodg^d at Stonington and had Rost Beef and pumpkin sause for supper. The next night at Haven's and had Rost fowle, and the next day wee come to a river which by Reason of Y^e Freshetts coming down was swell^d so high wee fear^d it impassable and the rapid stream was very terrifying—However we must over and that in a small cannoo. Mr Rogers assuring me of his good Conduct, I after a stay of near an how'r on the shore for consultation went into the Cannoo, and Mr Rogers paddled about 100 yards up the Creek by the shore side, turned into the swift

stream and dexterously steering her in a moment we came to the other side as swiftly passing as an arrow shot out of the Bow by a strong arm. I staid on y^e shore till Hee returned to fetch our horses, which he caused to swim over himself bringing the furniture in the Canoo. But it is past my skill to express the Exceeding fright all their transactions formed in me. Wee were now in the colony of the Massachusetts and taking Lodgings at the first Inn we come too had a pretty difficult passage the next day which was the second of March by reason of the sloughy ways then thawed by the Sunn. Here I mett Capt. John Richards of Boston who was going home, So being very glad of his Company we Rode something harder than hitherto, and missing my way in going up a very steep Hill, my horse dropt down under me as Dead; this new surprize no little hurt me meeting it Just at the Entrance into Dedham from whence we intended to reach home that night. But was now obliged to gett another Hors there and leave my own, resolving for Boston that night if possible. But in going over the Causeway at Ded-

ham the Bridge being overflowed by the high waters comming down I very narrowly escaped falling over into the river Hors and all w^{ch} twas almost a miracle I did not—now it grew late in the afternoon and the people having very much discouraged us about the sloughy way w^{ch} they said wee should find very difficult and hazardous it so wrought on mee being tired and dispirited and disapointed of my desires of going home that I agreed to Lodg there that night w^{ch} wee did at the house of one Draper, and the next day being March 3d wee got safe home to Boston, where I found my aged and tender mother and my Dear and only Child in good health with open arms redy to receive me, and my Kind relations and friends flocking in to welcome mee and hear the story of my transactions and travails I having this day bin five months from home and now I cannot fully express my Joy and Satisfaction. But desire sincerely to adore my Great Benefactor for thus graciously carying forth and returning in safety his unworthy handmaid."

The Diary of the Rev. Mr Buckingham, in the same volume, is much less interesting, and written with far less ability. The author was a Presbyterian minister of Hartford in Connecticut, and accompanied the Connecticut troops as chaplain in the expeditions against Canada, undertaken by the Colonies in 1710 and 1711. To the expedition which sailed from Nantasket in 1710, it appeared that Massachusetts furnished fourteen transports, Connecticut five, New Hampshire two, and Rhode Island three, but the number of the troops on board is not stated. It is probable, however, they were not fewer than three thousand, as in the expedition planned in 1709 against Montreal and Quebec, the Colonies had supplied in quotas about that number of soldiers. Altogether, these two little relics are curious, and the American publisher deserves the thanks of the statistical inquirer for having preserved them from oblivion—not that the works are in themselves of any great intrinsic value, but like the rude knotches which the first surveyors who penetrate the forests mark on the trees, they serve as guides to determine the extent and progress of location and improvement.

The Ghost of the Oratory.

SCENE I.

MASTER ROBERT BUCKDALE. SIR REGINALD BUCKDALE DE REINE.

Rob. Brother, I wish thee joy.*Reg.* With such a face?
And, pray, of what, fair brother?*Rob.* Reginald,
I cannot rein the workings of my face—
I cannot rein them, Reginald de Reine.*Reg.* That's right now, Robert;—pun upon it, man;—
Punning—though ill—for many an inward pang
Is a sure cure. Some pain 'twill cost to work
Thy merry vein, my brother,—while thy heart
Throbs upon thorns: yet in the end thou'lt find
The trouble will be paid by quieted griefs
And new-sprung pleasures. Punning—punning, Robert,
Is your main salve for the heartach. But, to speak
In earnest, hast thou griefs? and may not, brother,
A brother share them?*Rob.* Reginald, I have
One grief, a heavy one: my brother may not
Or share or hear it.—Else I were not dumb,
As well I know Reginald were not deaf.*Reg.* I'll not cross-question thee; but whensoever
Thy voice shall say, "be open'd"—here's an ear
Open'd shall be, Rob,—for that voice to thrill to
A heart as true as thine. Can I say more?*Rob.* Thou can'st not. And that aching heart as truly
Wishes thee joy again.*Reg.* And I again
Would know of what, fair brother?*Rob.* Oh, of what,
All know too well.*Reg.* Too well? why, then thou would'st
They knew it not so well?*Rob.* Nay, nay—I care not
Though all the world knew.*Reg.* Well then, Rob, what is it?*Rob.* Why, that our father wills thee, will ye or nill,
To wed a girl whom well I know thou wilt—
As who would not?*Reg.* Psha! I know whom you mean,—
This daughter of the Duke of Aumarye.
I hate her.*Rob.* Hate her, sir!
Reg. Well, well—not hate her.*George!* brother, how ye blush! yes, yes, young Robert,
Talk as thou wilt, thou art but young: that blush
Is a fair scrivener, and writes boy too plainly
On that clear brow for even a fool like me
To boggle at the spelling. Brother—ah! brother,—
Young budding wood-roses are colour'd deeply—
They lose their blush by then their leaves unfold.
Yon brilliant girl I hate not, save because
They'd make me marry her. For otherwise
Highly I do esteem, much must admire her,
And love her—would, far as I can love woman.

Rob. Brother, thou hast my secret—and my grief.—
This Giuliana I do love.

Reg. Secret—yes ;
Why grief, though ? What ! is't grief to love a woman ?
And thou yet lovest this grief : If there be love,
That's *not* grief—love for Giuliana it should be ;
For she is gentle-blooded, woman-hearted,
Man-spirited, witty, fair, frank, gay, and young.
If, thinking as thou dost love can be pleasure,
Not grief, thou thinkest her love grief, not pleasure,
Thou art unconscionable.

Rob. My grief is
Not that I love, but that I cannot woo,
And cannot win, not wooing.

Reg. Nor can wed,
Not winning. Prettily argued !—Brother Buckdale,
Ye might have trusted Reginald. Take—take her,—
Take Giuliana, and God bless you both.
Give me my loose-sheath'd sword, my well-fill'd beaker,
Free hearts around, and a free heart within,
And this free hand to fell my foe, and lift
A wassail wine-cup to my lips ; and I
Will leave the lifting thither a fair hand,
And the enringing with eternal shackles
One's right-hand fingers,—to whoever likes,—
Thee, an ye list, *fratello mio*.

Rob. Ah ! fair brother,
Granted 'twere done—where were our father's lands,
He dead ?—Who now is boy, mine elder brother ?

Reg. I know my father's temper, and well see
His heart is set upon this cursed bridal.
But—boy or no boy—here say I to thee,
Brother, be thou the heir, I give thee lands,
I give thee lordships, coronets, and balls,
And all such trumpery, so that thou wilt take
This beauty and her hopes all off my hands.

Rob. Certes, small price for such a sacrifice.

Reg. Sacrifice of my lands, or of thy freedom ?
Small lordship or small favour, meanest thou ?
No matter which, so 'twere a bargain, Rob ;
Let—let me be unfather'd—so unfetter'd,
And—so I be a bachelor—base-born.
But wed I will not whom I do not love ;
And as for loving, where is she I love
So well as marrying comes to ?

Rob. Reginald,
I love a wine-cup, too, as well thou knowest ;
I love a soldier's sword, as thou hast seen ;
Freedom I love, as many a man hath found ;
But Giuliana is more worth to me
Than darling liberty, or famous war,
Or rosy, racy wine, with cluster'd diamonds,
Crowning the full gold bowl of swelling friendship.
For her I'd be an anchorite, and drink water ;
For her I'd shepherd turn, and forswear steel ;
For her become a slave, and bow before
A slight feign'd frown in prostrate idolizing,
And watch the outbreking of a natural smile
From two red lips, as Persians watch clear day,
Outbudding from the uncurling leaves of cloud,
That shroud up the so roselike east.—What, what
Would I not give for her ? Oh, I could be....

Reg. Up to the neck in love—I doubt thee not,

Brother. Well, woo herself, not me, and keep
Thy vows, and all their poetry, to ply her
Withal:—ye then may want them.

Rob. Well, and then
I'll win thy lady,—if I can, that is,—
Yet let thee keep thy lands—for that I can.

Reg. Tush! thou'rt not half a lover, to bring in
An if. "Faint heart," 'tis said, ye know, "ne'er won"—
And certes, 'tis a maxim full as good,
"Brave heart can never miss a *bonne et belle*."

Rob. Ah, Reginald—she may thee love, Reginald,
Although thou be indifferent to her.

Reg. Love me!—why, truly ay—and so she may,
Nor no wrong to her taste. But when was ever
Lover in this dull world so chicken-hearted,
As think—much more talk—all that may be?—I—
Did I love—'twere like lightning, fearlessly:
Dart would I into my object's deepest heart
Ere she could query if we loved.

Rob. But ladies
Would scarcely like such lightning speed, and some
Might think ye came to ruin, like the lightning.
A most unlucky illustration, brother.

Reg. Well, well! good bye! I render up all title
In this fair lady. And, brother, be she thine:
I have, I guess, not garrison'd her heart,—
Void may'st thou find it!—or, if not, thou knowest
Of storm and blockade somewhat. Go thy way—
That is, into her presence. I'll go mine—
Through the wide world—though penniless, yet free.

Rob. Dear Reginald! I could almost worship thee,
Were I not worshipping the dear gift thou givest.
Good bye, whate'er befall! Thou ne'ertheless
The elder and the heir shalt be—who will,
Gainsay it! Thou hast shown me all the world—
All my world—and, this dear world if I win,
I shall not weep like Philip's son for more.
I have a heart for Giuliana's heart,
I have a hand for Giuliana's hand,
I have an arm for Giuliana's head,
To raise it, pillow it, avenge it, shield it
'Gainst harm, for wrong, 'mid restlessness, from woe—
What want I more?—

Reg. Methinks I could not love
Woman so well,—but that I would—to pour
Over thy cheek such wine-red glee as this,
And shoot such gay stars from thine eyes, and such
A dance strike up to these young fingers' pulses
Of thine—most gladly give her.

Rob. Noble fellow!
When next my hand, throbbing in thine, thou feelest—
When next my girdling arms,—thou'lt clasp a blest
Brother—and favour'd lover, as I hope.
Good bye!

Reg. Good bye! I trust so: I am sure of it.
God speed thee, brother, well!—Stay, Robert, stay;
What think ye?

Rob. Think! why, that thou'rt keeping me
Here, when I should be elsewhere. Pray, dispatch!

Reg. Nay, patience, patience, Rob. Thou canst not see
Giuliana at this time of day, ye know.

Rob. Well, well! I'll stop.

Reg. Thou know'st that haunted castle
Of Aumarye's?

Rob. On the borders of the chase?
Where they refused us lodging,—when, last week,
Our horses jaded, and ourselves benighted,
Hungry, hot, lost, and wearied with our hunting,
The moon-besilver'd casements guided us
Thither from that high holt, whereon our fire
Was lighted for the night?—Well I remember it,
By the bad board and bed the courtlage gave,
To which they did direct us.

Reg. Well, therein,
And in the haunted chamber, I sleep to-night.

Rob. I thought the duke denied thee leave.

Reg. He did so,—
The churl, he did so. But I've so arranged,
By bribes and promises, with the old factotum,
Who rules the roast among his grace's ghosts,
To scale a window after vesper-tide;
And all the needful keys I have, and full
Instructions for the finding of the room.

Rob. And all for what? since thou must be aware
Thy wager with yon merry foreigner,
The black-hair'd duke of Parma, will be quash'd,
Now Aumarye refuses his permission
For thee to try the adventure.

Reg. Bah! it is not
The crowns I care for. But I so had set
My mind on this same mystery, which to tempt
Parma defied me; that I may not, cannot,
And will not, draw a foot back, while my neck
Is yet unwrung, and while my throat's unslash'd.
Ye need not preach. I'm fix'd.

Rob. 'Tis an odd thing
Aumarye should deny thee.

Reg. So it is.
How long has he been here at court?

Rob. Three weeks.
The feast of the most blessed Trinity
Was over when he came.

Reg. Three weeks! and I
All but betroth'd in three weeks! by my faith,
Our father and this duke have not been slow:
Yet somewhat slow it seems, for full three weeks
Never to hint he such a castle had
So near us as this, brother.

Rob. Whimsical,
Certes, it is; to be so close in this,
And he and his fair daughter just from Venice—
Venice the open-hearted and the gay:—

The serving-men, too, changed,—not one retain'd,
They say, that there he boarded. Know ye, brother,
How long it is since our England saw the duke?

Reg. Years—years. He was at Venice, when his wife,
A daughter of the country, and a bride,
Scarce of twelvemonths, died, leaving him her image
In his sad heart, and in his arms another—
A miniature—Giuliana, not till then
Born to a father's tearful kisses. Men,
At the last Carnival, when I was there,
And much with him and her, did prate how he,
Before that long-mourn'd day of mingling woe

And comfort—far and long had roam'd beneath
 The golden skies of spicy India,
 And cleft the pearly Babelmandel straits
 Often—since he in sight of our chalk cliffs
 First clomb a ship with youth's elastic step,
 Nor hail'd those cliffs again. I oft was told,
 How soon a sadness o'er his sunny brow
 Stole, as the virgin blush of his loved bride
 Cool'd to the wife's calm majesty ; a sadness
 Which brighten'd mostly at her smile, but quick
 Sunk, without will, upon his heart afresh.
 Sometimes, in her most sparkling hours, his eyes
 Gleam'd wanderingly with brine unbidden. Oft
 A memory, when he spoke her fondest,
 Woke his soon-stifled sighs. 'Twas very clear
 A spell was lock'd in his spirit, which none knew,
 And which oft made his ardent love for her
 Masque 'neath remember'd melancholy. Such
 Was he, 'tis said, ere this Giuliana lived ;
 And such—the elder Giuliana dead,
 This beauty's mother—I myself did know him.

Rob. Knew'st thou the Lady Giuliana well,
 Then, at the time thou speakest of ?

Reg. Yes—well.

Rob. And was she then the angel she is now ?
 What thoughtest thou ?

Reg. Why—much admired her, oft
 Her company courted, loved, though—not a whit.

Rob. Well, that's a mystery passing Aumarye's—
 To me at least. Know her—and yet not love her ?
 Heaven unbarr'd to thine eyes and ears,—and yet
 No aspiration of thy soul thereto ?
 Insensible—insensible—unless
 Some other sovereign had her standard raised,
 Reginald, in thy first-discovered heart.
 I, I think, even so should have forgotten
 My true and due allegiance.

Reg. Nay, nay ! guess not.
 For, faith and troth, 'twas not so.—Marriages,
 We all know, Rob, are match'd in heaven ;—and seal'd
 Giuliana was for thee.

Rob. Well then—to-morrow
 Thou'lt tell me the adventure of the night.

Reg. If honour toward the duke allow the telling,
 Brother, I will. Good bye !

Rob. God guard thee, brother !
 No other guard thou'lt wish,—and, as I think,
 Wilt like no other spy.

Reg. God bless thee, Rob !

SCENE II.

MASTER ROBERT BUCKDALE. GIULIANA.

Rob. Good morrow to my brother's fair betroth'd.

Giu. Ere Master Buckdale's brother, sir, need count
 On Aumarye's alliance, he may think
 On the old saying—that there's many a slip
 Between the gladdening cup and thirsty lip.

Rob. Most princely lady, Master Buckdale were
 Right glad to think—yea ! glad, madame, to dream

A slip might be between his brother's lips
And those that speak thus proudly.

Giu. Say ye so?
Now I were fain my sire could hear the words
You have given vent to.

Rob. Why were ye so fain,
Fair dame?

Giu. Why—think you Aumarye would hear
That his child's slighted, and yet wed her into
The house that slights her?

Rob. And would ye withhold
That hand then from my brother?

Giu. Would I! Will I—
Ye should have ask'd, sir. I have vow'd to do it,—

Have sworn it to my father—to my God,
And here again to you before that God,
I swear I will not wed Sir Reginald.

Robe me they may in bridal garments—deck me,
If so they please, in wedding gauds—and drag me
To the polluted altar—and repeat me
Their mockery of the holy marriage rite:

But—ere wed him—I'll die: and, as mine oath
I break not, let my Saviour's blood assoil me!
Scold may my father, and my kindred hate me.

My brethren storm, and all your family rise
To quench the burning insult with our blood,—
But Giuliana will not falsify

Her oath, nor forfeit heaven by swearing love
To any man she loves not.

Rob. Hear her, Christ!
Hear thou this princely lady,—yes! and bless her!
Down on my knees—here on my knees, Giuliana,
Behold me—nor withdraw this white white hand.
That front is form'd so nobly, crowns so nobly
That noble face,—that, oh! thine heart can not
Cancel their nobleness sure?—thy lovely lips
Spake not these words from pride of birth,—for that
Thou art too proud for.—Tell me—tell me truly,
Since thou wilt never wed Sir Reginald—
Say, dost thou love another?

Giu. Sir, it may be—
It may be I do now,—at any rate
I may hereafter—if ye'll give me leave.

Rob. Ah! nay, recal that word:—smile not—not so
Upon my sorrows smile. For this sad heart
Will canker with the everlasting worm,
While yet 'tis red with all the natural juices
Of budding youth. These eyes I now feel burning
While thee they look on; they will quench their fires
In early weeping—weeping quite away
My life and love together,—or no! not love,
That must survive all save annihilation,
Which cometh not to man. I love—love thee,—
Wilt thou not speak, Giuliana?

Giu. Have I not?

Rob. Yes, but so darkly and so triflingly.

Giu. Answer'd I not your question? Said I not
That, as I did not love Sir Reginald,
It might be I do love another now,
At any rate might be I one day might?

Rob. Sweet riddle-maker! wilt . . .

Giu. Dull riddle-reader !
Wilt not

Rob. Guess who that other is ? Oh, would !
It were myself !

Giu. Why, have I said as yet
There is another ?

Rob. Yes : or, if thou hast not,
There is. Who is it ? I've no right to ask ;
Torture me not, Giuliana : say thou lovest, —
Say me, or promise that thou wilt, or grant me !
Thou canst perhaps hereafter—but perhaps.

Giu. I give you, sir, my hand ;—nay, but to kiss it,—
Only to kiss I mean, sir.

Rob. 'Tis so sweet
To kiss thy hand, what honey—what nectar will it
Be thy dear lips to kiss !

Giu. “ Would,” sir, ye mean
Of course, not “ will” ?

Rob. No ; will it—must it—shall it :
For oh it will—it must—it shall be mine,
That ecstasy of ecstasies. Lo ! laughs
Thy light eye, those too cruel lips belying,
Which on my hopes will smile not.

Giu. Why—may I
Not laugh on Master Buckdale, when he climbs
So high as Aumarye ; and yet not smile
On his high hopes ?

Rob. Pooh, pooh ! thou dost—thou dost ;
Thou canst not keep that sweet mouth from the mercy
That curls it like heaven's bow,—like love's, I mean,
I beg thy pardon.

Giu. Oh, 'tis granted, sir.

Rob. Yes, for thou art so kind.

Giu. Oh no ! not therefore,
But for ye spake so right at first, nor needed
Further correction.

Rob. How ? because heaven's bow
Is love's.

Giu. No ; for my mouth thus downward curls
With weariness of your vows,—like the great bow
Set on heaven's tearful face.

Rob. So long a face
Pull not thou, dear,—for though the prettiest faces,
They say, do make the ugliest grimaces,
This pretty one doth give their saw the lie,
And will not be distorted. No ! nor now,
Thou canst not frown,—and oh ! those smooth bright lips,
As, when they rail, their railing is but raillery,—
So, when they pout, therewith but say, “ Come kiss us.”
Ay, by this buss, which on my sovereign's hand
I seal my vow of vassalage withal,
Swear I, that closer, kinder, happier kiss
I'll not forego for ever.

Giu. Sir, your sovereign
Were I indeed, I'd banish you my presence ;
But, as it is

Rob. Thou wilt not ? Yet thou art
My sovereign, with all powers save banishment.

Giu. And that I have, being no sovereign.

Rob. Yet, if thou wert, or if, not being, still
Thou hast such power, thou sure would never use it.
And, though thou didst debar me my queen's presence,

Buckdale would be thy knight, Giuliana, ever,
And would, until thou deignedst pay his wage,
Cleave to thy side, albeit with unseen service,
Yet truer than is the blue of yon strong sky,
And purer than is the diamond of yon sun,
And lasting—lasting, long as thou requirest.

Giu. But put the case, I ask a term of time,
Which were commensurate with the endless groans
That fors worn faithbreakers must breathe hereafter?

Rob. Then wert thou no Giuliana, but a fiend
Feigning her shape, to torture true love with
His own hell's perjury pangs.

Giu. Good den, friend Buckdale,
Your friend will leave you. Only for a time, though;
When next I see you, ready be to bear
All torments my worst malice can inflict.

Rob. Farewell, mine angel! My saint tutelar,
Adieu awhile! If fiends were like to thee,
No wonder 'twere, men sell their souls to them;
And, if fiend were synonymous with demon,
And demon meant what once it did intend,
Then thou might bear the name; for, oh! thou hast
A demon's knowledge of the thoughts that vein
My deep heart's mine, and demon's power to work
Those thoughts, and purify their ore to bullion.

Giu. Forefend us! what a learned clerk is here!
Aroint thee, sorcerer!

Rob. Sorcerer indeed,
To turn an angel to a fiend.

Giu. To prove me
A fiend ye've tried, sir; and to make me one
Needs but a little more such foolish talk;
For, anger me, I say not what I shall be,
A very shrew, with very slender patience,
And a most reinless tongue. Adieu!

Rob. Adieu!
'Tis a most winning one:—How stately
And yet how gracefully she glides away,
As a white galley-sail, 'tween light green groves
Tracking the windings of a glancing river
Upon an odorous summer afternoon!

SCENE III.—An Oratory.

SIR REGINALD BUCKDALE DE REINE.

Reg. This is the room. Sad, silent, sombre, saintly,
It shows indeed no unfit haunting place
For things of echoless footstep, tongueless voice,
And laughterless beatitude. Yon moon
Glares through the gaily scutcheon'd casement's glass
Like some great ghostly world's pale queen. Within—
Crucifix, altar, kneeling-cushion, book,
Seem as for years they'd no intrusion known,
Since mortal here last worshipp'd. And without—
How solemn sweet a landscape seems to ask
For something Him to worship. When—oh! when,
Heaven—sweet Heaven, shall I 'mid this fair world
Shake off the sensible weight of loneliness
Which o'er me will steal at some certain points
Of time and place; though often, and elsewhere,

My blither spirits burn, as the battle-horse's
 Burn at the trumpet, or the talbot's come
 Forth from his keener eyes, when winds the bugle
 Its wakening blast. How frequent have I wish'd,
 That lusty liveliness might prove undying,
 And eveningless that sunny noon of heart,
 Which 'mid my brotherhood in arms I feel,
 And 'mid the glances gay of happy womankind,
 And even in lonely nature's solitude,
 That so for ever might my youthhood's blood
 Rush like spring's unchain'd mountain streams! But so
 It will not be. And yet in this decline
 Of the hot soul, a kind of pleasure seems
 To be, if there be not such, as I know,
 Save then one feels alone. Sweet Giuliana,
 Thou art not lonely, Robert is not lonely,
 Hundreds who love and are loved, are not lonely,
 Hundreds there are who find not what I find,
 Hundreds there are who think not what I think,
 Hundreds there are who pant not as I pant:
 For one—one dear fond heart to lean on. Angel
 Of love! who fliest from fast by God's own throne—
 For surely there thy seat is to refresh
 Our cold-iced world with the warm bosom's summer,—
 How oft hast thou just shown me thy bright tresses
 Scattering across my path, and yet hast hidden
 The glories of thy godlike visage still—
 Still from mine asking eyes. Ah! eyes how many
 Have shot their casual arrows to my heart,
 Yet the sweet venom, sore against my will,
 In fated absence found its antidote.
 How hath a stately form, slim waist, slight foot,
 Or too brief converse dwelt in my blest soul
 For weeks, for months, yet fled! Cruel Love,
 To hold thy mantling glass brim'd to my lips,
 And then, when I would quaff it, straight it burst.
 Oh, shall I therefore deem it poison?—Well,
 Poison'd or no, let me drain thy wine,
 Luxurious laughing Love. What thoughts are these
 For one that's bound on such adventure? Fancy,
 Who shall bring thee to anchor, Fancy? Shall
 The sense of peril? No; that least of all:
 Not that, if even aught else can; on the eve
 Of the cursed hangman's morning, doth the thief
 With undetected booty enrich his sleep;
 And, on the vigil of the frightful day
 Dedicate to the headsman, doth the rebel—
 Well born—refined—high soul'd—need not even sleep
 To screw his dark soul to the joy of blood,
 And haughty ambition's triumph, and the power
 And hoped-for ease of kingship. Many riddles
 Hath man in him, ask more than man to solve:
 And this is of the number. I'll think no more;
 I've thought enough already, and it tires me.—
 Streamlets, how musical sing ye to night's ear,—
 Deep, deep beneath me glistening through the trees,
 And undergirdling earth's round breasts with silver—
 Earth's odorous hills, whereon the amorous mists
 Seek nightly their soft slumbers. Waving woods,
 Far, far around me, and as far below me,
 What whisper ye unto your smiling skies
 Which man may not interpret?—Dewy eyes

Of Heaven, why laugh ye in your happiness
 Upon the wildly whispering woods? . . . But soft!
 What nearer light from yon fair turret window
 Gleams sudden? 'Tis a female form that bears it,—
 That sets it down,—that draws—oh, jealous spite!
 The hangings of the casement to. What need
 In this dead solitude of solitudes
 To curtain so thy chamber, lady fair?
 O charming shame, more charming by concealing!
 Such charms as that fine shape bespake!—Ah, see!
 Her form superb again flits on my sight,
 Vague, yet still lovely from its very vagueness:
 Now to her hair one light wrist is advanced,
 Now wide with throat thrown back she shakes the mass
 Of all her loosen'd locks of beauty about her;
 Now o'er her head those snake-like arms wreath high,
 Winding the wavy tresses. Is this love
 Palpitates in my bosom—chills my cheek,
 And straightway scorches it—throbs on my temples,
 As though the trickling water-drop of torture
 Dripp'd ceaseless on my scull?—Oh, is this love?
 Or is it but Love's herald? some unknown
 And undefinable influence, such as should
 Enter into the struck soul at first sight,
 Saying, "Room, room for Love! room for his image!
 'Tis she,—she comes, she comes! make clean the heart—
 Make empty of all else the fancy! Place,
 Place for the idol ye henceforth must worship!"
 Thus, thus it surely is. . . . O blessed night!
 O blessed beauty of the tintless earth!
 O blessed brilliance of the enlarging skies!
 Well, earth, may thy far boundary farther seem;
 Well, Heaven, may thy high vault less fathomable
 Sparkle on my happy ken. Scene dimly fair,
 That spread'st around me,—how art thou excell'd
 By yon dim veiled beauty, as she stands
 With disguised gesture and but half-seen grace
 Tempting the hungry gaze? Ah! all is dark,
 And she hath sought her resting-place. . . . And this,
 Reginald, is't—thou thoughtest—calledst Love?
 Thus seen, if I may call it seen,—thus seen
 For the first time,—and only thus: no line
 Of her sweet countenance made out; no grace
 Descried, save this most unaccountable,
 Yet not less overwhelming sense of beauty,
 Which through my throbbing wrist thrills quicker, ah! quicker,
 Quicker than ever fever's blood beat. Nay,
 'Tis the inspiration of prophetic fate—
 My fate of love, luxuriousness, and bliss,
 That breatheth a new life into my nostrils,
 And makes me doubly man, to seek thee out,
 To woo thee in thy loveliness, to guard thee,
 If need be, and to win thee, mistress mine,
 Maugre all bars.—Ah! what if she should be
 Not worth thy winning, Reginald!—no vows,
 Most wary knight! for in this haunted chamber
 They'll strictly be recorded; . . . Pooh! I'm prosy;
 No wonder, for I'm drowsy. . . . Ha! what's that?
 Nay, it is but the moonlight. . . . Nodding! nay,
 This will ne'er do, Sir Reginald de Reine;
 I must awake, and this adventure await: . . .
 Say not so, fairest lady. . . . Pooh, I dream. . . .

Oh, no, I love as truly as . . . Where am I?
 There's sleep hangs in the very air . . . What! thou,
 Thou, whom the evening of the Carnival
 I track'd, my stately masquer, to thy barge,
 And lost thee so . . . what do I prate about?
 A gondola there was not to be had,
 Else I had chased thee—but I vow'd to love,
 And on my knees here by those mild eyes swear,
 That gleam so like a spectre! hence, avaunt!
 Where is my sword gone? . . . God! I do but dream.
 'Tis useless watching thus: I'll sleep in peace;
 This silent chamber hath sure a slumberous charm
 I cannot counteract;—Guard me, good God.
 Christ and good angels, guard me!—

(Sleeps.)

SCENE IV.

MASTER ROBERT BUCKDALE. GIULIANA.

Giu. I trust my father will not hear of this:
 'Twill chafe him. Even me, since our arrival,
 He hath still put off from visiting the castle;
 Nor knew I till last week that 'twas his own.
 This is mysterious.

Rob. 'Tis so.—Nay, *Giuliana*,
 Let us not onward; rest thee, rest awhile,
 A little while, in yonder mossy bower.
 'Tis spicy sweet as is this sunny lawn;
 And yon its fountain is musical as the hum
 Of the gay bees that flit here; and its cool,
 Pleasanter than the sultry noon.

Giu. No, *Buckdale*,
 We must be wise and wary, who are yet
 Unsanction'd lovers. Too long noontide meetings
 Are not for us now: my father soon
 Returns from the King's rising. In this place,
 Fair sir, perhaps this evening.—Shall ye note it?
Rob. Yes, dear, with more religion, than a saint
 His hours canonical. And after vespers?
 For holy hours are fittest with mine angel
 To meet.

Giu. Well—one hour after even-song.

Rob. I'll fail not, as I live.

Giu. Commend me, then,
 To your brave brother. Brave he is, as this
 Perilous quest shows him,—and most noble too,
 As, *Buckdale*, we well know. Your brother is
 One I had loved, if . . .

Rob. He had not had a brother?

Giu. Nay, said I so?

Rob. But meant it.

Giu. Doth it follow.

I meant so, because so ye understood me?

Rob. No; but it follows from the wreathed kindness
 Of those carnation lips,—whose premises
 Are plainly smiles—whereon I infer hope.

Giu. Love's logic often is sophistical.
 But fare ye well! farewell, good *Master Buckdale*.

Rob. No freer leave-taking?

Giu. Well, then, good *Buckdale*,
 Good-bye.

Rob. Am I a heathen in thy sight—
A faithless one?.....
Giu. Perhaps.
Rob. An unbeliever?.....
Giu. That—I am possibly,
Rob. An excommunicate,—

That thou'lt not call me by a Christian name?—
Giuliana, will not Robert please thine ear,
Nor honest Rob?

Giu. Pardon me, that I robb'd you
Of such a soft monosyllabic name.
Robin, or Rob, if I may be so saucy,
Farewell till eyentide.

Rob. Which thou wilt make
A noon of—with thy lightsome presence, sweet.

Giu. Nay, keep me not. Here comes Sir Reginald:
Excuse to him my haste.

Rob. Farewell—farewell!
Soft thy siesta sink on those sweet lids,
And send thee dreams of pleasure.

MASTER ROB. BUCKDALE.

Bless her, Heaven!
Summer-like breath on her, aromatic airs,
And let her slumber lightly mid heaven's music
And Eden's odours.

MASTER ROB. BUCKDALE. SIR REG. BUCKDALE LE REINE.

Well—how slept ye, brother?
And why dost look so sad?—

Reg. Sad do I look?
Alas! why should I? Thou without doubt thinkest
I slept not.

Rob. Didst thou?

Reg. Yes, and soundly too.

Rob. Slept and saw naught?—well, therefore 'tis thou'rt sad.

Reg. I knew not that I look'd so.

Rob. Oh, thou dost,—
And art.—Pale art thou, o'erwatch'd, and weary. Hath aught
Appear'd unto thee, Reginald?

Reg. Oh, yes!
Nay, speak not of it;—as I dare not think,—
And yet must think it o'er each day, each hour—
Each night before I sleep, and, when I sleep,
Dream—dream of it till lingering morning dawns.
Robert, thy brother is mark'd out by fate
For wretchedness,—for hopeless wretchedness,—
Wretchedness of the heart and of the brain,
Which will outlive the body, and coeval
Be with the unwithering spirit. Nay, nay, nay—
Fool that I am, thus to forswear myself,
Who vow'd so lately thou should'st never guess
What must thy well of bliss defile with woe.

Rob. With counsels medicinal to us both,
Perhaps, that fountain may be mix'd, if through
Thy griefs thou give it channel. Come, unveil thee!
What was't so frightful thou can'st not forget?
What is't so fearful thou can'st shrink from meeting?

Reg. Frightful!—ah, no—save to lone Adam seem'd
Eden's last best form frightful. Yet, 'tis fearful—
My fate—my fate, which I even dread to dare,
Yet cannot—scarce would—scape from.

Rob. So said I, soon
When hopelessly I Giuliana loved.
Herein thou sufferest naught save what to suffer
Hath been my lot.

Reg. So ever to the cursed
The blessed say, as if 'twere consolation
Their curse hath naught of newness.

Rob. But if Christ
And his good providence wipe off one woe,—
Why not another?

Reg. Oh! why not indeed?
Why not—why not? But what are worms, that they
Should question Supreme foresight?—ay, or struggle
Against its bridle,—nay, or 'gainst its spur?—
But who art thou dost thy lot 'gainst mine set?
What—what is thine?—didst thou, then, ever love
A beautiful, bewildering, witching fiend?
Answer me that.

Rob. Ask Giuliana that.
She will say, "Yes." I dare not use of her
The name—she gave herself but yesterday.
But come, what broods there in thy fancy?

Reg. Tush!
Ye talk of love's light trifling,—of hard words
By soft lips utter'd,—and of bitter railing—
So bitter, it bewitcheth. I do speak
Of hell's and fate's unglotted scorn of man:
I—of the discord—of thy brother's mood
O'erstrung by doomed love's too violent hand:
I—of the madness of the monstrous brain
Stung by the whirring, whizzing form that wheels
Round me, which I must catch at—and in vain,—
'Tis not within my reach—... What said'st thou? Fancy!
Fie—fie! I saw her with these eyeballs;—saw her—
Her, or it, or whate'er it was—as clear
As... can I not see thee thus close—close—close?

Rob. O, God! my brother, shut those frenzied eyes:
I cannot face them.

Reg. No? and that's a marvel—
Is it?—ye cannot? no! how should ye?—No—
For they have faced a thing of loftier place
With looks of admiration fond, deep love,
Intensest ecstasy, and fadeless memory,—
And possibly have drunk power unworldly from
That face of strange and supra-mortal beauty,
Which—wheresoever I wander, and however
I strive to escape it—yon thin unobvious air
Shapes itself to an image of. Ay! 'tis there—
Psha! look not: thou canst not behold it. I do,—
I do, and shall,—till shrouds my dying day
These eyes, this heart, this brain in senselessness.
Fly from me, fly from whom fate's book hath bann'd:
Doubt not—stay not;—I am not lonely;—with me
Have I what it is Paradise to look on,—
Hell—hell to look on—as for aye must I—
Vainly yet lovingly. Hence, brother, hence!
Or I'll hence far:—Oh, let me—let me hence
From living men, where thou, nor any friendly,
May weep to watch my young cheek fall away,—
O My young brow wrinkle with ceaseless secret thought,—
My young eyes straining till they become blind
With looking after—may be looking on

Once more that spirit's unearthly loveliness.

Look ! is not mine hair whiten'd in one night ?

If not, it might have been,—yes ! in one hour

Of last eventful strange night's middle watch.

Rob. Thou saw'st then somewhat ? Tell me—and sit down.

Reg. Desolate—desolate—why should I not

Sit and tell, and tell o'er, and o'er again

What is for ages link'd to me ;—to be

Almost for ever in my bodily sight—

As now it is, there, though other sensible things

Dim its dear clearness ;—and in my soul's sight

To be quite, quite for ever ? Nay—my words

Why should I waste ? But thou wilt patient hear ;—

But hear thou wilt,—and I cannot refuse thee ;—

Hear then in brief ; if I in brief can tell it,

Which yet I doubt. Entrance I gain'd last night ;

And gain'd the room—an oratory. There—

Long time I loiter'd eager ; but my haste

Hurried not on the hour's portentous pace.

Much I gazed from the window,—but of that

I will not now ; somewhat there was, which all

Who like to look on earth's charms love to see ;

But somewhat was there more ; I saw thence,—such

As heretofore had an adventure seem'd,

But now I note it not, nor think of it,

Things so note-worthier follow'd. Much I mused

On thee—on Giuliana—on myself,—

Till my thoughts wander'd, and went sliding off

In dreams gay—lovely—or horrible—as it chanced ;

And by my frequent fits of slumberousness,

(For a prodigious heaviness hung on the air,)

And by my sudden starts therefrom, I found

Watching was then a jest.—Hours had to pass

Ere the appointed one. I threw me back

Upon a chair and slept—or rather slumber'd

'Tween sleep and dozing. Many were my dreams,

Various and discontinuous ; things, that night

Seen for the first time, and things, long ago

Seen, which I ne'er again shall see, did blend

Strangely and brokenly with ghastly things,

Such as we hear in childhood, scorn in youth,

And doubt in manhood, save when seen. At last

I awoke,—remember'd in some minutes where

I was ; and, while the clock toll'd twelve, saw—what

Quite 'woke me, if before waking was doubtful.

The moon shone in the chamber,—and I beheld

The door distinctly open—and a shape

Steal in—I say steal, not that its steps wanted

Majesty, or that all-o'erawing motion

Which heralds worth, but from its noiselessness,

Its lifelessness, I might say ; not an echo

Rung to its tread, or whisper'd to its breath ;—

Dark was her face—for 'twas a woman's form,—

Dark as is night's—when crested with the crescent—

But by the forehead's locks, the downward eyes,

And cheek quite shaded,—she on sleeping earth

Looks down and smiles in Indian loveliness.

So dark was *that* face,—but 'twas in the dark,

Or in, at most, only the room's half light :

Into the moonshine she came on,—and there

That visage sweet show'd duskier, for heaven's gleam

Her light loose lawn's vestment silver'd—so

Contrasting the brown beauty of her face.
 Oh, what a face that was!—ideal truth
 Ne'er poised so justly the well-mated features—
 All moulded as in England's happiest country,
 Where man's eye roams bewitch'd.—But naught of fair,
 If cold and pale mean fair, beam'd through the rose
 Of her rich royal cheek: And on her front,
 Though lofty and polish'd, no pure pearl had fear'd
 To hang outrivall'd,—save it hung too near
 The pearly lakes where her black eye-balls swam;
 Nay, they swam not: Fix'd and serene they gleam'd
 Through her complexion's clear and cloudless hazel—
 And under her black but evenly bent brows—
 And over her blush, that on the bright brown skin
 Bloom'd like a rose-bush in a hyacinth bed.
 Black as the brambleberry—or her eyes—
 The long wreath'd locks, some braided, on her head
 Were knotted,—and her very face had blanch'd,
 But for the thin white snowy gown, which clung,
 In small folds, her dark billowy breasts about—
 And little low-curved shoulders—and slight waist—
 And roundly, slowly tapering limbs—and last
 Flow'd back from one bare forward foot, so small,
 So delicate, it seem'd to spot, not hide,
 The moonlit floor below it. Not my first—
 My second—or third glance caught the whole grace
 Of that unworldlike statue that stood rooted
 In the mid chamber, with the sorcery glare
 Of its so stirless eyes, enchaining me
 In wonder and in awe there. Fear's chill damp
 Impearl'd my brow,—but yet my quivering lip
 Burn'd with that queenlike ghost's so marvellous beauty
 On which I gazed. She spake no word to me—
 She made no sign, but gazed me, as I were
 A thing of naught: then lift her face, as out
 On the sky to look; but her black lifeless eyes
 Unseeing seem'd, and on their orbs the light
 Smote and sate stirlessly. But mine methought
 Would crack their strings, so strain'd they after that
 Superior essence bodied in my presence.
 She moved towards the altar-table, and sigh'd,—
 She bow'd her head in prayer, and slightly sobb'd;
 She look'd up to the crucifix and smiled—
 The image of the crucifix, that from
 The holy cross seem'd smiling on her worship:
 And I meanwhile could move not from my place,
 Such influence was upon me; nor mine eyes
 Could from the white curve of her kneeling figure
 Unlock themselves. Her silent orisons,
 It seems, were finish'd; for the spirit raised
 Up the dusk splendour of her meek mild face,
 The eyelids as before widenedrawn, the eyes
 Gleaming in ghostly fixedness. A couch
 Stood by the further wainscot; thither moved she:
 There those luxurious limbs were loosely laid—
 Modestly wimpled, save one elegant ankle:
 She slept, or rather seem'd to sleep;—her lips
 Murmur'd—as though she were a creature of mind—
 With sounds of melody, but not quite meaning;
 And, as they sunder'd, lo! like daisies wreathed
 'Mong red carnations, lay within their red
 The glossy teeth. I durst not stir. I durst

Scarce draw my breath ; while there her wavy bosom
 So like a woman's heaved, that wonder whisper'd me,
 " Oh ! have not spirits hearts like women's too ?"
 And long, and eagerly, and fierily
 I gazed, and love grew in me ; while that fear
 Which ices boldest hearts in fleshless presences,
 Could not allay this feverish frenzy, which
 Is thus part of me ever. Long, oh ! long
 I fed on that sweet vision ; soon—too soon
 It rose,—but still her open eye was settled,
 And still her step was silky silent; and
 Her mouth still deadly mute ; and through the door
 Past she. The supernatural strength, which braced me
 Through that strange interview, was loosen'd. Dim
 Wax'd my weak, reeling, and o'erstrained eyes ;
 I shiver'd, and I sicken'd, and I sank
 Swooning upon the floor ;—and when I rose,
 The dappled east was ripening with red morn.—
 Hast thou not heard enough ? is not my tale
 Long enough—horrible enough to thee, my brother ?
 Who seest Reginald de Reine a slave
 To this most hopeless, awful, unearthly passion,
 Which beats within my bosom—feel how strongly,
 Which burns beneath my temples—feel how fiercely,
 Till at the last, nor is that last long hence,
 It must wear out and eat away the clay
 Which cases soul and intellect. Then I
 Shall become like to thee, sweet—sweet—sweet spirit,
 And like as poor polluted man can be ;
 And find thee out, and be with thee, and lie
 In the Eden of thy love. Why—why not now ?—
 Oh, did I call thee fiend ? or think thee aught
 Save angel ? I am mad, and thou'lt forgive me.
 When, when shall I come to join thee ?

Rob.

Brother, brother,
 This is some dream. Ye slept ; ye dreamt ye woke ;
 But woke not truly till ye dreamt ye swoon'd.
 What further ?

Reg.

Further, Robert ? why this further.
 Wake from that dream I never shall. Whosoe'er
 And whencesoe'er that spirit that enthrals me—
 My being is bound to hers eternally—
 The living to the dead it may be, but
 Bound notwithstanding ; bound—till both be dead,
 Or rather living both. Oh ! for that death,
 When I shall be re-born ! When will it come ?

Rob.

Brother, go watch again another night.
 Wake in right earnest ; sleep through all to-day ;
 Take opium that ye may so, if 'tis needful ;
 But, watch and wake to-night ; and pray to Christ
 To ward both waking fallacies and wild dreams.
 Then if this spirit show herself again—
 On the third night together we will watch ;
 And—if to my yet unwon sight it come—
 We will address it, Reginald, and learn
 The purpose of its walking.

Reg.

Robert, Robert,
 Thou baldest my sore soul. Then I shall see her—
 See her again. To-morrow may take thought
 For what concerneth it ; but this—this night
 Is at the worst mine own.

Rob.

Stay, Reginald !

MR ROBERT BUCKDALE.

He will not ;—cure him, Heaven ! Oh ! if this be
A spirit good, and not a dream, it will not
Sure tempt him on to such mad misery.

SCENE V.—*The Oratory.*

SIR REGINALD BUCKDALE DE REINE.

Again upon one hour, one place, one person,
If person I may call what's incorporeal,
My destiny seems hanging. Spirit, spirit,
Wilt thou not come ?—Oh ! sure it is thine hour ;
Why but for one short hour dost thou deign walk.
Before the eyes of mortals ? Ah ! a mortal
Am I ? or, if a mortal, am I man,
Who thus am separated from all men
By mystery of this fierce affection, which,
Told to their ears, would seem unnatural ?
Is it not so ?—ah ! that thought I cannot brook,
Thitherward dare not look : I only feel
That this delay is horrific. Stars, oh ! hear me ;—
Planets, hear as ye wander ; for ye sure
Meet her luxuriant form come floating by
Your jewell'd cars, and by the diamond seats
Of yon your thousand sistering stars,—their orbs
Passing in glory, and your own in fleetness ;—
Ye angels of Heaven's hosts, cloud not—oh ! cloud not,
Lest despair whisper me yon skies do frown ;
Echo my prayers up to God's sapphire throne ;
Let me not cheated be by a mad love
Of what exists not ; or, if 'twere no dream
Of fancy or of slumber,—be not these
Put up for naught—these supplications vague
Of mine for pity, for the leave to keep
This passion, which is, even as my heart's blood,
Mine action's vital spring. Even though I wear
My heart away with longing, and my life,
Still let me long and love, till I become
Akin to her pure nature ;—if indeed
Ere then fate's chain across my haven of hope
Be drawn ; even so my destiny hath a breeze
Will drive me on that bar, though there I split :
So be it. Oh ! how loudly this room's silence
Speaks of her saintlike presence ; and yon couch
Where lay her lovely form,—so far eclipsing
All, mind e'er moulds—or pencil paints—or chisel
Carves, or hath carved, the Parian stone to. Thee,
Sweet sofa, I may kiss, where her cheek thee press'd
With the ethereal blush, and with the unworldly
Clearness of her complexion dusk, yet deeply
Tinging with love's light, what hearts look thereon.—
Come to mine arms, thou graceful ghost ; immortal,
Come to a mortal's arms, and find within
Their clasp how fond a heart doth pant. Come quick.
Hark ! that's the clock,—why loiters she ? three . . . four ;
Must I but once behold thee, and that once
Past—past already ? eight . . . nine . . . ten. Strike quicker,
Ye hours ; she will not come ;—twelve ! . . . no, she comes not.
Misery ! misery !—and I—'tis I
Have chased thee from thy chapel, sainted soul.—

Will not the madness fall on me—which falls
 On those that soar beyond earth's atmosphere?
 Will not the cold of utter solitude
 Freeze up my heart-springs? and the furnace-fire
 Of utter solitude, both round me and o'er me,
 With buzzing spectres populous, broil my brain,
 Who thus have dared unhallow with rank breath
 The air that she deign'd breathe; the honour'd place
 Wherein that disembodied—or unbodied—
 Intelligence (whichever she might be)
 Lower'd herself to live some minutes far
 From the sweet song of her compatriot glories—
 From the sweet smile of God's all-sovereign splendour?
 Shall not my limbs be blasted, or my throat
 Be strangled, by some unseen vengeance-arm
 Suddenly, for mine impious boldness?—Here—
 Here then—upon this couch I'll meet my doom,—
 Where thou, my unworldly love, hast blest my death-bed.
 Shudder not—shudder not, O my fragile frame,
 For thou hast well deserved it.
 (*The Ghost of the Oratory enters.*)—Ha! 'tis she;
 Sudden, and by falling foot or fluttering robe
 To the for-ever-watchful ears of echo
 Unharpinger'd. Die not, my heart, away.
 It will chill—will my forehead—with the drops
 Of this unearthly awe that dews the air
 Of spectral night;—why should it, when such grace
 Guideth her motions—and such meekness hangs
 Those dark locks o'er her hidden downward eyes?
 She stays not now, though;—stands not;—looks not up
 To yon calm sky. But to the crucifix
 Kneels—why so soon? yet, oh! how beautiful
 Bends backward that bare footsole as she kneels;—
 Thou on the cross, oh, hear her! even as thou
 Hearest her on thy throne,—when in its light
 She kneels seraphic mid thy seraph court
 The loveliest as the purest.—Ah! she rises;
 Hither she comes:—Ha!—and I've made her couch
 My seat;—now nears the horror of my doom,—
 I cannot stir, yet how shall sit here? how
 Shall flesh and spirit thus together be,—
 Together be—yet flesh not be annihilate,
 As water dropp'd on fire?—I cannot stop—
 Yet—*would* I fly—how can I? for a bond—
 Man may not break—confines me. Horror, horror,
 Why—when the thing I love draws nigh—wilt thou
 Gather my gasping breath so? Yet—yet tremble,
 Vain flesh, and too far venturous. Sees she me?
 Her head hung down still, and her eyes still hid,—
 Will she walk nearer, and not look me dead?
 Seated!—by me!—and yet my weak nerves palsied?
 Come nigher—closer to this end of the couch,—
 One cannot longer this endure, but must
 Bury one's fears—or bend to them. What! what!
 Will she recline then? and doth lay her head
 On the warm heart that loves her?—What is this
 I feel—pride? pleasure? pain? or terror?
 Ay!—do her temples beat? her heart perhaps
 Beats too with what looks so much like to life.
 It does. And this to me then,—that I—I
 Should bear thy bright head on my bosom true?
 Oh! earth-entrancing ecstasy! sweet, sweet mouth,

Ambrosial breathing cup,—may I not sip
 Thus from thy burnish'd rose-crown'd brim that portion
 Of the dear nectar of thy mutual kiss
 Which mantleth there in foretaste of Elysium?
 Moist with the honey-dew of life, her lip
 Throbs thrillingly through mine. Oh, Reginald!
 Happy—happy Reginald! could this but last!—
 But oh! I fear to part upon this forehead
 Her serpentine and sable locks, lest there
 I see those lifeless eyeballs, which too well
 Tell me she is not of my feather.—God!
 Sure—sure it is not blasphemous in me
 Thus to love this thy heavenly creature.—Nay,
 How can I gaze on her, and *not* so? Yet
 Thou hast given to me to gaze on her.—And how
 Why should I deem it is profane to love
 Thus whom one day I must resemble, whom
 One day perhaps thou'lt make me a mate unto?
 Quick, quickly be it!—Alas! her flesh is cold—
 Yet 'tis not clay-cold;—and there surely danceth
 A somewhat human heart in this dear bosom,
 'Tween whose soft breasts lie nestling fervent love
 And maiden modesty embracingly.
 Though tremble and kindle all the fiery fibres
 Of my transported frame; yet what an awe
 Doth halo this pure figure!—Strange, strange lot!—
 To love—and love not one of this earth's daughters,
 But one who hath, they say, time out of mind
 Walk'd thus this chamber's precincts!—Can I shake
 Delirium so delicious from my brain—
 Such superhuman boldness from my heart?
 No, no, I love—and will love—whatsoever
 That luxury cost. And canst not thou love too,
 Loveliest and best beloved? Canst not thou
 Find in thy breast the jewel, that shall ripen
 Under the sunny alchemy of love,
 To outshine the false passion whereto man
 Is fool enough sometimes to give love's name,
 Love's thrice—thrice holy style?—Ha! what is this?
 A ring upon thy finger?—I will have it,
 Though the owning thereof blast me.—Come,
 Delicate, round, smooth, dainty darling finger,
 Forgive the robbery; for the spoil shall hang
 Upon the faithfullest heart that ever vow'd
 Infinite passion to a finite being,
 As I unto an infinite now swear
 Love deathless as herself.—Alas! alas!
 She stirs—she raises her—wilt thou away,
 Sweet—wilt thou from me, angel?—... Out upon me!
 Who taught me this half-wooing? Fie—fie—fie!
 Let my long whispering rise to outspoken vows.
 Spirit, hear me!—nay, no violence: I must not
 Force her to hear—or speak to me—or stay.
 May be this is the high price of her presence—
 May be it is the hard trial, whereon hangs
 Our at all meeting—mistress of my spirit,
 My mistress, and my spirit.—Stern, stern law,
 To have thee dumb. Oh! in her own good time
 My thoughts sure she will answer; and on my heart
 The melody pour of her mellifluous lips.
 Alas! again I am left.—Her ring I have, though;
 And yet—not that alone: have I no power

To trace her, whither doubtless she hath come
To guide me. 'Twas the leftward corridor
She glided down. Mysterious magic being,
I'll follow thee, though death stand in my way!

SCENE VI.

GIULIANA. MASTER ROBERT BUCKDALE.

Giu. Dear Robert, go not.

Rob. Giuliana, I must.

Giu. Nay, dearest love, I pray thee, dare it not.

Rob. There is no danger,—be there then no fear :—
What dread'st thou, love?

Giu. Ah! Robert, know'st thou Love,
Yet dreamest he can otherwise than dread,
Even where there were no danger? But here there is,
Else Reginald would not delay returning :
Peril there is. Noon, eve, and night, and morn
Have overflown our watching eyes, since dawn'd
The day that should have closed his second visit.
Let me, dear Rob—let me prevail on thee,
My madcap love, to tempt it not.

Rob. Giuliana,
Think ye the brethren that rode side by side
Through Creçi's marvellous thunders, fetlock deep
In free French blood ;—they who have side by side,
At Poitiers—off Ecluse—on Halidown—
Each for the leopards stood—and for his life,
And for his dearer brother's? . . . shall not we
One by the other stick till death?—though all
The devilry of all the deepest hell
Do gird thy father's castle—go I will.

Giu. Why thou need'st go, I see not. Sure there are
Enough of grooms and serving-men, to send
And scour the land for leagues, without my losing
Brother and betroth'd at once, by one fell trick
Of Sathan's.—By these tears, Rob, stay!

Rob. Giuliana!
And is this thou advisest me to shame
My name—the name that shall be, should be thine—
With cowardice? What! By Aumarye's daughter's lips
Is't that these milkmaid thoughts are utter'd?—No!
Some baseborn witch Giuliana's witching face
Hath stolen, to counsel what each noble line
Of that high-spirited countenance belies.
Or is it thy dear love—yea! dear as fond—
For Robert, hath made thee forget thyself?
Come to mine arms—come—on my faithful heart
Fall, as I thus before thee kneel. Come, come,
Dear—let me kiss back that fine forehead to
Its native courage, as I kiss and kiss
This darling hand—with thanks.

Giu. Sir, as ye covet
Those kisses henceforth ; as ye hope that hand ;
And as ye prize this heart ye chase and sport with
So cruelly,— . . . forego your purpose. Dream ye
That I will wed one, who of his love's pleasure
Studied and her wishes gratified—but talks?
“Deeds,” sir, “not words,” hath been my motto: Would
It were also thine.

Rob. Would it be, if I now
Fail'd brotherhood and friendship at the pinch?
Ye see, love,—do ye not?—I cannot choose
But go.

Giu. Choose *me* then, or to go, sir.

Rob. Sweeting,
That were hard choice indeed. Propose it not.

Giu. I am sorry, sir, it *is* hard. I had thought
So high of Master Buckdale as to deem
His will were weaker than his love. I thank him
For teaching me to know myself—a woman—
And, as it seems—a vain one.

Rob. Mistress mine,
How can I—in the silken cord of love,
And seal'd with passion's ring—bind up my name
To be a title-deed of infamy
Unto my children?—Can I but forego,
Lady, at whatever price of heart and head,
Which both must become shatter'd by thy loss—
Can I—even these at stake—but fly the style
Of coward, false friend, foul knight, traitor proved,
And all-disnaturated brother?

Giu. Robert, Robert,
Think not these tears are from a melting soul.
They fall for thee;—fie on thy hollow passion!
Fie on thy lips that swore they did interpret
A loving heart, yet garbled the harsh language
'Twould hold—if out it plainly spoke!—Fie, fie
On me that credited thou loved'st me.

Rob. Oh! love I not?—witness, these watery eyes!—
Witness, this heart, thou can'st not, dearest, see,
Which, agitated, weeps its tears of blood
Far faster than thine own fall!—Witness—witness,
Whatever is worth swearing by—whatever
Can damn forswearing,—whether I love not!

Giu. And yet can'st leave me?

Rob. And yet *must*, love, leave thee.

Giu. Do it then, with the penalty thereon
Impending. For though wept I have, to see
Mine influence little, and thy love still less;
Woman although I be in heart and head,
Man still I am in spirit; nor will link
Mine own nor yet another's dearest hopes
To disappointment—by uniting me
With one whose will is not as my will; nor
Can sacrifice itself to any other,
Though otherwise that other's fears must grow
To deadly agony.—Sir, speak I calmly?
Well—I mean fixedly.—Oh, Robert, Robert!
Why can I not persuade thee? Tempt not God!

Rob. I tempt not God by friendship, truth, and faith,—
I tempt not God by manliness and worth,—
I tempt not God by blackening not mine honour,
Which staining—slightliest, dear—I were unworthy
Thine, sweet, or any woman's love; and which
To stain thou wilt not wittingly ask me.—True,
The honour of simple Master Robert Buckdale
May seem a small thing, lady, in thine eyes;—
To Master Buckdale's wife, it must be dear, though—
Whoever, whencesoever, however high
She be.—Albeit thee I am far below
In rank—in worthier requisites still more so,—

More worthless still I will not make me : and even
 As I am now, that woman were unworthy
 My love, or any else's—whose love were
 To buy at such a price :—Such *thou* art not—
 My joy, my pride, my pleasure, my whole world,
 My darling, my adored one—whom I love
 Too well to lower me in thy hoped esteem,
 By doing what a moment hence thou'lt blush
 Giuliana's love should have been ask'd to do.

Giu. Ye will go then?

Rob. — Oh, shall I not?

Giu. Thou knowest!

Best thine own choice : I can but know from thee ;
 And thou hast not forgiven me enough
 The tempting thee to what thou thinkest wrong,
 To have yet trusted thy resolve to me.
 But, if thou goest, Robert, what doth bar
 But I ride over with thee to the castle?

Rob. Only my fears, sweet girl ; only my love.

Giu. But mine for thee—it seems, Rob—are to be
 Over-ruled ; why not thine for me?

Rob. Because

Mine are most reasonable.

Giu. Oh ! your servant—
 How so, sweet lord !

Rob. Why, art thou not a woman ?
 I mean not thou'rt less reasonable therefor ;
 But sure not strong enough to cope with danger,
 And too much worth to be so risk'd in it.
 Think, Giuliana, think thou art a woman.

Giu. And if we've fiends to face, why, why not woman
 As reasonably as man ? unless, forsooth,
 Man be more pure—more holy.

Rob. Which he is not.

Giu. For Reginald thou hadst fear ; and shall not I
 Fear too for Robert ? What is there thou durst
 For him, I should not dare for thee ? Is it man ?
 Giuliana fears not man, while thou wilt guard her.—
 Is it hell ?—hell walks not visible at noonday,
 What'er is met at midnight.—I must take
 My morning's ride, and ride I will with thee :
 That's settled.

Rob. But thy father ?

Giu. O ! my father,
 If he hath no dislike to strangers going,
 Will pardon sure his daughter. I shall be
 A true child of the house, and go with thee,
 Though it be but lest thou fly off with it.
 Ah ! Robert, thinkest thou we'll find him, dearest ?
 Sweet Heavens ! I trust we shall not lose thy brother.

Rob. Darling girl ! how I love thee ! yet I wish
 Ye'd not give me your company this morning.

Giu. Frankly allow'd ; and shall as frank find answer :
 I will in spite of thee. There be some things
 Wherein I will not contradicted be.

SCENE VII.

SIR REGINALD BUCKDALE DE REINE.

A LADY swooning.

Reg. Look up—look, sweet!—oh, heaven! how sweetly half
 She doth look up;—lancing her eye's light—fixed—
 Albeit almost like death—through these black lashes
 And smooth dusk skin, like love's star beaming through
 A churchyard yew-tree and night's clear dark sky:
 Look more like life, dear eyes!—Oh, cursed ring!
 For this was't I became possess'd of thee,
 To scare her poor sight thus?

Lady. Nay, pray, sir, leave me.

Reg. Ah! art thou still on life? Why should I leave thee?
 The swoon may yet return.

Lady. It may—it may;

Yet go;—for I feel thy looks enforce my blushes:
 Unsay thy tale, and give me back my ring.

Reg. No! let me keep thy ring, and take thou this:
 See! it will fit thy finger—not thy least,
 But yet thy wedding finger it will fit—
 And that is where it should be.—For my tale
 Of these three nights—in silence let it sleep;—
 Though blessed be those restless memories, which
 Thus oft have led thee, as thou sayest, in sleep
 So wide to wander from thy bower.

Lady. Sir Knight,
 Leave me—I prithee.

Reg. Nay—why redden thus,
 Dear lady? whose unquiet sleep uncover'd
 No secret of thy soul, for which a blush
 Could spot the purest angel's sunny cheek.
 Ah! could I deem, mid those remembrances
 That have thy slumbers haunted, one slight thought
 Hath ere slipt in—of that so soon struck heart;—
 Which, as thou hurried'st to thy gondola
 Forth of the crowded Carnival, erst breathed
 Thy vows forth to thy masqued beauty,—while
 The moon's eye fill'd with tears, because delay
 Thou would'st not for the sighs that sought thine ear—
 His hot and hasty sighs, who could not follow
 His idol then—but kneels before her now,
 Not 'neath the golden Venice sunset—nor
 By Venice's blue straits—nor with Venice's words
 Of vowell'd music o'er her small waves rippling,—
 But mid my native land's fresh jubilant morning—
 'Neath opal clouds chaotic—and yon sky,
 That, like a breastplate's steel and silver inlay,
 Is blue and white alternate by the sunbeams
 Ray'd, as they shoot up from the east.—Oh! look—
 Look on the growing glories of this day—
 This happy, holy, sainted, godlike day,
 This king of days to me:—look on its promise,—
 Thou'lt find no cause for fear—for hope a million.
 We both are young;—and I have lands and rank,—
 And—if from them I fall—a heart and hand
 More worth, I trust, than either,—and to thee
 Devoted, dearest.—Let me be thy love;—

And, oh ! be thou my bride, my dark-faced beauty,—
Even as thou art my love, my bright-eyed darling ;—
Surely that blush says me not no ?

Lady. Oh ! sir,—
I did not mean my blush to speak.—

Reg. Those tones—
Those soft true pensive tones—thou didst, though.—Ay !
'Twas they, that first betray'd my lovely ghost
To be my masquer of the Carnival,
So long—so vainly sought. Now art thou found,—
Strange luck !—an unknown child of Aumarye's,
Who sought me for his son. Yes ; he shall have me ;—
If he will—so : if not—thou wilt not sure
Disdain to fly with love, and change for bliss
This doleful desert dwelling ?—How—oh !—how
Could he thus mew so fair a falcon here ?

Lady. What, know ye not,—who knew my sire so long,
And art so great a favourite ?—Though—how should ye ?
My mother—as I told you, did I not ?—
Was of a kingly caste in India :
She swore my father fond—on her death-bed—
He would not make his little gipsy girl
(So me they call'd) 'mid Europe's fair a wonder ;
'Twas kind, though weak—perhaps unwise—nor yet
'Mid Europe's haughty sons should I be made
A gaze for observation.—This he swore—
All he did swear,—he knew not what he swore ;
And his kind heart, 'mid all the luxuries
He heaps on my loved loneliness, oft sighs
Because he hath so sworn. And now he purposed—
Giuliana wedded, whom I merely know
From his eye praising—that we two should turn
To that dear East, where I was born and bred,
And whence had but just join'd his eager love,—
When first we met, sir, in the Place San Marco.
There wisheth he to die ; there in his first
Love's grave to lie he longeth, and there before
He falls asleep, to see me blest.—Aught else
Is there that you would hear ?

Reg. Yes : one thing—whether
With me it is that he may see thee blest ?

Lady. Oh, Reginald !—for so ye say they call you—
I have confess'd ye were remember'd since
That earliest hour of

Reg. Seeing and of loving ?
Of seeing and of loving on thy part ?
As upon mine of loving without seeing—
Though not without some suing that I might
See and love better.

Lady. Which I granted not ;
An English taste can tell the reason why.

Reg. And therefore loved still better from not seeing.

Lady. Yet these three nights . . . the first, when first ye saw me—
The second, when ye sought and found me not—
The third, when ye have track'd me . . . never, never
In thought ye've met the masque ye plighted troth to,
Nor dream'd of her ye said ye'd ne'er forget.

Reg. Ah ! had'st thou dream'd of me, as I of thee, . . .
As I dream'd o'er on each of these three nights,
Those Venice scenes again, mix'd up with all
The fanciful illusions of this place, . . .

My spirit, my sleep-walker,—oh ! how blest
Thy Reginald would be !

Lady. Would he indeed !
But—who are those that old David doth let through :
Yon shrubbery's shaded postern ? 'Tis a pair
Most beauteous and most princely.

The Lady. SIR REGINALD BUCKDALE DE REINE. GIULIANA.

MASTER ROBERT BUCKDALE.

Reg. Ah ! I know them.
Welcome, dear Giuliana ; welcome, Rob,—
Dearest Rob, welcome. 'Tis my brother, lady :
And let me introduce to you, Giuliana,
As to thee, Master Buckland,—this sweet lady,
The eldest daughter of Aumarye, and a sister—
A worthy sister now of one of you,
And soon I trust of both ;—may I not add, love,
Of both hereafter by a double tie,—
When thou wilt be my brother's brother's bride,
As not long hence my brother's fair bride's sister ?
Kiss, constellated beauties.

Giu. Ye amaze me.
A sister never known—so strangely found !
Most lovely lady, may I really give
The kiss of sisterhood ? or doth Sir Reginald
Mean merrily but my bridegroom's brother's wife,—
Forgetting that I sent him late a message—
Touching the cup and lip, and slip between,
And that betrothing makes not always bridegrooms.
How is it, lady ?

Lady. As ye first proposed it.—
I think, my lovely, lightsome, laughing sister ;
So we will kiss, nor fear lest the sun-stains
Of this my foreign cheek should spoil that fair one.

Rob. Brother, thou deal'st in mysteries. Come, clear them.
Can'st thou not introduce me to a ghost ?
Pardon, sweet lady, if my guess have call'd
A blush to your bright cheek.

Lady. Why, pardon I must
So slight a fault, sir, in Sir Reginald's brother.

Rob. A sweet avowal, Reginald ! and franker,
Giuliana, than methinks I could have wrung
From one fair shrew we know.

Giu. The shrew, indeed,
I shall be forced to play, Rob, if ye bar
Your riddle-solving brother there from speaking.
Beside, ye're somewhat vain, to hint I've pardon'd
No weightier faults, sir, in Sir Reginald's brother.

Rob. Nay, ye mistake me.

Giu. I know I do, and meant it.

Rob. I knew, ye meant and knew it.

Giu. Then, why tell me

What I was'ware of ? Think, before ye answer,
If that your rattling tongue will give you leave.

Rob. Or if another will, fair dame, perhaps.

Giu. If ye mean mine, I'd give you leave with pleasure
To think in silence, if I could but get

A word in edgeways to pronounce my leave.

Come, Reginald,—excuse my freedom, sister :

The gentleman was an old flame of mine ;

Shall he be still so, Rob ?—Come, Reginald,

Up to yon flowerbank, and from thence enlighten
Your poor bewilder'd co-mates.

Lady.

Sister sweet,

Nay ; herein ye usurp authority
Ye've lost, I rather think ;—Sir Reginald,
I trust, will company myself indoors ;
And, if ye wish to ask or know of aught,
Accept ye both a sister's welcome thither.

Rob. Some hows and whys we see not :—but 'tis plain,
Whatever mystery we have yet to learn,
A double bridal sets all right again :
And that, by hook or crook, will come in turn.

Gui. With fathers smiling on our linked hands,
None to forbid our bans, or break our bands ;
This seems most like. If not—why, well-match'd hearts,
They say, teach young heads sundry pretty arts ;
And, well I ween, our sister and our brother
Were match'd in heaven by fate for one another :
So, Rob, unless thou shrink, mayhap we'll make
The double marriage whereof late ye spake.

Rob. Threat on, terrific tongue ; I'll not withdraw my stake.

STILL FARTHER PORTIONS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH,
TAILOR.

A Tailor is a man, a man, a man,
And a Tailor is a man.

Old Song.

PORTION FIFTH.

THE sough of war and invasion gaed
o'er the face of the land, at this time,
like a great whirlwind ; and the hearts
of men died within their persons with
fear and trembling. The accounts
that came from abroad were just
dreadful beyond all power of descrip-
tion : Death stalked about from place
to place, like a lawless tyrant, and the
blood of men was spilt like water.
The heads of crowned kings were cut
off ; great dukes and lords thrown into
dark dungeons, or obligated to flee
for their lives into foreign lands, and
to seek out hiding-places of safety
beyond the waves of the sea. What
was warst of all, our trouble seemed
a smittal one ; the infection spread
around ; and even our ain land, which
all thought hale and healthy, began
to show symptoms of the plague-spot.
Losh me ! that men, in their seven
senses, could have ever shown them-
selves so infatuated. Johnny Wilkes
and liberty was but a joke to what
was hanging over our heads, brewing
like a dark tempest, which was to

swallow us up. Bills were paisted up
through night, by hands that durstna'
have been seen at the wark through
day ; and the augents of the Spirit
of Darkness, calling themselves the
friends of the people, held secret meet-
ings, and hatched plots to blaw up
our blessed King and Constitution.
Oh ! the stupid neerdoweels—but
what can ye get out of fules but fool-
ishness ? as King Solomon wisely ob-
serves, Proverbs, chap. vii. ver. 10.
Yet the business, though fearsome in
the main, was in some parts amais
laughable. Every thing was to be
divided, and ilka ane made alike :
houses and lands were to be distribu-
ted by lot ; and the mighty man and
the beggar—the auld man and the
hobble-de-hoy—the industrious man
and the spendthrift—the maimed, the
cripple, and the blind, made a' just
breethren, and alike. Save us ! but
to think of such havers !!—At ane of
their meetings, hadden out at the sign
of the Tappet Hen and the Tankard,
there was a prime fight between Tam-

my Bowsie the snab, and auld Thrashim the dominie with the booly back, about their drawing cuts, whilk was to get Dalkeith Palace, and whilk Newbattle Abbey.—Oh, sic rif-raff!!!

What was warst of all, it was an agreed and determined-on thing amang them, these wise men of the North, to abolish all kings, clergy, and religion, as havers. Na, na—what need had such wise pows as theirs, of being taught or lectured to? What need had sic feelosophers of having a King to rule ower them, or a Parliament to direct them? There was nae a single ane amang their number, that did not think himself, in his own conceit, as wise as Solomon, or William Pitt, and as mighty as King Nebuchadnezzar.

It was full time to put a stop to all such nonsense. The newspapers told us what it had done abroad, and what better could we expect from it at hame? Weeds 'ill no grow into flowers onywhere, and nae man can handle tar without being defiled; the first of whilk comparisons is I daur say true, and the latter maun be—for we read of it in Scripture. Weel, as I was saying, it was a braw notion of the King to put the loyalty of his land to the test, that the daft folk might be dismayed, and that the clanjamphrey might tumble down before their betters, like windle-straes in a hurricane:—and so they did.

Siccan a crowd that day, when the names of the volunteers cam to be taen down! Nae house could have hadden them, even though mony hadna come wha thought to have got their names enrolled. Losh me! did they think the government was sae far gone, as to tak creatures with deformed legs, and thrawn necks, and blind een, and hashie lips, and grey hairs on their pows? Na, na, they were na putten to sic straits; though it showed that the right speerit was in them, and that, though their bodies might be deformed, they had consciences to direct them, and souls to be saved like their neighbours.

I'll never forget the first day that I got my regimentals on; and when I looked mysell in the bit glass, just to think I was a sodger, wha never in my life could thole the smell of powder, and hadna fired onything but a penny cannon on a Fourth of June, when I was a hassins callant. I thoct my

throat wad have been cuttit in the black corded stock; for, whenever I lookit down, without thinking like, my chaft blade played clank against it with sic a dunt, that I mostly chackit my tongue aff. And, as to the soaping of the hair, that beat cock-fighting. It was really fearsome, but I could scarcely keep from laughing when I glee'd round ower my shoulder, and saw a lang glazed leather queue hinging for half an ell down the braid of my back, and a pickle horse hair curling out like a rotten's tail at the far end o't. And then the worsted faissels on the shouthers—and the lead buttons—and the yellow facings,—oh but it was grand! I sometimes fancied mysell a general, and gieing the word of command. Then the pipe-clayed breeks—but that was a sair job; mony a weary arm did they gie me—bait, baiting campstane into them.

The pipe-claying of the breeks, I was saying, was the most fashious job, let alane courtship, that ever mortal man put his hand to. Indeed, there was no end to the rubbing, and scrubbing, and brushing, and foiling, and cleaning; for, to the like of me, wha was nae weel accustomed to the thing, the whitening was continually coming aff, and destroying my red coat, or my black leggins. I had amaisht forgot to speak of the birse for cleaning out the pan, and the piker for clearing the motion-hole. But time enough till we come to firing.

Big Sam, wha was a sergeant of the Fencibles, and aneugh to have putten five Frenchmen to flight ony day of the year, whiles cam to train us—and a hard battle he had with mair than me. I have already said, that nature never intended me for the soldiering trade; and why should I hesitate about confessing, that Sam never got me out of the awkward squad? but I had twa three neibours to keep me in countenance. A weary wark we made with the right, left,—left, right,—right-wheel, left-wheel,—to the right about,—at ease,—attention,—by sections,—and all the rest o't. But then there is nothing in the course of nature that is useless; and what was to hinder me from acting as orderly, or being ane of the camp-colour-men on head days?

We all cracked very crouse about fighting, when we heard of garments

rolled in blood, only from abroad ; but, ae dark night, we got a fleg in sober earnest.

There were signal-posts on the hills, up and down all the country, to make alarms, in case of needcessity ; and I never gaed to my bed, without giving first a glee eastward to Falside-brae, and then anither westward to the Calton-hill, to see that all the country was quiet. I had just pappit in—it might be about nine o'clock,—after being gay hard drilled, and sair atween the shouthers, wi' keeping my head back, and playing the dumb-bells ; when lo ! and behold, instead of getting my needful rest, in my ain bed, with my wife and weans, jow gaed the bell, and row-de-dow gaed the drums, and all, in a minute, was confusion and uproar. I was seized with a severe shaking of the knees, and a flaffing at the heart ; but I hurried, with my night-cap on, up to the garret window, and there I too plainly saw that the French had landed—for all the signal-posts were in a bleeze. This was in reality to be a soldier ! I never got sic a fright since the day I was cleckit. Then sic a noise and hullabaloo, in the streets—men, women, and weans, all hurrying through ither, and crying with loud voices, amid the dark, as if the day of judgment had come, to find us all unprepared ; and still the bells ringing, and the drums beating to arms. Poor Nanse was in a bad condition, and I was weil waur ; she, at the fears of losing me, their breadwinner ; and I, wi' the grief of parting frae her, the wife of my bosom, and going out to scenes of blood, bagonets, and gunpowder, nane of which I had the least stamach for. Our little son, Bengie, mostly grat himsell blind, pulling me back by the cartridge-box ; but there was nae contending with fate, so he was obliged at last to let go.

Notwithstanding all that, we behaved oursells like true-blue Scotsmen, called forth to feight the battles of our country ; and, if the French had come, as they didna come, they would have found that to their cost, as sure as my name is Mansie. However, it turned out as weil, in the meantime, that it was a false alarm ; and that the thief Buonaparte had not landed at Dumbar, as it was jaloused ; so, after standing under arms for half the night, with nineteen rounds of ball-cartridge in our boxes, and the baggage carts

all loaden, and ready to follow us to the field of battle ; we were sent hame to our beds, and notwithstanding the awful state of alarm to which I had been putten, never in the course of my life did I enjoy six hours sounder sleep ; for we were hippet the morning parade, on account of our being keepit sae lang without natural rest. It is wise to pick a lesson even out of our adversities ; and, at all events, it was at this time fully shown to us the needcessity of our regiment being taught the art of firing—a tactic to the length of which they had never yet come.

Next day, out we were taen for the whilk purpose, and we gaed through our motions bravely. Prime—load—handle cartridge—ram down cartridge—return bayonets—and shoulder hoop—make ready—present—fire. Such was the confusion, and the flurry, and the din of the report, that I was so flustered and confused, that, will ye believe it ? I never yet had mind to pull the tricker. Howsomever, I minded aye wi' the rest to ram down a fresh cartridge, at the word of command ; and something told me I wad repent no doing like the lave, (for I had half a kind of notion that my piece never went off ;) so, when the firing was over, the sergeant of the company ordered all that had loaded pieces to come to the front. I swithered a little, no being very sure like what to do ; but some five or six stappit out ; and our corporal, on looking at my piece, ordered me with the rest to the front. It was just for all the world like an execution ; us six, in the face of the regiment, in a little line, going through our manœuvres at the word of command ; and I could hardly stand upon my feet, with a queer feeling of fear and trembling, till, at length, the terrible moment came. I looked straight forrit—for I durstna jee my head about, and turned to the hills and green trees, as if I was never to see nature more.

Our pieces were cocked ; and, at the word, off they went. It was an act of desperation to draw the tricker, and I had hardly weel shut my e'en, when I got such a thump in the shoulder, as knocked me backwards head-over-heels on the grass. Before I came to my senses, I could have sworn I was in another world ; but, when I opened my een, there were the men, at ease,

hadding their sides, laughing like to spleet them; and my gun lying on the ground, twa three ell before me.

When I found mysell no killed outright, I began to rise up. As I was rubbing my breek-knees, I saw ane of the men gaen forward to lift up the fatal piece; and my care for the safety of ithers o'ercame the sense of my own peril,—“Let alane—let alane!” cried I to him, “and take care of yoursell, for it has to gang aff five times yet.”

SIXTH PORTION.

At the kirstening of our youngest bairn, Baby, two or three remarkable circumstances occurred, which it behoves me to relate.

It was on a cauld November afternoon; and really when the bit room was all redd up, the fire bleezing away, and the candles lighted, everything looked full tosh and comfortable. It was a real pleasure, after looking out into the drift that was fleeing like mad from the east, to turn one's neb inwards, and think that we had a civilized home to comfort us in the dreary season. So, ane after anither, the bit party, we had invited to the ceremony, came papping in; and the crack began to get loud and hearty; for, to speak the truth, we were blessed with canny friends, and a gude neighbourhood. Notwithstanding, it was very curious, that I had nae mind of asking down James Batter, the weaver, honest man, though he was one of our ain elders; and in pappit James, just when the company had hafins met; with his stocking-sleeves on his arms; his night-cap on his head; and his blue-stained apron, hinging down before him, to light his pipe at our bit fire.

James, when he saw his mistake, was fain to make his retreat; but we wadna hear tell o't, till he cam in, and took a dram out of the bottle, as we tell't him the no doing so wad spoil the wean's beauty, which is an auld freak, (the small-pox, however, afterwards did that;) so, with much perswasion, he took a chair for a gliff, and began with some of his drolls, for he was a clever, humoursome man, as ye ever met with. But he had now got far on with his jeests, when lo! a rap came to the door, and Mysie whippet away the bottle under het

The laughing was now terrible; but being little of a soldier, I thoct in my innocence, that we should hear as mony reports, as I had crammed cartridges down her muzzle. This was a sair joke against me for a length of time; but I tholed it patiently, considering cannily within mysell, that knowledge is only to be bought by experience. A fule ance showed me the story afterwards in a jeest book, as if it wasna true!!!

apron, saying “wheesht, wheesht, for the sake of gudeness, there's the minister.”

The room had only ae door, and Jamie mistook it, rinning his head, for lack of knowledge, into the open closet, just as the minister lifted the outer door sneck. We were all now sitting on nettles, for we were frightened that Jamie wad be seized with a cough, for he was a wee asthmatic, or that some, knowing there was a thief in the pantry, might hurt good manners by breaking out intill a giggle. However, all for a considerable time was quiet, and the ceremony was performed; little Nancy, our niece, handing the bairn upon my arm to receive its name. So, we thoct, as the minister seldom made a long stay on similar occasions, that all wad pass off weel enough. But wait a wee.

There was but ane of our company that hadna cast up, to wit, Deacon Paunch the flesher, a most worthy man, but tremendously big, and grown to the very heels, as was ance seen on a wager, that his ankle was gritter than my brans. It was really a pain to all feeling Christians, to see the worthy man waigling about, being, when weighed in his own scales, two-and-twenty stane, nineteen ounces, Dutch weight. Honest man, he had had a sair feicht wi' the wind and the sleet, and he came in wi' a shawl roppened round his neck, peching like a broken-winded horse; so fain was he to find a rest for his weary carcase in our stuffed chintz pattern elbow-chair by the fire cheek.

From the sougning of wind at the window, and the rattling in the lum, it was clear to all manner of comprehension, that the night was a dismal ane; so the minister, seeing so mony

of his ain douce folk about him, thocht he might do waur than volunteer to sit still, and try our tody—indeed we wad have pressed him before this to do so; but what was to come of James Batter, wha was shut up in the closet, like the spies in the house of Rahab the harlot, in the city of Jericho?

James began to find it was a bad business; and having been driving the shuttle about from before daylight, he was fain to cruik his hough, and fand round about him quietly in the dark for a chair to sit down upon, since better might not be. But, wae's me! the cat was soon out of the pock.

Me and the minister were just argle-bargling some few words on the doctrine of the camel and the eye of the needle, when, in the midst of our discourse, as all was wheesht and attentive, an awful thuid was heard in the closet, which gave the minister, who thocht the house had fallen down, such a start, that his very wig loupit for a full three-eighths aff his crown. I say we were needcessitated to let the cat out of the pock for two reasons; firstly, because we did not know what had happened, and secondly, to quiet the minister's fears, decent man, for he was a wee nervous. So we made a hearty laugh o't, as weel as we could, and opened the door to bid James Batter come out, as we confessed all. Easier said than done, howsomever. When we pulled open the door, and took forrit ane of the candles, there was James doubled up, sticking twa-fald like a rotten in a sneck-trap, in an auld chair, the bottom of which had gaen down before him, and which, for some craize about it, had been put out of the way by Nanse, that nae accident might happen. Save us! if the deacon had sate down upon't, pity on our brick-floor.

Weel, after some ado, we got James, who was mair frightened than hurt, hauled out of his hidy-hole; and after taking off his cowl, and sleeking down his front hair, he took a seat beside us, apologeezing for not being in his Sunday's garb, the which the minister, who was a free and easy man, declared there was nae occasion for, and begged him to make himself easy.

Well, passing ower that business, Mr Wiggie and me entered into our humours, for the drappikie was beginning to tell on my noddle, and made me a little venturesome—not to say

that I was not a little proud to have the minister in my bit housie; so, says I to him in a cosh way, "Ye may believe me or no, Mr Wiggie, but mair than me think ye out of sight the best preacher in the parish—nane of them, Mr Wiggie, can haud the candle to ye, man."

"Weesht, weesht," said the body, in a rather cauld way that I didna expect, kenning him to be as proud as a peacock,—“I daresay I am just like my neighbours."

This was no just so kind,—so says I to him—"Maybe sae, for mony a ane think ye couldna haud a candle to Mr Blowster the Cameronian, that whiles preaches at Lugton."

This was a stramp on his corny tac. "Na, na," answered Mr Wiggie, rather nettled; "let us drap that subject. I preach like my neighbours. Some of them may be worse, and others better; just as some of your ain trade may make clothes worse, and some better, than yourself."

My corruption was raised. "I deny that," said I, in a brisk manner, which I was sorry for after,—“I deny that, Mr Wiggie," says I to him; "I'll make a pair of breeches with the face o' clay."

But this was only a passing breeze, during the which, howsomever, I happened to swallow my thimble, which accidentally slippit aff my middle finger, causing baith me and the company general alarm, as there were great fears that it might mortify in the stomach; but it did not; and neither word nor wittens of it have been seen or heard tell of from that to this day. So, in twa three minutes, we had some few good songs, and a round of Scotch proverbs, when the clock chappit eleven. We were all getting, I must confess, a thocht noisy; Johnny Souter having broken a dram-glass, and Willie Fegs coupit a bottle on the bit table-cloth; all noisy, I say, except Deacon Paunch, douce man, wha had fallen into a pleasant slumber; so, when the minister raise to take his hat, they all raise except the Deacon, whom we shook by the arms for some time, but in vain, to waken him. His round, oily face, guid creature, was just as if it had been cut out of a big turnip, it was sae fat, fozy, and saft; but at last, after some ado, we succeeded, and he looked about him with a wild stare, opening his twa red een, like Pandore oys-

ters, asking what had happened? and we got him hoized up on his legs, tying the blue shawl round his bull-neck again.

Our company hadna got weel out of the door; and I was priding myself in my heart, about being landlord to sic a goodly turn out, when Nanse took me by the arm, and said, "Come, and see such an unyearthly sight." This startled me, and I hesitated; but, at lang and last, I gaed in wi' her, a thought alarmed at what had happen-

ed, and—my gracious!! there, on the easy-chair, was our bonny tortoise-shell cat, Tommy, with the red morocco collar about its neck, bruised as flat as a flounder, and as dead as a mawk!!!

The Deacon had sat down upon it without thinking, and the puir animal, that our bit bairns used to play wi', and be so fond of, was crushed out of life without a cheep. The thing, doubtless, was nae intended, but it gied Nanse and me a very sair heart.

THE COMBINATIONS.

IN an article on the Repeal of the Combination Laws we intimated our fear, that the law then in preparation would be a milk-and-water measure. This law has since come into operation, and our readers have not now to learn from us its character. Mr Wallace stated, on its being brought before Parliament, that it probably would not go far enough for some people, who were guided by their *prejudices*. This adoption of the slang of the revolutionary school by a member of the Ministry, was not, we think, a very seemly matter; the more especially, as it was done to stigmatize those whose friendship has not been wholly useless to the Ministry. Mr Wallace has, however, we suspect, discovered by this time that he has prejudices as well as other people. We are strongly tempted to imagine, that before long, he, and certain of his colleagues, will be laboriously employed, not in smiling at the prejudices of others, but in endeavours to remedy the evils produced by their own.

The new law has been brought into action—the fatal error of Mr Hume in repealing the common law touching masters and servants, and involving such repeal in impenetrable mystery, has been rectified—the defects of that sage statesman's bill have been remedied—and what is the fruit? The mildest answer that can be given is—Nothing. Combinations have gone on increasing, the system has been

rendered more comprehensive and pernicious, the demands of the workmen have been more unreasonable, outrages have been as frequent, more atrocious murders have been committed, trade has suffered still greater injuries, and the community at large has been still more heavily taxed by the combiners. Parliament might just as well have not wasted a single moment of the Session on combinations.

It would be idle in us to repeat in detail what has appeared in most of the newspapers; we will therefore content ourselves with noticing a few of the fruits which combinations have produced *since* the new law obtained being. In Ireland, a number of murders of the most horrible description have been committed; the Irish papers state that trade in some parts has been brought into a state of ruin, and that various masters are preparing to withdraw from it altogether. The ship-wrights in the Thames have, as they have told the world,* refused to work for any master who employed men who had been traitors to them—that is, men who had seceded from their combination, and been willing to work on terms which they did not dictate. In consequence the trade has been long stopped, and, as it is stated, a licence has been obtained for sending a vessel up the Baltic for repairs. The combiners, or, to speak more properly, the conspirators, have pointed out Mr Young as

* We give this from a letter which appeared in the Times on behalf of the ship-wrights. The papers, however, state that their great object was that they might work by the piece, and not by the day. The masters have been compelled to submit.

the individual who has shown the greatest firmness in resisting them, and we hope that gentleman values the honour they have done him as he ought. We thank him in the name of his country for his spirited conduct—for his manly opposition to their detestable tyranny. We need not dilate on what has taken place at Sunderland—on the attempt to stop the ships and cargoes of others, and to drive crews of seamen by force from employment, merely because they disposed of their labour according to law and right. In Scotland, according to the papers, the collier combination has compelled some hundreds of workmen to strike against their inclinations,* when they were able to earn what would be equal to fifty shillings per week in London. This wise and patriotic body, it seems, regulates other matters beside wages; it regulates the supply and price of coals; not a coal must be sent to market without its permission. Its members are represented to labour only four or five days in the week, and how they employ the rest of their time may be easily conjectured. Of course, about one-third more labourers are employed in preparing the coals for market than are necessary, and the price of coals to the consumer is greater, by about half the wages paid for digging them, than it ought to be. This grievous addition is made to the cost of coals, even when the market is sufficiently supplied; but it does not satisfy the combination. The papers state that the supply is inadequate, and that there is every reason to believe the combiners mean to push the price to an enormous height on the approach of winter, by keeping coals from the market. It cannot be needful for us to say, that coals in this country rank among the necessities of life, and that it is as essential for them, as for corn and animal food, to be kept at a moderate remunerating price. The various combinations have proceeded vigorously in adding to their numbers and perfecting their organization, and they now tell us that they are regularly connected with each other, and form a gigantic whole. They have set up

their own newspapers, which, as is very natural, inculcate the worst doctrines and feed the worst spirit. The system is creeping upwards as well as in other directions, and in London and various other places, the shopmen of drapers, &c. have formed themselves into combinations. As soon as the workmen of one calling obtain their exactions, those of another strike; and there are constantly three or four important trades stopped in some part or other. The continual maintenance of the workmen of three or four trades is a matter of no consequence to the purse of the body of combinations; the money necessary can be at any time extorted from the masters; the taxes levied by the combiners need neither the sanction of Parliament nor the aid of the law to enforce payment.

When the laws permit all this, it is of some importance to inquire into its nature, and into the promises which it gives touching the future.

There are persons—even legislators—even official men, who stated, some time since, that they foresaw before the Combination Laws were repealed, that the repeal would be followed by what they called a re-action. They represented the excesses of the combinations to spring from temporary causes, and that the natural operation of things would speedily end them. There are Political Economists who very recently protested that if the combinations were not molested they would soon become harmless, and wages would find their proper level. If they could be trusted, it would be very useless in us to say another word on the subject; but unhappily everything in reason and experience proclaims that they are not to be trusted.

The working classes called for the repeal of the Combination Laws that they might combine; they combined that they might promote, as far as possible, their own interests, not for a moment, but *constantly*. Their objects were offensive more than defensive; and they were principally to raise wages, shorten the hours of labour, and curtail the authority of the masters as much as possible. Every man

* Since we wrote this, the master of these workmen has been constrained to agree to their demands, and their example has been followed in other collieries.

who keeps a servant knows, that this servant, without combinations, is always in effect struggling in favour of these things. The servants formed themselves into bodies, they met regularly for the purpose of discovering grievances to redress, and advantages to obtain; they subjected themselves to a heavy permanent tax, and they kept constantly accumulating funds which could only be employed in making war on the masters for their own benefit. It is astonishing that any one could be so marvellously ignorant of human nature as to imagine that bodies like these would only be mischievous for a moment, and would become, of their own accord, harmless. Were we to concede that the Combinations would always act honestly in respect of intention, still nothing would be more certain than that they could continually follow the most injurious conduct. Man is never satisfied. It is impossible for workmen to meet weekly to deliberate on their conditions, without working themselves into the belief that their wages are too small, their time of labour is too long, their masters are too arbitrary, or that something requires alteration in their circumstances. They may conscientiously believe this, and still they may be altogether in error. It is not in the nature of things that men should tax themselves to form a fund, and then suffer it to lie idle when it might procure them benefits. The combination-fund is in a great measure to the workman, what his capital is to the tradesman; it is formed that it may be employed to bring in as much permanent gain as possible. But it would be preposterous to suppose that the combinations would always be actuated by honest motives: their leaders are, many of them, men of very bad principles, and they must often be largely influenced by avarice, sensuality, idleness, stubbornness, and other bad feelings of human nature. The principles and objects of the combinations, and the character of those who composed them, made it morally certain, when they were first formed, that nothing but the want of means could prevent them from *continually* producing the most grievous evils.

The combinations have rapidly increased in numbers and power ever since they were suffered to exist. This has not been a matter of chance—the

reverse of what might have been reasonably expected. Nothing else could be looked for—nothing but some miraculous change in the laws of nature could have prevented it. The working classes had permission given them to combine, when they confidently expected that combining would yield them great benefits; trial amply realized their expectations. Interest and feeling led the workmen of a trade to combine; this gave them a monopoly of the labour of that trade: they demanded an increase of wages, withheld the supply of labour until their demand was complied with, and they could not be resisted. One trade was stimulated by the success of another. The workmen who did not combine perceived that those who did greatly improved their circumstances by it; they perceived that to combine, was, in effect, to raise wages, enlarge privileges, and become, in a great degree, the masters of their employers; they perceived that this was to be achieved only by combining. The risk diminished as the system strengthened, until, at last, there was scarcely any risk at all. However combination may injure the working classes as a whole, it demonstrably yields great profit to those who engage in it: it gives to the latter double and treble the wages and immunities enjoyed by those who cannot resort to it. It was not in human nature to resist the temptations which combination spreads around it, and of course the working orders combined to the farthest point possible. The workmen of almost every trade are now united in combinations; they are sufficiently powerful to do nearly anything they please. Look what way we will, we can discover nothing in the shape of law, counterpoising body, or anything else, that is capable of preventing them from continually abusing their tremendous power.

If we look at the masters, what can they do? They have made the most desperate resistance, they have made the most gigantic sacrifices, and still they have been defeated in almost every contest. In the two or three instances in which they have conquered, they have owed their victory chiefly to the mismanagement of their opponents. The servants can choose their time and ground, keep their places from being filled by others, prepare funds, and rely upon being maintain-

ed for a term of almost any duration. Almost the only thing that they risk is the being compelled to live more economically during the strike ; but then they have nearly a certainty of being successful, and of being able to fare the more luxuriously afterwards. At the time when the master has the most orders on hand, and the greatest need of workmen, the latter leave him if he will not submit to such terms as they please to impose upon him. He cannot get other workmen, he can find no other masters to execute his orders and let him receive the profits, his customers take their business elsewhere, and he perhaps loses them altogether. The masters cannot combine to assist each other as the workmen can. If the latter only supply each other with money to subsist on, they suffer scarcely anything from striking, and they may remain out of employment for any length of time : but the former cannot enable each other to retain even a portion of their profits and connexions, they must endure a tremendous loss, they can only suspend their business for a short period, and then they have scarcely anything before them but unconditional submission. The workmen have so many advantages, that they are irresistible. If the combinations be only true to each other, they may do as they please. To do this, they have only to lend to each other a trifling part of what they extort from the masters. The money furnished by one that is in employment, to another that has struck, is, in truth, but a debt which is discharged by the borrower when the lender needs it. Reasoning on the point is, indeed, very unnecessary. The fact which we have cited, that in almost every contest the masters have been defeated, and have been compelled to submit to the most humiliating, as well as injurious, conditions, decisively proves that they are perfectly incapable of acting as a check upon the combinations.

While this is the case, it has been likewise abundantly proved, that it is impossible to oppose and restrain the combinations by means of uncombined workmen. To combine is a matter of party feeling, as well as personal profit, and the enthusiasm of the mass of the working classes is in its favour ; of course almost all the workmen of every calling join the combinations who are able. Those who do not combine, are com-

paratively a few scattered, unconnected individuals, who are exposed to the scorn and hostility of the mass ; they must work for under-wages, they cannot be adequately protected, they have no common fund to look to if they lose their employment, and they are commonly the worst workmen. If a number of them can be gathered together to supply the places of those who strike, what is the consequence ? they meet the hatred, not only of the members of that combination which they injure, but of the members of every combination ; they move only amidst bitter and unprincipled enemies ; they are daily exposed to insults and mortifications, against which the laws can provide no protection. They may be told that the laws will punish those who may maim or murder them, but then they know that this will not prevent men from attempting to maim or murder them. They are aware that their lives are continually in danger.

As to the laws, they now sanction the existence of the combinations, and they are totally inadequate to restrain them from evil. They suffer men to combine in any numbers—to form laws of their own—to create funds—and to demand any wages, no matter how unreasonable. They say, indeed, that the men shall not prevent others from being employed in their stead, and they might almost as well say nothing. In most cases, particularly in the more important trades, men cannot be found to replace the combiners. If such man can be found, they not only prevent the combiners from attaining their objects, but they deprive them of employment altogether. When this is the case, it is not to be expected that the latter will respect the laws, the more especially as their obedience will subject them to a heavier punishment than their disobedience, provided they abstain from assault and murder. When men whose passions are excited to the utmost pitch are placed in such a situation, that they must either lose what they are contending for, and their bread into the bargain, or commit violence upon those who are bringing the loss upon them, they will generally prefer the latter, in spite of laws. Depraved and desperate spirits will always be found in every combination to perpetrate any atrocities towards their rivals. Those are not wise laws which suffer bodies

of men to place themselves in such a situation, and they will never be effective ones. That which forbids the combiners to "molest" such workmen as would take their employment from men, can be evaded in numberless ways, and it is almost daily violated : it yields very little benefit.

People—and people too, who are very high in influence, if not very wise in action—still speak of education as a thing that would keep the working orders from improper conduct. Mechanics' Institutes are still to form the nostrum for the combination-madness. We doubt that anything could be conceived more false and absurd. What is the constant language of these people—of the Political Economists, the Liberal system-men, the Whigs, and the Benthamites? It is, that all men, and bodies of men, will abuse power if they possess the means. They eternally declare that Ministers, Legislators, Judges, Public Companies, and bodies of all descriptions, although the individuals, and those who guide the bodies, may be men who have had the best education, in respect of sentiment as well as science, and who are sensitively alive to the principles of honour, are nevertheless sure to abuse their power for their own profit and gratification, if they are not effectually restrained from it by laws or other things. They never speak of trusting wholly, or in part, to education ; but they insist upon having all the restrictions that could be framed if no such thing was known. This is very wise. Yet the very same people, when they speak of the combinations of mechanics—bodies which exist only to promote their own interests—they speak of them as needing only education to keep them from abusing their power. We will waste no comment upon this monstrous absurdity. Education, with regard to this point, will have no better effect upon the mechanic and labourer, than upon the Secretary of State, Member of Parliament, and East India Director. We believe that the Mechanics' Institutes will make no perceptible improvement in the character of the working classes as a whole—we believe that in spite of them, and perhaps in some cases by means of them, these classes are sinking in character, are becoming more vicious and disorderly ; but if we knew that they would

give a good education to every working man, we should still know likewise that the combinations of working men would as certainly tyrannize and trample upon the rights of others if they could, as bodies of gentlemen. Education will not do—the combiners can no more be placed under sufficient internal restraints than other people—they must be prevented from possessing the power to tyrannize and injure, by laws, or the power of other bodies, or they will use such power as any other description of men would use it. Nothing could be more indisputable, and that must be a most unaccountable delusion which keeps any thinking man in ignorance of it.

Nothing, therefore, exists which is capable of duly controlling the combinations ; it follows, as a matter of course, that they possess a vast portion of arbitrary and unconstitutional power, and that they continually abuse this power. Strikes are now about as numerous as ever ; and they most of them take place for the most abominable and injurious objects. Wages have been advanced, avarice has had its meal, and now idleness must be gorged. The workmen of one calling strike, that they may be idle half of their time, and starve the surrounding population ; those of another strike, that other men may be employed to do a part of their work, while they stand with their arms folded looking on ; those of a third strike, that they may emancipate themselves from the control of the masters, and work when, and as, they please. These strikes, notwithstanding their objects, are generally successful. When we look at all the characteristics of the combinations, at human nature, at other bodies of men, and at the lessons of experience, we can arrive at no other conclusion, than that, so far as regards themselves, these combinations will become more and more powerful and fruitful of evils.

These things, therefore, appear to us to be very undeniable.

1. That these combinations are precisely what might have been expected to follow the repeal of the Combination Laws.

2. That the crimes and evils which they have produced, are precisely the fruits which the system is calculated to produce.

3. That if the wish for increase of

income, indulgence, and power, can operate permanently on the human mind, and if the complete success of a system can strengthen and perpetuate it, the combinations must exist permanently, and keep increasing in power and evil consequences.

4. That the combinations have kept rapidly increasing in numbers and power from the first; that they are exactly calculated to gratify the prevailing wishes of the working classes; that such of these classes as can combine derive great advantages from them; that they now comprehend the mass of the workmen of large places; that they keep increasing in strength, and the means for resisting them keep diminishing; that they now possess a most dangerous share of arbitrary and unconstitutional power; and that by the abuse of this power they continually produce the most serious individual and public evils.

5. That nothing whatever at present exists which is capable of controlling them; and that, according to every principle of reason and experience, they are sure to become more potent, tyrannical, and mischievous, until they are crushed, either by law, or the ruin of trade.

It now behoves us to inquire why the existence of these combinations is tolerated?

It is said, that the labour of the workman is his property, his capital, and that he has a right to make the best of it. If this mean that he has a right to do what he pleases with it, it is false. No man has a right to use his property to injure his brethren and the community. The use of all descriptions of property is, and ought to be, regulated by law. He who has land, is prohibited from raising upon it certain articles, and he is under other regulations in regard to the use of it. He who has money is prohibited from employing it in various ways, and he is bound from taking above a certain rate of interest for it. The author has his literary property taken from him after a certain period, without an equivalent. The artist is not suffered to employ himself in forging bank-notes and coining. The labourer is not suffered to work on the Sabbath, or to employ himself in various ways that might yield him great profit. It is imperiously necessary for the weal of both the individual and

the community that the use of all kinds of property whatever should be under the regulation of the law.

We willingly admit that the workman has a right to obtain the highest wages in any lawful employment that he can, by his individual efforts; but we protest against his having any right to associate with others to place the market for labour under a monopoly. Whatever may be the case with the individual, a corporate body has no rights, save what the laws may please to give it. To argue that the body ought to have the same rights as the individual, would be to argue for public ruin. The workmen of a trade form themselves into an actual corporation—they obtain the complete control over labour in that trade—they put upon it any price they please—they prohibit all individuals from being employed who are obnoxious to them—they take property from the command of its owners—they will not suffer the masters to send more goods to market than they think proper—they subject the poor to severe privations—they do immense injury to trade—and they bring the most grievous evils upon innumerable individuals and the empire. Look at the colliers of Scotland, the shipwrights of London, and the seamen of Sunderland. If men have a right to associate to do what these men have done, to employ their property as these men have employed theirs, then they have a right to rob, commit treason, or do anything. Where is the difference in effect between taking a thousand pounds from a master in the highway, and preventing him from gaining the same sum by fair and lawful trade—between making open war on the country, and imposing upon it heavy taxes, and destroying its trade, revenue, and power?

It is perfectly clear to the whole nation—it has been again and again established by the most decisive proofs—that these corporations of workmen violate, in the most outrageous manner, the rights of innumerable individual workmen, and of the masters. It ought not to be necessary for us to say, that this is directly at variance with all the principles of right, with reason, equity, and the whole spirit of the constitution. To argue that the workmen have a right to form themselves into such corporations, is to ar-

gue that these corporations have a right to do this ; for it has been proved that they cannot exist without doing it.

A great deal of misapprehension prevails, touching the effects of these corporations. Many people affect to place them and the masters on the same level ; they seem to imagine that the contests between them affect principally themselves, and are for things which must be exclusively enjoyed either by one side or the other. We will, therefore, detail these effects a little farther.

The workmen of a trade all leave work at the same moment ; and, in most cases, it is utterly impossible to procure others in their stead ; however unjust and unreasonable their demands may be, the masters have scarcely anything before them but compliance. To attempt to starve them out has become a hopeless matter. If the different combinations comprehend only forty thousand members, and if every member subscribe only a shilling per week, this will raise two thousand pounds weekly—a sum sufficient to maintain four thousand men *constantly* at ten shillings per week each. If the combinations act with common prudence, they may, with no greater a sum than this, enable the workmen of almost any trade to stand out, not only for months, but for years, and to impose any terms they please on their masters. They may cause trade after trade to be stopped, until they place every trade under their own regulations. The masters, in reality, pay the subscriptions, and almost any sum can be extorted from them. The combinations often enough support more than four thousand idle men.

Labour is thus, in most trades, placed under a close monopoly ; its price is regulated by nothing but the will of those who have it to dispose of ; it is a thing which must be had. The master knows no business but his own—he cannot perhaps leave it, without sustaining a tremendous loss in buildings, fixtures, &c.—his want of knowledge would perhaps ruin him were he to embark in any other ; and, in addition, he can scarcely find any other that is not equally under the despotism of the combinations—he cannot do without labour, and therefore he must give whatever his ser-

vants may demand, provided it will leave him a subsistence.

The having to buy labour at a monopoly price, must no doubt operate differently on different masters. Those who are not exposed to the competition of foreigners, may increase the price of their articles as wages are increased. This has already been done in various trades. These masters, however, do not escape without injury ; they are compelled to employ a much greater capital to do the same business ; and the advance of price injures consumption, and, of course, their trade.

The case is wholly different with those masters who are exposed to the competition of foreigners. They can make no increase of charge to their customers, whatever increase of wages may be demanded by their workmen. We at present barely possess a superiority over foreign manufacturers, and they are rapidly gaining upon us. In some branches of our boasted cotton trade, they can equal, if not surpass us. Mr Huskisson, as far as we remember, stated in Parliament, that, before the advance of wool on the continent, the continental manufacturers could successfully compete with us even in the South American market ; and that this advance enabled us to regain our superiority. We are now undersold on the continent in some descriptions of woollen cloth. Our manufacturers can only stand their ground by being content with very low profits ; they can obtain no exclusive advantages in the purchase of the raw material ; and if the price of labour be raised to them, they must either resign their trade, or carry it on to be ruined.

By and by, most trades will be exposed to the competition of foreigners in one way or another.

These masters, at the best, will never be suffered to obtain fair and necessary profits ; they will, at the best, be kept in such a state, that any unfavourable turn in the market will plunge them into bankruptcy. If their trade be not immediately taken from them, it will be gradually diminished ; and if they be not at once ruined, they must be so in the upshot if they continue in business.

We have spoken of the masters, and we must now speak of another party,

which is even more interested in the question than they are. This is the community.

The first description of masters, in effect, purchase labour for the community; the latter, in reality, buys the labour of the workmen, and the masters are but its agents. The extortions practised upon the masters, are, in truth, practised upon the community. The combinations make monopolies of almost every trade; and they impose grievous taxes upon the nation. If a man in London wear four suits of clothes in the year, he pays a tax of at least three pounds per annum to the learned and masculine company of journeymen tailors. He pays this more than he would have to pay, if these creatures would be content with reasonable wages. By means of it they have, according to report, accumulated a fund of enormous magnitude; and they heroically drive women out of the trade—levy what contributions they think fit upon the metropolis—and commit all kinds of tyranny. The colliers of Scotland are not even content with levying a grievous tax upon coals; they will not suffer people to have them in sufficient quantities. In all the trades carried on by this description of masters, the advance of wages has been at once, and of necessity, thrown upon the community.

With regard to the other description of masters, the community suffers still more from the combinations. They strike at its commerce, revenue, maritime superiority, power, wealth, and prosperity as a nation. They threaten it with almost every ill that could befall a people.

It is astonishing to us that this should be debated as a question that affects chiefly masters and servants—that it is not taken up as one between the empire and the combinations. It is notorious, that in almost every contest, the combinations have demanded more than was sufficient for supplying the workmen with necessities; and that there was even a superabundance of workmen in the trade. It is notorious, that in almost every strike, the workmen had sufficient, and often more than sufficient, for supplying themselves with necessities before they struck; and that, in many cases, the object was less an advance of wages, than the curtailment of the just con-

trol of the masters, or the proper hours of labour. Every man may see, if he pleases, that, however the combinations may injure the masters, still the real struggle is between them and the country. He may see, if he be not wilfully blind, that the triumph of a combination is at the best a tax imposed upon the country, and that it is often a great injury done to the trade, &c. of the country; while the triumph of the masters protects the country from these. The masters are obviously fighting the battles of the public; and yet they are spoken of as though they were contending only for their own benefit. If our trade be worthy the cry which is kept up in its favour; if it ought to be preserved, we must protect its sources—we must protect those who carry it on, and their capital. That is a strange kind of wisdom which boasts of the vast importance of trade, and then resigns it to annihilation.

We must now say a word on the fruits which the combinations yield to the working classes.

Those who combine, no doubt, reap from it very high wages and great privileges. Their curtailment of the hours of labour operates as a heavy advance of wages to the masters and the public, while it puts nothing into their own pockets. Thus, their comparative emancipation from control, the combination-fund, and their frequent strikes, cause them to derive not much real benefit from their additional wages. They drink more; they expend more in pleasure; they have more idle time; but their families have very little more to subsist on than they would have if no combinations existed. Their character, in all respects, is rapidly sinking, and this must in the end cause them to lose much more than they are now gaining. As to the mass of them becoming readers, nothing but raving madness could expect it. Nature most wisely has positively disqualified the mass of mankind for being regular lovers of reading; human quacks cannot yet conquer her, and no superhuman ones have arrived among us that we have heard of.

These men form only a very contemptible part of the whole of the working classes. The husbandry labourers, the greater part of the seamen, the labouring men of large places, the surplus

hands of the different trades, &c. &c. cannot well combine. This contemptible part inflicts on the vast majority of the working classes the most serious injuries.

The combiners represent, very truly, that theirs is a war of labour against capital. The egregious dolts ! it is the same as a war of the belly against victuals. Our land is fully occupied ; it will not support any additional inhabitants ; and, in consequence, the increase of population is constantly thrown upon trade, or, in other words, upon trading capital, for subsistence. This capital is, to a very great degree, in this country, what land is in America to the increase of population ; and it is just as wise in our working orders to war against it, as it would be in those of America to war against land. The combiners, by reducing profits to the lowest point, prevent the accumulation of capital and the extension of trade ; of course, they prevent the rising labourers from procuring employment. By diminishing capital, they diminish trade ; and they thereby deprive, not only a portion of themselves, but many labourers who do not belong to them, of the means of subsistence. The working classes have as much interest in the accumulation of capital as any other class ; if it do not accumulate in proportion as they increase, the mass of them must always be distressed.

The combiners, by raising wages so much, have no doubt injured consumption ; by their turbulent conduct, they have prevented much capital from being employed in trade. Had it not been for them, very many workmen, who are unemployed and in distress, would have been earning comfortable wages.

The combiners prevent very many workmen from disposing of their labour on any terms save those which they may dictate, and, in truth, from disposing of it at all. This has been so much dwelt upon, in and out of Parliament, that we will not enlarge upon it.

They have obtained a monopoly in various trades against the rest of the working classes ; by it they force the surplus hands and the increase of population upon those callings in which combinations cannot be formed, and thereby sink wages in these callings below what they ought to be.

The different kinds of workmen are so much dependent on each other, that if those of one kind strike, they throw many of other kinds out of employment. Thus when, in Scotland, Mr Dunlop's colliers struck, it compelled some hundreds of men employed in his iron-works to cease working. They must, likewise, have rendered numbers of men employed in conveying and delivering coals, &c. idle. The strike of the London shipwrights must have deprived many hands belonging to different callings of work. The strike of the Bradford weavers must have done prodigious injury to innumerable workmen who do not belong to them. The members of the combinations have funds to subsist on, but the greater part of those whom they force out of work cannot belong to combinations, they are deprived of employment against their wishes, and left without bread. If the combiners do any serious injury to the export trade, they will reduce numbers of seamen, sloopmen, labourers, &c. to starvation.

The different kinds of labour are so connected with each other, that, if one kind be overpaid, it generally causes some other kinds to be proportionally underpaid. Thus the woollen manufacturers are bound to price in the foreign market ; they cannot expend above a certain sum in producing their goods. If the wages of their weavers, &c. be advanced to them, they must sink the price of wool ; and this must in part depress the value of husbandry labour—they must reduce freights, and this must in some degree reduce the seaman's wages. They must, in reality, take a large part of the advance of wages made to their own workmen from the wages of other workmen, if they continue their trade.

The combiners sink wages in those callings in which combinations cannot be formed ; and, by raising them in their own, they advance the price of many necessities. They thus prevent husbandry labourers, the labourers of towns, and all workmen who cannot combine, from obtaining a fair price for their labour ; in many cases, they deprive them of employment altogether, and they impose upon them a heavy tax at the same moment. The poor man in Scotland has perhaps to delve every day for what will barely keep his family from starving ; and

still he is compelled to pay a tax weekly to the colliers, that they may riot in extravagance, and be idle half their time.

The combinations have in their hands, more or less, almost all the necessities of life. Bread is under the control of the bakers; the quartern loaf in London is generally twopence more than it ought to be, according to the price of wheat. Coals are under the control of the colliers. The shipwrights, coopers, &c. lay their fingers upon colonial produce. The various kinds of manufacturing combinations have in their hands articles of clothing. There is scarcely a single article consumed in the dwelling of the poor man, as well as of the rich one, which is not considerably and unnecessarily enhanced in price by the combinations.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell on this point any longer; we have, however, we trust, said sufficient to show that the combinations are bringing the most grievous evils on the great majority of the working classes—that they exist to benefit the few at the cost of the many.

There is another point of view in which these combinations must be looked at with regard to their influence on the interests of the nation.

Nothing, we think, could well be more dangerous than for a government to suffer immense classes of its subjects to form themselves into an organized body, for purposes of private gain—the more especially if they be composed chiefly of ignorant, passionate men, and their objects be to be gained at the expense of the rest of the community. What injuries and troubles have not the Irish Catholics caused to the empire from their forming only in part such a body? Now, into such a body, great numbers of the working classes have formed themselves. The different combinations are connected together, they act together, they form a whole, and this whole is the more mighty from being composed of a number of parts. This body controls vast numbers more of the working classes, and the passions of the mass are in its favour. It is looked upon as fighting the battles of servants against masters—of the poor against the rich generally.

The combinations, therefore, of the three kingdoms, and their friends

among the working classes, form a gigantic confederacy, which is daily increasing in magnitude, which possesses abundant funds, which is tremendously powerful, and which is under the guidance of unprincipled men, who are quite above the influence of the government and the better classes: Its avowed object is to sponge as much as possible from the rest of the community in money and privilege. It endeavours to crush trade with one foot, and agriculture with the other. No man, we hope, is so simple as to suppose that this body will keep apart from politics. It cannot. Every public measure must affect it in some degree; it is already deeply tainted with ruinous politics; its objects are in their nature political, and they must inevitably drive it into political opinions, and conduct of the most dangerous description. It is perfectly impossible for a body to pursue such objects as it pursues, without becoming a revolutionary one. In addition, it is surrounded by revolutionary teachers, and all kinds of means are employed to fill it with revolutionary principles.

Let trade be flat and distressed for a season—we are not sure that such a season is not on the eve of commencing;—let the members of the combinations be subjected to privations, and then what will be their conduct? Unable any longer to raise wages and shorten the hours of labour, to war against the masters and the public, they will direct their hostility against our laws and institutions. The old cry will be raised against corruption, taxes, the government, &c. &c. The body which the combinations form must, under privations and suffering, be turbulent, disaffected, and guilty; it must convulse the empire, and shake the constitution to its centre. This is the more certain because the combinations are doing the most deplorable injury to morals.

That is not political economy, but political idiocy, which endeavours to increase trade by things which injure morals, disorganize society, banish industry, destroy peace and order, weaken the government, array one part of the community against another, and generate sedition and convulsion. He who practises the principles of political economy without making them subordinate to the general science of government, will only produce public

ruin. Trade is threatened with destruction by the combinations—by the things which have been hatched for its benefit by those who call themselves its sole friends, and the only people who know how to make it flourish.

Thinking as we have stated, we have naturally been curious to know the opinion of public men touching the combinations. Mr Huskisson, who, of course, must be looked upon as the organ of the Ministry, called them odious and the like; but he stated that he was decidedly hostile to the re-enactment of the old laws against them. All sides called these laws cruel, tyrannical, &c., and manifested towards them bitter enmity. Now, these laws were simply intended to prevent such combinations from existing. They left the workman, *as an individual*, free as air, free as he is at present. They suffered him to demand what wages he pleased, to make what stipulations he pleased, and to pass from master to master as he pleased. He could only bring himself under their operation by combining. They never touched the vast body of the working classes. Now, if the questions were put to us, Which ought to exist, such laws, or such combinations? Which are cruel and tyrannical—such laws, or such combinations?—we should decide at once in favour of the laws. If we were asked whether laws would be cruel and tyrannical, which should prevent the Irish combinations from committing murder, and destroying trade—the Scotch one from withholding coals from, and robbing, the community—the Sunderland one from endangering the lives of, and taking bread from, innocent men—the London Shipwrights from tyrannizing over their masters, and driving the carrying trade to other countries—one part of the working classes from plundering and oppressing another part, and bringing grievous evils on the nation at large—we should say No!—we should say again, No! and we should challenge every member of the Ministry and the Opposition to gainsay us.

If, as Mr Huskisson admits, these combinations be robbing and oppressing a large part of the working classes—be outraging the rights of the masters—and be doing the most serious injuries to trade, it is certainly most unaccountable that they should be suffered to exist, and that laws intended to

prevent them from existing should be called cruel and tyrannical. We are very sure that the Constitution never intended things yielding such fruits, to be found in the nation; and that the tolerating of them is decidedly at variance with its spirit. The Constitution wishes to give equal liberty and protection to all; yet the masters—almost the most valuable class of men in the country—and the workmen who do not combine of almost all trades, have infinitely less of liberty and protection than they would have under any despotism in Europe. Our greatest statesmen have thought that the Constitution goes almost too far in its wish to favour the individual; but now the individual is nothing, and the body—the self-constituted, irresponsible body, is only to be favoured. Our friends of liberty have always affected to look upon bodies with jealousy and dislike, and yet they are the furious champions of the stupendous body which is formed by these combinations. Now, compared with it, what are the East India Company, and the Bank Company, either as trading monopolists, or as political bodies? They are powerless and contemptible. The combinations produce grievous robberies and oppression, they do the most serious injury to morals and trade,—they threaten the Constitution with destruction, and the empire at large with the most terrible evils:—this is abundantly manifest, and it convinces us that laws for their annihilation are called for by liberty, right, justice, reason, and the constitution. Mr Wallace may call this prejudice if he pleases; it is not for him to change our opinion.

If the combinations were essential for preventing the price of labour from falling below what it ought to be, we should say less against them; but they are not. On the contrary, they, as we have shown, lower wages and raise the price of necessaries to the majority of the labouring population. We will never admit that the ploughman and the labouring man ought to be starved for the benefit of the coal-digger and the shipwright. If labour be not superabundant, no combination of masters can prevent it from obtaining its proper price. The master is always anxious to increase his trade as far as possible, and he will ever give the highest wages in his power, rather than

throw away trade and profit. While the Combination Laws were in full operation, wages in many callings were often enormously high. Before these laws were repealed, the masters, in some important trades, raised wages without a strike, and they have scarcely in a single instance stood out for a week, or a day, against reasonable demands. It is a matter of general notoriety, that in almost every contest, the demands of the combinations have been most unreasonable and unjust.

Nearly all, we presume, was done in the last Session that could be done to prevent the combinations from being mischievous, without putting an end to their existence; and it has yielded no benefit whatever. The power to demand what wages they please, to choose whether they will work by the day or the piece, and to regulate their hours of labour, cannot be taken from them; it would be gross tyranny to take it from them; and they need only this power to produce what they are producing. It is chiefly by the exercise of this power that they oppress and injure as they do. They must either be put down altogether, or be as mischievous as they are: the art of man cannot render them harmless by anything but their annihilation, without grossly violating the principles of liberty and right.

Mr Huskisson, however, who seems to be about as far gone in political economy, as Mr Brougham is in party politics, has in view a different remedy, and this is, the admission of foreign manufactures. It was made law in the last Session that ships might be sent to other countries for repairs, if the trade of the shipbuilders should be stopped by contests between the shipbuilders and their servants. This passed both Houses unanimously, if we except the dissenting voice of Mr Robertson—a gentleman who deserves the thanks of the country for his honest and manly conduct on this and other occasions. It constituted such a grievous insult to the majesty and impartiality of the Law of England, as we never expected to witness.

Has it indeed come to this, that the Government of this great empire is so powerless and spiritless that it cannot bring back a handful of shipwrights to their duty without the aid of foreigners—without giving that to other countries which belongs to the trade and

revenue of our own? Has this Government so far lost its understanding, that it cannot distinguish between the right and the wrong—the innocent and the guilty? Have our statutes become so impotent, blind, and vicious, that they can only remove evils, by committing wrongs—that they cannot coerce the culpable without robbing and punishing the meritorious? If all this have happened, it has certainly happened without cause—it has happened from choice, and when all imaginable means existed for its prevention.

This new law has been tried, and the result shows very clearly its character. The shipwrights of London, not their masters, stopped the trade. Why? Their great object, according to the papers, was not an increase of wages, or a diminution of the hours of labour, but that they should work by the piece, and not by the day, as they had previously done. This was evidently to render themselves as far as possible independent, and to force workmen not belonging to their combination out of employment. Now, when a workman receives from a master all that he requires for his labour, he certainly ought to be satisfied; he can have no right to control the master in the management of his business, and to prevent him from employing such other servants as he may wish. The servants stopped the trade for what were obviously indefensible objects; the masters resisted them evidently in defence of their just rights. Well, how did the new law operate in such a case? It made no inquiry as to which were in the right and which in the wrong—it treated both sides as though they were alike guilty; nay, it inflicted a much heavier punishment upon the masters than the servants, and, in effect, compelled the former to submit to the latter. Because the masters could not prevail on the servants to abandon unjust demands, the law took their business from them, and constrained them to accede to these demands. It became their enemy and the champion of the combination.—Permission for ships to be repaired abroad must injure the masters more than the servants, and it must even enable the latter to triumph, if their terms be not perfectly ruinous.

This was bad enough, but it was not all. The growers, importers, and carriers of timber, the shipsmiths, the long train of people who depend upon

the shipbuilder in addition to his regular servants, had their trade and employment taken from them by the law, because the shipwrights were refractory, although they had nothing upon earth to do with the strike, and although they had previously suffered grievously from it. The framers of this law ought to have been aware, that, if the stoppage of the trade injured shipowners and others greatly, still the trade could not be transferred to other countries without injuring, quite as much, other equally innocent persons. The law coerced and punished all save those whom it ought to have coerced and punished; to the latter it gave licence and reward.

This may be law, it no doubt is law, although it introduces a new principle into English legislation. It is not, however, justice. Ministers and Parliaments may alter and make laws at pleasure, but they cannot change the principles of justice and right.

According to what was said in the House of Commons, the extension of this law is to be the next panacea for the combination-malady. If the combinations do not conduct themselves better, foreign manufactures are to be poured into the market to restrain them. Would, then, the admission of foreign manufactures affect none but the workmen? Would it have no other effect than to keep these workmen from improper conduct? Would it reach no trades save those which should strike? Would it correct the misdeeds of all combinations? Is nothing necessary to warrant it save the turbulence and guilt of a part of the working classes? Alas! alas! that we should have to ask questions like these.

Suppose a combination of workmen should strike, should make the most unreasonable and unjust demands, and should be resisted by the masters, what would be the effect of the admission of foreign goods? It could only reach the servants through the masters. The latter, although they might be acting in defence of their just rights and the best interests of the community, would have the alternative placed before them of submitting to the combination, or seeing the market glutted and their trade taken from them by foreigners. They would accede at once to the demands of the workmen. The admission of foreign goods, if it were regulated by the disputes between

masters and servants, would be the most powerful auxiliary that could be formed for the latter. Nothing could possibly be more unjust in principle; it would act on the assumption, that both sides were alike wrong, and that it would affect both sides alike; it would in almost all cases give the triumph to the guilty; and to do this, it would sacrifice the interests of the nation.

It would reach far beyond the contending parties. The growers or importers of the raw article, and their servants, a multitude of persons totally unconnected with the strike, would be as much affected by it, as those who should be so connected.

If foreign manufactures were constantly admitted to prevent strikes from taking place, it would have but a poor effect in keeping the combinations in order. The cotton, woollen, and some other trades, are now largely exposed to the competition of foreigners; but this does not prevent the workmen engaged in them from combining, and from acting as unjustifiably as other workmen. The combinations would always keep the masters bound hand and foot; they would tyrannize over them and over such workmen as might not combine, as they do at present; they would still have their strikes, and they would be about as mischievous as they now are.

But the admission of foreign goods could not affect many of the worst of the combinations. How could it reach those trades which undersell all the rest of the world? How could it reach the shipwrights, unless we got our ships built in other countries? How could it reach the coopers, when they should suspend trade in the West India docks? How could it reach the colliers of Scotland? How could it reach the seamen of Sunderland? If foreign goods were admitted to the utmost extent possible, it would leave the worst part of the evil perfectly untouched.

While the admission of foreign goods would have very little effect upon combinations in such trades as it could reach, it would do the most deplorable injury to the workmen belonging to these trades who cannot join the combinations. Although labour is at a monopoly price in various trades, it is in most of them in reality superabundant. There are workmen in al-

most every trade who can scarcely procure employment; the admission of foreign goods would add greatly to their number, and it would consign them to starvation. It would render labour still more superabundant, and lower wages still more, in such callings as cannot combine.

Those must be statesmen of an unaccountable stamp, who conceive that the admission of foreign manufactures would have no other effect than to correct the misdoings of the combinations;—who imagine that such misdoings would justify them for admitting such manufactures, without calculating what effect it would have upon the industry, trade, and prosperity of the empire.

There are people who protest, that the opening of the corn-market would render the combinations harmless. These persons rave, as though flour and butcher's-meat were almost the only things that cost the workman anything; they overlook tea, sugar, candles, soap, clothes, coals, house-rent, and the combination-tax. In very many cases only one-third of his expenditure is caused by the purchase of flour and butcher's-meat. We will venture to say, that many workmen in London who have combination-wages, expend nearly as much in porter, gin, and tobacco, as in bread and animal food. Now, if the ports were opened, and the price of wheat were reduced one-third, how would it operate? It might reduce the quartern-loaf to sixpence: On butcher's-meat and butter it would have very little effect, unless it plunged the country into great distress—it might reduce them, perhaps, a penny per pound. Single workmen might gain by this about a shilling per week, and married ones something more than two. Now, is there any man who, after looking at the proceedings of the combinations, can believe that this would induce any one of them to lower its wages and change its conduct? * They have ceased to plead the high price of provisions in justification of what they do. It was not because their wages would not supply them

with bread, that the combinations of Ireland, the colliers of Scotland, the shipwrights of London, and the seamen of Sunderland, refused to work. The combinations will prevent the price of other articles from falling with that of corn.

While this measure would produce no benefit with respect to the combinations, it would, putting the farmer out of sight, injure most grievously the husbandry-labourers. Their wages are already in many parts much too low, and it would depress them very greatly. The outcry for "cheap bread" is preposterous. Bread never can be cheap to a whole community; if it be cheap to the town, it is dear to the village. A vast part of the inhabitants of this country never had so much difficulty in procuring bread, as they had when it was at the lowest price they ever knew it fall to. It is as unjust to starve the producers of bread, as to starve those of ships, coals, and manufactures. Shipwrights, colliers, &c. have as much right to work for inadequate wages as ploughmen.

Some wisacres argue, that laws for putting down the combinations would be useless, because some secret combinations existed when the late laws were in operation. They should argue likewise, that as there are always thieves and murderers, the laws against theft and murder are of no value. The abolished laws were in existence during very prosperous as well as unprosperous times; and in no period during their existence did combinations produce one-fiftieth part of the evils which they have produced since the repeal. This is sufficient to decide the question. Common sense may convince any man, that if it were unlawful to combine, the combinations could not do what they are now doing; if they could exist at all, they would be infinitely less powerful and mischievous.

That Parliament will be compelled to do something with regard to these combinations, in the next session, is abundantly manifest; what it will do, is a matter on which we shall offer no conjecture. Time was, when, if a great

* Corn is now falling, and appearances seem to indicate that the fall will be considerable, yet labour amidst the combinations is rising. If the Economists had been listened to, and the ports had been opened in the last Session, what would have been the present state of the corn-market?

evil existed, it might have been very safely predicted, that Parliament would take natural and effectual measures for removing it, but that time has passed away. He would be a rash man, indeed, who, after looking at the principles which our legislators have embraced, would venture to speculate favourably on their future conduct. If Mr Hume's fatal bill had been like the New Marriage Act, unconnected with new creeds, and new systems, and merely intended to improve what seemed to be capable of improvement; all that it destroyed when it came into being, would, likely enough, have been restored in the last session. But unhappily it emanated from the new creeds and systems which are so much the rage, and what it did cannot be undone, without confessing them to be erroneous.

To re-enact the Combination Laws would be to say that Political Economy is false, and that certain great political bubble-blowers are not infallible; it would shake the new creeds and systems to their centre, therefore the abolition of these Laws must doubtless be still called a most wise measure. Projectors and innovators are never the men to recant and go back again; to them no such thing can exist as refutation. The French revolutionists could only be stopped by the guillotine; and death alone could take from Joanna Southcote the belief that she was pregnant.

Ever since the beginning of the world, it has been looked upon as a thing above all question, that the servant should be obedient to his master. The Scriptures have made such obedience a religious duty; human laws have made it a civil duty; philosophers and statesmen have insisted, that not only the weal, but the very existence of society depends upon it. Lawgivers have always made its protection one of their leading objects. It has been guarded as a thing that benefitted, not merely the master and the community, but the servant himself even more than either;—as a thing essential for keeping the latter from crime and ruin, for making him moral, industrious, and skilful, for enabling him to rise from his servitude and acquire property and elevation.

Has this been demonstrated to be erroneous? Have the speeches of Mr Hume and his coadjutors proved it to

be false and pernicious? Have intellectual giants risen among us, and shown, by overwhelming evidence, that what has been regarded for six thousand years as unerring wisdom, is only folly and prejudice? No! It has been denied, scoffed at, trampled upon, and cast aside; but it has not been refuted. It has been abandoned for the reverse, but argument and evidence, eloquence and wisdom, have had no share in producing the change.

It is now admitted, even by legislators and rulers, that servants ought to be suffered to throw off their obedience to their masters—that they ought to be equally independent—that they ought to be controlled in nothing save such work as they may deign to undertake—that they have a right to be idle two or three days in the week, if they think proper—that they have a right to organize themselves into immense bodies, and bind down the masters to any terms they please, in respect of obedience, wages, and hours of labour—this, we say, is admitted even by rulers and legislators. Has the admission been produced by reasoning and experiment—by the fascination of eloquence, and the irresistible potency of surpassing talent? No!—these have had nothing to do with it; its justification is yet hid in darkness.

Mr Hume's bill was the most fatal and ruinous measure that has been sanctioned by Parliament during a very long series of years. It has caused the loss of a large number of lives—it has occasioned the commission of a mass of atrocious crime—it has ruined a multitude of individuals, and grievously injured a multitude more—it has occasioned the loss of millions of property—it has given a tremendous shock to the industry and trade of the empire—it has done the most terrible injury to the character of the working classes—it has arrayed servants against masters through a large part of the country—it has nearly destroyed one of the best supports of good government—it has generated strife, animosity, and turbulence—and it has sown the seeds of almost every ill that can visit a nation. If the parent of such a bill were not insensible to shame, he would never dare to show his face again in the community. Yet this bill was sanctioned

by all the wisdom of Parliament! it is still cried up as a just and wise one, in respect of its leading object.

So much for the *new* wisdom of this enlightened age—wisdom, in comparison of which, as we are told, the wisdom of former ages was but childish folly. So much for the great men—the giants—of the present day—great men, in comparison of whom, if we are to believe themselves, the great men of former times were but brainless pigmies. Time will put all this to the test, although, in doing it, it may involve the nation in horrors.

It is not for us to say, in contradiction to some of our first authorities, that a nation has its birth, youth, manhood, old age, and death, like an individual. But we may say, that however long the life of a nation may endure, it must, like that of an individual, consist of alternations of prosperity and adversity, gain and loss, happiness and affliction, enjoyment and suffering. In both cases, the sun and the cloud, the calm and the tempest, will keep continually replacing each other. According to the history of this and other countries, a period of prosperity has always been followed by one of adversity; and, in proportion as the one has been resplendent, the other has been terrible. Europe was in a more flourishing and happy condition than it had perhaps ever previously been in, just before the French Revolution; we need not describe what followed. This country enjoyed unexampled prosperity just before the Revolution in the time of the first Charles; all know what succeeded. That the sunshine in which we are now basking will have to give place to the storm, is a matter which the na-

ture of things renders abundantly certain; and that the storm will be of a very awful character, is a matter which a variety of circumstances renders almost equally certain. One part of the community sighs for a complete change in our form of government; another part sighs for the destruction of our church establishment; the existence of almost every component part of the constitution is made matter of question in one way or another. The shape and proportions of society escape not, and a wish is largely prevalent to make in them the most sweeping alterations. Our laws and systems are undergoing a course of hazardous experiments. One great interest is placed in opposition to another. The town working classes, those whose character for the last ten years may be found in the history of Radicalism, the Queen Caroline madness, and the Combinations, have formed themselves into a stupendous confederacy for objects which can fail only by miracle, in plunging the country into distress, and in making them the enemies of our laws and institutions. The most powerful engines are at work to provide them with the worst teachers, to fill them with the worst principles, and to make them scorn and hate the upper classes. To look at all this, and not to expect a fearful future, is an impossibility. History shows that the fiend of revolution will walk the earth till the end of time; what country this fiend will next ravage, is not to be revealed by us; but we fear that the things necessary for tempting it, and enabling it to triumph, will soon be far more abundant in our own, than in any other.

THE CATHOLICS.

WE must not lose sight of the Catholics altogether, although their new Association does not yield everything that they expected from it. Certain parts of the conduct of themselves and their friends, demand from us a few brief observations.

We have already stated in a former Number of this Magazine, that when the bill for putting down their late Association was before Parliament, the Catholics pledged themselves to yield unconditional obedience to it, if it should become law. It became law, and then the Catholics—the very men who gave the pledge—asssembled in public to devise how they might disobey it to the utmost point possible, without bringing upon themselves its penalties. The new Association was expressly intended to be in effect all that the old one was. The same men were to lead it, and it was to do precisely the same things. It has failed; but those who formed it are still as guilty as they would have been if it had been perfectly successful. They made the same seditious and inflammatory speeches to the ignorant and passionate multitude—they attempted to collect the rent—they endeavoured to create the same public convulsions—they sought to do everything that the old Association had done. “We must obey the laws,” cried Mr O’Connell, and his confederates, at every meeting; “Oh, yes, we must obey the laws—we must show our enemies that the Catholic religion compels its votaries to yield implicit obedience to the laws!” They grossly violated the laws in the very next moment. Perhaps—we are by no means sure of it—they spared the letter, and small credit was due to them for not doing what would have brought upon them bodily punishment; but that they did everything which the laws, to which they alluded, were formed to prohibit, is a thing which can be doubted by no one.

The country of these people was comparatively tranquil, party rage was subsiding, English capitalists were attempting to give bread to their starving countrymen, agriculture and trade were advancing, the laws were gaining

respect and influence. The Association saw all this, and they intentionally turned their arms against it. They attempted to wrest from Ireland the benefits which she was gathering, and to drive from her everything that could ameliorate her condition. Their motives were self-interest—self-aggrandisement. They sought to do the most mighty injuries to their country, solely that they might bring profit into their own coffers; and while they were thus occupied, they uttered the most sickening boasts touching their patriotism. Their visit to this country, amply proved who were the real enemies of Ireland. They left it, and it ceased to be convulsed; it began to prosper. Happy, thrice happy would it be for Ireland, if they were banished from it for ever!

We do not say this merely to hold up this gross violation of integrity and good faith to public abhorrence. We have other reasons for saying it, than to point the scorn of all honourable men upon those, who, while they call themselves an Aristocracy, wear titles, and boast of the purity and richness of their blood, adopt the dishonest and despicable quirk of pettifogging lawyers, trample upon laws with cowardly cunning and trickery, worthy of the robber, and endeavour to sacrifice their country to their ambition. We say it to throw light upon the character of the Catholics as a party. Could the professions of the Catholics be depended on? Would they faithfully observe their oaths? Would they respect such of the general laws of the realm as they might not approve of? Would they prefer the good of the state to their party interests? These questions comprehend no slight portion of what is called the Catholic Question, and the Catholics are assuredly answering them, by their conduct, with a flat negative. Who could trust those who thus violate a solemn pledge? Who could believe that those who thus evade the obligations of the law, would not evade the obligations of an oath? Who could think that those, who thus wantonly disregard such statutes as do not please them, would spare either statute or in-

stitution that might stand in the way of their party interests? Who could imagine that those, who thus strive to sacrifice their country for party gain, would hesitate in thus sacrificing the empire? No one. The personal character of the Catholics must be looked at as narrowly, as the nature of their religious creed and discipline.

What renders this conduct the more unpardonable, is, it was totally unnecessary for the promotion of the Catholic cause; it was only calculated to do this cause injury. The Catholics had the full sanction of the law for holding as many public meetings as they might wish, for the purpose of discussing their grievances and petitioning; and their cause needed nothing more. What occasion had they for a regular collection of money from the whole of their body? To what honest purposes could this money be applied? Was it likely that their avowed intention of using it for bribing the press, interfering with the administration of the laws, and influencing elections, would benefit them? Was there any probability that they would derive advantage from the abusive, seditious, and inflammatory speeches of Shiel and O'Connell? When these speeches were of necessity held to speak the sentiments of the whole body—of the Aristocracy and Clergy, as well as the lower orders—and when they were calculated to recall the Rockites to their work of desolation, was it at all likely that they would have any other effect than to strengthen the hostility of England? Could such men as Lord Killeen imagine that they would gain the friendship of this country, by arraying themselves to the farthest point against the laws, by addressing the most outrageous appeals to the worst passions of the Irish people, and by sowing the seeds of tumult and atrocity? If the Catholic Aristocracy and Clergy cannot act without such men as Shiel and O'Connell—if they cannot keep the feelings of their body alive without such speeches as these men make—if they are compelled to be the followers and instruments of these men, cannot they discover that all this forms an unanswerable reason for continuing the disabilities?

Other men have, however, trans-

gressed as well as the Catholics, and with even less to justify them. The new Catholic Association has been joined, actually or practically, by various Protestant nobles and gentlemen, by members of the House of Commons—by English Peers. Certain of these are intimately connected, in one way or another, with certain members of the Ministry. Law-makers and law-administrators—men who ought to possess the intelligence and honour of gentlemen—have not scrupled to become prominent and active adherents of a body which was ostentatiously formed to defy, and trample upon, the laws, which evidently violates the spirit of the laws in the grossest manner, which scatters throughout Ireland the most libellous and seditious appeals, and which is demonstrably calculated to incite the people to despise the laws, and resort to the most illegal and criminal conduct. That no means exist for preventing these shameless men from having any further share in the making of laws, is a matter to be deeply lamented; we hope, however, that the government will do its duty, and deprive every one of them of his commission as a magistrate. If they be countenanced by any members of the Ministry, we trust that his Majesty will remember the obligations that rest upon him, and dismiss such members from the service of the country.

Mr Martin—the individual who so laboriously and honourably superintends the execution of laws of his own framing—has made himself a member of this body, which exists to resist the laws framed by others, and prevent them from having any effect. Now, if we, and all right-thinking men, concede that Mr Martin's laws ought to be obeyed, we cannot possibly concede that those of other people ought to be disregarded. We can never admit, that Mr Martin ought, in the same moment, to bring men to punishment for violating his own laws, and to practically violate laws which he has not brought into being. We say no man has a right to punish a carman, or drover, for cruelty to a brute, and then join in that which is evidently calculated to incite men to rob, burn, and assassinate each other;—to bring each other to ruin and the gallows. The Member for Galway's Association has brought the

Rockites again into the field, and until we see him exert himself against their cruelty, we shall think very poorly of his humanity.

Lord Darnley always professes in Parliament to be particularly anxious for the welfare of Ireland. Although it is impossible for us to compliment him on his talents and wisdom, we will say that his parliamentary conduct is, upon the whole, moderate and respectable. His lordship is likewise a legislator. Of this new Catholic Association Lord Darnley has become an active adherent. Did he think that the people of Ireland were too obedient to the laws and the government, and that they needed the example of men like himself to teach them to despise them? Did he believe, that he had a right to trample upon laws, merely because he voted against them in the legislature? Did he think that factious and seditious associations were likely to remove Ireland's evils? Did he imagine, that by identifying himself with the demagogues, and giving currency and weight to their slanderous and abominable speeches, he would correct the feelings of his Irish tenantry, and benefit the peace of Ireland? Did he suppose that the renewal of party war, and of the outrages of the Rockites, would ameliorate the sufferings of the Irish peasantry? Did he deem it meet and proper for a peer of England to become the colleague of the Shiels, O'Connells, and Lawlesses—of agitators and radicals—of Papists and reformers? When we see men thus belie their words by their conduct, what are we to think of them? We gave some evidence, in our last Number, of our being the friends of the Nobility; but when we see Nobles thus striving to debauch the minds of their tenantry—thus arraying themselves against the laws and government—thus feeding turbulence, disorder, and crime—thus linking themselves with democratic levelers, to produce the most grievous public evils—we will not spare them on account of their titles. We will hold them up to public scorn and indignation, and we will invoke upon them a double portion of these because they belong to the Nobility.

Lord Darnley, as we have already intimated, stands not alone. Various other Protestant Nobles, English and

Irish, belong actually, or in effect, to the Association. The case is the same with various members of the House of Commons, and others who rank as gentlemen. On looking over the list, we find among them individuals who are reputed to be some of the worst landlords in Ireland—men who are constantly absentees—who never see their estates—who leave their tenants to the rapacity of blood-sucking agents and middle-men—who will not make the smallest sacrifice, or stir a finger, to purge their lands of men of the worst character. These individuals, who are thus insensible to duty and shame, can yet listen to the voice of faction; and while they will do nothing to benefit the tenants, they can be active to render them still more depraved and miserable. We find likewise in the list, the names of Mr Spring Rice, and others who call themselves patriots—who cant of their love of, and their readiness to sacrifice themselves for, their country. These people, it seems, imagine that they will benefit their country, by filling it with party strife and madness—by blasting almost everything that was taking root in it for good—and by teaching their countrymen to disdain yet more heartily the laws and the government, and to be yet more disorderly and ungovernable. Because they cannot give their country what they wish, they are resolved that it shall have nothing—because they cannot remove the Catholic disabilities, which every one knows would not have the least effect on the worst of Ireland's evils, they are resolved to prevent, as far as possible, the removal of any of these evils—because they cannot bring O'Connell and his confederates into the executive and the legislative, they are determined to keep the peasantry in barbarism, crime, and misery. Patriotism? The blackest traitor abounds with such patriotism. Out upon such patriots! they are a disgrace to both Ireland and Britain. A blessed day, will that be for the world, which shall see their native dust cover the last of them.

These persons may say, that as the laws cannot reach them, they are not acting against the laws; but do they think, that any reflecting man in the empire will be duped by such pitiful sophistry? The Association to which

they belong has boasted, from the day of its birth to the present hour, that it has triumphed over the laws—that it has conquered the legislature and executive—and that it does, what a statute passed in the last session was intended to prevent it from doing. They know this—they know that this Association is acting in direct opposition to law and government—they know that their conduct is calculated to keep from Ireland the things that are essential for removing its misery and depravity—they know that they are scattering around them the most powerful stimulants to insubordination and crime—they know that what they are doing inevitably tends to make the British people more determined in their hostility to the claims of the Catholics, and to render Britain and Ireland bitter enemies. We say that they *know* this—once more we say that they *know* it. If they were ignorant, we would spare them on account of their ignorance; if they were poor, their poverty should render us lenient; but they are men intelligent and rich—men of rank and title—men possessing high dignities and important public trusts—men holding direct control over a large part of the community—men whose especial duty it is to set an example of obedience and loyalty, to inculcate good principles, and to exert themselves for the weal of the empire. Moreover, they are not carrying on their operations in this country, where the rest of the community could prevent them from doing much mischief; but they are at work where they may produce the most fearful individual and public calamities. Their efforts tend to injure the character and fortunes of millions—of a whole people; and they tend likewise to generate treason and rebellion, and to involve the empire in intestine war. We can find nothing in them, save what is calculated to swell that indignation to the highest pitch, which their conduct must excite in every well-principled bosom—save what commands us to show them no mercy. We show them none now, and, if they persevere, we will show them none hereafter. If we cannot correct their conduct, we may at least contribute to show its true character to both Britain and Ireland; if we cannot prevent them from producing evil, we shall, at any rate, have the

consolation of knowing that we fight the battles of both countries, but more especially those of the sister one, against them.

We have not yet enumerated all the causes to which our warmth and severity are owing. How long the minority is to be bound by the majority in this country, we know not; but this minority seems to have very fully convinced itself that it constitutes the nation. It always represents those who compose the majority to be people destitute alike of talent, knowledge, and principle, and worthy only of being disdained and hated. If it went no farther than this, its besotted vanity would only excite our laughter; but it is now taking upon itself to act conformably with its speeches. Here are Members of both Houses of Parliament—Noblemen and Gentlemen of large fortune and influence—Magistrates—with an immense host of other people of all ranks—openly resisting and rendering ineffective a law which was passed in the last session by the almost unanimous wish of the nation, merely because they do not approve of it. These people, it appears, are to obey no laws, save such as they may sanction. What they draw their exclusive privileges from, we know not; but we know that they do not draw them from the constitution and laws of England. This has commenced—we say it with shame—in the highest classes, and in Ireland; and it is abundantly manifest that, if it be tolerated, it will soon reach the lower classes, and England. If it be tolerated, we shall soon see the violation of almost every law represented to be meritorious; and almost every law openly trampled upon.

We believe ourselves to be far more faithful friends to liberty, than those who call themselves its exclusive worshippers. We hate all kinds of tyranny—we hate the tyranny, not only of Kings, Ministers, and other public functionaries, but that of parties, factions, combinations, and individuals having no official authority—we hate everything that tends to injure liberty, no matter whether it proceeds from the former of these, or the latter. We believe that a state of things has arisen in this country which threatens liberty with destruction. Stupendous combinations are rapidly growing up in the three kingdoms, of the most baleful character. The Catholics have formed

themselves into one stupendous combination—the working classes have formed themselves into another stupendous combination—a large number of Nobles have formed themselves into a third mighty combination. The combinations comprehend among them many millions of members; and among these members are to be found Nobles, Legislators, and some of the most influential men in the community. Their objects are not things sanctioned by the laws and constitution—things having nothing to do with personal benefit, and seeking public good alone—things approved of by the well-disposed part of the nation, and calculated to produce only common benefits. These combinations are actuated almost solely by personal interest. The Catholic one, and the Noble one, seek to make vital changes in the laws and constitution—that formed by the working classes, seeks to tax the nation to the highest point possible for its own profit—all war against existing laws and the rest of the community; all seek their own benefit at the cost of the rest of their fellow-subjects; all seek to accomplish that which the rest of the population believes would bring the most grievous evils upon the empire.

These combinations keep the country, more or less, in a state of disorder and convulsion; they openly resist, and render inoperative, several statutes; they beard and paralyze the Government; and they tyrannize, in the most abominable manner, over the freedom and property of a vast portion of the community. A very large part of the inhabitants of Britain and Ireland would enjoy a far greater share of liberty, and security of person and property, under the Autocrat of Russia, than they can now enjoy under the King of England. They derive but miserable consolation from being told that they are oppressed and robbed, not by public functionaries, but by men who have nothing to do with the service of the state. The country which is under a despotic government, enjoys more real liberty than the one in which immense bodies of unofficial men are suffered to render themselves tyrants in the name of freedom. General liberty is at present suspended in this country; and, if these combinations be suffered to exist, they will destroy it utterly. The individual can do nothing against the body; he can only do what the body may permit—

it matters not what the laws of the realm may say, he must obey the will of the body. The Government is now prevented from doing its duty to the individual by the power of the combinations; and if the latter continue, they must get the legislature and executive more and more under their influence; they must get the laws more and more at their mercy.

Let the nation never forget that the greater part of the men who are thus trampling upon its constitution, laws, rights, and liberties, are the very men who eternally protest that they are the *only* friends of all these. Let the nation never forget that the Peers and Members of the House of Commons, who have ostentatiously connected themselves with the new Catholic Association, are the very men, who, a year or two since, declared in Parliament that Associations were the curse of Ireland; that they were the enemies of ALL Associations; and that they wished ALL Associations whatever to be put down. We hope that, at any rate, a part of the nation will do its duty towards the latter. We hope that the untainted portion of our nobility and gentry will treat them as honour and truth command that they should be treated.

We must now turn to other matters. A large share of instruction may be drawn from the causes which have led to the failure of the Association. It was asserted in the beginning of the late session, as a matter which dispute could not touch, that the influence of Mr O'Connell was omnipotent with the whole body of the Catholics. The worthy lawyer himself pretty broadly intimated that the peace of Ireland was dependent on his nod. It was maintained, that the rejection of the Catholic Bill would involve Ireland in rebellion. Mr Brougham protested that the most dreadful horrors and calamities would follow such rejection. Mr Brougham is called by some a great man; and if falsified reason and prediction can make a man great, he is certainly the greatest man that ever existed. The Bill was rejected. Mr O'Connell and his confederates instantly held meetings in London, at which they uttered the most inflammatory speeches, to be, of course, transmitted to Ireland—the leading Opposition papers published the most atrocious incitements to rebellion, and yet Ireland remained tranquil. The

demagogues were absent, and not a single outrage was committed on account of the loss of the Bill.

We are constrained to regard this, when we look at the character of the people of Ireland, as a decisive proof that the great body of the Catholics do not care a straw about what is called Emancipation.

Mr O'Connell—the all-controlling Mr O'Connell—gave his sanction to two Bills which were called securities to the state. The one was to alter the elective franchise to the Protestant, as well as the Catholic; and it was thought by some that it would operate in favour of the Catholics as a party. The object of the other was, to provide liberally for the Catholic clergy out of the public purse, without interfering in any way with their nomination and conduct. If the Catholics would have lost a trifle by these bills in one way, they would have gained far more by them in another, putting out of sight Emancipation. Mr O'Connell, we say, gave his sanction to these Bills; he was supported in it by certain of the Catholic prelates, and the aristocracy, and yet it destroyed his influence with the great body of the Catholics. This body left him, the prelates, and the aristocracy, to follow Lawless, Cobbett, Hunt, and others of the same school of politics.

Now, in the first place, if the body of the Catholics be anxious for Emancipation, they would certainly have been most willing to concede for it, what no one called more than a trifling equivalent; and what we, and others beside, believed would prove a source of benefit to them as a political party. We regard this to furnish another decisive proof that the great body of the Catholics do not care a straw about what is called Emancipation.

In the second place—The bill for altering the franchise would have affected the Protestants the same as the Catholics, and it would have left the latter much greater privileges with respect to the franchise, than are enjoyed by the mass of the British people. If the other bill had placed the clergy in the smallest degree under the influence of the Government—control was out of the question—no one dreamed that this influence would extend to religion, or to anything, save factious and disaffected conduct. Yet the body of the Catholics would not, even for the sake of Emancipation,

surrender an iota of their power as a political party, or concede anything that might restrain their priests from being furious political leaders on the side of turbulence and sedition.

Now, if the Catholics wish, as they say, to be loyal and good subjects—if they wish, as they say, merely to be placed on an equality with the Protestants—if they are only desirous not to form a separate political party anxious for supremacy and the overthrow of the Protestant Church, but to blend themselves as politicians with our Whigs and Tories, why do they act in this manner? Why are they not satisfied with that which would leave them considerably above the British Protestants in political privilege?—Why do they leave Mr O'Connell, their prelates, and their aristocracy, to follow such politicians as Lawless and Cobbett? We esteem this to form an incontrovertible proof that the body of the Catholics are anxious to form a separate political party—that they are anxious for political supremacy—and that they are anxious for the overthrow of the Protestant religion, and the accomplishment of sundry political projects of the worst character.

In the third place,—The all-controlling Mr O'Connell, the prelates, and the aristocracy, were in favour of the "securities." Some of the inferior clergy, and the mass of the democracy, were against them. No doubt, the former were able to bring over the latter to their opinion? No! Then, at any rate, they adhered to their opinion? No! The all-controlling Mr O'Connell himself could not prevail on his brethren to think with him, and he solemnly withdrew his support from the bills; he declared that he could never again support anything in the shape of security, and that he would join the rest in demanding unqualified Emancipation. In the face of the determined hostility of the Peers, and the British nation, the Catholics now positively refuse to concede anything in return for the removal of the disabilities. Would men do this, anxious for such removal, and for nothing beyond it?

We esteem this to prove decisively, that many of the inferior priests, and the great body of the Catholics, are actuated by the worst feelings and views, and that Mr O'Connell, the aristocracy, and their other heads, have no influence in controlling those

feelings and views. We esteem it to prove decisively, that, if the disabilities were removed, those heads would have to guide them in the most dangerous conduct, or they would not be suffered to guide at all; and that these heads would guide them in such conduct, rather than be forsaken by them. We esteem it to prove decisively, that if the Catholics were admitted to power, they would be led by revolutionary fanatics and demagogues, and that they would choose such parliamentary representatives only as such fanatics and demagogues might approve of. We esteem it to prove decisively, that the Catholics, as a body, are influenced by feelings and wishes which would render it perilous in the extreme to remove the disabilities.

Silk gowns are fearful things to some people. Mr Brougham's denied silk gown caused him to batter his own reputation to pieces; and it is said that Mr O'Connell's promised silk gown has destroyed his popularity. It seems to be very certain that the latter sagacious lawyer did stipulate for, and was promised, a silk gown, (lawyers cannot labour without wages,) and it appears the conditions were, in part at least—if there be anything yet concealed, it is not for us to reveal it—that he should sanction the “*securities*,” and keep himself and his brethren from such conduct as might injure the Relief Bill in its progress through Parliament.

Doubtlessly, Mr O'Connell's bargain caused a most astounding change in his language and conduct; but we cannot perceive that he made by it, so far as regarded the Catholics, any sacrifice of principle. It was the deed of a petty tradesman—of a man always thinking of *self*, always looking out for profit, always upon the catch, willing to tread on the verge of knavery, but not caring to go beyond it. Mr O'Connell has since abundantly proved that his change of language and conduct was hypocritical in the last degree, and that no change whatever took place in his heart. If, however, the question were put to us—Could a man, holding in his hands the cause of millions, make a bargain unknown to these millions which should convert this cause into a source of private profit to himself, without destroying his honour?—we should say, No! If the bargain should benefit and not injure the cause, our answer would

be the same. Mr O'Connell's bargain did not make him a traitor to the Catholics, but it made him a hypocrite to the Protestants; it spared his honesty, but it took his honour.

Those who made the bargain with Mr O'Connell acted in a far more inexcusable manner than himself. An exalted legal dignity was here to be bestowed by some member or other of the Government, not for legal merit, but for political conduct; it was to be given as a reward for promoting what a large portion of the Government was decidedly opposed to. This seems to us to be very incomprehensible. The country, however, we have reason to think, judges of the matter as it ought.

If we admit that Mr O'Connell justly forfeited the confidence of the Catholics by his bargain, still that which he conceded was conceded by the Aristocracy and the English Catholics—those who made no bargain whatever. So far as regards the body for which he acted, the conditions were beneficial ones. This body now turns from him in scorn, not because he made a bargain which was to benefit himself, but because he did not demand *unconditional* Emancipation.

It is for the British people to reflect deeply upon these matters; it is for them to look seriously at these among other things. 1. That the Catholics now refuse to give any securities to the state, and insist upon unconditional Emancipation. 2. That they have refused that with contempt, which would leave them more highly privileged, with regard to the elective franchise, than the British Protestants. 3. That, while they place their own Church perfectly above the reach of the general government, they demand to be admitted into the legislature and executive, to legislate for, and control, the Church of England. 4. That they demand to possess what the Protestants possess, while they positively refuse to give what the Protestants are compelled to give in return. And, 5. That they have abandoned their leaders in favour of men of the worst principles; because these leaders advanced a single step to meet the just wishes of the state, displayed a trifling portion of moderate feeling, and consented to give the most frail security that could have been imagined for preventing their priests from being teachers of disaffection.

We are now giving away so profusely to our dependencies, and other nations, that it is to be feared we shall soon have not much left for ourselves. We, however, trust that the English Protestant will not yet be willing to give to the Irish Catholic liberties and privileges which he is not allowed to possess himself; and that he will not consent for this Catholic to receive liberties and privileges from the state at half the price which he is compelled to pay for them. So long as the British sceptre shall endure, may the Englishman stand in the first rank of those whom it may govern! Let this sceptre perish, rather than have the task cast upon it, of thrusting him aside, to place other of its subjects above him in favour and possessions! We are sure that he has not yet forfeited his rights; and we think he is not so far unworthy of his ancestors, as to lack the spirit for asserting them.

A great deal is very justly said against the interference of our own admirable clergy with politics. The Whig champions of the Catholics have said far more against such interference than other people. Now, this new Catholic Association, which is so warmly supported by the Whigs—which is so warmly supported by various Protestant Peers and Members of the House of Commons—numbers a large portion of the Catholic clergy among its members. It has declared its intention of writing to every Catholic priest in Ireland, to solicit him to promote its *political* objects—its *illegal* objects. We say illegal, because in everything that constitutes the essence of illegality, it is an illegal Association. Lord Clifden—the absentee Lord Clifden—is a member of this body; the very peer who declared in Parliament, that if a clergyman of the Church of England should touch upon politics in the pulpit, he ought to have his ears nailed to it. The same men who, in Parliament, almost denied the right of our own Clergy to petition—who declared that the Catholic question was a political one, and that it was improper in the Clergy to intermeddle with it—the same identical men use the Catholic Clergy as their chief instruments in this “*political*” question; they plunge them into the hottest fire; they cast upon them the chief part of the labour. To enlarge on this nauseous conduct would be idle; we describe

it and leave it to the scorn of our countrymen.

A number of the Clergy of the Established Church of Ireland have, it seems, been willing to meet a like number of the Catholic clergy, to debate the great question touching the circulation of the Scriptures. This threw the Whigs and their scribes into horrors. It was injuring Protestantism, benefitting Catholicism, getting up strife and discord, and we know not what else. These people are eternally crying up the work of discussion, but it seems that it is pernicious in religious matters. These friends of free inquiry and discussion, of the freedom of speech and the liberty of the press, would fix chains upon every mind and tongue that might wish to attack the dark tyranny of Catholicism. They conceive it to be perfectly consistent with peace and harmony for the Catholic priests to be members of the Association—to collect the rent—to circulate the speeches of Shiel and O’Connell, and to fill every parish with the flame of seditious faction; but if the regular clergy wish to exercise one of their clearest rights and most important duties, it, forsooth, is to get up strife and discord. Dr Doyle has prohibited his clergy from engaging in such debate, on the ground that religion ought to promote peace. This is no doubt true, and it is equally true that nothing would tend more to promote permanent peace in Ireland than decorous religious discussions. When Dr Doyle shall call from circulation his inflammatory political writings, shall abstract himself from politics, and shall prohibit his clergy from connecting themselves with, and acting for, the Association, we shall then, but not before, think that he has some regard for that peace which religion teaches.

Let the established Clergy of Ireland, however, persevere in the cause of the Bible—let them despise the opposition of men in power, and men out of it—let them look only at their duty to their God, their religion, and their flocks. If anything could stimulate them to increased exertion, it would surely be the success of the past. What fruit have their labours of the last year yielded? A spirit of religious inquiry has sprung up in almost all quarters—a demand has arisen among the lower orders for Bibles, quite unprecedented

—the reformation, in the words of the excellent Archbishop of Dublin, has been commenced in Ireland—admissions and confessions, tending to destroy the worst parts of Catholicism,* have been wrung from the Catholic clergy, (nothing but the Bible-debates could have extorted them,) and circulated through the country—the Catholic clergy now speak of educating the people, and even of supplying every poor man with a Bible. Is all this nothing? Has it done nothing for genuine Christianity? Has it gained nothing for the poor Catholic, and done nothing for the good of Ireland? And would it have taken place if they had slept at their posts, instead of holding their Bible-meetings and Bible-discussions? A year ago the Catholic priests forced themselves into the contest; now they dare not enter it. Could the regular Clergy desire a more triumphant proof than this of the success of their efforts? They brought the intolerant and barbarising spirit of Catholicism before the eyes of the whole British people; and they brought the moral weight of the whole British people to act against this spirit, and bear down the opposition of the Catholic clergy to the instruction—the Bible-instruction—of the lower orders. Did this yield no benefit to Protestantism, to Ireland, and to Britain? and could they have done it by anything but the Bible-meetings and Bible-discussions? The men who, in the last year, were the greatest benefactors to Ireland—who contributed the most to lay a sure foundation for Ireland's future peace and prosperity—were those Clergymen who so eloquently and nobly fought the battles of the Bible. We will put the interests of Protestantism out of sight, and we will say that the mere statesman—the infidel statesman—who cannot perceive it, is not endowed with sufficient capacity to take the smallest share in managing the interests of the British empire.

Poor Ireland! At a time when almost everything exists that might tranquillize and relieve it—when the British Government and the British nation are anxious to make every effort to remove its real evils—and when peace and prosperity are beginning to dawn upon it;—at such a time, its pretended friends are straining every nerve to keep from it every benefit, and to aggravate its miseries. At such a time, here are landlords corrupting their tenants, and forcing them into the strife of faction—here are legislators bringing the laws and government into contempt, and lighting the flame of disaffection and rebellion—here are ministers of religion employing boundless religious authority in favour of sedition, insubordination, tumult, and crime. These persons boldly stand in tremendous array to oppose and neutralize everything that has been, or that may be, done for the good of their country. They shamelessly labour to extract personal and party profit from the blood, and tears, and guilt, and sufferings, of their countrymen. The laws permit them to do this, and the indignation of Britain, and the curses of Ireland, smite them not in their work of iniquity. We may wonder at this and deplore it, if we can do no more. If, however, we possessed what some men in the nation possess, we would make a determined effort to go much farther. We would try whether the sterling hearts of our countrymen could not be made to furnish a remedy—whether Parliament could not be prevailed upon to prevent the laws from being evaded and trampled on—and whether the Constitution could not be employed to crush these stupendous combinations, and prevent this daily sacrifice of the best interests of Britain and Ireland. We might fail, but we should be far more disgraced by not making the attempt, than by the failure.

* We ought long since to have noticed, with due praise, the admirable speech delivered by Sir R. H. Inglis in the House of Commons, touching the Catholic Relief Bill. It was barbarously reported in almost all the papers. The best report of it appeared in that sound and excellent Journal, the *St James's Chronicle*. No other speech that was made bore more closely upon the merits of the question, or gave so powerful a description of the determined hostility which the general—the unchangeable—Catholic Church manifests towards almost all kinds of knowledge and instruction in the present age. We wish his speech had been plentifully distributed throughout the country. Its portraiture of Catholicism would have thrown a flood of light upon the real character of the pretended friends of knowledge, science, education, and free inquiry and discussion, who are now acting the part of champions to this religion.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQUIRE.

Laudator temporis acti se puero.

THE quality of commending the days that are long past, though generally ranked among the imbecilities of the old, is, however, a frequent source of entertainment and edification to the youthful listener. I believe there are few who have attained the age of mature judgment, that do not look back with some regret at that want of curiosity or impatience of disposition in their early years, which precluded them from learning many things, which, however uninteresting when acquirable, appeared in a very different light when the means of acquiring them were lost. I have heard many intelligent persons, when asked concerning circumstances which they might have easily learned from their parents or seniors, acknowledge and lament an ignorance too late to be repaired. To the records of a private family, matters often of great, though commonly of confined interest, how much more than can now be known, might have been added, had the young been as disposed to listen as the old were to impart! With respect to anecdote and information of a more public character, much also has been irrecoverably lost by the same inattention, the value of which may be estimated by the eagerness and avidity universally shown in the purchase of Memoirs written by persons who have acted any prominent part on the great theatre of the world. How much amusing and instructive matter, for instance, would be wanting, if Horace Walpole, trusting to the chance report of younger men, many of whom must have heard all the private history he has related, had neglected to commit it to paper himself. Few indeed had opportunities of knowing so much, or possessed ability to relate them so well; but an inferior degree both of knowledge and talents would have sufficed to communicate very interesting and agreeable matter, now buried in hopeless oblivion, or at best affording food for uncertain conjecture.

That my humble recollection of scenes long past will either interest or amuse so wise and learned a generation as the present, I must not pretend to hope; yet in the multiplicity of

subjects which a Periodical like yours embraces, I may not be unreasonable in expecting to find a place. Your extensive object is to cater for all palates but the vicious; it is a literary banquet laid before a great variety of guests, in which, to carry on my metaphor, the cheap and humble food is a necessary ingredient. All the fruit cannot consist of pine apples, all the meat of turtle and turbot. The personages to whom I shall advert, were, indeed, in the highest class of the delectant and the intellectual, whom none that have seen or known can remember without admiration and respect, and so far even the little that I shall add may not be altogether unworthy of the reader's notice.

Sitting the other day with a volume of the Rambler before me, I happened turn to No. 200, in which is contained a letter with the signature of Asper, generally supposed to convey severe and pointed reflections on the upstart vanity of the author's constant friend and quondam pupil—the celebrated David Garrick. A note, with the signature C, informs us that this was universally allowed to be the case; and it receives confirmation from Mr Boswell, who represents Mr Garrick to have been of the same opinion, and, as might be well supposed, much hurt at the unkind nature of the aggression. These, sir, are strong authorities, particularly the last; and yet I must confess myself to be still incredulous. That Mr Garrick's sudden elevation might have crossed his mind when he was about to draw a general picture of upstart influence, and also that he might have borrowed some circumstances of a fictitious story from what really happened when Garrick and he went to seek their fortunes in the great metropolis, may be, and probably is, very true; but farther than this I find it impossible to go. I can by no means be brought to believe, that it was a particular satire upon that particular man, or designed as a veracious representation of what had at any time occurred between them.

In the first place, no vestige remains, even among the minute and indefatigable inquiries of Mr Boswell, of

any breach of concord and amity between these two most remarkable, though most opposite characters; which could not have been the case, had the scenes related by Asper really taken place. On the contrary, though necessarily separated for some years, and while each was working his way to notice, when they did meet, it was always with affection on the part of one, and with love and respect on the part of the other. Johnson, indeed, incapable, from defect of sight and hearing, to derive pleasure from dramatic performances, affected to treat with contempt an art which, however delightful to others, was tiresome and insipid to himself. I say he affected to do so, because it is not easy to conceive that a man, who was not above writing plays, should yet be above commending actors; and that he should think those wholly beneath his dignity, to whose powerful aid he looked for the reward of his labour, and the success of his composition. That he did not disapprove of the stage upon principle, the fact of his having written for it, is sufficient proof; and that he should have felt a real contempt for those talents and that art, which he was exerting all the powers of his genius to set off and dignify, seems a little difficult of belief. If we are not satisfied to account for it on the ground of that inconsistency which he sometimes displayed, I believe we must be compelled to admit, that there was something like envy at the bottom. Had Garrick been unsuccessful, we should probably have heard nothing of the great Moralists's contempt for the histrionic art; but the reports of his advancement in public esteem, the admiration he excited, and the fortune he accumulated, were not, I am afraid, beheld by his great preceptor, whose extraordinary talents were not calculated for sudden prosperity, without some mixture of envious dissatisfaction. The underlings of the stage, like the old Grub-street or the modern Cockney writers, may justly be condemned without impeaching the excellence of their respective professions—the arts of literary composition, and dramatic representation. The fame of those who attain great eminence in these pursuits is indeed very different—that of the one being temporary and evanescent, of the other permanent and progressive; but the talents and

accomplishments on which the Grecian dramatists depended for the advantageous exhibition of their plays, which Cicero culogised, and which several of the first men of these realms vied with each other in admiring and extolling, must surely be entitled to an epithet very different from contemptible.

But we must do our English moralist the justice to say, that though he affected to undervalue the Roscius of his day, and was not very sparing of censure himself, yet he always supported him against the attacks of others. These, indeed, the probable offspring of envy also, were not directed against that art in which all allowed him to excel, but against personal peculiarities and imputed penuriousness. Common prudence, among those whose general conduct was of an opposite character, might have been amply sufficient to incur a charge of penury. It was a phenomenon as little looked for as the extraordinary splendour with which he surpassed his fellow-actors. Johnson, however, was his constant and successful defender, averring that Garrick, to his knowledge, had given more to the calls of indigence and distress than any person with whom he was acquainted. This, indeed, was honourable testimony, and fortifies my opinion, that such a friend as Johnson, a stern lover of written truth, though a playful supporter of conversational paradox, could never have sat down deliberately to pen so malicious and unwarrantable an attack on the man who loved and respected *him*, and for whom *he* professed warm and parental affection.

But there remains an argument of internal evidence still stronger. Garrick had been, literally speaking, his benefactor. In 1749, only three years previous to the publication of Asper's letter, Garrick had exerted all his influence, his talents, and his scenic skill, in bringing forward and fitting for the stage the tragedy of Irene. This had been unsuccessfully presented to former managers, nor can we blame their unwillingness to accept it, when we consider, that all the exertions of Roscius himself were insufficient to prolong its date, or render it a lasting favourite of the public. Enough, however, was done, to gratify the author's dramatic ambition, to enhance his public fame, and to put money in his purse. This was gratifying a writer in the

tenderest point, and not without some sacrifice on the part of the gratifier, for we may be well assured that the judgment of the manager was in opposition to the kindness of the friend. However beautiful as a composition, Garrick well knew that it wanted the natural requisites for public exhibition—as he said himself to Boswell—"declamation roared while passion slept."

Garrick became manager in 1747; in 1762 (the date of the letter), though rich, yet he had not as yet attained that high degree of affluence which seems to suit the character of Prospero. His fame was greater than his fortune. But, even admitting a sufficiency of the latter, the transition from poverty to wealth was not so very sudden as to justify a portrait of such puerile vanity; for Prospero's character is not that of a man who has, in the course of a few years, enriched himself by personal merit of a very distinguished and peculiar nature, but of a fool who, by some lucky chance, finds himself in the possession of unexpected riches. To all which when we add, that Johnson and Garrick were on the most familiar and friendly terms, that the former was a frequenter of the theatre, and, to the no unfrequent annoyance of the manager, admitted behind the scenes, it will hardly be thought credible, that such a letter as Asper's should have been sent into the world by a man of Johnson's high reputation for moral integrity, to vilify, ridicule, and expose such a friend as David Garrick! My respect for Johnson forbids me to believe it, because it involves a charge of deliberate baseness, or at least malice, unworthy of any honest man, and wholly alien from his general character. I am farther of opinion, that had the scope of the letter been what is generally supposed, Johnson would have erased it from his Rambler after the death of that friend, of whom he speaks in the warmest tone of affection, and with ample acknowledgment of his extraordinary powers as an actor. This he might have done without any diminution of literary fame, for his excellence consists more in general precept than particular delineations of character; his stories are drawn from a mind of great power and extensive reading, not from personal acquaintance with particular classes, and living manners. I hope, at least, for the credit of both the par-

ties, that I am right; and I believe, that the opinion I have been endeavouring to overturn has been founded on the casual resemblance between the beginning of Asper's letter, and Garrick's first journey to London in company with, and under the protection of, his old tutor Sam. Johnson. This is the only striking point of assimilation; for the rest has nothing peculiar, beyond what might have occurred between any two acquaintances, one of whom became suddenly rich, while the other continued poor. This, however, might have excited some surprise in a mind so sensitive as Garrick's.

Of David Garrick, thus presented to my mind, (to adopt Johnson's phraseology,) I must be permitted to indulge the remembrance. I am, perhaps, one of the few now living who have had the happiness of seeing him on what may be justly called the theatre of his glory, the stage of Drury-Lane. At an early period of life it was my good fortune to pass a winter in London, and that happened to be the last season of his appearance. He performed regularly twice a-week; and I very rarely missed an opportunity of being present. It was, indeed, a work of no small difficulty to one who preferred sitting in the pit, for the purpose of seeing him to greater advantage, for I was obliged to go long before the doors were opened, and to encounter a scene of confusion and jostling, in which many suffered severely, though youth and strength like mine found nothing serious in the obstacles to be overcome. The difficulties, however,—and had they been ten times greater, the result would have been the same in my estimation,—were overpaid by the appearance of Roscius, and the wonder-working power of his inimitable performance. The account left us by Tom Davies in his *Dramatic Miscellanies*, and his *Life of Garrick*, is so copious, and generally so just, that it would be useless, as well as tedious, to go over the same ground. I shall therefore confine myself to a few particulars. Though for a good number of years a stranger to the stage, and, from the nature of my avocations, by no means friendly to scenic exhibitions, yet at that period of my life the stage occasionally afforded one of my most favourite public delectations. I know nothing more of it than what was exhibited to my eyes and ears, and when

there appeared nothing offensive to the moral sense, never troubled myself with considering what the private character of the actors and persons employed might be. Virtue was sometimes exhibited in bright, and vice in hideous colours; but to a young and lively mind, entertainment was the great object, entertainment derived from the skilful display of tragic feeling, and the laughable drollery of comic humour. When a student in the University of Dublin, I had frequent opportunity of seeing almost all the great performers of that day—Roscius alone excepted—Barry, Sheridan, Mos-sop, &c.; and to say the truth, they appeared to me to carry their various excellencies to the highest point of theatrical excellence. The first of these derived great advantage from a beautiful countenance, and fine person; and there were in consequence a few parts in which he has never been surpassed. I had even ventured to spout myself, that is, to recite parts of tragedy with what I then thought the necessary graces of theatrical strut, measured cadence, and vociferous ranting. The fame of Mr Garrick naturally excited a great curiosity to see his performance, in order that I might employ my own judgment in ascertaining how far he was justly entitled to pre-eminence in an art which I had seen exercised with what I thought consummate ability. I had heard, indeed, that he was a closer copier of Nature in his representation both of comic and tragic parts, but not perceiving anything unnatural in the representation of heroic dignity, as exemplified in the performance of the great actors I had seen, and being quite satisfied with the skill of those who excelled in the comic line, I could not clearly conceive in what Mr Garrick's superior delineations of natural action could consist. This, of course, increased my impatience to behold the man who was universally allowed to have reached the highest attainable perfection of his art.

The play-bill in which I first saw his name announced as an actor, was for the tragedy of Zara, the part of Lusignan by Mr Garrick. There was something of disappointment in this, for the old King does not appear till the third act, has little to do, and that little, as it seemed to me, of too trifling a nature to give scope to

any display of great or peculiar powers. The three principal parts were well sustained, particularly that of Zara, by Miss Younge, (afterwards Mrs Pope,) whose only want was that of beauty. Though probably there were not many, who, like myself, had never seen Mr Garrick, yet the general impatience for the third act seemed equal to my own; there was a good deal of noise in the house, and few appeared to be very attentive. At length a general buzz proclaimed his approach, and all was hushed when he entered—a pin might have been heard to fall. The power with which he riveted the auditors, of whom, while the scene lasted, every eye was fixed on him alone, was, you may be sure, peculiarly felt by me, a native of another country, and one who, until a few days before, had never flattered himself with a hope of seeing Mr Garrick. In truth, many minutes had not elapsed after he began to speak, before I became aware, not only that I had seen nothing like him, but that I had formed an erroneous judgment of what acting ought to be; that, in short, the general usage of the theatre had framed a plan for itself, and that Nature, as exhibited by this her favourite disciple, had laid down another. Every word, look, gesture, and movement, in none of which was the smallest show of the artificial, were so exactly suited to the character, that the idea of a part acted was out of the question—it was not Garrick acting Lusignan, it was Lusignan himself—by a kind of magic like that of Belnoborbo, the old king was conjured from his grave, and exhibited to the spectators *in propria persona*, as just liberated from the long confinement of his dungeon—first unable to distinguish objects in the light, after such a length of gloomy incarceration, and afterwards gradually recovering the power of vision. Garrick was completely excluded from my mind, and my feelings were wholly engrossed by the affecting situation and pathetic language of the old and venerable object before me. Another striking peculiarity, applicable also to every part he played, and which belonged but very partially to any other actor I ever saw, was that exquisite art of elocution which compelled you to believe that what he spoke was not a conned lesson, but suggested by the exigency of the moment, and the im-

mediate dictate of his own mind. You could not prevail upon yourself to think that it was an actor repeating words he had got by heart, and endeavouring to suit the action to the speech, which is the usual idea of dramatic deception, and under which, while you applaud the performance, the idea and name of the actor are always present to your mind,—no, in the inimitable Roscius you forgot the representation, and thought only of the thing represented. It was not Garrick, but Lussignan, Richard, and Lear, that were before your eyes, nor was it until the exhibition was at an end that you had leisure to reflect upon the magic illusion by which he was enabled to represent them so faithfully to your view.

In comedy he shone with at least equal lustre, and it is one of the most inconceivable things in the world, how one man should have been able to exhibit such an amazing contrast and variety of powers as fell within the range of his performances, in most of which he had nothing like a rival, and in none of which was he surpassed. The same set of features which, in the animating or pathetic scenes of a tragic part, could thrill the very soul, exalt it into admiration, or sink it in irresistible distress, were with equal art employed in the most delightful display of comic gaiety, or laughable humour. The strictest adherence to propriety was always observed, the droll never descending into buffoonery, nor the lively into extravagance. In no single instance, I believe, was he ever known to transgress the rules so admirably delivered by his Hamlet, or to outstep the modesty of nature; a temptation, which, ever since his time, and under the force of his example, few have been able wholly to resist. Wonderful, indeed, it is to think that the action, features, and demeanour which convulsed the spectator with laughter, in the Lying Valet, in Scrub, or in Abel Druggar, should be capable of so great a metamorphosis as was exhibited in the heart-rending distress of Lear, the tyrannic vivacity of Richard, or the terrifying remorse of Macbeth. Wonderful it is to think that something of the tragic cast of countenance should not occasionally appear in the low comedian, or something of the droll be exhibited in the hero. But alike true to nature in all the en-

chantment that rivetted the temporary attention of the spectator, he never suffered it to wander into a thought of anything beyond the object presented to his view.

Mr Garrick's person was below the middle size, but exquisitely well formed, and manly. The power of his eyes, on the varied expression of which so much depended, has been noticed by every writer on the stage-subjects of his day, and may be more easily conceived than described. They were, indeed, so significant, and accompanied with such ease and propriety of action, that, except in long speeches, words seemed hardly necessary to indicate his meaning. It appeared to me, that their force was often unpleasantly felt by the other actors, who seemed to be embarrassed and overpowered by the scrutinizing keenness of his glances. Another consequence of his acting was, that the singular ease of his manner made other performers almost invariably appear stiff and awkward.

I don't know a better mode of conveying some idea of his excellence, than by stating an experiment I have more than once made, which was, after having seen Garrick in a particular part, to go the next night to see the same performed by another. Many persons, I dare say, still remember Lewis, one of the most lively and agreeable actors then on the stage. Lewis was announced for Ranger at Covent-Garden, the night after I had seen Garrick perform it at Drury-Lane. Fresh with recollection, I went, and, had I never seen Garrick, should certainly have been delighted with the manner and vivacity of Lewis, who, besides, was my countryman. To say that Lewis was very inferior to Garrick, is saying nothing. Though wishing to be pleased, and under the influence of a favourable prepossession, my disappointment was extreme. I was tired and mortified: Such was the insipidity of that celebrated comedian's performance, when put into competition with the wonder-working powers of the English Roscius.

You will ask me, if I have seen among his successors any who were capable of reminding me, or who were successful followers, of this extraordinary man? There was one, *proximus sed longo intervallo*, who could have given some idea of him, for he seemed to have formed himself on his

model, and was not unlike him in figure—Henderson; but he did not long survive his master. John Kemble stood on very high ground, but it was his own: his range of acting was great, but confined; nor was there in anything the smallest similitude between him and David Garrick. Of the actors of the present time I know nothing.

Mr Boswell, in his interesting Tour to the Hebrides with Dr Johnson, has recorded a critical observation made by an officer of rank and intelligence respecting Mr Garrick's performance: "He fails," said he, "sometimes in emphasis; for instance, in the part of Hamlet, preparing to address his mother, he says, I will speak *daggers* to her, but use none:—now, the emphasis should be on the word speak." Nobody defending the actor, the critical propriety of the correction was, of course, admitted. Now, I am inclined to regard it among the proofs of Mr Garrick's unremitting attention to nature in the performance of all his characters. He is supposed to be speaking the immediate dictates of his own mind, not a set of words learned by rote. In this view of the case, I consider him as uttering the first part of the sentence without any reference to the second. Considering within himself how necessary it was that he should awaken her remorse and contrition, by bringing her crime in full view, he says, "I will speak *daggers* to her—my words shall pierce her very soul." Filial affection then takes the alarm at the word daggers, and he adds—the thought instantly taking possession of his mind—"but use none:"—*her* life shall be sacred, however I may deal with the murderer of my father. This, if I am not mistaken, is the way in which nature would speak; and that it is so, I build upon better authority than my own—that of the incomparable Garrick.

I do not know how far these observations may be acceptable to your readers, to myself they have recalled many pleasant recollections. To you I am in part indebted for them, for they were in a great measure, if not entirely, suggested by a very sensible article in your 103d Number, entitled the Drama. Though now, and for a long time past, neither a frequenter nor an admirer of theatres,

yet am I not among the rigid disciples of that moral or religious school which condemns them as altogether unfit for a Christian country. I know of no divine precept forbidding relaxation from severer duties, or occasional relaxation either of body or of mind. There are, indeed, many individuals, whose grave and solemn functions are wholly incompatible with the pursuit of public amusements; but the great body of the people neither can nor ought to be divested of innocent and temporary pastimes. It seems, therefore, to be a duty of the State to provide such as are least likely to injure, and which may, as far as possible, combine instruction with amusement. For occasional recreation the people will look; and if something of this kind be not provided for them by public authority, they will find out something much more exceptionable in its tendency and nature for themselves. Mr Brougham, it seems, is for making them philosophers and politicians; a very dangerous experiment, I fear, and far worse than even ill-regulated play-houses. From these if they return unimproved, yet they will return pleased, and in good humour. From the philosophic institution they will come out anything but philosophers—they will come out with hearts full of rancour, heads full of self-sufficiency, conceptions teeming with political projects, and minds soured with envy, hatred, and discontent. Theatrical exhibitions, in which the Church herself was once so deeply concerned, are so very captivating to the general sense, that if they could be made at once conducive to instruction and amusement, I do not see why Government should not take active measures to improve, amend, and extend them. That this is an impracticable undertaking, I can by no means discern; and if not, it seems well worthy of serious consideration. But speculations of this kind are neither suited to my habits of life, nor abilities of discussion. I leave them in better hands, satisfied that, if you shall think them deserving of notice, you have abundant means of doing them complete justice. I remain, Sir, your constant reader and friend,

SENEX.

Cork, Sept. 6, 1825.

ORIENTAL COLLEGE IN ENGLAND.

PROTESTANTS are in the habit of accusing the Church of Rome of a desire to keep in darkness, rather than to enlighten, the minds of its votaries; but whatever may be the justice of the accusation as applied to the conduct of that Church towards its flock in Europe, it must be acknowledged that all our societies for the propagation of Christianity and the diffusion of knowledge, have done little, very little, to improve the intellectual condition of their brethren in the East, when compared with the extensive and unwearied exertions of this very Church, which we are in the habit of denouncing as the nurse of ignorance, rather than the mother of knowledge. One of its organs alone (The Propaganda) has done more to enlighten the nations of Asia than all our societies, with their enormous funds, have been capable of affecting, or ever can effect, under their present system; and had the operation of this institution not been clogged by bigotted and illiberal religious restrictions, and a load of clumsy and unprofitable scholastic divinity, which in the course of instruction was reared on a foundation worthy of a better superstructure, we might have seen, by its means, the lamp of learning and knowledge lighted in the remotest parts of the habitable world.

There may be various opinions on the advantage of sending out missionaries to attempt the conversion of nations of different persuasions, but amongst reasonable men there can be but one opinion on the propriety of diffusing knowledge and facilitating instruction. One of the effects of superior knowledge on the mind of man is to awaken in him a desire to convey to others what he knows, and to point out the road, and make smooth the path which leads to the elevated situation to which he has himself attained.

Whatever then may be our feelings towards the Church of Rome, in regard to other matters, we cannot but admire the magnificence and wisdom of that part of its system which aims at the instruction of a portion of the youth of all nations in the Propaganda, (a college established for the purpose,) where they are maintained and edu-

cated, free of every expense, and thence returned to their native countries, civilized and enlightened—where the classic languages of Europe, and a portion of its science, are taught to the Syrian, the Copt, the Abyssinian, the Arminian, the Nestorian, the Chaldean, and the converted Jew and Mahomedan—while each is enabled to pursue the study of his own native language.

When sufficiently advanced in knowledge, the young men are employed as missionaries, as interpreters to ambassadors, or are returned to their families with a gratuity to assist them in establishing themselves at home as instructors of their countrymen. Thus is the influence of the See of Rome extended over distant countries, where the names of the greatest potentates of Europe are unknown.

If the Church of Rome has found in the Propaganda, the most effectual means of establishing and extending her influence, especially in Asia; and if that institution alone has done more than all the rest of the world to improve and ameliorate the condition of the Eastern Christians, and to add to their numbers; if experience has shown, that a man teaches with most success amongst his own people—why should we, who have been lavish of our treasures in the cause of humanity, disregard or neglect to avail ourselves of the lesson to be derived from the experience of others? If such an institution has proved to be so powerful an organ at Rome, why should it be less so in England? Let her, by one great exertion in the cause of civilization, of literature, of science, and of religion, raise up to herself the means of turning to advantage her liberality and her zeal. She will then receive from the nations of Asia, young men who will be returned each to his own country, in a condition to add more to its stock of knowledge than could be added by the most learned foreigners. She will send abroad instructors who have engrafted her learning upon their own, and who have acquired knowledge without losing the means of imparting it. She will multiply instruction far beyond what she could do by employing only her own people; and she will then

work not by separate and divided efforts, but by system and combination.

If we wish really to do good—if we seek the welfare and happiness of mankind—if our object is to be useful rather than vainly ostentatious of our philanthropy—if we prefer a small portion of solid substance to a great expanse of shadow—let us turn ourselves to rouse the intellectual capacities—to open up the minds and to cultivate the understandings of the uncivilized and uneducated. Let us till the soil before the seed be sown, or it will be sown to little purpose. In the present state of society in Asia, a single school is worth a thousand sermons and ten thousand disputations, be those as eloquent, and these as subtle, as they may. You must teach men to reason before you can call upon them to be convinced by your arguments. You must enable them to distinguish truth from fallacy before you can make them comprehend which they are trusting to. Let us then give them knowledge, that they may thirst for more knowledge—let us instruct all who will receive our instruction, of whatever persuasion and of whatever people.

It is a source of real pleasure and satisfaction to perceive in active exertion amongst ourselves, a respectable association, for the purpose of establishing schools in the East, in which children of all persuasions can be educated without any violent attempt being made upon their faith, whatever it may be; and whose object is the diffusion of knowledge and advancement of civilization, which it justly believes to be the surest guides to truth. But though the schools established in Asia cannot fail to render essential service to a multitude of persons, their operation must still be limited as to the numbers which they can embrace, and even more so as to the amount of instruction which they can afford. A large proportion of the children will be withdrawn from them as soon as they are strong enough to work, for they must then contribute to their own maintenance; and those who can remain, will find that they have at an early age exhausted the means of instruction which the school affords them. Let us then find some means by which a certain number at least may be carried to the higher branches of education; and, when we have made

them really learned and good, let us send them home ornaments to their families—organs of instruction to their people, and subjects of gratifying reflection to ourselves.

This can only be done, effectually and efficiently, by establishing in England, a seminary which shall combine with the extensive operation of the Propaganda, religious principles more liberal, and a course of education more enlightened, and better calculated to expand the mind and improve the understanding.

One intelligent Asiatic, thoroughly educated in England, and educated expressly to instruct his countrymen on his return home, would, by his knowledge of the language in which he was teaching, and of the characters and feelings of his pupils, do more for his native country than half a dozen foreigners, each far superior to him in any other sphere. A love of learning—an emulation in the pursuit of knowledge, would be excited amongst the young men of his own nation; and by the continued operation of the institution, an uninterrupted stream of improved intellect would be pouring into every country in connexion with the seminary.

Few people, we imagine, will question the advantages of such a system, though some may, perhaps, doubt of the practicability of carrying it into effect. But why should we doubt? We see a long list of wealthy societies established for useful purposes, whose exertions are often ill directed and fruitlessly made—often even for want of the advantages which such a seminary as we propose would afford them.

We mean not to question either the motives or the judgment of the many good and worthy persons who have given their labour and their means to promote Christianity in every corner of the earth—but we lament, and cannot but lament, to see so much zeal, so much goodness, so much wealth, and so much labour, expended on ground which, for want of cultivation, is returning almost nothing. We lament to see them vainly labouring to rear a superstructure before they have laid a foundation on which it can stand.

Let these societies then devote *a twentieth part* of their ample incomes to accomplishing an object which will give effect to their future exertions

Let them combine to lay the foundation on which all of them may hope to build.

Let the literary societies, and literary men of England, consider what advantages they will derive from the seminary. Let them remember that Rome owes many of her most valuable Eastern manuscripts, and much of her extensive though unavailing information on Eastern subjects, to the Propaganda. Let them consider what facilities will be afforded to those who desire to learn Eastern languages—what a mass of Eastern information will be continually brought into our country, and what organs will be prepared for pursuing inquiries on every Eastern subject.

Europe owes to Asia more knowledge than she can ever repay; and England, more than the other nations of Europe, is her debtor. Let her come forward, then, and at least show that she is not unwilling to acknowledge the obligation. Let those who owe more immediate personal advantage to their connexion with the East, set an example of liberality and zeal, and let all men who believe that it is good to make men better and wiser, follow the example which will be set them.

Let us not be met by any cold-blooded doubts of the inclination of Asiatics to avail themselves of the advantages of such an institution. A large body of the Christians of Asia has already come forward to entreat from England, as a boon, that which it is our duty and our advantage to afford them; and we have seen Asiatic Mahomedans

sent to England, at a cost which private individuals could hardly have defrayed. We have, therefore, no reason, no right, to entertain such a doubt, or to shelter ourselves under it.

Let some of those who have means, and weight, and inclination, to advance this work, (and we know there are such,) come forward boldly, and at once open a subscription for the establishment in England of a College, where a certain limited number of young men from the countries of the East, of all persuasions; shall be regularly instructed, free of expense—where they shall be taught the classic languages of Europe—where the mines of history shall be laid open for them—where they shall become acquainted with the more useful sciences—where they shall continue to study their native languages under competent European and native teachers—where their habits shall be frugal, and their mode of life simple—and where each shall have it in his power to follow the tenets of his own religion. Let the College be open to all Europeans who are inclined to benefit by the means of instruction which it will afford, and let these be made to contribute to the support of the institution.

Let such a subscription be fairly commenced—let us have a few good names and round sums to begin with—let us have one or two meetings of respectable noblemen and gentlemen to give countenance to the measure, and times are changed in England if it is not finished in a twelvemonth.

Z.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS AND MR MARTIN.

"WHY, this is very midsummer madness," says the Lady Olivia, when she detects Malvolio in the highest indulgence of his dreams of insolent absurdity. "'Tis midsummer moon with you," is an old English proverb, to be found in most of our collections; and if graver authority still be wanted, I refer you to that excellent work, *The Commonwealth of England*, written by the great Sir Thomas Smith, in the days of good Queen Bess, for the fact, that, in this realm, "The people in the warm time be for the chief more unruly."—(P. 70, edit. 1583.)

The midsummer moon, Mr North, seems to have poured her brightest beams upon "Ambrose's Athens" during the last of your "Noctes Cœnæque"—I cannot on this particular occasion add—"Deum." Now that the air has been chastened with a few night-frosts, and the leaves begin to assume the sober livery of autumn, I am in hopes that you will not cast your eye over the pages in which that "colloquy divine" is embalmed without some feeling of regret—I had almost said of shame. If I were in your place, I know full surely what my own sensations would be. At all events, permit me to expect, that, at the fag-end of September, you will listen quietly to what a staunch friend of Maga, and of the Good Cause, thinks it incumbent on him to say to one whose occasional errors give him pain exactly in proportion to the gratification which he has long received, and hopes he shall long continue to receive, from the contemplation of the general character of Christopher North's conduct in his high and important office.

That the opinions expressed in the last of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," in regard to Mr Wordsworth, are really the opinions of Mr North, I cannot for a moment believe—in the face of the long and triumphant battle which Maga has fought in assertion of that gentleman's character and genius. As little, I would fain take upon me to decide, does the sober intellect of the sage Christopher sanction the wild and cruel rhapsody of which my worthy friend, the Member for Galway, is made the subject by those jovial interlocutors. The jocular depreciation of Wordsworth will, I daresay, be understood well enough by those who,

from long experience, know, that in reality the Poet of the Lakes has no admirer in the world half so efficient as yourself; they will perceive at once that you were all in your *lunes* when such things were said, or supposed to be said. But I do not remember that Mr Martin's name was ever before introduced in your pages, and am the more concerned that it should have been introduced for the first time in this manner; because, sir, it happens to be the fact, that at this moment the character of that most humane and generous individual is rendered *systematically* and *SERIOUSLY* the butt of the malevolent wit (if wit it can be called) of a portion of the periodical press, with which, in general, no one seems to hold less in common than the person I have the honour of addressing. The nonsense which you have permitted yourself to set forth, for mere nonsense' sake, is cherished and applauded, I have no doubt at this moment, as solemnly thought and deliberately said, by creatures who for once enjoy the satisfaction of finding a name that really does carry weight and authority with it on their side—their own paltry side.

Mr Martin, a gentleman of ample fortune, has carried this Parliament a bill for the prevention of *Cruelty to the inferior Animals*. This bill renders every person convicted under it, liable to a certain penalty. Mr Martin chooses to remain in town during the long vacation, to watch over the operation of this bill; and it has often happened that after persons have been declared by the Magistrates liable in the penalty in question, Mr Martin has been found interceding on their behalf, to have the punishment incurred by them mitigated, they having appeared to him to express contrition for the offences of which they had been found guilty, and professed their determination to avoid all similar transgressions in time to come. In these particulars, even according to the showing of your "merry men," the head and front of Mr Martin's culpability consists, and for these things it is that he is heedlessly and jestingly by some, but soberly and of full forethought and device by others, held up to the derision of the unreflecting portion of the reading public.

I think it must, however, be a very

small portion of this public indeed, upon whom such sneers, with whatever intention uttered, can produce any effect, except that of creating not very enviable feelings in regard to those who indulge in them. Is there then, sir, no such thing as *cruelty* to animals in the world—and, if there be, is it the real opinion of any man, that the prevention of such cruelty does not fall within the fair limits of legislative enactment? It is impossible, it is argued, to draw a line where discipline ends and cruelty begins. No, sir, this is not a matter of impossibility, but only of difficulty—and if law-givers are never to interfere unless in case of plain-sailing, I do apprehend the business of codification may easily be reduced into very moderate limits. Every one admits that a parent and a schoolmaster have the right of chastising their children and their pupils—here also it is difficult, but it is not impossible, to draw a line between discipline and cruelty—and accordingly in all Christian nations, the distinction has in all ages been recognised and acted upon. The question comes to be just this: are, or are not, the inferior animals whom God has given to man entitled to be used by man *with humanity*? Have we the same right to domesticate a cat for the destruction of our vermin, and to set up a *cat in a barrel*, (according to the abominable Christmas game, which I fear is not yet entirely exploded in some parts of the country,) to be shot at with arrows by the boys of a village, and to excite and gratify the most fiendish feelings of poor human nature, by the contortions it exhibits under the infliction of maddening, unavoidable, irresistible, and escapeless torture? There is no occasion for going into hair-breadth imaginable cases, where the interests of science may be hauled in, however absurdly, to perplex plain people's judgments. I hold to the broad view of the everyday business of this world. Are we entitled by the laws of God, and ought we to be entitled by the laws of man, to take advantage of the power which our reason, best gift of Heaven, lends us, to the infliction of uncalled for pain upon the humbler animals of God's creation. But really, sir, when the matter is stated thus gravely, I do not believe, I will not believe, that there can be two opinions *avowed* as to it by any being worthy of the name of man. I shall not in-

sult *you* most certainly by supposing it possible, that if there be two opinions, you can follow that which must presuppose not only a total want of heart, but, laying *heart* altogether out of the question, the most lamentable imbecility or distortion of understanding.

If the principle of Mr Martin's bill was right, then the only question that remains is as to the propriety of his conduct in regard to it since it passed into a law? Now, sir, who is Mr Martin?—A man of large estate, and splendid connexions, as fond, as all who know anything of him are aware, of the ordinary pleasures of his station as most people. This gentleman, instead of amusing himself grouse-shooting in Galway, or strutting on the Steyne at Brighton, spends the dog-days in London, in order to watch over, *during the period of its novelty*, the operation of the humane law he has introduced into our statute-book. He *cannot* do this, no man *could*, without being thrown into constant collision with brutal hackney-coachmen and butchers' boys, and the, as some may take it, scarcely less offensive atmosphere of Bow-Street and Hatton-Garden.—And this is his offence! For this he is to be jeered at as a mere fool! Sir, I have no doubt the people who are capable of so regarding him for this part of his conduct, would have been equally capable of raising a laugh at the expense of the ignorant, the idiotical simplicity, the wilful and pitiable insanity, which alone could induce a *Howard* to quit his English fireside in order to explore the dreariest prisons of every European country, to breathe the foul air of every tainted moat near which some miserable outcast of the race was pining out his nights and nightlike days, to touch the filth, to inhale the horror of the damp dungeon-vapour,—and, finally, to die because he had resolved to hold his life as of no value, so he might teach *mankind* to mingle humanity with their justice to *man*. Howard taught that lesson, and Howard died. Mr Martin is endeavouring to teach a lesson, which differs from the other only in this respect, that the *victims* whom it befriends, are still more defenceless, still more helpless, than the others,—that they, unlike the others, have done *no* wrong, and that they have four feet instead of two.

That Mr Martin's intercession oc-

casionally for mitigation of these penalties should form a part of his *dittay*, moves my especial wonder. The *men* with whom he is thrown into contact are coarse in understanding and in feeling, and they have been accustomed all their lives to think that it is right and fitting, and nothing but what Nature and Providence meant, that the biped should do even as it seemeth good in his own eyes by the quadruped.

—For why—the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan
That they should *lash* who have the power,
And they should *goad* who can.—

A new law, announcing a new view of these matters, is put into operation. At first, of course, the difficulty necessarily felt in the administration of any such law is felt tenfold and a hundred fold. The object is *not* to punish in his pocket this or that individual hackney-coachman or bullock-driver, but to make it known among those classes of men that the law has interfered, and that they *must* henceforth conduct themselves towards their animals without *unnecessary* severity. What wonder, then, that the smallest expression of regret, accompanied with a promise of future good conduct, should be sufficient to render Mr Martin anxious to have the penalty mitigated in any particular case? It is not his object, but diametrically the reverse of it, to irritate and inflame the

minds of these men: He adopts the means which any man of common sense must see are the most likely to soothe the asperities of the feeling under which they have come to the bar of justice,—and for this he is *derided*.

Had Mr Martin been a Whig, Sir, we should have had none of all this nonsense—this—(I shall take leave to borrow two epithets)—this “brutal and blundering” nonsense. His name would, in that case, have been joined even already with those of the Howards and the Clarksons. For the Whigs would have done a Whig (at least) justice, and no Tory would have then been senseless enough to allow himself, even in a *tavern*, to cast one sneer upon conduct which, even in a Whig, his secret soul must have taught him to respect as the offering—of enthusiasm, if you will—yes, of enthusiasm, but of virtuous enthusiasm—of that temper of mind in which selfishness forms no part, which leads the individual to sacrifice, however *imprudently*, his time and his comfort to a great public end—and in the absence of which, I must be permitted to say, I doubt very much whether any very great and signal service, of any kind, was ever rendered by any one person, either to his country or his kind. I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

PHILLIPUS.

[We have had no hesitation about printing the preceding letter. Our friend has evidently taken a very serious view of what was not, nor was ever meant to be, anything but a joke. We take it not very many of *our* readers are so far behind-hand as to be in any danger of misunderstanding matters of this kind. We hope the atmosphere of Ambrose’s diffuses its anti-humbag influence farther, a great deal farther, than our venerable friend and monitor appears to give it credit for doing. Above all, we are very sure that the kind and merry spirit of Mr Martin is far above being moved, in the way our correspondent seems to suspect, by anything in the shape of a joke, even if it were a bad one.

Having now, in parliamentary phrase, *explained*, we beg leave to sit down. Mr Martin and his bill have few admirers more sincere and hearty than—

C. N.]

Buchanan Lodge, September 9, 1825.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XXII.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*

An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;

Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,

" NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;

" BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."

An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—

And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

NORTH.

LET us have some sensible conversation, Timothy. At our time of life such colloquy is becoming.

TICKLER.

Why the devil would you not come to Dalnacardoch? Glorious guffawing all night, and immeasurable murder all day. Twenty-seven brace of birds, nine hares, three roes, and a red deer, stained the heather, on the Twelfth, beneath my single-barrelled Joe—not to mention a pair of patriarchal ravens, and the Loch-Ericht eagle, whose leg was broken by the Prince when hiding in the moor of Rannoch.

NORTH.

Why kill the royal bird?

TICKLER.

In self-defence. It bore down upon Sancho like a sun-beam from its eyrie on the cliff of Snows, and it would have broken his back with one stroke of its wing, had I not sent a ball right through tis heart. It went up, with a yell, a hundred fathom into the clear blue air; and then, striking a green knoll in the midst of the heather, bounded down the rocky hill-side, and went shivering and whizzing along the black surface of a tarn, till it lay motionless in a huge heap among the water-lilies.

NORTH.

Lost?

TICKLER.

I stripped instantan—six feet four and three quarters *in puris naturalibus*—and out-Byroning Byron, shot, in twenty seconds, a furlong across the Fresh. Grasping the bird of Jove in my right, with my left I rowed my airy state towards the spot where I had left my breeches and other habiliments. Espying a trimmer, I seized it in my mouth, and on relanding at a small natural pier, as I hope to be shaved, lo! a pike of twenty-pound standing, with a jaw like an alligator, and reaching from my hip to my instep, smote the heather, like a flail, into a shower of blossoms.

NORTH.

Was there a cloud of witnesses?

TICKLER.

To be sure there was. A hundred stills beheld me from the mountain-sides. Shepherd and smuggler cheered me like voices in the sky; and the old genius of the solitary place rustled applause through the reeds and rushes, and birch-trees among the rocks—paced up and down the shore in triumph

NORTH.

What a subject for the painter! Oh! that Sir Thomas Lawrence, or our own John Watson, had been there to put you on canvass! Or, shall I rather say, would that Chantry had been by to study you for immortal marble!

TICKLER.

Braced by the liquid plunge, I circled the tarn at ten miles an hour. Unconsciously I had taken my Manton into my hand—and unconsciously reload-

ed—when, just as I was clearing the feeder-stream, not less than five yards across, up springs a red-deer, who, at the death of the eagle, had cowered down in the brake, and wafted away his antlers in the direction of Benvoirlich. We were both going at the top of our speed when I fired, and the ball piercing his spine, the magnificent creature sunk down, and died almost without a convulsion.

NORTH.

Red-deer, eagle, and pike, all dead as mutton !

TICKLER.

I sat down upon the forehead, resting an arm on each antler—Sancho sitting, with victorious eyes, on the carcase. I sent him off to the tarn-side for my pocket-pistol, charged with Glenlivat, No. 5. In a few minutes he returned, and crouched down with an air of mortification at my feet.

NORTH.

Ho ! ho ! the fairies have spirited away your nether integuments !

TICKLER.

Not an article to be seen !—save and except my shoes !—Jacket, waistcoat, flannel-shirt, breeches, all melted away with the mountain-dew. There was I like Adam in Paradise, or,

“Lady of the Mere,

Sole—sitting by the shores of old romance.”

NORTH.

Did not the dragon-flies attack you—the winged ants—and the wasp of the desert ?

TICKLER.

A figure moved along the horizon—a female figure—a Light and Shadow of Celtic Life—and, as I am a Christian, I beheld my buckskin-breeches dangling over her shoulders. I neared upon the chace, but saw that Malvina was making for a morass. Whiz went a ball within a stride of her petticoats, and she deflected her course towards a wood on the right. She dropped our breeches. I literally leaped into them ; and, like Apollo in pursuit of Daphne, pursued my impetuous career.

NORTH.

To Diana ! to Diana ascends the virgin’s prayer !

TICKLER.

Down went, one after the other, jacket, waistcoat, flannel-shirt,—would you believe it, her own blue linsey-woolsey petticoat. Thus lightened, she bounded over the little knolls like a bark over Sicilian seas ; in ten minutes, she had fairly ran away from me hull-down, and her long yellow hair, streaming like a pendant, disappeared in the forest.

NORTH.

What have you done with the puir lassie’s petticoat ?

TICKLER.

I sent it to my friend Dr M’Culloch to lie among his other relics.

NORTH.

The Doctor is a clever man ; but those four volumes of his are too heavy a load for the shoulders of the public. Besides, the doctor does not always speak the truth. You have perhaps seen the “Examination” of his Tour ?

TICKLER.

Shrewd, searching, sarcastic, severe. The examiner—said to be a literary gentleman of the name of Brown—gets the doctor’s head into Chancery in the first round, and continues at grievous head-work during the contest, which is short, the doctor slipping through his arms exhausted. An ugly customer !

NORTH.

People writing up books from old worm-eaten weather-stained journals, must fall into many blunders—mis-statements—misrepresentations. The examiner charges the doctor with wilful falsehood—and as he backs his charge with proofs most ably led, the doctor’s character as a man of veracity does at this present moment stand in need of vigorous vindication.

TICKLER.

One piece of insolence he never can do away with. Throughout all the four volumes, he addresses himself with the most nauseating familiarity to Sir Walter Scott, as if the illustrious Baronet had been his bosom-friend. “You and I, Sir Walter,” is the order of the page.

NORTH.

That would sicken a horse.

TICKLER.

In narrating conversations with Highlanders, the aim of which dramas is to expose them to ridicule, he always represents them as employing the Lowland dialect. Why not assert they spoke French or Hebrew?

NORTH.

His attempts against wit are most atrocious. Heaven protect us, so you suppose he talks so in company?

TICKLER.

Anybody that did not know the worthy Doctor so well as I do, would, I think, guess him to be a monstrous miser. Everybody, according to his account, is in league to cheat him—and one cannot read twenty pages of his work without figuring to one's self the doctor plodding along warily, with his hand in his breeches' pocket, securing his silk-purse, made out of a sow's-ear, from violation. Did he never reflect on the extreme poverty of the Highlanders in many remote moors and mountains, and understand the cause and character of their love of money? Is it less excusable in them than in himself?

NORTH.

If idle folks will wander over the Highlands, and get the natives to show them how to follow their noses through the wildernesses, ought they not to pay handsomely for being saved from perdition, in bogs, quagmires, mosses, shelving lake-shores, fords, and chasms?

TICKLER.

Undoubtedly; and if the orphan son of some old Celt, who perhaps fought under Abercromby, and lost his eyes in ophthalmia, leave his ordinary work beside his shieling, be it what it may, or give up a day's sport on the hill or river, to accompany a Sassenach some thirty miles over the moors, with his bit nag too loaded with mineralogy and botany, and all other matter of trash, are five shillings, or twice five, a sufficient remuneration? Not they indeed. Pay him like a post-chaise, fifteen-pence a-mile, and send him to his hut rejoicing through a whole winter.

NORTH.

Spoken like a gentleman. So, with boats, a couple of poor fellows live, and that is all, by rowing waif and stray Sassenachs over lochs, or arms of the sea. No regular ferry, mind you. Perhaps days and weeks pass by without their boat being called for—and yet grumble and growl is the go as soon as they hold out a hand for silver or gold. Recollect, old or young hunks, that you are on a tour of pleasure—that you are as fat as a barn-door fowl; and these two boatmen—there they are grinding Gaelic—as lean as laths;—what the worse will you be of being cheated a little?—but if you grudge a guinea, why, go round by the head of the loch, and twenty to one you are never seen again in this world.

TICKLER.

The Highlanders are far from being extortioners. An extraordinary price must be paid for an extraordinary service. But, oh! my dear North, what grouse-soup at Dalnacardoch! You smell it, on the homeward hill, as if it were exhaling from the heather;—deeper and deeper still, as you approach the beautiful chimney vomiting forth its intermitting columns of cloud-like peat-smoke, that melts afar over the wilderness!

NORTH.

Yes, Tickler—it was Burke that vindicated the claims of smells to the character of the sublime and beautiful.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes! Burke it was. As you enter the inn, the divine afflatus penetrates your soul. When up stairs, perhaps in the garret, adorning for dinner, it rises like a cloud of rich distilled perfumes through every chink on the floor, every cranny of the wall. The little mouse issues from his hole, close to the foot of the bed-post, and raising himself, squirrel-like, on his hinder-legs, whets his tusks with his merry paws, and smooths his whiskers.

NORTH.

Shakspearean!

TICKLER.

There we are, a band of brothers round the glorious tureen! Down goes the ladle into "*a profundis clamavi*," and up floats from that blessed Erebus a dozen cunningly resuscitated spirits. Old cocks, bitter to the back-bone, lovingly alternating with young pouts, whose swelling bosoms might seduce an anchorite!

NORTH (*rising*.)

I must ring for supper. Ambrose—Ambrose—Ambrose!

TICKLER.

No respect of persons at Dalnacardoch! I plump them into the plates around *sans* selection. No matter although the soup play JAWP from presses to crouper. There, too, sit a few choice spirits of pointers round the board—Don—Jupiter—Sancho—"and the rest"—with stedfast eyes and dewy chops, patient alike of heat, cold, thirst, and hunger—dogs of the desert indeed, and nose-led by unerring instinct right up to the cowering covey in the heather-groves on the mountain-side.

NORTH.

Is eagle good eating, Timothy? Pococke the traveller used to eat lion—lion-pasty is excellent, it is said—but is not eagle tough?

TICKLER.

Thigh good, devilled. The delight of the Highlands is in the Highland-feeling. That feeling is entirely destroyed by stages and regular progression. The waterfalls do not tell upon sober parties—it is tedious in the extreme, to be drenched to the skin along high-roads—the rattle of wheels blend, meanly with thunder—and lightning is contemptible, seen from the window of a glass-coach. To enjoy mist, you must be in the heart of it as a solitary hunter, shooter, or angler. Lightning is nothing unless a thousand feet below you, and the live thunder must be heard leaping, as Byron says, from mountain to mountain, otherwise you might as well listen to a mock peal from the pit of a theatre.

NORTH.

The Fall of Foyers is terrible—a deep abyss, savage rock-works, hideous groans, ghostlike vapours, and a rumble as if from eternity.

TICKLER.

The Falls of the Clyde are majestic. Over Corra Linn the river rolls exultingly; and, recovering itself from that headlong plunge, after some troubled struggles among the shattered cliffs, away it floats in stately pomp, dallying with the noble banks, and subsiding into a deep bright foaming current. Then what woods and groves crowning the noble rocks! How cheerful laughs the cottage pestered by the spray! and how vivid the verdure on each ivied ruin! The cooing of the cushats is a solemn accompaniment to the cataract, and aloft in heaven the choughs reply to that voice of the Forest.

NORTH.

Yes, Tickler—what, after all, equals Nature! Here in Ambrose's—waiting for a board of oysters—the season has recommenced—I can sit with my cigar in my mouth, and as the whiff ascends, fancy sees the spray of Stonebyers, or of the Falls of the Beauvy, the radiant mists of the Dresne! I agree with Bowles, that Nature is all in all for the purposes of poetry—Art stark naught.

TICKLER.

Yet softly. Who planted those trees by that river side?—Art. Who pruned them?—Art. Who gave room to their giant arms to span that roaring chasm?—Art. Who reared yon edifice on the cliff?—Art. Who flung that stately arch from rock to rock, under which the martins twitter over the unfeared cataract?—Art. Who darkened that long line of precipice with dreadful or glorious associations? Art, polity, law, war, outrage, and history, writing her hieroglyphics with fire on the scarred visage of those natural battlements. Is that a hermit's cell? Art scooped it out of the living stone. Is that an oratory? Art smoothed the floor for the knee of the penitent. Are the bones of the holy slumbering in that cemetery? Art changed the hollow rock into a tomb, and when the dead saint was laid into the sepulchre, Art joined its music with the torrent's roar, and the mingled anthem rose to the stars which Art had numbered and sprinkled into stations over the firmament of Heaven.

What then would Bowles be at, and why more last words to Roscoe? Who made his ink, his pens, and his paper?—Art. Who published his books?—Art. Who criticised them?—Art. Who would fain have damned them?—The Art of the Edinburgh Review. And who has been their salvation?—The Art of Blackwood's Magazine.

NORTH.

Go on, I'll follow thee. Is a great military road over a mountain, groaning with artillery, bristling with bayonets, sounding with bands of music, trampling with cavalry, red, blue, and yellow, with war-dresses, streaming it may be with blood, and overburdened with the standards of mighty nations, less poetical than a vast untrodden Andes, magnificent as may be its solitudes beneath the moon of stars? Is a naked savage more poetical than with his plume, club, war-mat, and tomahawk? Is a log of wood, be it a whole up-rooted pine, drifting on the ocean, as poetical as a hundred-oared canoe? What more sublime than the anchor by which a great ship hangs in safety within roar of the whirlpool? Than the plummet that speaks of the rock-foundations of the eternal sea?

TICKLER.

What is the chief end of man?—Art. That is a clencher.

NORTH.

I cannot imagine, for the life of me, what Ambrose is about. Hush! there he comes.

Enter Ambrose.

What is the meaning of this, sir?

AMBROSE.

Unfold.

(Folding doors thrown open, and supper-table is shown.)

TICKLER.

What an epergne! Art—art. What would our friend Bowles say to that, North? “Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.”—(*Transeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II.—*The Pitt Saloon.*

NORTH.

Hogg, with his hair powdered, as I endure!—God bless you, James—how are you all at Altrive?

SHEPHERD.

All's well—wool up—nowt on the rise—harvest stacked without a shower,—potatoes like stones in the Meggat—turnips like cabbages, and cabbages like balloons—bairns brawly, and Mistress bonnier than ever.—It is quite an *annus mirabilis*.

TICKLER.

James, my heart warms to hear your voice. That suit of black becomes you extremely—you would make an excellent Moderator of the General Assembly.

SHEPHERD.

You mistake the matter entirely, Tickler; your eye-sight fails you;—my coat is a dark blue—waistcoat and breeches the same—but old people discern objects indistinctly by candle-light,—or I shall rather say, by gas-light. The radiance is beautiful.

TICKLER.

The radiance is beautiful!

SHEPHERD.

Why, you are like old Polonius in the play! I hate an echo—be original or silent.

TICKLER.

James!

SHEPHERD.

Mr Hogg, if you please, sir. Why, you think because I am good-natured, that you and North, and “the rest,” are to quizz the Shepherd? Be it so—no objections—But hearken to me, Mr Tickler, my name will be remembered when the dust of oblivion is yard-deep on the grave-stone of the whole generation of Ticklers.—Who are you—what are you—whence are you—whither are you going, and what have you got to say for yourself? a tall fellow, un-

doubtedly—but Measure for Measure, is the comedy in which I choose to act to-night—so, gentlemen, be civil—or I will join the party at Spinks’—and set up an opposition Magazine, that

NORTH.

This is most extraordinary behaviour, Mr Hogg, and any apology

SHEPHERD.

I forgive you, Mr North—but

NORTH.

Come—come, you see Tickler is much affected.

SHEPHERD.

So am I, sir,—but is it to be endured

TICKLER.

Pardon me, James; say that you pardon me—at my time of life a man cannot afford to lose a friend. No, he cannot indeed.

SHEPHERD.

Your hand, Mr Tickler. But I will not be the butt of any company.

NORTH.

I fear some insidious enemy has been poisoning your car, James. Never has any one of us ceased, for a moment, to respect you, or to hear you with respect, from the time that you wrote the Chaldee Manuscript

SHEPHERD.

Not another word—not another word—if you love me.

NORTH.

Have the Cockneys been bribing you to desert us, James?

SHEPHERD.

The Cockneys! Puir misbegotten deevils! (I maun speak Scotch again now that I’m in good humour;) I would rather crack nuts for a haill winter’s nicht wi’ a monkey, than drink the best peck o’ mawt that ever was brewed wi’ the King himsel o’ that kintra.

NORTH.

I understood you were going to visit London this winter.

SHEPHERD.

I am. But I shall chuse my ain society there, as I do in Embro’ and Yarrow. Oh! Mr North, but the Cockneys are vicious upon Scotland the noo—and mair especially upon your Magazine. You may hae seen a noble, gran’, majestic cotch wi’ four, or aiblins sax bluid horses, wheeling awa so smoothly, and wi sae little splutter, that it seemed to be rinnin’ only at about seven miles an hour, when a’ the while it was snooven at thirteen,—and a’ at ance some half a score o’ mangy mongrels come yelping frae a close, or court, where they had been howkin’ out food from the fulzie, and trying to bite the verra rims, and spokes, and axle-tree, and hoofs, half-hungry and half-angry, half-fearfu’ and half-spitefu’, some wi cocket tails, but maist o’ them wi tails atween their legs, and wi bleared e’en watching the whip at every flourish o’ the gawcy driver, sittin’ on his box like a throne o’ state,—ane gets a clour on the head o’ him frae a stane that gangs spinning aff the wheel—anither gets a stamp frae the hind-hoof o’ Bucephalus—a third sprawls into the kennel, pursy and short-winded on garbage—a fourth staggering in his fright between twa passers by, after a caning from the one, is kicked by the other underneath a cobbler’s stall—a fifth lies down, panting as if his heart would break in the Macadamized mire of the approach to a great city, and pretends to be chawing a bone, whereas he is in truth licking his mangled paws—a sixth splutters off in quite an opposite direction, wi’ a yell that rues the day in which he and eleven other cynics were born—while a seventh (stranger to the rest of the pack) comes jingling by with a kettle at his tail, and throws quite a martial air over the meeting from his instrumental music—an eighth

NORTH.

Stop, James—stop—You have given me a pain in my side.

SHEPHERD.

Will you prece this blumanch, Mr North—it gangs slipping awa’ down the hawse without let or impediment, and lies on the stomach as snaw on snaw, Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

God bless you, James—another lobster—scarcely killed yet—but sweet as

SHEPHERD.

Kisses! Think shame o' yoursel. You that micht be, and perhaps are, a great-great-great-grandfather, speaking o' kisses afore twa callants like me and Mr North!

NORTH.

By the by, Shepherd, have you ever observed that ladies—married ladies chiefly—who are more than ordinarily religious, are very fond of good eating?

SHEPHERD.

Without religion a woman's just an even-doon deevil—wi' religion she canna, in spite o' her teeth, be onything else than an angel. But oh, sirs! Gluttony and greed in God's maist glorious earthly creatures is fearsome!

NORTH.

I agree with Byron in thinking that a lady should be cautious what and how she eats—in presence of her lover or husband. Tripe, oysters, pork-chops, pease-soup, a lady should be shy of.

SHEPHERD.

And rumbledethumps.

NORTH.

May I ask, with all due solemnity, what are they?

SHEPHERD.

Something like Mr Hazlitt's character of Shakspeare. Take a peck of purtatoes, and put them into a boyne—at them with a beetle—a dab of butter—the beetle again—anither dab—then cabbage—purtato—beetle and dab—saut meanwhile—and a shake o' common black pepper—feenally, cabbage and purtato throughither—pre, and you'll fin' them decent rumbledethumps.

NORTH.

Speaking of Mr Hazlitt—what think you of this charade?

Pygmalion is proud o'er his cups to disclose
Like a gem from Golconda my Twit at his nose;
Bacchus Hunt through the kingdom of Cockaigne is reckon'd,
In his bright yellow breeches, the Flower of my Second;
“Be my Whole,” cries Kit North, “to the winds flung away,
When my clans of Contributors rush to the fray.”

SHEPHERD.

I have it—I have it. It's a guid sharradd—but rather ower easy. Scab-bards!—Scab, ye ken, and bards.

TICKLER.

I hate personalities. Besides, why call that a scab which is only a pimple?

SHEPHERD.

I wush the conversation would tak something mair o' a lectetary turn—or wax philosophical, or theological, or even political. Has ony gude body o' Divinity been published since I was last at Ambrose's, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

No. A few volumes of Discourses, Sermons, Lectures, Charges, and so forth, but nothing worth taking with you to Yarrow, James. They want unction sadly.

NORTH.

In every sermon I have written—and the number is not few—I have carefully avoided subdivisions and practical conclusions. I have inspired a vital spirit through the whole composition. My sermons have always been exhortations—extreme length thirty minutes. They have in general been successfully preached to crowded congregations—little sleep, and no snoring—and have pleased both town and country.

SHEPHERD.

Havers. Either you or Mr Tickler would be an awfu' sight in a poopit—though I have seen some grim carls there, it maun be confessed, dreigh at the thoct, and dour at the delivery. But let me see, is there onything stirring in the poetical way? Alas! poor Byron.

NORTH.

People say, James, that Byron's tragedies are failures. Fools! Is Cain, the dark, dim, disturbed, insane, hell-haunted Cain, a failure? Is Sardanapalus, the passionate, princely, philosophical, joy-cheated, throne-wearied voluptu-

ary, a failure? Is Heaven and Earth, that magnificent confusion of two worlds, in which mortal beings mingle in love and hate, joy and despair, with immortal, the children of dust claiming alliance with the radiant progeny of the skies, till man and angel seem to partake of one divine being, and to be essences eternal in bliss or bale,—is Heaven and Earth, I ask you, James, a failure? If so, then Apollo has stopt payment—promising a dividend of one shilling in the pound—and all concerned in that house are bankrupts.

TICKLER.

You have nobly—gloriously vindicated Byron, North, and in doing so, have vindicated the moral and intellectual character of our country. Miserable and pernicious creed, that holds possible the lasting and intimate union of the first, purest, highest, noblest, and most celestial powers of soul and spirit, with confirmed appetencies, foul and degrading lust, cowardice, cruelty, meanness, hypocrisy, avarice, and impiety! Yet, in a strong attempt made to hold up to execration the nature of Byron as deformed by all those hideous vices, you, my friend, reverently unveiled the countenance of the mighty dead, and the lineaments struck remorse into the heart of every asperser. You wrote a noble prose commentary on those verses of my friend Charles Grant—although, perhaps, you never saw them—but congenial spirits speak one language on all great themes, in every age and in every country, separated though they may be by lands or seas, or by the darkness of centuries. Beautiful verses they are.

Talents, 'tis true, quick, various, bright, hath God
To Virtue oft denied, on Vice bestow'd;
Just as fond Nature lovelier colours brings
To deck the insect's, than the eagle's wings.
But then of Man, the high-born nobler part,
The ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Creative Fancy, labouring Thought intense,
Imagination's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song—
These, Virtue! these to thee alone belong!

SHEPHERD.

Gude safe us, man, Mr Tickler, but these be bonny, bonny verses. Wha's the composer?

TICKLER.

College—University—Cambridge—Prize verses, James.

SHEPHERD.

The deevil they are!—that's maist extraordinary.

NORTH.

It is the fashion to undervalue Oxford and Cambridge Prize Poems—but it is a stupid fashion. Many of them are most beautiful. Heber's Palestine! A flight, as upon angel's wing, over the Holy Land! How fine the opening!

Rest of thy sons! amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen! forgotten Zion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
Where suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn travellers seek the scanty spring?
Where now the pomp that kings with envy view'd?
Where now the might that all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate,
No prostrate nations in thy temple wait,
No prophet-lords thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, or sweep the flood of song,
But meagre Want and haggard Hate is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear;
While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivied shade.

TICKLER.

ginal Brutus is a powerful and picturesque performance—Chinnery's Dying Gladiator magnificent—and Millman's Apollo Belvidere splendid, beautiful, and majestic.

NORTH.

Macaulay and Præd have written very good Prize Poems. These two young gentlemen ought to make a figure in the world. By the way, you would be glad to see, Tickler, that Knight's Quarterly Magazine is *rediviva*?

TICKLER.

I was so. May it flourish. It is an able and elegant miscellany. Methinks I see the Opium-eater in last number. Having now connected himself with gentlemen, may his career be bright and prosperous, for he is a man of a million.

NORTH.

His original genius and consummate scholarship speedily effected the damnation of Taylor and Hessey's Magazine, according to my prophecy. All the other contributors looked such ninnies beside him, that the public burst out a-laughing in the poor Magazine's face. Then one and all of them began mimicking our friend, and pretended to be Opium-eaters. Now, the effect of the poppy upon the puppy is most offensive to the bystanders, and need not be described. A few grains more administered to the Ass's head in the Lion's skin, who forthwith opined himself to be an editor, and brayed upon the contributors, in the language of Shakspeare,

Friends, countrymen, and Luddites,
LEND ME YOUR EARS.

Taylor and Hessey, hearing "the din of battle bray," fled from the field.

TICKLER.

I fear the commissariat-department is at present badly conducted. The army is in great want of provisions.

SHEPHERD.

Puir fallows! they seem sairly disheartened, and to have lost a' discipline. What's the use o' their aye tantararaing wi' the trumpet, and rat-a-tooing on the drum, when the troops are maistly a' without musquets or beggonets, have never got richtly out o' the aukward squad, keep trampin' on ane anither's heels, and aye cursin' and swearin' like so mony limmers lugged along by the poleish to Bridewell?

TICKLER.

Political Economy is not a subject for a Magazine. Its principles should be explained at once—brought continuously before the mind. They may be applied to important subjects of trade and polity in a Magazine, as they often have been in yours, North—but the elements of the science must be given in a volume. The Opium-eater frittered away his philosophy of that science in detached papers that produced no effect on the public mind.

NORTH.

I agree with you perfectly. Would that we had his promised "Romance!" For, with all his logic, he is a man of imagination; and, bateing a little formal pedantry now and then, a master of the English language, God bless him.

TICKLER.

James, you are the worst smoker of a cigar in Christendom. No occasion to blow like a hippopotamus. Look at me, or North—you would not know we breathed.

SHEPHERD,

It's to keep mysel' frae fallin' asleep. I never heard you baith muckle mair stupider than you have been a' the nicht. A' my wonder is, how you contrive to keep up that Magazine. It's a waefu' sight to see a' the other Magas pining awa' in a kind o' green-sickness, just for want o' contributors, little bigger in bulk than the Living Skeleton now in London. But there gangs our ain Maga, a strapping quean, wi' a satisfied ee, a lilting voice, and a step o' elasticity, and, may I say't without coarseness, she's perpetually in the family-way. But Maga's your honest wedded wife, Mr North—and all her productions are legitimate. Hear till that auld watchman, crawling the hour like a bit bantam. What's the cretur screeching? Twa o'clock!! Mercy me!—we maun be aff.

(Exeunt omnes.)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Nearly ready, a fifth edition, revised and corrected, of the Rev. T. H. Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. In four large vols. 8vo, illustrated with numerous Maps, and Fac-Similes of Biblical MSS.

Sketches, Political, Geographical, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata; to which are added, a Description of the Mines in that Country; and an Appendix, concerning the Occupation of Monte Video by the Troops of Brazil and Portugal.

Sir J. Barrington's Anecdotes of Ireland will soon appear.

A Series of Sixty Engravings of Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery, and dedicated by permission to his Majesty, is preparing by Captain Batty of the Grenadier Guards.

Dr Shearman is preparing for the press Practical Observations on the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of Water in the Brain, viewing this Affection as an Accidental Circumstance occurring in various Morbid Conditions of the System, rather than as a distinct Specific Disease.

The First Number of the Pictorial Atlas of History, Chronology, and Geography, is just ready for publication.

The Adventures of Pandurang Hurree, a Hindoo, designed to illustrate the Manners and Character of the Natives of Hindoostan, but more particularly of the Mahratta Tribes, will shortly appear.

The Second Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon, and the Princess des Ursines, from the Original Letters in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul, is in the press.

Considerations submitted in Defence of the Orders in Council for the Melioration of Slavery in Trinidad; and upon the probable Effects of sudden Emancipation on Agricultural Industry and British Capital in the West Indies. In a Series of Letters which appeared in the Star Newspaper under the Signature of Vindex. To which is annexed, the Thirteenth Article in the Sixtieth Number of the Quarterly Review; and the Observations thereon, in a Series of Letters, which appeared in the New Times Newspaper, under the Signature of Anglus.

No. I. of The Translator; a series of Original Translations from Ancient Languages, to be continued monthly. No. I. will contain Translations from Lamar-

tine, Theocritus, Yriarte, Catullus, Simonides, La Fontaine, Euripides, Camoëns, Metastasio, Petrarch, &c.

A new Historical Novel is announced, entitled 'The Hearts of Steel,' by the author of O'Halloran.

250 Copies of a Translation of all the existing Fragments of the Writings of Proclus, surnamed the Platonic Successor, by Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, are announced as being in the press.

Part II. of Dr Kitchiner's Economy of the Eyes; and Treatise on Telescopes, being the result of thirty years' experiments, is preparing for publication.

The Death of Aguirre; Ianthe, a tale; Battle Abbey; Bodiam Castle; and other Poems, are announced for early publication.

In the press, The Turkish New Testament Incapable of Defence, and the True Principles of Biblical Translation Vindicated; in answer to Professor Lee's "Remarks on Dr Henderson's Appeal to the Bible Society, on the subject of the Turkish Version of the New Testament, printed at Paris, in 1819." By the author of the "Appeal."

A work on the plan of the German Literary Almanacks will be published early in the month of November next, by Messrs Baynes and Son, of Paternoster Row. The volume is intended more especially for the religious reader of literary compositions, and will therefore contain only those productions that have an obviously religious tendency. It will consist of Tales, Essays, and Poetry, by about twenty-five of the most popular writers of the age. The illustrations (twelve in number) are by Martin, Westall, Corbould, Brooke, &c., and the engravings by Heath, Mitchell, Melville, &c.

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In the press, and shortly will be published, the Principles of Analytical Geometry, designed for the use of Students. By H. P. Hamilton, M.A., F.R.S.E., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The four volumes of Sermons by the late Dr Doddridge, the publication of which was directed in his will, and which have hitherto remained in the custody of the family, will shortly appear.

The fourth volume of Grant's History of the English Church and Sects, bringing down the Narrative to 1810, is nearly ready for publication; being a reprint of the copy totally destroyed in the fire of Little Queen Street.

Mr E. T. Artis, the author of Roman Antiquities, to whose perseverance and indefatigable exertions the Public are indebted for the discovery of the Roman station at Castor, in Northamptonshire, has nearly ready for publication, in one vol. 4to, his Antediluvian Phytology, illustrated by a Collection of the Fossil Remains of Plants peculiar to the Coal Formation of Great Britain.

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In the course of the present month will be published, in 2 vols. post 8vo, the Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Literature; containing, among other articles, a Vision of the Poets—the Un-

known—Zerinda, a Fairy Tale—the Age of Books—Historical Sketches—Remarks on the Old English Ballads—Stanzas for Music—The Relief of Leyden—Going to be Married—The Miseries of Medwin—Lyrical Poems—Boarding School Reminiscences, &c. &c. &c.—This volume, which is the production of a lady, is, we understand, dedicated to Mr Wordsworth the poet.

Mr Thomas Roscoe is preparing for publication a series of the German Novelists, to be printed uniformly with the Italian Novelists.

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Our readers will be gratified highly, we doubt not, by hearing that our old friend the author of the "Annals of the Parish," &c. is resuming his own peculiar province, and is about to give us "The Last of the Lairds," promised so long ago in Sir Andrew Wylie. The Laird, like honest Micah, is, we understand, his own biographer.

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Next month will be published a translation of La Motte Fouqué's charming romance, The Magic Ring.

Mr Allan Cunningham is preparing for publication, Paul Jones, a romance, in three vols. post 8vo.

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London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 12.

	s.	s.		s.	s.		
Wheat, red, old	54	to	70	White pease	38	to	46
Red, new	50	to	57	Ditto, boilers	47	to	56
Fine ditto	58	to	64	Small Beans, new	50	to	52
Superfine ditto	65	to	68	Ditto, old	0	to	0
White,	52	to	58	Tick ditto, new	40	to	44
Fine ditto	60	to	68	Ditto, old	0	to	0
Superfine ditto	70	to	74	Feed oats	23	to	24
Rye	38	to	0	Fine ditto	25	to	28
Barley,	28	to	33	Poland ditto	24	to	26
Fine ditto	34	to	40	Fine ditto	27	to	30
Superfine ditto	42	to	45	Potato ditto	25	to	27
Malt	52	to	60	Fine ditto	29	to	31
Fine	62	to	70	Scotch	32	to	33
Hog Pease	42	to	46	Flour, per sack	55	to	60
Maple	47	to	50	Ditto, seconds	52	to	54
Maple, fine	—	to	—	Bran,	9	to	11

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Tares, per bsh.	3	to 9	Hempseed	—	to —
Must. White,	10	to 14	Linseed, feed.	33	to 44
— Brown, new	12	to 18	— Ditto, crush.	30	to 38
Sanfoin, per qr.	40	to 46	Rye Grass,	20	to 33
Turnips, bsh.	12	to 15	Ribgrass,	30	to 44
— Red & green	0	to 0	Clover, red cwt.	25	to 52
— Yellow,	—	to —	— White	49	to 70
Caraway, cwt.	28	to 38	Coriander	9	to 12
Canary, per qr.	69	to 80	Trefoil	14	to 29
Rape Seed, per last,	£26,	to £28,	10d.		

Liverpool, Sept. 12.

	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.					Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Eng.	8	9	to	10	3 Sweet, U.S. 24 0 to 25 0				
Old . . .	—	—	to	—	0 Do. in bond	—	—	—	—
Scotch . . .	8	6	to	9	0 Sour bond 16 0 to 17 0				
Irish . . .	8	0	to	9	0 Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
Bonded . . .	4	0	to	4	6 English . . . 30 0 to 31 0				
Barley, per 60 lbs.					Scotch . . . 30 0 to 31 0				
Eng.	5	6	to	5	9 Irish . . . 25 0 to 29 0				
Scotch . . .	4	10	to	5	6 Bran, p. 24 lb. — to —				
Irish . . .	4	8	to	4	10				
Foreign . . .	—	—	to	—					
Oats, per 45 lb.					Butter, Beef, &c.				
Eng.	3	2	to	3	Butter, p. cwt. s. d.				
Irish . . .	3	2	to	3	3 Belfast, 106 0 to 107 0				
Scotch . . .	3	2	to	3	3 Newry . . 102 0 to 103 0				
For. in bond 2 0 to 3 3					3 Waterford 99 0 to 100 0				
Do. dut. fr. — to —					3 Cork, pic. 2d. 99 0 to 100 0				
Rye, per qr. 38 0 to 44 0					3d dry 96 0 to —				
Malt per b. 9 9 to 10 3					0 Beef, p. tierce.				
—Middling 9 0 to 9 9					3 — Mess 95 0 to 105 0				
Beans, per q.					9 — p. barrel 65 0 to 70 0				
English . . . 46 0 to 50 0					Pork, p. bl.				
Irish . . . 42 0 to 46 0					0 — Mess . . 80 0 to 84 0				
Rapeseed, p. l. nominal.					0 — Middl. . 78 0 to — 0				
Pease, grey 36 0 to 44 0					0 Bacon, p. cwt.				
—White . . 50 0 to 54 0					0 Short mids. 64 0 to 65 0				
Flour, English,					0 Sides . . . 62 0 to 63 0				
p. 240 lb. fine 54 0 to 58 0					0 Hams, dry, 60 0 to 63 0				
Irish, 2ds 50 0 to 55 0					0 Green . . . 48 0 to 50 0				
					0 Lard, rd. p. c. 52 0 to 54 0				

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 23d Aug. 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	2d.
Bank stock,	229	—	—	239½ 31
3 per cent. reduced,	90¾ 7	91½ ½	90½ 5	90½ 3
3 per cent. consols,	89¾ 90½	90¾ ½	89¾ ¾ ¾	89¾ ¾ ¾
3½ per cent. consols,	98½ ¾	98¾	98½ ¾	98½
New 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—
New 4 per cent. consols,	103¾ 8	103¾	103¼ ¾	103¼ ¾ ¾
India stock,	—	272½	270¾	—
— bonds,	—	—	45 47	43 44
Exchequer bills,	26 25 27	26 24 27	21 29	16 19 16
Exchequer bills, sm.	26 29	—	—	20 18 22
Consols for acc.	90½ 90½ ½	90½ ½	89¾ ½ ½	89¾ ¾ ¾
Long Annuities,	22 5-18½	22¾ 7-16	225 163-16	22¼ 5-16
French 5 per cents.	102½ f. 90c.	102f. 40c.	102f. 15c.	102f. 48c.

Course of Exchange, Sept 8.—Amsterdam, 12: 3. F. C. Ditto at sight, 12: 0. Rotterdam, 12: 4. Antwerp, 12: 4. Hamburg, 37: 0. Us. Altona, 37: 1. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25: 25. Bourdeaux, 25: 50. Frankfort on the Maine, 151. *Ex. Mon.* Petersburg, per rble. 9½ 3 U. Berlin, 7: 0. Vienna, 9: 59. Trieste, 9: 59. Madrid, 37: *Eff.* Cadiz, 37. Bilbao, 37. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 44½. Venice, 27: 0. Malta, 0: 0. Naples, 40½. Palermo, per oz. 122. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51. Buenos Ayres, 43½. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 52. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

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	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.	68	70	66	68	66	68	66	68
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	70	76	69	75	71	76	69	76
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76	80	—	—	77	—	77	80
Fine and very fine, . .	108	116	—	—	—	—	91	95
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	92	95
Powder ditto, . . .	94	104	90	101	—	—	97	—
Single ditto, . . .	92	94	—	—	—	—	87	89
Small Lump, . . .	88	90	—	—	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	40	44	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump, . . .	32	33	31	32	—	—	31s. 6d.	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	50	60	59	60	30	52	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	64	76	66	—	66	76	59	68
Ord. good, and fine ord.	80	90	—	—	78	92	69	77
Mid. good, and fine mid.	65	70	—	—	53	55	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	80	—	—	—	58	72	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	85	95	—	—	75	90	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	59	60	62	64
St Domingo, . . .	0s 10½ 0 0	—	0s 9d	0s 9½d	9½	10	10d	10½d
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 10 3 0	—	2s 6d	2s 7d	2s. 3d.	2s. 4d.	2s 6d	2s 7d
Brandy,	3 6 3 8	—	—	—	—	—	2 0	3 1
Geneva,	2 1 2 2	—	—	—	—	—	1 8	1 10
Grain Whisky, . . .	4 6 4 8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Claret, 1st Growth, hhd.	—	—	—	—	—	—	£17	£60
Portugal Red, pipe,	35	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	36	48	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	22	24	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, . p 110 gall.	25	60	—	—	—	—	25	50
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£7	0	7 0	—	£6 15	7 0	£7 0	7 5
Honduras,	10	—	—	—	7 0	7 5	7 15	8 0
Campeachy,	11	—	—	—	7 15	8 0	9 0	9 10
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	12	0	—	—	7 10	8 0	8 0	8 10
Cuba,	15	0	11 5	—	0 0	10 0	10 0	11 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	11s	12s 0	—	—	10s 0	11s 6	12 0	13 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 10	2 6	—	—	1 10	1 11	—	—
Ditto Oak,	3 0	4 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid),	2 0	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 6	—	—	—	1 1	1 3	1 7	1 11
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 0	3 6	—	—	2 2	2 6	1 10	2 4
TAR, American, . brl.	23	25	—	—	12 0	12 6	—	—
Archangel,	17	18	—	—	—	—	16 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	8	9 0	—	—	—	—	7 0	8 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	38	—	40	41	38	39	37 0	8 0
Home melted,	45	—	—	—	—	—	36	37 0
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	47	48	—	—	—	—	£43 10	44 10
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	41	42	—	—	—	—	39 10	40 0
FLAX,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	49	50	—	—	—	—	£52 0	£53
Dutch,	50	80	—	—	—	—	52	55
Irish,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 15	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	38	—	—	—	—	—	34	—
Montreal, ditto, . . .	36	—	33 0	34	32	35	32	35
Pot,	32	—	29 6	30	30	31	31	—
OIL, Whale, . . tun,	29	30	30 0	30 15	—	—	28 10	—
Cod,	—	—	29	30	—	—	—	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9	11	1	—	0 6	0 8	0 7	0 8
Middling,	8	8½	6	8	0 4½	0 5½	0 5½	0 5
Inferior,	6	6½	5	5½	0 3	0 4	—	—
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8½	10½	1 0½	1 3	0 9	1 0
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 3	1 5½	2 0	2 4	—	—
Stained,	—	—	0 11	1 0	0 8	1 0	—	—
Middling,	—	—	2 2	0 0	1 5	1 8	—	—
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	1 0½	1 0½	0 10	1 0	0 11½	1 2
West India,	—	—	1 0	1 0½	0 8	0 10½	0 11	1 1½
Pernambuco,	—	—	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	1 1	1 2
Maranham,	—	—	—	—	1 0½	1 1	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

July.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
July 1	M.44	29.586	M.61	Cble.	Sunshine	May 17	M.57	29.939	M.79	SW.	Very warm.
	A.55	.755	A.60		and showery		A.68	.939	A.75		
2	M.42	.816	M.62	W.	Sunshine	18	M.52	.972	M.75	Cble.	Ditto.
	A.55	.836	A.63		and warm.		A.68	.989	A.77		
3	M.48	.806	M.65	NW.	Morn. dull,	19	M.56	.999	M.76	Cble.	Dull foren.
	A.60	.764	A.63		cold, but fair.		A.67	30.142	A.67		after. warm.
4	M.46	.836	M.63	W.	Morn. cold,	20	M.55	.104	M.67	E.	Dull, but
	A.58	.891	A.63		day sunsh.		A.60	.104	A.62		fair.
5	M.45	.991	M.63	W	Day fair, wa.	21	M.48	.103	M.63	E.	Morn. cold, form. warm, aftern. dull.
	A.60	.982	A.65		rain at night.		A.57	29.998	A.63		
6	M.50	.990	M.65	Cble.	Dull, but	22	M.46	.920	M.65	E.	
	A.60	.968	A.62		fair.		A.60	.856	A.66		
7	M.45	.962	M.64	E.	Morn. cold,	23	M.45	.896	M.60	NE.	Ditto.
	A.56	.920	A.64		day sunsh.		A.57	.909	A.61		
8	M.45	.918	M.64	N.E.	Sunsh. and	24	M.47	.976	M.62	W.	Very warm, clear.
	A.54	.902	A.65		very warm.		A.55	.969	A.67		
9	M.41	.820	M.65	Cble.	Ditto.	25	M.45	.970	M.64	W.	Ditto.
	A.58	.780	A.62				A.58	.991	A.67		
10	M.43	.742	M.62	E.	Fog. m.even.	26	M.48	30.128	M.68	E.	Ditto, fog evening.
	A.54	.702	A.62		midday clear.		A.60	.128	A.68		
11	M.45	.702	M.60	E.	Th. & light.	27	M.48	.101	M.71	E.	Very warm.
	A.54	.702	A.63		aftern. warm.		A.66	29.998	A.72		
12	M.45	.670	M.64	Cble.	Sunshine,	28	M.31	.999	M.70	NE.	Dull morn. warm day.
	A.60	.660	A.67		show. aftern.		A.58	.999	A.70		
13	M.54	.515	M.65	S.W.	Dull, with	29	M.47	.962	M.67	E.	Very warm.
	A.56	.581	A.67		showers rain.		A.58	.970	A.70		
14	M.60	.760	M.72	S.W.	Dull foren.	30	M.51	.964	M.75	Cble.	Ditto.
	A.70	.721	A.72		very warm.		A.72	.750	A.77		
15	M.55	.658	M.68	S.W.	Dull, with	31	M.56	.720	M.75	Cble.	Ditto.
	A.65	.676	A.68		showers rain.		A.68	.756	A.76		
16	M.53	.858	M.71	S.W.	Dull, but						
	A.65	.904	A.70		fair, warm.						

Average of rain,074.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

May.

Brevet.	Maj. Forrest, E. I. C. Serv. (Insp. of Military Stores,) Lt. Col. in E. Indies only, 8 Nov. 1824						B. P. Manningham, Ens. and Lt. 21 Apr.
	Capt. Baines, 32 F. Maj. in the Army, 19 July						E. B. Wilbraham, do. 28 do.
	Maj. Wetherall, 1 F. Col. in the Army, 11 Dec.	1 F.					Lord M. W. Grahame, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Harcourt, prom. 19 May
2 Dr. Gds.	W. E. Hartopp, Cor. by purch. vice Hepburn prom. 12 May, 1825.						Capt. Lane, from 24 F. Capt. vice Stoyte, exchange do.
7	R. K. Trotter, do. by purch. vice Cochran, prom. do.	2					Hosp. Assist. Russell, Assist. Surg. vice Osborne, dead do.
2 Dr.	Serj. Maj. Gillies, (Riding Master,) Cor. without pay do.	4					Ens. Raitt, Lieut. vice Leighton, cancelled 12 do.
3	Lieut. Tuite, Capt. by purch. vice Manfull, ret. 5 do.	5					E. L. Daniell, Ens. do.
	Cor. Floyer, Lieut. do.						Assist. Surg. Berry, from h. p. 60 F. Assist. Surg. do.
	W. W. Congreve, Cor. 12 do.						Serj. Maj. Tillar, Quarter Master, vice Bishop, prom. 5 do.
4	Cor. Weston, Lieut. by purch. vice Fancourt, 93 F. 19 do.						Capt. Cowell, from h. p. 66 F. Captain vice Hart, exch. 19 do.
10	Lieut. Hon. R. Watson, Capt. by purchase, vice Hamilton, ret. do.	6					Ens. and Quar. Mast. Bishop, Lt. vice Fry, dead, do.
	Cor. Macdonell, Lieut. do.	7					Ens. Stuart, from 91 F. Ens. vice Kirwan, 70 F. 28 April
	L. R. Visc. Frankfort de Montmorency, Cor. do.						Lieut. Phillips, from h. p. Lieut. vice Rainford, exchanges 19 May
	Serj. Maj. Ready, Adj. and Cor. vice Butcher, res. Adj. only do.						2d Lieut. Ramsden, from Rifle Brigade, do. by purch. 11 do.
	Cor. Kaye, Lt. by purch. vice Harvey, prom. 14 April do.						Hamilton, from Rifle Brigade, do. by purch. vice Wilmot, prom. 12 do.
1 F. Gds.	Ens. and Lt. Langrishe, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Hudson, ret. 27 do.	8					Lieut. Gardiner, from h. p. 88 F. do. vice Drury, exch. 5 do.
	Sir J. M. Burgoyne, Bt. do. vice Luttrell, ret. 28 do.						Calder, Adj. vice Drury, res. Adj. only do.
	Hon. C. J. F. Stanley, Ens. and Lt. 27 do.						Fitz Maurice, from h. p. Rifle Brigade, Lieut. vice M'Lachlan, superseded 19 do.
Coldst. F. G.	Capt. Shawe, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Walpole, ret. do.	9					G. Burrard, Ens. vice Nisbett, cancel. led, 21 April
	Ens. and Lt. Harvey, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Walter Forbes, ret. 21 do.	10					Lt. Brownrigg, Adj. vice Davies, prom. do.
	Broadhead, do. 28 do.						W. Musgrave, Ens. by purch. vice Fenton, prom. 12 May

- 12 Capt. Crowther, from h. p. 41 F. Capt. vice Henderson, exch. rec. diff. from Capt. Bowler, retained on full pay of 80 F. 5 May
- 13 W. Chamber, Ens. by purch. vice Howard, prom. 19 do.
- 14 Lieut. Homer, from h. p. 3 F. Lieut. vice Jennings, exch. 5 do.
- 15 Ens. Byng, from 29 F. Lt. by purch. vice Temple, prom. 28 April
- Farmer, from h. p. 77 F. do. vice Byng, 85 F. 5 May
- Hosp. As. Knott, As. Surg. vice Graham, dead do.
- 16 Assist. Surg. Alexander, from h. p. 28 F. Assist. Surg. 12 do.
- Capt. Browne, from h. p. 56 F. Capt. vice D'Arcy, exch. 19 do.
- 22 Gent. Cadet P. J. Petit, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Dunbar, prom. do.
- 24 Capt. Stoyte, from 1 F. Capt. vice Lane, exch. do.
- Lt. Pickering, from h. p. 96 F. Lt. vice Uniacke, cancelled 5 do.
- 25 Lieut. Phibbs, from 89 F. Lieut. vice Sedley, cancelled do.
- Capt. Burgh, from h. p. 56 F. Capt. vice Wolsley, exch. 19 do.
- 26 Ens. Macdonald, from h. p. 91 F. Ens. repaying the diff. 7 April
- 27 Qua. Mas. Douglas, from 1 W. I. R. Qua. Mas. vice Kennedy, exch. 5 May
- 29 C. Eaton, Ens. by purch. vice Byng, 15 F. 28 April
- Lieut. Blunt, from h. p. 36 F. Lieut. vice Dighton, cancelled 5 May
- C. May, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens. vice Barr, 3 F. 19 do.
- 30 Capt. Young, from h. p. 53 F. Capt. vice Skirrow, exch. rec. diff. 14 Sept. 1824
- 35 Lieut. Betty, from h. p. 27 F. Lieut. vice Breary, exch. 5 May, 1825.
- R. E. Hickson, Ens. vice Semple, 77 F. 12 do.
- 36 Gent. Cadet, L. F. Thomasset, from R. Mil. Coll. do. by purch. vice Murray, prom. 19 do.
- 37 J. Bradshaw, do. by purch. vice Browne, prom. 12 do.
- Assist. Surg. Maginn, from h. p. 5 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. do.
- 38 Lieut. Hopper, Capt. vice Forster, dead 18 Sept. 1824
- Ens. Tudor, Lieut. do.
- 40 Brev. Maj. Ryan, from h. p. 30 F. Capt. 12 May, 1825
- 41 As. Surg. Perrott, Surg. vice Cowen, dead, 21 April
- Hosp. As. Tenant, As. Surg. do.
- Lt. Bluett, Capt. vice Browne, dead 29 June, 1824
- M'Intyre, do. vice Macleod, dead 27 Aug.
- Maclean, do. 10 Feb. 1825
- Ens. Beddingfield, Lt. 19 June, 1824
- Tallon, do. 27 Aug.
- O'Neill, do. vice Hum, dead 10 Sept.
- Reed, do. 10 Feb. 1825
- J. Smith, Ens. 19 Aug. 1824
- J. Boyse, do. 10 Sept.
- Stoddart, do. 11 Feb. 1825
- 43 Assist. Surg. Edwards, from h. p. As. Surg. 12 May
- 44 Capt. Shelton, Maj. vice Burgh, dead, 28 April
- Lt. Whitney, Capt. do.
- Ens. Boyse, Lt. do.
- J. Pennington, Ens. do.
- Lieut. Smith, from h. p. 78 F. Lt. vice Cowell, cancelled 5 May
- 46 A. L. Davids, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens. vice Sutherland, 77 F. 14 April
- Lieut. M'Pherson, from h. p. 30 F. do. vice Graham, 92 F. 19 May
- 48 2d Lieut. Smyth, from R. Art. Lieut. vice Gardiner, cancelled 5 do.
- Lieut. Cochrane, from h. p. 3 F. Gds. do. (repay. diff.) vice Smyth, Staff Corps 19 May
- Ens. Phibbs, from h. p. 101 F. Ens. vice Burrowes, cancelled 5 do.
- 50 Bt. Lt. Col. Campbell, from 43 F. Maj. vice Fraser, dead, 21 April
- 51 Lt. Hay, from 48 F. Lt. vice Macpherson, cancelled, 9 do.
- 54 Lieut. Woodgate, Capt. vice Black, dead 27 Sept. 1824
- Ens. Harris, Lieut. do.
- 56 — Leighton, Lieut. 7 April
- Noyes, do. vice Hewetson, cane. 12 May
- B. T. Finnis, Ens. do.
- 58 Ens. Matteson, Lieut. by purch. vice Seymour, prom. do.
- P. H. Howard, Ens. do.
- 60 Lieut. Keal, Capt. by purch. vice Von Boeck, ret. 19 do.
- Ens. Dalzell, from 93 F. 1st Lieut. do.
- Gent. Cadet H. Spence, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lt. vice Binstead, 53 F. 20 April
- A. Tucker, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, do. 21 do.
- 63 Ens. Wootton, from h. p. 25 F. Ens. vice Carter, cancelled, 12 May
- 64 — Michel, Lt. by purch. vice Gammell, 92 F. 28 April
- D. H. Laurell, Ens. do.
- 67 Lt. Webster, Capt. vice Cassidy, dead, 19 May
- Ens. Hennessy, Lieut. do.
- 70 — Kirwan, from 6 F. Ens. vice Tut-hill, cancelled, 23 April
- 72 H. Hopwood, Ens. by purch. vice Stewart, prom. 12 May
- Capt. Mason, from h. p. 80 F. Capt. vice Maclean, exch. 19 do.
- 75 Lieut. Evans, from h. p. 17 F. Lieut. vice M'Queen, exch. rec. dif. 12 do.
- R. Preston, Ens. by purch. vice Slade, prom. do.
- 77 Staff As. Surg. O'Donnel, As. Surg. vice Fraser, dead, 5 do.
- Ens. Semple, from 35 F. Lieut. vice Elliott, dead 12 do.
- 79 Lt. Hon. J. Sinclair, from h. p. 95 F. Lt. repaying diff. 8 April
- C. B. Newhouse, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens. vice Brown, prom. 6 do.
- 80 Lt. Gen. Sir R. S. Donkin, K.C.B. Col. vice Gen. Sir A. Campbell, dead, 20 do.
- 81 Serj. Maj. M'Donald, from 3 F. Gds. Adj. and Ens. vice Sisson, prom. 28 do.
- 83 Capt. Crofton, from Ceylon Reg. Capt. vice Law, exch. 25 Sept. 1824
- 85 Lieut. Byng, from 15 F. Lieut. 5 May, 1825
- Lt. Hunt, Capt. by purch. vice Williams prom. 9 April
- Ens. Lord Crofton, Lt. do.
- W. Cooke, Ens. do.
- 86 Capt. Wolsley, from h. p. 56 F. Capt. vice Humfrey, exch. rec. dif. 19 May
- H. Copinger, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens. 28 do.
- 89 Ens. Currie, Lieut. vice Thomas Taylor, dead, 31 Aug. 1824
- Lieut. Agnew, Capt. vice Coates, dead, 25 Dec.
- Ens. Maclean, Lieut. do.
- J. Gray, Ens. 31 Aug.
- Lieut. Peck, from h. p. 11 F. Lieut. vice Phibbs, 25 F. 5 May, 1825
- 91 Ens. Calder, from 1 W. I. R. Ens. vice Stuart, 6 F. 28 April
- 92 Lt. Gammell, from 64 F. Capt. by purch. vice Warren, ret. 14 do.
- Ens. Sawbridge, Lt. vice Gordon, dead, 28 do.
- Aird, Ens. 9 do.
- J. H. Mackrell, Ens. 10 do.
- J. G. Inglis, do. 28 do.
- 92 Lieut. Graham, from 46 F. Lieut. vice Campbell, h. p. 30 F. 19 May

33 Lt. Fancourt, from 4 Dr. Capt. by
purch. vice Coleman, ret. 28 April

95 F. Price, Ens. by purch. vice Parker,
prom. 12 May

99 Lieut. Butler, from h. p. 35 F. Lieut.
vice Valentine, cancelled do.

Rifle Brig. Serj. Maj. Fairfoot, Quar. Mast. vice
Daunt, 90 F. 28 April

H. Shirley, do. by purch. vice Hamil-
ton, 7 F. 12 May

1 W. I. R. F. Lloyd, Ens. vice Calder, 90 F. 28 June

Qua. Mast. Kennedy, from 27 F. Qua.
Mast. vice Douglas, exch. 5 May

Ens. Porter, from h. p. 35 F. Ens. vice
de Daubrawa, exch. 19 do.

R. Afr. Col. C. Lt. Patterson, Adj. vice Jobling, res.
Adj. only, 25 Feb.

Ens. O'Halloran, Lieut. vice Burton,
dead, 2 May

— Foss, do. vice M'Kenzie, dead
3 do.

— Lizar, do. vice Greetham, 99 F.
4 do.

— Godwin, do. vice Clements, prom.
5 do.

Vol. W. P. Godwin, Ens. vice Uniacke,
dead, 1 do.

— P. Carmody, do. 2 do.

— C. S. Robison, do. 3 do.

— E. Hawkins, do. 4 do.

— R. Smith, do. 5 do.

R. Staff C. Lt. Smyth, from 48 F. 1st Lt. 9 May

R. Walpole, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice
Ramsdin, 7 F. 11 do.

Ceylon R. Capt. Law, from 83 F. Capt. vice Crof-
ton, exch. 25 Sept. 1824

2d Lieut. Mackay, 1st Lieut. vice Wat-
son, dead 12 Nov.

H. Stephenson, 2d Lieut. vice Brahan,
dead 19 May 1825

H. F. Powell, do. vice Mackay, do.

Ordinance.

Royal Art. 1st Lt. Lawlor, 2d Capt. vice Rains,
51 F. 8 April, 1825

2d Lt. St John, 1st Lt. do.

Gent. Cadet, J. H. Cockburn, 2d Lt. do.

2d Capt. Jackson, from h. p. 2d Capt.
14 do.

2d Lt. Pickering, 1st Lt. vice Foote,
Staff Corps, 9 do.

Gent. Cadet, H. S. Coombe, 2d Lt. do.

Royal Art. Gent. Cadet G. Markland, 2d Lt. vice
Brooke, 17 F. 9 April, 1825

— R. Robertson, do. vice
Pottinger, 6 F. do.

— J. Hill, 2d Lt. vice Jones,
Staff Corps, 10 do.

R. Eng. 1st Lt. Lancey, 2d Capt. vice Head,
Cape Corps, do.

2d Lt. Browne, 1st Lt. do.

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. Lachlan Maclean, Lt. Gov. of Quebec,
vice Paterson, dead 5 May, 1825

Staff.

Maj. M'Dougall, h. p. 85 F. Insp. Field Officer of
Mil. in Nova Scotia, (with rank of Lt. Col. in
the army,) vice Harris, res. 21 April, 1825

Maj. Love, 52 F. Insp. Field Off. of Mil. in New
Brunswick, with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army,
5 May 1825

Lt. Hodges, from h. p. 13 Dr. Adj. of a Recruit,
Dist. vice Anderson, exch. do.

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Burd, from h. p. Surg. to the Forces,
25 April, 1825

— O'Maley, from h. p. do. 28 do.

— Hackett, from h. p. do. do.

G. Brown, Hosp. Assist. vice Tenant, 41 F. 1 do.

Hosp. As. White, As. Surg. vice Magrath, res.
5 May 1825

— M'Isaac, do. vice O'Donnell, 77 F. do.

J. A. Topham, Hosp. As. vice Knott, 15 F. do.

G. Dryden, do. do.

E. Miller, do. do.

W. C. Eddie, do. vice Maury, dead 19 do.

R. D. Smith, do. vice Russell, 1 F. do.

Unattached.

Capt. Simson, from Gren. Gds. Lt. Col. of Inf. by
purch. vice Maj. Gen. J. M. Smyth, ret.
28 April, 1825

Lt. Temple, from 15 F. Capt. of Comp. by purch.
vice Heathcote, 27 F. 31 March

Maj. Montague, from 56 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by
purch. vice Lt. Col. Sir W. Cox, h. p. Port.
Serv. ret. 19 May, 1825

— Hon. G. Anson, from 7 Dr. G. Lt. Col. by
purch. vice Hon. Col. Gore, h. p. 9 F. ret. do.

Capt. Gascoyne, from 54 F. Maj. of Inf. by purch.
vice Lt. Col. Midgley, h. p. Staff do.

— Maberly, from 84 F. Maj. of Inf. by purch.
vice Col. Clavering, h. p. 98 F. ret. do.

— Peel, from Gren. Gds. Maj. of Inf. by purch.
vice Lt. Col. Campbell, h. p. 62 F. ret. do.

Lt. Seymour, from 58 F. Capt. of Inf. by purch.
vice Lydiard, h. p. Liverpool Regt. ret. 12 do.

— Willmot, from 7 F. Capt. of Inf. by purch.
vice Maj. Moncrieff, h. p. 32 F. ret. do.

— Harcourt, from Colds. Gds. Capt. of Inf. by
purch. vice Madden, h. p. 100 F. ret. 19 do.

Cor. Hepburn, from 2 Dr. Gds. Lieut. of Inf. by
purch. vice Robinson, h. p. Meuron's R. ret.
12 do.

Ens. Slade, from 75 F. Lt. of Inf. by purch. vice
Freer, h. p. 38 F. ret. do.

Cor. Daintry, from 6th Dr. Gds. Lient. of Inf. by
purch. vice Maddison, h. p. 7 Dr. ret. do.

Ens. Stewart, from 72 F. Lieut. of Inf. by purch.
vice Cliffe, h. p. 7 F. ret. do.

— Hon. A. C. J. Browne, from 37 F. Lt. of Inf.
by purch. vice O'Donnell, h. p. 20 F. ret. do.

— Parker, from 95 F. Lt. of Inf. by purch. vice
Alexander, h. p. 101 F. ret. do.

— Walker, from 41 F. Lieut. of Inf. by purch.
vice Clarke, h. p. 93 F. ret. do.

— Curteis, from 33 F. Lt. of Inf. by purch. vice
Goldtrap, h. p. 3 F. ret. do.

Cor. Cockran, from 7 Dr. Gds. Lieut. of Inf. by
purch. vice Commeline, h. p. 71 F. ret. do.

— Phillips, from 4 Dr. Lieut. of Inf. by purch.
vice Jodrell, h. p. 7 F. ret. do.

Ens. Fenton, from 10 F. Lieut. of Inf. by purch.
vice Gladwin, h. p. Rec. Diff. ret. do.

— Murray, from 56 F. Lieut. of Inf. by purch.
vice Cosens, h. p. 14 F. ret. 19 do.

— Dunbar, from 22 F. Lieut. of Inf. by purch.
vice Sydney, h. p. 14 F. ret. do.

— Howard, from 13 F. Lieut. of Inf. by purch.
vice Hall, h. p. 61 F. ret. do.

A. Coryton, Ens. by purch. vice Ld. Eliot, h. p.
66 F. ret. 12 do.

J. Ball, Ens. by purch. vice Baynes, h. p. 2 Gn.
Bn. ret. do.

L. J. Hay, Ens. by purch. vice Proctor, h. p. 43
F. ret. do.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Hutchinson, Caps Corps, with Lt
Col. Somerset, h. p. Unatt.

Capt. Leatham, from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with
Capt. Skinner, h. p. York Chass. do.

— Higgins, from 7 F. with Lord Wm. Thynne,
27 F. do.

— Charlton, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Lord W
Paulet, h. p. Unatt.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. J. N. Smyth (retaining rank.)
Lt.-Col. Hon. J. Walpole, Coldst. Gds.

Capt. Hudson, Gren. Gds.

— Luttrell, do.

— Hon. Walter Forbes Coldst. Gds.

— Warren, 92 F.

— Coleman, 93 F.

Superseded.

Staff As. Surg. Rhys.

Lieut. M'Lachlan, 8 F.

Staff Assist. Surg. T. Rhys.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Leighton, 2 F.

— Unlacke, 25 F.

— Sedley, 25 F.

— Deighton, 29 F.

— Peddie, 35 F.

— Cowell, 45 F.

Lieut. Gardiner, 48 F.

— Hewetson, 56 F.

— Carter, 63 F.

— Thomas, 89 F.

— Valentine, 97 F.

— Breary, 1 R. Vet. Bn.

— Daintry, h. p. Unatt.

Ens. Burrows, 49 F.

— Leslie, 71 F.
 — Howard, 58 F.
 Staff Surg. Rice, from h. p.
 Assist. Surg. Berry, 4 F.
 Lieut. Macpherson, 51 F.
 — Brea. y, from 55 F. to 1 R. V. Bn.

Lieut. Peddie, from h. p. 21 F. to full pay, 35 F.
 — Leighton, from 2 F. to 56 F.
 Ensign Nisbett, 8 F.
 — Tuthill, 70 F.
 Paymaster, O'Meara Afr. Col. Corps.
 Staff Surg. Rice, from h. p. to full pay.

June.

To be Major General.
 Brevet. Col. James Campbell, R. Mar.
 27 May, 1825

To be Colonel.
 Lt. Col. Bethune, h. p. 16 Gar. Bn.
 12 Aug. 1819
 — Weston, h. p. do. 27 May, 1825

To be Lieutenant Colonel.
 Maj. Wetherall, 1 F. 11 Dec. 1824

To be Majors.
 Capt. Denham, 17 F. (Maj. in Africa)
 22 Nov. 1821
 — A Hiehl, R. M. 27 May, 1825
 — M. Timpson do.
 — J. S. Hamilton, 1 R. Vet. Bn. do.
 — W. Ramsay, R. Mar. do.
 — J. B. Orde, 39 F. do.
 — W. H. Newton, 75 F. do.
 — H. Ross, R. Mar. do.
 — P. S. Perry, do. do.
 — T. Aslett, do. do.
 — E. H. Garthwaite, R. Mar. do.
 — H. Priddle, do. do.

To be Aides-de-Camp to the King, with the Rank of Colonel in the Army, 27th May, 1825.

Lt. Col. Grenvill, 45 F.
 — R. H. Dick, 42 F.
 — Neil Douglas, 79 F.
 — Henry Wyndham, 10 Dr.

To be Lieutenant Generals in the East Indies only, 27th May, 1825.

Maj. Gen. Sir Thomas Dallas, K.C.B.
 — Alexander Cuppage
 — Alexander Dyce
 — Charles Corner
 — John Gordon
 — Tredway Clarke
 — William Henry Blachford
 — Malcolm Grant
 — John Bailie
 — John Cuppage
 — Henry P. Laurence
 — Sir G. Martindell, K.C.B.
 — Charles Rumley
 — Sir G. S. Brown, K.C.B.
 — Sir Thomas Brown, K.C.B.

To be Major Generals in the East Indies only, 27th May 1825.

Col. J. Cunningham
 — T. Shuldham
 — J. Leith
 — F. Pierce
 — W. H. Hewitt

To be Colonels in the East Indies only, 27th May, 1825.

Lt. Col. G. Carpenter
 — J. L. Caldwell
 — H. S. Osborne

2 L. Gds. Lt. Bulkely, Capt. by purch. vice de
 Courcy, ret. 31 May, 1825
 Cor. and Sub-Lt. Lyon, Lt. do.
 J. Trotter, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.

R.H.Gds. Cor. Gordon, Lt. by purch. vice Hotch-
 kin, ret. 7 Apr.
 Ens. Arthur, Marquis of Douro, from
 71. F. Cor. 2 June

1 Dr. Gds. Cor. Sir G. Aylmer, Bt. L. by purch.
 vice Blathwayt, prom. 9 do.

2 G. Teesdale, Cor. do.
 W. E. Hartopp, Cor. by purch. vice
 Hepburn, prom. 12 May

J. E. Dyer, (Riding Master), Cor. with-
 out pay. 26 do.
 Lt. Dyer, from h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. Quar.
 Mast. vice Marsden, dead do.

3 Gen. Sir W. Payne, Bt. from 12 Dr.
 Col. vice Gen. Vyse, dead 2 June
 Cor. Warrington, from 11 Dr. Cor. vice
 Chalmers, prom. 26 May

R. K. Trotter, Cor. by purch. vice
 Cochran, prom. 12 do.

7 Capt. Clark, from 1 Dr. Maj. by purch.
 vice Anson, prom. 26 do.

Lt. Elton, from 13 Dr. Lt. vice Bowen,
 h. p. 103 F. 2 June

2 Dr. Serj. Maj. Gillies, (Riding Master), Cor.
 without pay 12 May

3 Lt. Tuite, Capt. by purch. vice Man-
 full, ret. 5 do.

Cr. Floyer, Lt. do.
 W. W. Congreve, Cor. 12 do.

Bt. Col. Lord R. Manners, from h. p.
 10 Dr. Lt. Col. 2 June

4 Ens. Levett, from 63 F. Cor. by purch.
 vice Trevittan, ret. 16 do.

Cor. Weston, Lt. by purch. vice Fan-
 court, 95 F. 19 May

Maj. Sale, Lt. Col. 2 June
 Capt. Fendall, Maj. do.

6 Lt. Heydon, from 12 Dr. Capt. do.
 Lt. Col. Keane, from h. p. Lt. Col. do.

Cor. Mansel, Lt. by purch. vice Warrant,
 prom. 9 do.

H. F. Mackay, Capt. do.
 Lt. Brett, Capt. by purch. vice Cart-
 wright, prom. 26 May

8 Cor. Malet, Lt. do.
 Maj. Craufurd, from Cape Corps Cav.
 Maj. vice Baumgardt, prom. 9 June

9 Cor. C. Williams, Lt. by purch. vice
 Beresford, prom. 26 May

A. C. Williams, Cor. 16 June
 Lt. Hon. R. Watson, Capt. by purch.
 vice Hamilton, ret. 19 May

10 Cor. Macdonell, Lt. do.
 L. R. Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency.
 Cor. do.

11 Serj. Maj. Ready, Adj. (with rank of
 Col.) vice Butcher, res. Adj. only do.
 W. Roebuck, Cor. by purch. vice War-
 rington, 5 Dr. G. 26 do.

12 Maj. Gen. Sir C. Grant, K.C.B. and
 K.C.H. Col. vice Sir W. Payne, 3 Dr.
 G. 2 June

Lt. Rose, Capt. by purch. vice Andrews,
 Cape Corps 9 do.

Cor. Hyde, Lt. do.
 Lt. Stewart, from 73 F. Lt. vice Morris,
 h. p. 88 F. 10 do.

F. W. Hamilton, Cor. do.
 G. Dewes, do. vice Hyde 16 do.

15 Lt. Stokes, from 20 F. Lt. vice Elton,
 7 Dr. G. 2 do.

15 Capt. Byam, Maj. by purch. vice Eden,
 prom. 16 do.

Lt. Scott, Capt. do.
 Cornet Dundas, Lt. do.

16 Brev. Lt. Col. Belli, Lt. Col. 2 do.
 Capt. King, Maj. do.

Lt. Harris, Capt. do.
 Cor. Smyth, Lt. by purch. vice Ball,
 prom. 26 May

E. Guest, Cor. do.
 Lt. Budden, Capt. by purch. vice
 Thompson, prom. 6 June

Cor. Loftus, Lt. 9 do.
 Gren.Gds. Ens. and Lt. Rowley, Lt. and Capt. by
 purch. vice Simpson, prom. 24 May

Hon. P. Ashburnham Lt.
 and Capt. by purch. vice Stark, ret.
 25 do.

— Eyres, do. do. vice Peel,
 prom. 26 do.

Ensign Digby, from 88 F. Ens. and Lt.
 J. Dunlop, do. 26 do.

2d Lt. Gower, from R. Brig. do. 9 June
 Capt. Douglas, Adj. vice Simpson,
 prom. 26 May

- Coldst. Gds.** Lord M. W. Graham, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Harcourt, prom. 19 do.
- 3 F. Gds.** Hon. R. Sandilands, do. vice Fitzroy, prom. 26 do.
- Lt. Douglas, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Prendergast, ret. 16 June
- Ens. Hood, from 61 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Fairfield, prom. 15 do.
- B. J. Bruce, do. do. vice Douglas 16 do.
- 1 F.** Hosp. As. Russell, As. Surg. vice Osbornie, dead 19 May
- 2** Ens. Raitt, Lt. vice Leighton, cancelled 12 do.
- E. L. Daniell, Ens. 12 do.
- 4** As. Surg. Barry, from h. p. 60 F. As. Surg. do.
- Hosp. As. Hawkey, do. vice Berry, cancelled 16 June
- 5** Serj. Maj. Tillar, Qua. Mas. vice Bishop, prom. 5 May
- Lt. Col. Sutherland, from 2d W. I. R. Lt. Col. 2 June
- 7** 2d Lt. Ramsden, from Rifle Brig. Lt. by purch. 11 May
- Hamilton, from do. do.
- by purch. vice Wilmot, prom. 12 do.
- Lt. Col. Fitz Clarence, from 11 F. Lt. Col. 2 June
- Lord A. Chichester, Lt. vice Lord S. Chichester, dead 9 do.
- 8** Lt. Fitz Maurice, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lt. vice M'Lachlan, superseded 19 May
- Lt. Calder, Adj. vice Drury, res. Adj. only 5 do.
- 9** Brev. Col. Campbell, Lt. Col. 2 June
- Brev. Lt. Col. Peebles, Maj. do.
- Lt. Cockburn, Capt. do.
- Ens. Sandes, Lt. do.
- H. R. Duff, Ens. do.
- Ens. Hon. A. F. Cathcart, from 25 F. Lt. by purch. vice Brisbane, prom. 9 do.
- 10** W. Musgrave, Ens. by purch. vice Fenton, prom. 12 May
- Lt. Col. Payler, from h. p. Lt. Col. 2 June
- Lt. Galloway, Capt. by purch. vice Gallie, ret. 26 May
- 11** Lt. Col. Keightley, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Fitz Clarence, 7 F. 2 June
- 12** Capt. Crowther, from h. p. 4 F. Capt. vice Henderson, rec. diff. from Capt. Bowler, retained upon full pay, 80 F. 5 May
- As. Surg. Foote, from h. p. 26 F. As. Surg. 2 June
- 15** W. Chambre, Ens. by purch. vice Howard, prom. 19 May
- Maj. Sale, Lt. Col. 2 June
- Brev. Maj. Thernhill, Maj. do.
- Lt. Fenton, Capt. do.
- 14** G. Newcome, Ens. vice Capadose, dead 26 May
- Ens. Grant, from 37 F. Ens. vice Newcome, 88 F. 9 June
- 15** Lt. Farniar, from h. p. 77 F. Lt. vice Byng, 88 F. 5 May
- Hosp. As. Knott, As. Surg. vice Graham, dead do.
- Ens. Thorold, Lt. by purch. vice Hope, prom. 9 June
- C. Cooke, Ens. do.
- 16** As. Surg. Alexander, from h. p. 28 F. As. Surg. 12 May
- Brev. Lt. Col. Ximenes, from 45 F. Lt. Col. 2 June
- 17** Lt. Church, Capt. by purch. vice Slegg, ret. 19 May
- Ens. Edwards, Lt. do.
- A. Lockhart, Ens. do.
- J. Henry, do. vice Farwell, prom. 26 do.
- Brev. Maj. Croker, Maj. by purch. vice Nicoll, ret. 16 June
- Lt. Anley, Capt. do.
- Ens. O'Brien, Lt. do.
- J. Darley, Ens. do.
- 20** Lt. Thatcher, from h. p. 103 F. Lt. vice Stokes, 13 Dr. 2 do.
- 22** Gent. Cadet P. J. Petit, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. by purch. vice Dunbar, prom. 19 May
- 25** Assist. Surg. Parke, from h. p. 20 Dr. Assist. Surg. 2 June
- 2d Lt. Tupper, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Grey, prom. 16 do.
- W. R. Stretton, 2d Lt. do.
- 21** F. T. Cunyngname, Ens. vice Cunyngname, dead 26 May
- 25** Lt. Pickering, from h. p. 96 F. Lt. vice Unacke, cancelled 5 do.
- Lt. Pibbles, from 89 F. do. vice Sedley, cancelled do.
- S. Ilderton, Ens. by purch. vice Cathcart, 9 F. 9 June
- 26** Serj. Maj. Rogers, Qua. Mast. vice M'Gregor, dead 26 May
- 27** Lt. D'Urban, from h. p. 35 F. Lt. vice Carroll, dead 9 June
- 28** Assist. Surg. Portelli, from h. p. 10 F. Assist. Surg. 2 do.
- 29** Lt. Blunt, from h. p. 36 F. Lt. vice Deighton, cancelled 5 May
- C. May, from R. Mil. Acad. at Woolwich, Ens. vice Barr, 10 F. 10 do.
- Lt. Stephens, Capt. by purch. vice Craddock, prom. 9 June
- Ens. Walond, Lt. do.
- Hopwood, from 72 F. Ens. do.
- 31** Brev. Maj. Eagar, Maj. by purch. vice M'Gregor, prom. 2 do.
- Lt. Nunn, Capt. vice Cust, 59 F. 16 do.
- Andros, do. by purch. vice Eagar, prom. do.
- 32** Assist. Surg. Campbell, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Assist. Surg. 2 do.
- 33** Ens. Galloway, Lt. vice Urquhart, dead do.
- 2d Lt. Hornsby, from 60 F. Ens. do.
- 34** Assist. Surg. Collis, from h. p. 6 F. As. Surg. do.
- 35** R. E. Hickson, Ens. vice Semple, 77 F. 12 May
- 36** Gent. Cadet L. F. Thomasset, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Murray, prom. 19 do.
- Assist. Surg. Burkett, from h. p. 7 F. Assist. Surg. 2 June
- 37** J. Bradshaw, Ens. by purch. vice Browne, prom. 12 May
- Assist. Surg. Maginn, from h. p. 5 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. do.
- 38** Lt. Hopper, Capt. vice Forster, dead 18 Sept. 1824
- Ens. Tudor, Lt. do.
- Brev. Lt. Col. Evans, Lt. Col. 2 June, 1825
- Capt. Baillie, Maj. do.
- Lt. Young, Capt. do.
- Ens. Johnston, Lt. do.
- 38 F.** W. R. Waddell, Ens. do.
- 39** Lt. Parker, Capt. by purch. vice Orde, ret. 16 do.
- 40** Brev. Maj. Ryan, from h. p. 30 F. Capt. 22 May
- 41** Lt. Bluett, Capt. vice Browne, dead 29 June, 1824.
- M'Intyre, do. vice Macleod, dead 27 Aug.
- Maclean, do. 10 Feb. 1825
- Ens. Bedingfeld, Lt. 29 June, 1824
- Tallon, do. 27 Aug.
- O'Neill, do. vice Hume, dead 10 Sept.
- Read, do. 10 Feb. 1825
- J. Smith, Ens. 19 Aug. 1824
- J. Boyse, do. 10 Sept.
- Stoddert, do. 11 Feb. 1825
- Capt. O'Reilly, Maj. by purch. vice Hill, ret. 16 June
- 43 F.** Assist. Surg. Edwards, from h. p. 45 F. Assist. Surg. 12 May
- Hosp. Assist. Galeani, Assist. Surg. vice Edwards, res. 16 June
- 43** Lt. Smith, from h. p. 78 F. Lt. vice Cowell, cancelled 5 May
- Brev. Lt. Col. Stackpoole, Lt. Col. vice Ximenes, 16 F. 2 June
- J. M. Stackpoole, Maj. do.
- Lt. Webb, from 69 F. Capt. vice Campbell, 50 F. 26 May
- Stewart, do. 2 June
- Ens. Urquhart, Lt. do.
- E. J. Coke, Ens. 9 do.
- 46** Lt. M'Pherson, from h. p. 30 F. Lt. vice Graham, 92 F. 19 May
- Ens. Taylor, from h. p. 30 F. Lt. by purch. vice J. Campbell, (2) prom. 26 May

	Ens. Browne, do. vice Raines, 77 F.	74	Lt. Brown, Ens. by purch. vice Gordon, prom.	9 do.
	W. Jones, Ens.	do.	R. Preston, Ens. by purch. vice Slade, prom.	12 May
48	2d Lt. Smyth, from R. Art. Lt. vice Gardiner, cancelled	6 May	Lieut. Mountain, from 52 F. Capt. by purch. vice Hatchell, ret.	26 do.
	Lt. Cochran, from h. p. 3 F. Gds. do. (repaying diff.) vice Smyth, Staff Corps	19 do.	Ens. Semple, from 35 F. Lieut. vice Elliot, dead	12 do.
49	Ens. Phibbs, from h. p. 101 F. Ens. vice Burrowes, cancelled	5 do.	Capt. Clerke, Maj. by purch. vice Place, prom.	26 do.
	R. Birch, Ens. by purch. vice Gammell, prom.	12 do.	Lieut. Raines, from 46 F. Capt. vice Bowen, dead	2 June
51	Hosp. Assist. Ryan, Assist. Surg.	16 June	Staff As. Surg. O'Donnel, As. Surg. vice Fraser, dead	5 May
52	Lt. Col. Fergusson, from 88 F. Lt. Col.	29 F.	Ens. Price, from 95 F. Ens. vice Cameron, 79 F.	16 June
	Ens. King, Lt. by purch. vice Mountain, 76 F.	26 May	Ens. Cameron, from 78 F. Ens. vice Townshend, prom.	9 do.
	G. W. Birch, Ens.	do.	Hosp. As. Ross, As. Surg.	16 do.
	Lt. Gawler, Capt. by purch. vice Yorke, prom.	9 June	Lieut. Worth, Capt. by purch. vice Maberley, prom.	26 May
	Ens. Vivian, Lt.	do.	— Byng, from 15 F. Lieut.	5 do.
	— French, Ens.	do.	Ens. Courtayne, Lieut. by purch. vice Archer, prom.	26 do.
	Hosp. Assist. Paterson, Assist. Surg.	16 do.	Gent. Cadet P. Ramsay, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens.	do.
53	Lt. Butler, Capt. by purch. vice Knox, ret.	do.	Lt. Col. O'Malley, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Fergusson, 52 F.	9 June
	Ens. Kreffing, Lt.	do.	Ens. Newcome, from 14 F. Ens. vice Digby, Gren. Gds.	do.
54	E. Wakefield, Ens.	do.	Gent. Cadet E. R. Jeffreys, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Finnis, 56 F.	do.
	Lt. Slyfield, Capt. by purch. vice Gascoyne, prom.	26 May	Lieut. Agnew, Capt. vice Coates, dead	25 Dec. 1824
	Ens. Slade, Lt.	do.	Ens. Currie, Lieut. vice Taylor, dead	31 Aug.
	R. S. Orde, Ens.	do.	— Maclean, do.	25 Dec.
	Lt. Woodgate, Capt. vice Black, dead	27 Sept. 1824	Lieut. Peck, from h. p. 11 F. Lieut. vice Phibbs, 25 F.	5 May, 1825
	Capt. Cairnes, Maj. by purch. vice Montagu, prom.	26 do.	J. Gray, Ens. vice Currie	31 Aug. 1824
	Lieut. Palmer, Capt.	do.	Ens. Macdonald, from 80 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Harding, 31 F.	25 Jan. 1825
	Ens. Barclay, Lieut.	do.	Lieut. Graham, from 46 F. Lieut. vice Campbell, h. p. 30 F.	19 May
	G. Hogg, Ens.	do.	Capt. Drewe, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Capt. vice Mauritz, dead	do.
58	Hosp. As. Connel, As. Surg.	16 June	F. Price, Ens. by purch. vice Parker, prom.	12 do.
	Ens. Mattison, Lieut. by purch. vice Seymour, prom.	12 May	Brev. Maj. Mansel, Maj. by purch. vice Paty, prom.	9 June
	P. H. Howard, Ens.	do.	Lieut. Cary, Capt. by purch. vice Garland, prom.	26 May
	H. F. Bell, do. vice Mattison, prom.	26 do.	Lieut. Ouseley, do. by purch.	9 June
	J. E. Acklom, do. vice Barney, prom.	9 June	Ens. Storey, Lieut. by purch.	26 May
59	Brev. Maj. Cust, from 51 F. Maj. vice Bathurst, prom.	do.	R. J. Massey, Ens.	do.
60	Lieut. Keal, Capt. by purch. vice Von Boeck, ret.	19 May	Lieut. Butler, from h. p. 35 F. Lieut. vice Valentine, cancelled,	12 do.
	Ens. Dalzell, from 95 F. 1st Lieut. do. Lieut. Hon. G. Hervy, Capt. by purch. vice Krien, ret.	2 June	Hosp. Ass. Cavet, As. Surg.	10 June
	2d Lieut. Nesbitt, 1st Lieut.	do.	Rifle Bri. R. Walpole, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Ramsden, 7 F.	11 May
	C. O'Donoghue, 2d Lieut. vice Hornsby, 33 F.	10 do.	H. Shirley, do. by purch. vice Hamilton, 7 F.	12 do.
62	Ens. Bouverie, Lt. by purch. vice Caldecott, ret.	9 do.	H. Capel, do. by purch. vice Gower, Gren. Gds.	9 June
	— Jodrell Ens.	do.	2d Lieut. Norcott, 1st Lieut. vice Gardiner, 71 F.	16 do.
63	Ens. Wootton, from h. p. 25 F. Ens. vice Carter, cancelled	12 May	W. S. Tollemache, 2d Lieut. by purch.	do.
	Brev. Maj. Fairtlough, Maj. by purch. vice Le Geyte, ret.	26 do.	R. Staff C. Lieut. Smyth, from 48th F. 1st Lieut.	19 May
	Lieut. Hunt, Capt.	do.	Capt. H. Du Vernet, Maj.	2 June
	Ens. Gordon, Lieut.	do.	Lieut. Hall, Capt.	do.
	T. Levett, Ens.	do.	2d Lieut. Pearson, from R. Art. 1st Lieut.	do.
65	Lt. Farquharson, Capt.	2 June	— Hayne, from do. do.	9 do.
	Hon. H. B. Grey, Ens. by purch. vice Hawke, prom.	12 May	W. I. R. Lieut. Warner, from 1 Vet. Com. Lt. vice Lewis, 40th F.	do.
67	Lieut. Webster, Capt. vice Cassidy, dead	19 do.	Lt. Col. Carter, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Sutherland, 5 F.	2 do.
68	Ens. Henessy, Lieut.	do.	Cey. Reg. 2d Lieut. Mackay, 1st Lieut. vice Watson, dead	12 Nov. 1824
	Brev. Lt. Col. Hawkins, Lt. Col.	2 June	H. Stephenson, 2d Lieut. vice Braham, dead	19 May 1825
	Brev. Maj. Read, Maj.	do.	H. F. Powell, do. vice Mackay	do.
	Lieut. Jackson, Capt.	do.		
	Ens. Maitland, Lieut.	do.		
71	A. Maclean, Ens.	2 June		
	Brev. Lt. Col. Jones, Lt. Col.	do.		
	Brev. Maj. Pidgeon, Maj.	do.		
	Ens. A. Marg. of Douro, from h. p. 81 F. Ens. vice Leslie, cancelled	26 May		
	W. J. Myers, Ens. by purch. vice Lord Douro, R. Ho. Gds.	9 June		
	As. Surg. Gardiner, from h. p. 12 F. As. Surg.	2 do.		
	Lieut. Gardiner, from Rifle Brig. Capt. vice Pidgeon	16 do.		
72	E. Hopwood, Ens. by purch. vice Stewart, prom.	12 May		
	C. P. Trapaud, do. by purch. vice Hopwood, 29 F.	9 June		
73	Lt. O'wgan, from h. p. 88 F. Lieut. vice Stuart, 12 Dr.	10 do.		

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art.	Quar. Mas. Pilton, from h. p. late R. Art. Div. Quar. Mas. vice Wigton, dead	5 May
Serj. Maj. Wightman, do. vice Crauford, dead	11 do.	
Roy. Eng.	Gent. Cadet R. Boteler, 2d Lt.	do.
	— E. Frome, do.	12 do.

Exchanges.

Major Conolly, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Major Macintosh, h. p. 81 F.
 — Graham, from 59 F. with Hon. T. S. Bathurst, h. p. 56 F.
 Capt. Newburgh, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. Fitz G. de Roos, h. p.
 — Brett, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Lord G. A. Hill, h. p.
 — Peevor, from 17 F. with Brev. Maj. Den. h. p. 3 F.
 — Burrowes, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. de Courcy, h. p. 38 F.
 — Brackenbury, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Burrowes, h. p. 38 F.
 — Stoyte, from 1 F. with Capt. Lane, 24 F.
 — Hart, from 6 F. with Capt. Cowell, h. p. 66 F.
 — D'Arcy, from 16 F. with Capt. Browne, h. p. 26 F.
 — Wolseley, from 25 F. with Capt. Burgh, h. p. 56 F.
 — Skirrow, from 30 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Young, h. p. 53 F.
 — Hart, from 39 F. with Capt. Urquhart, h. p. 84 F.
 — Bluett, from 41 F. with Capt. Browne, h. p. 69 F.
 — Briggs, from 58 F. with Capt. Hon. R. Murray, h. p. 5 F.
 — Ogden, from 56 F. with Capt. Webster, h. p. 38 F.
 — Graham, from 72 F. with Capt. Mason, h. p. 80 F.
 — Law, from 83 F. with Capt. Crofton, Ceylon, R.

Capt. Humfrey, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Wolseley, h. p. 56 F.
 Lieut. Easterby, from 3 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Chalmers, h. p.
 — Brett, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Corkran, h. p.
 — Temple, from 1 F. with Lieut. O'Brien, 60 F.
 Lieut. Rainsford, from 7 F. with Lt. Philips, h. p.
 — Murray, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Stewart, h. p.
 — Drury, from 8 F. with Lt. Gardiner, h. p. 88 F.
 — Jennings, from 14 F. with Lieut. Horner, h. p. 3 F.
 — Breary, from 35 F. with Lt. Betty, h. p. 27 F.
 — Atkinson, from 48 F. with Lieut. Nixon, h. p. York Chass.
 — M'Queen, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Evans, h. p. 17 F.
 — G. A. Browne, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. A. C. J. Browne, h. p.
 — Read, from 90 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Parker, h. p.
 — Fitz Gerald, from Rifle Br. rec. diff. with Lieut. Slade, h. p.
 — Anderson, Adj. of Rec. Dist. with Lieut. Hodges, h. p. 13 Dr.

Wounded in the attack on the Factory and Stockades of Syriam, Rangoon, 11th and 12th Jan. 1825.

Capt. Backhouse, 47. F. slightly.
 — Forbes, do. severely, not dangerously.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of May, and the 19th of July, 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

Archer, W. Fetter-lane, merchant.
 Argent, J. Church-row, Bethnal-green, carpenter.
 Backhouse, H. Leeds, druggist.
 Blundell, R. Liverpool, distiller.
 Boyes, J. Scarborough, grocer.
 Brooks, J. Bath, victualler.
 Brown, P. Scarborough, draper.
 Brownless, C. Leeds, brush-maker.
 Bruce, J. Sweeting's-alley, stationer.
 Buxton, T. Compton, Derbyshire, tanner.
 Cadogan, J. Water-street, Arundel-street, Strand, carpenter.
 Casswell, Geo. jun. Borough-fen, Northampton-shire, potatoe-merchant.
 Clay, T. Size-lane, wine-merchant.
 Clunes, D. Goodge-street, upholsterer.
 Cook, C. and J. Booth, Manchester, merchants.
 Cowper, W. Millbrook, scrivener.
 Craven, T. and J. Parker, Heckmonwike, scribbling-millers.
 Crossley, T. Nicholas-lane, tea-dealer.
 Dean, G. Bridgewater, chinaman.
 Dennis, W. W. Billericay, Essex, butcher.
 De Pinna, J. S. St Ann's-lane, Chepside, ostrich feather-manufacturer.
 Drake, J. Shoreditch, oilman.
 East, S. Stratford, victualler.
 Eccleston, R. Bristol, wine-merchant.
 Elen, P. Woburn, draper.
 Fernworth, Geo. Fotherhall, Lancashire, dealer.
 Folkard, W. King-street, Cheapside, victualler.
 Fox, J. Birmingham, plater.
 Frampton, G. Weymouth, and Melcombe Regis, merchant.
 Gascoigne, R. Richmond, tailor.
 George, H. Bedwely, Monmouth, shopkeeper.
 Goldscheideu, J. London-wall, merchant.
 Goodwin, J. Holt, Worcester, miller.
 Gorst, Wm. Stafford, hide and leather-dealer.
 Griffiths, S. Liverpool, tea-dealer.
 Gunnell, J. Platt-terrace, Battle-bridge, bobbin and cap-maker.
 Hall, C. Egham, innkeeper.
 Hayden, J. Southampton, boot-maker.
 Hazard, W. Liverpool, mail-manufacturer.
 Hills, J. High-street, Mary-le-bone, farrier.
 Hime, M. Liverpool, auctioneer.
 Hope, H. A. Mark-lane, dealer.
 Hope, G. sen. Wapping, corn-factor.
 Isborn, Chas. Whitelion-street, Norton Falgate, victualler.
 Jackson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.

Jarvis, J. Brompton, Kent, tailor.
 Jeffery, W. Davis-street, Hanover-square, horse-dealer.
 Jerman, S. Lambeth, tea-dealer.
 Johnston, T. jun. Liverpool, tailor.
 Jupp, J. Horsham, Sussex, miller.
 Kilner, W. Dorrington-street, Clerkenwell, victualler.
 Knowles, T. Cheltenham, warehousman.
 Lathbury, J. Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, mercer.
 Lawrence, C. Drury-lane, tallow-chandler.
 Lawton, T. Greenacres More, near Oldham, publican.
 Lucy, J. Y. Paddington-green, hay-salesman.
 Mansel, W. (otherwise Sir W. Mansel, Bart.) Downing-street, picture-dealer.
 Mare, T. T. J. E. and W. Plymouth, smiths.
 Marshall, J. Birmingham, victualler.
 Mercer, W. Manchester, iron-founder.
 Miles, J. Old-street-road, oilman.
 Moreley, W. Staple-ford, lace-manufacturer.
 Newnham, W. Bognor, builder.
 Norton, George White's-yard, Rosemary-lane, builder.
 Norton, Jas. Brompton, master-mariner.
 Oldfield, H. Devonshire-buildings, New Dover-road, gas-light manufacturer.
 Parkins, T. Borough-road, Southwark, baker.
 Pearson, T. Redman's-row, Mile-end Old Town, and Cooper's-row, Tower-hill, merchant.
 Phillips, T. Marchmont-street, Burton-crescent, merchant.
 Phillips, W. Chepstow, coal-merchant.
 Purser, J. Bowyer-lane, Camberwell, and Hull-street, St Luke's, dyer.
 Richardson, J. Liverpool, merchant.
 Robinson, J. Manchester, copperas-manufacturer.
 Rutter, J. formerly of Banbury, Oxfordshire, baker; afterwards of Farmborough, Warwick, farmer, and late of Whitechapel-road, London, corn-chandler.
 Sharp, G. Leeds, cordwainer.
 Shave, J. Stoneham Aspall, Suffolk, grocer.
 Shelles, J. Merthyr Tidvill, Glamorganshire, mercer.
 Sherwin, J. Burslem, bookseller.
 Sloan, A. and M. Frideberg, Paternoster-row, dealers.
 Standen, C. and W. German, Long-lane, West Smithfield, tailors.
 Street, J. Manchester, Commission-agent.

Stones, D. and T. Ashworth, York, turners.
 Summerfield, T. B. New Crane-wharf, Wapping, coal-merchant.
 Swift, W. and T. Swift, Aston, near Birmingham toy-makers.
 Swindells, T. Bosden, Cheshire, farmer.
 Thackaray, J. Garratt, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
 Thewles, R. Huddersfield, ironmonger.
 Thomas, J. Stepney, master-mariner.
 Thornley, T. Manchester, pawn broker.
 Unsworth, J. Liverpool, tailor.
 Vickery, J. Bristol, brush-manufacturer.
 Wall, E. Hastings, shoemaker.
 Walsh, J. Norwich, linen-draper.
 Warpole, W. Garthianus-street, Aldersgate-street, dealer.

Waring, S. St John's-street-road, carpenter.
 Warwick, J. and J. G. Young, Austin-friars, wine-merchants.
 Welchman, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, linen-draper.
 Welchman, J. Bristol, linen-draper.
 Wells, J. Aldbourn, Wilts, corn-dealer.
 Wheatley, E. Leicester-square, bookseller.
 Williams, J. Twyford, butcher.
 Williams, W. H. Old-steet, corn-dealer.
 Winder, E. Manchester, tailor.
 Wisdom, J. Uckfield, Sussex, grocer.
 Wood, G. Manchester, tailor.
 Woodward, J. Nottingham, machine-maker.
 Worthington, J. Manchester, draper.
 Yandall, E. Wynyatt-place, Clerkenwell, horse-dealer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st June and 30th of July, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Beakie, Robert, flesher and spirit-dealer at Gore-bridge, near Dalkeith.
 Duncan, William, machine-maker in Path-head.
 Martin, George, merchant in Edinburgh.
 Tulloch, Robert, grocer and haberdasher in Campbelltown, and Fort George, Inverness-shire.
 Young, William, tanner in Muirfoot.

DIVIDENDS.

Fleming, William, late merchant in Glasgow; a dividend after 27th July.

Gellatly, David, innkeeper and brewer in Perth; a first and final dividend after 15th August.
 Graham, James, manufacturer; Candlerig Court, Glasgow; a first dividend on 25th August.
 Harley, William, merchant and builder in Glasgow; a dividend on 10th August.
 Hendry, James, late merchant in Glasgow; a first and final dividend after 18th August.
 Hunter and Rainey, merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend after 15th August.
 Turnbull, Thomas, the late, carpet manufacturer in Hawick; a dividend after 25th August.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 15, 1824. At Padang, island of Sumatra, East Indies, Mrs William Purves, of a daughter.
 May 22, 1825. At Gibraltar, the lady of Major Marshall of Calderhead, of a son.

June 19. Mrs Gordon, of Outer Evie, Orkney, of a daughter.

25. At Nenagh, Ireland, the lady of Dr Dempster, of a son.

July 2. At Camberwell, Surrey, Mrs Dudgeon, of a daughter.

— At Borough House, Kentish Town, the lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, and of Lincoln's Inn, of a son.

— At Holderness House, Park Lane, the Marchioness of Londonderry, of a son.

6. At Frcderieton, New Brunswick, the lady of Major J. M'Nair, 52d light infantry, of a son.

7. At the Admiralty, Mrs Keith Douglas, of a son.

9. In Montagu Place, Montagu Square, London, the lady of Major General Sir James Lyon, K.C.B. of a daughter.

— At Burham Grove, the lady of Thomas Potter Macqueen, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

13. At Whittingham, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Balfour, of a daughter.

14. At 95, George Street, Mrs C. B. Scott, of a daughter.

— At Stratton Street, Piccadilly, London, Lady Jane Peel, of a daughter.

17. At Pencrise, Mrs Pott, of a daughter.

— At Heriot Row, the lady of W. H. Dowbiggen, Esq. of a son.

21. Mrs Fraser, Culduthell, of a daughter.

— At 13, Thro' Street, Mrs Orr, of a daughter.

— At London, the lady of Captain Sanderson, Bengal Cavalry, of a daughter.

22. At 45, Queen Street, the lady of William Ferguson, Esq. of Kilrie, of a son.

— At Portman Street, London, the lady of Captain Drummond, Coldstream Guards, of a daughter.

24. At Mellerstain, the lady of George Baillie, Esq. jun. of Jerriswoode, of a daughter.

— At Newbyth, the Lady Anne Baird, of a daughter.

— At Dunfermline, Mrs Henry Russell, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs John Cockburn, of a daughter.

— At 8, South Castle Street, Mrs Samuel Anderson, of a daughter.

— At Kirsiebank House, the lady of Henry M.

Ball, Esq of Tipperkiven, county of Dublin, of a son.

26. At Society Hall, Edinburgh, Mrs John Tawse, of a daughter.

— At Mary's Cottage, Trinity, Mrs J. Pattison, jun. of a daughter.

— Mrs Ivory, Dundas Street, of a son.

30. At Inveresk House, Mrs George Forbes, of a son.

— At Rossie, Mrs Oliphant, of a son.

Latelly. Mrs T. Weir, Nelson Street, of a son.

— Mrs Wilson, 2, Lynedoch Place, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 1. At Nelson, Miramichi, province of New Brunswick, Mr Archibald Duncan, merchant, to Miss Grace M'Callum.

June 5. At Edinburgh, Mr Matthew Frier, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Thomas Field, slater, Edinburgh.

July 4. At Gartmore House, Alex. Tolmie, Esq. to Margaret Anne, second daughter of the late Captain Betson, 9th regiment of foot

— At Albany Street, Leith, John Webster, Esq. to Sarah, third daughter of the late Mr John Newton, shipowner.

5. At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel George Henry Zuhleke, C.B. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Liddell, Esq.

6. At Galashiels, Mr Robert Haldane, writer to Galashiels, to Agnes, second daughter of Mr Richard Lees.

7. At Edinburgh, the Rev. David Simpson, of Trinity Chapel, Aberdeen, to Jane, fourth daughter of the late Mr William Kinnaird, chemist, Edinburgh.

8. At Lauriston Place, Mr Charles Esplin, Morningside, late surgeon in the Royal Navy, to Jane, second daughter of the deceased James Davidson, writer, Edinburgh.

9. At Felbrigg, Henry Baring, Esq. M.P. of Somerley, in the county of Hants, to Cecilia Anne, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk.

12. At Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Ninian Little, Esq. of Chapelhill, to Mary Anne, second daughter of the late John Smail, Esq. of Overmains, Berwickshire.

13. At Portobello, Colonel James Hamilton, of the Colombian Army, to Marion Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Anderson of Wintfield, Esq.

— At Inch House, Major Robert Gordon of Hallhead, to Jane, daughter of the late Walter

Little Gilmour, Esq. of Libberton and Craigmillar.

13. At Glasgow, Mr John Williams, surgeon, to Miss Flora Juliana Law, youngest daughter of John Law M'Clellan, of the Royal Navy, Esq.

— At Lennexbank, John Semple, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of John Stuart, Esq.

14. At Kirkowan Manse, William Charles Hamilton, Esq. of Craighlaw, to Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Stewart of Kirkowan.

19. At Arretton, Isle of Wight, George Cornelius Stigant, Esq. attorney, Forsted, Hants, to Eliza, daughter of the late John Watt, Esq. of Edinburgh.

— At Westsidewood, James Williamson, Esq. distiller, Underwood, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Wilson of Westsidewood, Esq.

— Mr John Simpson Sanderson of Glasgow, to Christian, daughter of the late Mr John Nimmo, Hardengreen.

— At Foddie, George Martin, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Betsy, daughter of Alex. Christie, Esq. of Foddie.

— At Edinburgh, James Stormonth Darling of Lednath, Esq. W.S. to Elizabeth Moir, only surviving daughter of the late James Tod of Deans-toun, Esq.

20. At London, Duncan, eldest son of Henry Davison, Esq. of Cavendish Square, and Tulloch, N. B. to the Hon. Elizabeth Diana Bosville Macdonald, second daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Macdonald.

— At Edinburgh, John Anderson, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Frances, daughter of the late Robert Burn, Esq. architect.

23. At Stanmore, in Middlesex, James Ewart, Esq. of the Stock Exchange, to Jean, only daughter of the late James Laing, Esq. merchant, London.

26. At Edinburgh, Robert Magee, Esq. eldest son of William Snell Magee, Esq. of Parson's Green, in the county of Dublin, to Jessy, daughter of Richard Prentice, Esq. Prince's Street.

— At Flaws, Evie, Orkney, Mr William Turner, merchant, Edinburgh, to Anne, eldest daughter of Hugh Spence, Esq. of Flaws.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Burr, merchant, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr David Maegibbon, builder.

28. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Alexander Robert Stewart, Esq. M.P. for the county of Londonderry, to Lady Caroline Ann Pratt, youngest daughter of the late Marquis and Marchioness Cambden.

— At Windsor, the Rev. John Multrick, Rector of Rugby, to Harriet Margaret, eldest daughter of Dr Fergusson, Inspector of Hospitals.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr William Bisset, solicitor-at-law, to Davinia, daughter of Mr James Morrison, Leith Street.

30. At St Rollock's near Glasgow, Dr John Coupar, Glasgow, to Charlotte, daughter of Chas. Tennant, Esq.

Aug. 1. At the parish Church of Mary-la-bonne, on the 1st inst. Hugh Maclean, Esq. younger of Coll, to Jane, eldest daughter of William Robertson, Esq.

2. At No. 1, Dundas Street, the Rev. George Smith, minister of the second charge, Kilmarnock, to Jane, only daughter of the late David Hogarth, Esq. of Hilton, Berwickshire.

— At Portobello, Alexander Blackie, Esq. banker in Aberdeen, to Mrs Margaret Paterson, daughter of James Miller, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At Strathairly House, Fife-shire, David Blackie, Esq. writer to the signet, to Margaret, only daughter of David Briggs, Esq. of Strathairly.

— David Watson, Esq. surgeon, Brechin, to Mary, only daughter of Mr Thomas Hill, bookseller, Edinburgh.

Lately. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Price Blackwood, R. N. to Helen Selina, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq. His Royal Highness the Duke of York gave the bride away.

— At St James's Church, Piccadilly, London, John Capel, Esq. of Russell Square, to Lady Caroline Beauclerc, second daughter of the Duke of St Albans.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Sir John V. B. Johnstone, Bart. of Hackness, in the county of York, to Louisa Augusta Vernon, second daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of York.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Samuel Vincent Bradbury, Sheffield, merchant, to Miss Sophia Henrietta, third daughter of John Law M'Clellan, of the Royal Navy, Esq.

DEATHS.

Dec. 14, 1824. Near Launceston, Van Diemen's Land, Mr John Thomson, late of Cormiston.

Jan. 11, 1825. At Benares, Bengal, Captain George Snodgrass, 23d regiment of Native Infantry, deputy-paymaster of the Benares and Sagor divisions of the army.

May 23. At Kingston, Jamaica, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Mr William Welsh, youngest son of the late William Welsh, Esq. of Mossfennan.

June 14. At Paris, M. Grappe, one of the Advocates of the Royal Court, and Professor of the Code of Civil Law in the University of Paris.

— At her house in Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, Miss G. Drysdale, daughter of the late Mr Alex. Drysdale, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Kilbride Manse, Island of Arran, the Rev. John Stuart, minister of that parish.

17. At Glasgow, John Ritchie Wallace, Esq. M.D.

— At Edinburgh, suddenly, Francis Fraser, Esq. Solicitor Supreme Courts of Scotland.

18. At Dunearnlaw, Mr John Hay.

— At the Manse of Wilton, in the vicinity of Hawick, the Rev. Dr Samuel Charters.

19. At Bonnington Place, Mr Francis Taylor, shipmaster in Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Archibald, son of Mr John Johnston, printer.

— At Delvine, Amelia Euphemia, youngest daughter of Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart.

20. Mr George Stewart, merchant, High Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Hay, wife of Mr David Cunningham, jeweller.

21. At Aberdeen, William Hercules, third son of Robert Ogilvie, Esq. Leith.

— At No. 3, Crescent, Perth, George Seton, Esq.

22. At Kirkpatrick, Juxta, the Rev. Duncan Stewart Singer.

— At West Linton Manse, Catherine Hunter, only daughter of the Rev. Alex. Forrester.

— At the Manse of Auchterderran, Mrs Mackie, aged 90.

23. At Craigielands, Jessy, infant daughter of Alexander Allan, Esq.

25. At Leith, Henry Gutzmer, Esq.

26. At Annfield, Newhaven, William Jameson, Esq. W.S.

— At Davenport Barracks, Lieut. William P. Baird, of the 24th regiment.

27. Henry Malcolm, of Clapham, Surrey, in the 23d year of his age, in consequence of a short illness, caused by misplaced affections on a public singer of much notoriety, who is now on the eve of marriage to another.

— At North Charlotte Street, John Wilson Horne, Esq. of the Bank of Scotland.

— John, the infant son of Mr Robert Cadell, 154, George Street.

— At 25 Salisbury Street, Mrs Isobel Sharp, spouse of James Mullo, builder.

23. At Ormiston, John Millar, St John Street, Edinburgh.

— At Harrogate, Lieut. Alexander Graham, of the 17th regiment of foot, second son of Lieut. Gen. Grahame Stirling of Duchray and Auchyle.

— At Cromarty, Mrs Barbara Rose, spouse of Walter Ross, Esq. of Nigg.

29. At Pilrig House, Mrs Anne Mackintosh, spouse of James Balfour, Esq. of Pilrig, W.S.

— At Leith, Mr Peter Hardie, merchant.

30. At Wauk Mill, Musselburgh, Mr James Connell.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Mackenzie, relict of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. formerly of Torriden.

— At Edinburgh, Ann, only daughter of the late Mr John Armstrong, Lugton, Dalkeith.

31. At Kilmarnock, Mr John Thomson, of the house of John Thomson and Sons, carpet-manufacturers there.

July 1. At Scotchhill, Caithness, Captain James Gunn, late of the 93d regiment of foot.

2. At Glasgow, Morehead Loudon, Esq.

— At Port-Glasgow, Mrs Isobel Semple, relict of Archibald Young, Esq. surgeon, Glasgow.

— At Haddington, Mary, daughter of the late Captain Thomas Maitland of Soutra.

— Mr John M'Lean, fishing-rod-maker, North Bridge, Edinburgh.

2. At Cupar, Alexander, infant son of Mr John Aitken.
3. At sea, off Berwick, Mrs M. L. Giles, wife of Mr James Giles, lately of Greenwich, Kent.
- At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Sarah Grant, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Louis Grant of Aucharniche.
4. At his house, Grosvenor Place, London, the Right Hon. Lord Lilford.
5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Drummoud, wife of John Moncrieff, Esq. No. 7, York Place.
- At her father's house, Salisbury Square, Jane, second daughter of Mr Sime Ruthven, Scotsman Office.
6. At the manse of Gladsmuir, Mrs Elizabeth Dickson, wife of the Rev. George Hamilton, minister of Gladsmuir.
7. At Havre-de-Grace, Mr Joseph Fell, jun.
9. At Minto Street, Newington, Mr George Murray, late merchant, Edinburgh.
- At Edinburgh, Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Dalryell, Esq. of Lingo.
10. At the Rectory House, Quarley, near Andover, Hants, Mrs Agnes Mackie, relict of William Mackie, Esq. of Ormiston, East Lothian.
11. At Glenearn, Charles Husband, Esq. younger of Glenearn, only son of Charles Husband, Esq. of Glenearn, Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire.
- At St Andrews, Mrs Harriet Hill, widow of Principal Hill.
- At Crosby, Charles Grant, Esq. of Barwood House, Lancashire.
12. At Glasgowfield, Thomas Stewart, Esq. of Westforth.
- At Greenside Street, Mr Andrew Johnston, surveyor, Edinburgh.
- At 19, Forth Street, Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr James Lang, writer to the signet.
- At his house, Hillhousefield, Mr Robert Bayne, merchant in Leith.
- At her house, Brown Square, Mrs Sarah Cleg-horn, in her 97th year.
13. At Foss, Alexandrina Charlotte, fourth daughter of Joseph Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Foss.
- At Cupar, Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Horsburgh, sheriff-clerk of Fife.
14. At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Scott, Esq. receiver-general of the Isle of Man.
15. At Edinburgh, Henrietta Nimmo, third daughter of John Wardrop, Esq. George Street.
- At Southbar, Boyd Alexander, Esq.
16. At Viewforth Cottage, near Leith, William Graham, Esq. of Orchill.
- Mr John Milne, spirit-dealer, Pleasance, Edinburgh.
17. At Edinburgh, Miss Susan Campbell, youngest daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. Receiver-General of the Customs.
- At his house in St James's Square, London, the Most Noble William Beauclerc, eighth Duke of St Albans, Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, in the 60th year of his age.
18. At Brougham Hall, Lady Elliot, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Minto, of Minto House, Roxburghshire.
- At Wooden, Robert Walker, Esq. of Wooden.
- At No. 24, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, Miss Janet Kennedy.
- At Downpatrick, Ireland, Mr John Raeburn, late clerk of works in the Barrack Department, N. B.
19. At Greenhall, James Moore, Esq. of Greenhall.
- At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Hogg.
- At George Street, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Ruddiman.
22. At West Linton, Mrs Scott of Whitechesters.
23. At Linktown of Kirkaldy, Mr Alexander Shaw, late Supervisor of Excise.
24. At London, Sir Alexander Grant, Bart.
- At Ballumbie, Forfarshire, David Millar, Esq. of Ballumbie.
25. At Lumbie, Mary, eldest daughter of William Stewart, Esq. of Sloane Street, London, formerly of Inverkeithing.
- At Beith, Mr John Barr, writer.
25. At Tillicoultry, John Mitchell Moubray, son of Mr Moubray of Cambus.
- At Dalswinton, Dumfries-shire, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.
26. James Gentle, Esq. late of Demerara, on his passage from Trinidad to London.
- At Kelso, Elizabeth, fourth daughter of James Darling, Esq.
27. At Grove House, John Bonar, Esq.
- At Glenarbach, Dumbartonshire, Alexander Robertson, eldest son of Robert Robertson, Esq. of Prendergust.
28. At the Burn, John Shand of Arnhall, Esq.
- At Hutton Bank, Hamilton, Mrs Anne Hutton, relict of John Bryson, Esq. of Sheriff-faulds, late Sheriff-substitute in Lanarkshire.
- At St Anthony's Place, Leith, Margaret Jane, daughter of Mr William Wyld.
29. At her house in Howe Street, Mrs Christian Armstrong, relict of Robert Boyd, Esq. of Drum.
- At her son's house, Manor Place, Coates Crescent, Mrs Catharine Hamilton, aged 65, relict of Daniel Ramsay of Falla, for many years a merchant in Edinburgh.
30. At Cowes, the Right Hon. the Earl Craven, in his 55th year. His Lordship married, 12th December, 1807, Miss Brunton of Covent Garden Theatre, and has left issue two sons and a daughter.
- At Saltoats, George Cunningham, Esq. of Langmuir.
31. At Edinburgh, Dame Elizabeth Grahame, relict of Sir Robert Dalryell, Bart. of Binns.
- Aug. 1. At Knole Park, of apoplexy, the Duchess of Dorset.
- At Albany Street, North Leith, Mrs Wright, widow of the late Colonel Robert Wright of the royal artillery.
- At Dirmanean, aged 86, Andrew Small, Esq. Dirmanean.
2. At St Germain's, David Anderson, Esq. of St Germain's, aged 75.
- At Thurso, Mr William McLean, merchant there.
3. At Ardgowan, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart. Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Renfrew.
5. At Leith, Katherine daughter of Mr Wm Goddard.
- At his house, Abercromby-Place, Andrew Bonar, Esq. of Kimmerghame, banker in Edinburgh, in the 78th year of his age.
- At her house, Milne's Court, Miss Ann Hepburn.
- 6 At Anderston, Mr John Duncan, inventor of the patent tambouring machinery.
- At Pilrig Street, William Henry, infant son of Mr Moule.
- At Montpelier, Burntsfield Links, Hugh Nimmo, Esq.
7. The Rev. James Scott, minister of Benholm.
8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Campbell, widow of Matthew Campbell, Esq. Wigton.
9. Aged 9 years, Walter, only son of the late John Ross, Esq. W. S.
- Lately—At Richmond, Yorkshire, Tristram Hogg, Esq. aged 77.
- At her house, Charlotte Street, Miss Buchanan, eldest daughter of the late James Buchanan, Esq. of Drumpeller.
- At Ryde, Isle of Wight, Serjeant Lens, the eminent barrister.
- At Senna, Southern Africa, Mr George Kilpatrick, surgeon, R.N. son of Mr George Kilpatrick, Craignestoch, Glasgow. In June 1825, a party, consisting of Mr Forbes, botanist, sent out by the Horticultural Society of London; Lieut. C. Brown and Mr Kilpatrick, both of his Majesty's ship, *Leven*, on a voyage of survey along the Eastern Coast of Africa, under the command of Capt. W. F. W. Owen, volunteered their services on an inland expedition to explore the river Zambezi or Cuama, and the country adjacent. They had not proceeded far up the river when Mr Forbes fell a victim, and, soon after their landing at Senna, his two companions shared his untimely fate.

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VOL. XVIII.

THE COUNTRY CURATE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ordinary traveller who journeys from London to Paris, and who is not greatly in the habit of diverging from the beaten tracks,—who neither sees, nor desires to see, more of the country, through which he passes, than the fields on each side of the highway may chance to present, can form no idea of the rude and romantic scenery which is occasionally to be met with, even in the southern county of Kent. I am not quite sure that the border districts of Scotland itself can boast of glens more striking, or hills more wild and pastoral, than are to be found in this the cultivated garden of England. The general aspect of the country is, indeed, rather beautiful than grand; swelling downs, luxuriant corn-fields, rich hop-gardens, and exquisite hedgerows, furnishing the more customary features in a Kentish landscape. But Kent is not altogether deficient in what deserves to be ranked as the sublime, and it may be worth while to inform this wandering generation, whereabouts it behoves them to look for it.

Soon after he has passed the race-course on Barham Downs, the way-faring man will arrive at a sort of by-road, which, striking off from the highway in a direction to the right, winds between a couple of fir plantations that skirt the extremities of Denne Hill and Broom. Let him pursue this path without hesitation. It leads across a wild country to Folkestone and Hythe;

and it conducts to the very glens and hills of which notice has just now been given. As he goes on, he will perceive a change in the aspect of external things, not less remarkable, perhaps, than any which he may have previously noted. Cultivation will soon end with him, or if it continue at all, it will be in that melancholy state which seems to indicate that the plough ought never to have reached those regions, over which nature, and nature alone, had asserted her supremacy. He will see, it is true, a few spots here and there broken up on the side of a bleak hill, but even in these, the ploughshare has cast up gravel, rather than soil; whilst round them, and above them, all is pasturage, if not rankly luxuriant, at least abundant,—short, thick grass, such as grows along the sides of the Ochils, or over the summits of the Lomonds. This is the general covering of the hills. Few trees flourish here, and the few that are, consist of dwarf fir and stunted oak; whilst, ever and anon, abrupt precipices of white chalk intervene, as if to diversify the extent of green which might otherwise pall upon the eye.

In a pastoral country like this, it is probably needless to say, that glens and valleys of a very striking appearance run in all directions among the waving hills. The road, indeed, winds, in more places than one, along the

summit of as beautiful a vale as the crowding in of grass-covered eminences is capable of producing. In general, these valleys are narrow, resembling ravines rather than glens; and the only herbage which grows to any height adown them, is the fern and the gorze. But they are often deep; it may be a couple of hundred feet or more from the level of the pathway, whilst the hills which surround them arise to perhaps the same altitude above the head of the gazer. He who wishes to visit this country at an advantageous season, is recommended to choose, not the height of summer, but the spring, or the fall of the year. A bright sun-shine suits not such scenery. In its blaze, you see things too plainly; even a mountain, however lofty, being but half a mountain, when you can distinguish a sheep upon its summit. The traveller who is really in earnest in looking out for the sublime, is accordingly advised to traverse the Folkestone hills, whilst a storm of rain and wind is abroad. If the blast drive directly in his face, so much the better; but failing the happy occurrence of such a storm, let him at least select a day of thick fog. Then when the tops of the hills are shrouded, and the bottoms of the glens invisible, he may very well be pardoned, whether a Cockney or not, if he fancy himself, not among the downs of Kent, but among the wildest productions of uncultivated nature.

In one of the most striking of these glens, the last indeed which occurs before you obtain a view of Folkestone and of the British Channel, stands the church and parsonage of St Alphage. They are the only buildings distinctly visible to the traveller; and to see even these, he must abandon the beaten track, and swerve considerably to the right. They lie at the very gorge of a deep dark vale, just where it seems to end in a narrow pass, which, winding away around the elbow of a green hill, conducts you know not whither. The church is an old-fashioned, unassuming structure, built of those round shingle-stones, called boulders, and covered over with the flat gray-stone, which our forefathers were in the habit of using instead of slate. It belongs to no class of architecture whatever; it is neither Saxon nor Gothic; though, if pointed arches in the doors and windows be undeniable proofs of

Gothic architecture, they are certainly to be found here. There is no steeple attached to it; a little wooden bell-fry, in which hangs a single bell, being meant to represent one; and the entire temple, including its gallery, is capable of containing, provided they sit close, perhaps three hundred people.

This little edifice is surrounded by a church-yard, which, for the extremely good taste in which it is preserved, might serve as a model to the cemeteries of many more assuming houses of God. It is begirt by a wooden paling, painted purely white, in which the traveller, let him view it when he may, will perceive neither break nor dilapidation. Four gravel-walks run from the four corners of the fence, where neat gates are suspended; and meet, or rather end, in a broader walk which surrounds the church itself. A few aged yews are scattered, apparently at random, among the graves; and a row of elms adorns that side of the square which looks towards the vicarage. But there are no gorgeous monuments here; no spots railed round, as if the ashes of one man were too pure to be mingled with the ashes of another; an air of primitive equality is spread, on the contrary, over the place, where, if ever it is to be sought for at all, it ought surely to be found. Even head and foot-stones are not very abundant in the church-yard of St Alphage, and such as appear mark the resting-places of men who, filled no higher rank in society than that of graziers or pilots; whilst of wooden crosses a more than usual proportion exists, all of which seem to be objects of care and veneration to the parishioners.

I confess myself to be one of those who are prone to form a judgment of the habits and dispositions of men in a country place, from the degree of respect which they pay to the graves of their fathers. When I behold a church-yard kept, as is that just described, I am apt to think kindly of the inhabitants of the parish, as an innocent and unvitiated race of people. When, on the contrary, the village church-yard forms the play-ground for their children; when its fences are broken down, and the green sod torn from its little mounds; when the yews, which its former owners planted, are stripped of their branches, not by time, but by the hands of rude urchins; and when,

in addition to these marks of carelessness, proofs of petty pride present themselves in the shape of tombs clumsily constructed and vilely inscribed, I cannot divest my mind of the persuasion, that the people are dissolute and cold-hearted; that the odious distinctions of modern society have made too much progress among them; and that the farmers are grinding and vain, the peasantry drunken and dishonest. No doubt, I have been sometimes deceived in these conclusions; but I have much more frequently found them to be correct.

Divided only by its neat garden from the western side of the church-yard, stands the vicarage-house, the very representative of what English vicarages were wont to be in the days of our great-grandfathers. It is a cottage of one story high, containing two little parlours, a kitchen, and a few closets on the ground-floor; whilst three excellent garrets, rendered more commodious by the storm windows, furnish all the dormitory considered necessary for the family of an humble vicar. Of its parlours, indeed, the little green-room which looks into the garden behind, is, comparatively speaking, a modern addition; whilst a long wash-house, or scullery, has likewise been tacked-on, of late, to one of the gables, more as a matter of convenience than of ornament. Nevertheless, the general appearance of the mansion—with its tiled roof, its walls white as the drifted snow, except in those parts where they are covered with jessamine and china-roses—its green entrance-door, ornamented by narrow window-light on each side, and its little leaded casements—cannot fail to attract the notice of him who loves to think of religion as the parent of peace and humility; and of its teachers, not as mingling with the great and the titled of the land, but as setting an example of meekness and lowliness of heart to their several congregations.

In perfect keeping with the size and construction of the house, are the grounds by which it is surrounded. Here are no extensive lawns, so laid out as to require the constant attention of a couple of gardeners to hinder them from running wild, and bringing discredit on the taste of the proprietor; no beds of foreign and expensive flowers show their gaudy co-

lours to the sun; nor have the trees which gird the little paddock, and inclose the garden, been brought from afar. A meadow, containing, perhaps, three acres of land, forms at once the glebe and the domain of the vicar. It lies chiefly in front, and on the right of the parsonage; only a narrow strip, winding round the left, to join the garden with the church-yard; and it is begirt by a well-trimmed hawthorn hedge, which is never suffered to exceed the height of four feet from the ground. In the centre of this hedge, and directly opposite to the door of the house, is a green swing gate, on opening which, and passing through the meadow, you come to another little hedge, drawn, at the distance of perhaps twenty feet, entirely round the vicarage. Within this a belt of genuine English shrubs—of lilacs, laburnums, guelder-roses, mountain-ash, and filberts, is planted, which overshadow, on each side, a gravel-walk, and embosom the cottage in their green leaves. On the left, however, the belt swells out into a little thicket, concealing the stable, and other offices attached; beside which grow several taller trees, such as the fir, the beech, and the poplar; while behind the thicket is a little fish pond, having a well-trimmed grass-walk carried round it, and several elegant weeping willows dropping their tresses into the water. Such are, properly speaking, its pleasure-grounds, and if to this be added a kitchen-garden, well filled with apple and plumb-trees, and bisected by a broad turf-walk, on each side of which grow roses and hyacinths, and lilies of the valley, with violets and blue bells, and here and there a lofty holly-hock—a tolerably correct notion will be formed, even by such as never have, and never may behold the place itself, of the unassuming vicarage of St Alphage.

In this secluded spot dwelt for fifteen years one of the most kind-hearted and pious individuals of whom the church of England has cause to boast—of him the world knew nothing. Like other men, he was ambitious of fame when he first started into life, but misfortunes, neither romantic nor uncommon, taught him to curb his ambition, and to seek for happiness, not in this world, but in a better. It is to him, indeed, more than to any other person, that the vicarage of St

Alphage owes all of simple beauty which is around it. There is not a shrub upon the premises which was not planted by his hand; and the elms which adorn the church-yard form the only monument which his modesty would suffer to be raised to his memory. As I have undertaken the care of his papers, and propose to make the public acquainted with their contents, it may not be amiss if I premise that task with some account of the author. Not that the life of a country curate can have in it much of general interest,—and the life of my friend was not greatly different from that of other curates,—but his sketches being for the most part sombre, it appears but reasonable to assign some cause why melancholy subjects should have taken a faster hold upon his mind than subjects of a lighter nature; and that, I think, the detail of his own brief career will effect.

Abraham Williams, the subject of this memoir, was the son of a clergyman in North Wales, whose preferment, though not extensive, enabled him to support in genteelity and apparent comfort a family which consisted only of his wife and two children. Of the latter, Abraham was the eldest by four years, the girl having been born, as Benjamin was born to Jacob, in the old age of her father; for Mr Williams, like many other English clergymen, had found it impossible to marry till he was considerably advanced in life. Neither he nor his wife were scions of any noble stock. She was the daughter of a retired major in the army, and he the representative of a long line of ancestors, who had all followed the profession to which he was himself educated; and who had succeeded, generally after thirty or forty years' apprenticeship, in obtaining some small rectory, or poor vicarage, from the bishop of the diocese, or from the colleges of which they were members.

Mr Williams, the father of my much-respected friend, was among the number of those whose benefices were bestowed upon them by their colleges. For five-and-twenty years he had held a fellowship in Jesus College, Oxford, in which house of conviviality and good humour, no one was more good-humoured and convivial than he; and as he obtained the situation almost as soon as he took his degree, no oppor-

tunity was afforded him of learning the important lesson, that he whose subsistence depends wholly upon a life-annuity, ought never, at least, to exceed it. The consequence was, that when, at the age of sixty-three, the worthy man found a college-living at his option, and himself thereby enabled to fulfil a loving engagement of some thirty years' standing, he prepared to occupy the one and to make good the other, not, indeed, encumbered with heavy debts, but without possessing money enough to defray the expenses attendant upon induction, upon the payment of the first-fruits, and the purchase of a licence. His preferment was not, however, rated highly in the king's books, and the price of a licence was then more reasonable than it is at present; so he borrowed twenty guineas from a friend, and went with that sum in his pocket to marry a wife and to take possession of his benefice.

Mrs Williams' fortune, which amounted to two hundred and fifty pounds, barely sufficed to furnish the parsonage, and to purchase such conveniences, both in-doors and out, as were considered indispensable to the rectorial establishment. The good rector accordingly began his wedded career, without one sixpence in his purse to defray the daily cost of housekeeping; and hence, long before tithe-day came round, the sum-total of the proceeds of his rectory was absolutely forestalled to meet current expenses. But Mr Williams was too good-hearted and too thoughtless to regard this. As soon as the compositions came in they were paid away to last year's creditors, and the necessaries for the year in-coming were procured, as those of the year preceding had been procured, upon trust. By this means, there was one day in every three hundred and sixty-five, at the return of which he could boast of being clear with the world; and there was not one hour in the course of twelve long months, when he could truly affirm that he was worth a penny.

Both Mr and Mrs Williams were, however, blessed with that calmness of temper, which hindered them from anticipating evils, and from embittering a present enjoyment by any over-cautious prying into futurity. Occasionally, indeed, the latter, who was several years younger than her hus-

band, would remind him of the uncertainty of human life, and advise him to curtail his expenses, in order that he might save something for his family in case he should be prematurely called away. But to exhortations of this kind the good man would reply by recommending an implicit trust in Providence, which never, he said, deserts the righteous man, or suffers his children to beg their bread. It was likewise a maxim with him, that the Clergy have no right to accumulate fortunes for their families out of the proceeds of their livings. "We are stewards of the poor," added he, "and society, in all its branches, has peculiar claims upon us. We ought not to live unsociably, because, by avoiding a friendly intercourse with our neighbours, we withdraw from them that example which it is our duty to set even in our hours of hilarity; whilst in matters of charity, he who comes not freely forward himself, cannot reasonably expect that his preaching or admonitions will have much weight with others." Perhaps the worthy rector carried his ideas on these heads somewhat too far; but his broad view of the duties of a parish priest were correct; and they are, I will venture to say, entertained to this hour by no trifling majority of his much-slandered brethren.

When such were his abstract notions of things, it will readily be believed, that Mr Williams' practice in no respect contradicted them. Even against the wandering beggar his door was never shut. To the poor and the sick among his own flock he was a father and a friend; whilst his bread, his cheese, his cold meat, and his beer, were at the command of all who chose to visit his kitchen. Being of a cheerful and happy temperament, too, he freely met the advances of what is called a respectable and wealthy neighbourhood, among whom his gentlemanly manners and cultivated mind rendered him at all times an agreeable visitant. Thus, upon a rectory of five hundred pounds per annum, was the father of my friend accustomed to keep up an establishment, and to support appearances, which it would have been scarcely prudent to support, had his estate been a real one; and his children, educated in the midst of seeming abundance, ran no slight risk of acquiring notions very little in agreement with their future fortunes.

The first eighteen years of Abraham's life were not marked by the occurrence of any incident worthy to be recorded. During their progress, he had resided constantly at home, and was well instructed in classical and mathematical lore by his father, whose most anxious wish was, that he might be admitted into holy orders, and elected to a fellowship at Jesus before he himself should go hence, and be no more seen. As a necessary consequence upon this system of domestic culture, the lad grew up with feelings of the warmest attachment to his relations; and another tie was also formed, which, though pure and sacred in itself, effectually defeated, by its melancholy issue, the only chance which the son of an unknown country clergyman possessed of making his way in the profession which had been chalked out for him.

Not far from the residence of Mr Williams dwelt a widow lady of the name of Evans, who, with an only daughter, inhabited a neat cottage, and subsisted upon a scanty pittance, which her husband, the former incumbent of the parish, had left. Julia Evans was two years younger than Abraham, a gentle, delicate, and retiring creature; in whose soft blue eye, and exquisitely pure complexion, the most common observer might behold the prognostications of a premature dissolution. She was the sole surviving child of seven, who had all, one after another, dropped into their graves, just as their parents began to count upon their attaining to the full vigour of manhood. Of her, therefore, the most anxious care had been taken, and now her widowed mother breathed hardly another prayer to Heaven, except that it would be pleased to preserve for her a life, which even she could not but observe to be suspended by a single hair. Between Mr Williams' family and that of Mrs Evans an intimate acquaintance subsisted; and it brought about, as might have been anticipated, the most ardent and romantic attachment on the parts of Abraham and Julia towards each other.

Abraham Williams had passed his eighteenth year, when his father deemed it necessary that he should remove to College. It was a bitter parting between the youth and his relatives, but the parting with Julia was more bitter by far. Yet there was a keenness of

enjoyment in the latter which perhaps more than counterbalanced its bitterness. The young people had hitherto been to each other as brother and sister; they loved tenderly and ardently, but they knew not the real nature of the love which subsisted between them. How should they indeed,—how should a boy of eighteen, and a girl of sixteen, who met every day with all the unreserved confidence of childhood, know,—that their love was different in kind from that which the one felt for her only parent, the other for his parents and his sister. It is the moment of parting, which, in such cases, divulges the truth,—nor is there a moment in all the years of our after existence more wildly, and yet purely delightful, than that in which the discovery is first made. Young as they were, Abraham and Julia exchanged vows of eternal fidelity before the last embrace was given. These vows were never broken, yet they were never fulfilled.

How often has my poor friend spoken to me of that hour! “I had bidden farewell to her mother,” he said, “and was preparing to do the same by Julia, when she suddenly turned away from me, and quitted the room. I followed her instantly, and found her leaning against the paling which overhangs the brook, and weeping bitterly. It was a soft serene evening in October; the withered leaves were lying in quantities on the path, and the few which still clung to the branches overhead, were sere and yellow, and rustled sadly as the quiet air moved them. The sun had set, but daylight had not yet passed away. Oh, I cannot paint to you her look of agony, when I put my arm round her waist, and, gently pressing her soft hand in mine, murmured, what I could not speak, something about comfort and farewell. The tears were flowing fast from her beautiful eyes, and mine too gushed out in torrents. ‘Farewell, Julia,’ said I at length, ‘you will sometimes think of me when I am gone, and, as you follow our favourite walk, or sit beside that little stream, you will wish that I were beside you, and look forward with satisfaction to the day of my return.’ I shall never forget her reply. Every word of it sunk deep into my memory, and can never be erased while memory lasts. ‘Think of you, Abraham!’ cried she; ‘shall

I ever think of aught besides? Oh, what will these walks, or that stream, be to me when you are gone! Nothing, nothing! I will never follow them, I will never sit down where we have so often sat together, till you return.’ It was then,” continued he, “that I felt how passionately I loved her; and then, for the first time, I spoke to her of love. From that moment we were betrothed! O God, O God, how vainly!”

Abraham and myself entered College together. We were matriculated on the same day—we attended the same lectures—we belonged to the same set—and, going forward together in our academical course, we passed our examination on the same morning, and on the same morning took our degree. From that period we never wholly lost sight of each other, though our different walks in life kept us generally apart; but the intercourse which could not be continued in person was constantly maintained by letter. Hence it is, that though we separated before his misfortunes began, I was not kept ignorant of them, and am now enabled to detail them in the order in which they occurred.

It has sometimes been doubted whether an early attachment be or be not of advantage to a youth, who must make his way in the world. For my own part, I am decidedly of opinion, that if his affections be properly bestowed, such an occurrence is always advantageous to him; and the case of my poor friend fully justifies me in adhering to that opinion. Though of a disposition internally gay, Abraham Williams never, during the entire course of his college life, ran into the follies and excesses of which most of his companions were guilty,—not that he was either niggardly or parsimonious. No man lived more like a gentleman than he; but there was a degree of seriousness about him such as very rarely shows itself in the deportment of a reasonable and sensible youth under twenty years of age. Where morose fanaticism prevails, then indeed we cannot wonder that the fanatic should be sober and cautious; but Williams was no fanatic, though a very pattern of sobriety and good conduct. The consequence was, that he made amazing proficiency in his studies; and the proudest desire of his excellent father was gratified by

beholding him, at the early age of two-and-twenty, numbered among the respectable fellows of Jesus' College.

In the meanwhile the attachment between the young people continued daily to increase; and joyful was the heart of the poor widow when she beheld the last prop of her old age an object of regard to a young man so highly and so justly respected. But Julia loved too warmly. Sweet and gentle as her outward manner was, her heart was the abode of feelings not more pure than enthusiastic, and these preyed upon a constitution greatly too delicate to support a struggle with hope deferred; for all Abraham's success brought not the day of their union nearer. As fellow of a College he could not marry; and both he and she were aware, that his only chance of preferment was from the society, of which he was a member, and which had bestowed his preferment upon his father. At each visit which he paid to his paternal fire-side, the lover was accordingly more and more shocked at the change in Julia's appearance; though when he was by, she was all life and spirits, and her cheek glowed and her eye danced as they had been wont to do in other days. But as soon as he departed, she drooped again; and it was but too manifest, that unless some fortunate accident should occur, such as might authorize their speedy union, poor Julia would not survive to fulfil her engagement.

Just at this time, when Abraham, having attained the canonical age, was preparing to enter the sacred profession, his father was struck with a paralytic affection, from which he never recovered. The old man, after lingering a few weeks, died; and he died as he had lived; calm, contented, full of trust in the God who had guided him hitherto, and full of affection for his family and his people. The blow was deeply felt both by his wife and children; and it came upon them the more heavily, that now, for the first time, the sad effects of his liberal and unrestrained course of life appeared. He died absolutely penniless. There was not in the house money sufficient to defray the expenses of the funeral; and the demand for dilapidations—that demand so little creditable to the Constitution of the Church of England—swept away the whole produce of the sale of furniture and effects,

which necessarily ensued. With his usual consideration for others and disregard for himself, Mr Williams had made no charge upon the widow of his predecessor in the Rectory; but he was succeeded by a man widely different from himself in all respects—by a fellow of a school not yet, I fear, wholly abolished, and which is not likely to be abolished till human nature undergo a change. The new incumbent, though a bachelor, and though determined to continue a bachelor to the day of his death, entertained no thought of being merciful to the widow and the orphan. He caused the house, the barns, the stables, the chancel, and even the fences, and stumps of fences, to be accurately surveyed; and he exacted the full amount of the valuation from a family whose sole dependence was now upon the exertions of my friend.

When the bitterness of grief for the loss of a kind parent began to subside, it was not possible for Abraham to hinder the reflection from arising, that now a greater bar than ever was thrown in the way of that marriage, in the completion of which all his hopes of earthly comfort were centred. His mother and sister must be maintained. This was a duty, of the paramount importance of which his mind was far too properly regulated not to be fully convinced; but let him not be deemed selfish if something like sorrow would occasionally mingle with his feeling of gratitude towards that Providence, which had happily supplied him with the means of discharging it. Alas, we are not always made happy—at least perfectly happy—by the conviction that we are doing, or striving to do, our duty. Ours is not the nature of angels, but of men; of creatures partaking of as much of the dross of the earth as of the essence of the Divinity; and till that dross be wholly purged away, something of imperfection must cling even to our best resolutions and endeavours. Nevertheless, Abraham was too good a son and too sincere a Christian not to relinquish his own wishes freely, now that they came into collision with his duty; only he had not the courage to make Julia a partaker in his sorrows and in his apprehensions.

But it is not possible, at least during the season of youth, absolutely to divest ourselves of hope. "I will work harder than I have yet done," said he

to himself. "I will strive for the place of tutor at my College; or I will obtain a curacy in the country, and take private pupils into my house; and whatever my savings may be, I will settle all upon my mother and sister, so as that when a living falls I may share it with Julia." It is very probable that he might have succeeded in the first of these schemes had he attempted it; for his talents were well known and duly appreciated in the University; but then where could his mother and sister reside? That plan, therefore, was abandoned; and he accordingly set himself with all diligence to carry into execution the other alternative, to which nothing but an overwhelming sense of duty could have driven him.

The curacy which he obtained was that of St Alphage, of the localities of which a slight sketch has already been given. It was retired, and therefore it suited the state of his finances; for the stipend allowed was only forty pounds a-year, and the emoluments of his fellowship amounted to an additional eighty. His was one of the poorer fellowships of Jesus. Had he resided, it might, perhaps, have brought in an hundred pounds annually; but the value of such things is always diminished by non-residence. With a yearly income, therefore, amounting to one hundred and twenty pounds, Abraham prepared himself to nurse his aged mother, to protect his sister, and to discharge the unostentatious, but useful and often irksome, functions of a Country Curate.

St Alphage was far removed from the sweet vale of Aberquate, in North Wales, where Julia continued to reside, and where his own youth had been spent. He had selected Kent as a part of the empire in which, from its proximity to London, his chances of obtaining pupils were the best; and being a stranger to the country, he naturally accepted the first offer that was made of a cure and of a residence. Perhaps, too, he was fearful that a constant lingering near the object of his devoted affections might induce him to deviate from the rugged path which he had prudently determined to follow. He knew that Julia was all excellence and purity; that she would not tempt him to a premature union, or willingly consent to any step which would

compromise the happiness or comfort of his mother. All this he knew well; but he knew also that she doated upon him with woman's fondness; and he dared not leave it in his own power to propose at any moment a measure so rash as that which inclination was constantly suggesting. He distrusted not Julia, but himself; and to place it beyond his own reach to act otherwise than as he had wisely resolved to act, he abandoned scenes rendered dear to him by the recollections of his childhood, and by the presence of the only human being, in whose society life was truly valuable.

I have said that between Abraham and myself a constant epistolary communication was kept up from the day of our departure from the University till the commencement of his last illness. Many of his letters are in my possession; and as I cannot but think that a more correct idea of a man's character and feelings is to be obtained by perusing his unrestrained correspondence with a friend than by any other means, I will here transcribe a few passages from one or two of the epistles which I received from him after his settlement in Kent. The letters are for the most part entirely devoted to the discussion of topics in which the writer himself was, as may be supposed, deeply interested. But these are subjects which might not equally interest the public, were they detailed at length; and hence I will offer only a few short specimens of the general style in which they are written.

"I like my situation," says he, in one of them, "as much as any man can like a place which is new to him, and which has no natural claim upon his regard, by being the residence of persons whom he loves. The people appear to be, in general, very ignorant, but very civil; they are all of the lower orders, or of a class in society just removed from the lowest, and they seem well disposed to treat with kindness and respect the person who is to propagate God's word amongst them. The only thing, indeed, which I do not entirely relish, is the order of my duties. I feel the responsibility imposed upon me as something far more awful than I ought to have undertaken; and when I remember that I must shortly add to it the care of private pupils, I confess that I am some-

times inclined to regret having embarked in a profession so arduous and so poorly remunerated.

"But this is wrong. I thank God that there is a home under my roof provided for my mother and sister. I thank God, too, that my gentle Julia continues faithful to me, in spite of the little prospect which is before us of coming speedily together. Ah, my friend, if you knew that girl as I know her, you would not wonder that she thus engrosses so many of my thoughts; ay, that she sometimes comes between me and my Maker,—so good, so pure, so sensible; who would account any labour too severe which promised to secure her as its final reward!"

Some time after the receipt of this letter, I heard of his having succeeded in obtaining a couple of pupils, and I naturally wrote to inquire how he relished his new employment. I give his answer to that question at length, as a just reproof to such as consider a private tutor amply remunerated, provided he receive his two hundred, or two hundred and fifty pounds per annum with each pupil.

"The only consideration at all capable of reconciling me to the task which I have undertaken, is the prospect which it holds out of providing for my mother and my sister, and ultimately for Julia. Trust me, my friend, that he who has never acted the part of a private tutor knows not, and cannot know, one twentieth part of the annoyances and inconveniences to which that occupation gives birth. In the first place, you are necessarily ignorant of the kind of characters which you are about to receive into your family. If there be nothing notoriously bad against a young man, you must accept him, otherwise you are called fastidious, and no more offers are made to you. And granting that you are fortunate—granting that your pupils are all youths of correct conduct and proper feeling, from the moment they cross your threshold, your home is no longer your own. You live, as it were, continually in a public thoroughfare; even during meal-times you cannot converse with your nearest relatives, except on common-place topics; you never walk abroad when your pupils are within, nor remain within when they walk abroad, with an easy mind.

"With respect to the mere labour
VOL. XVIII.

of tuition, that, no doubt, is wearisome enough. It is but an uninteresting occupation to go continually through the pages of Aristotle and Livy, or even to point out the beauties of Pindar and Horace; but that might be endured. It is the breaking up of all family comfort,—the utter annihilation of home—the constant restraint imposed upon your conduct, your words, and your very thoughts; these are the circumstances which to me, at least, are most grievous, in the duties of tutorizing. Then, again, there are the thousand chances that young men of seventeen and eighteen years of age will involve themselves in scrapes, not, perhaps, discreditable in the eyes of the fashionable world, but exceedingly hurtful to the morals of a country parish, and to the influence of him who is placed at its head. And above all, there is the necessity of humouring, as far as they can be humoured, the dispositions and propensities of your inmates. You cannot treat youths of these years as you would treat children; neither are they quite fit to be treated as men. You can neither reason with them altogether, for to mere reason they will pay no heed; nor can you employ coercive measures, for to such they will hardly submit. Rest assured that the daily labourer in the fields, who returns when his work is done to his own fire-side, and to the bosom of his own family, leads a far happier life than your private tutor who is largely paid for receiving strangers into his house."

In spite of his dislike to the employment, Williams continued, however, to labour in his vocation as a private tutor for upwards of three years. To his parish he was, as may be supposed, most attentive all the while; and he never murmured at his lot, let happen what might, because the approbation of his own mind, and the affectionate letters which he regularly received from Julia, more than compensated for all his daily and hourly grievances. Nor did the contemplation of a mother and sister, made happy through his exertions, fail to increase that holy calm which was upon him. Perhaps he was never more happy than during these years; he certainly never enjoyed so much happiness after they departed.

From the period of his father's death, up to the expiration of the

time specified, Abraham had visited his native vale only once. That visit occurred about twelve months after his removal into Kent. It was a short but a delightful one, because it was spent under the roof of Mrs Evans, and in a constant and unrestrained intercourse with Julia. If anything, indeed, could be said to embitter it, it was the extreme delicacy of the maiden's health; who exhibited even then symptoms of that fatal disease, which in two years after brought her to an untimely grave. Abraham could not but observe the change in her appearance. Her form was wasted to a shadow; her cheek was sunken and hollow, and alternately pale and ruddy, as the fever went and came. But she laughed at his expressions of alarm, and he returned home, if not quite at ease, at least determined to believe her own assertion, that love was her only malady, and that love never yet caused death as long as it was not slighted.

In perfect accordance with her words were all Julia's letters during the entire space of eighteen months which followed their last parting. At the end of that time, however, her style became somewhat more gloomy. She spoke of the worthlessness of earthly enjoyments, and of the wisdom and necessity of her lover's fixing more of his affections upon Heaven, and less upon her. She talked of her utter inability to fulfil the expectations which he had formed, or to render him happy, who was far too good for her or for any woman living. To this topic, indeed, she recurred so repeatedly, that Abraham became seriously alarmed, and at last urged her to satisfy his fears by stating the true cause of those expressions, which, instead of comforting, tormented him with a thousand apprehensions too horrible to be named. He had not seen her for nearly two years, when the above letter was written. In due course of post an answer arrived, of which I subjoin a copy.

"I will not blame you, dearest Abraham, for the impatience in which your last appears to have been written, far less will I insult you, by supposing that you could seriously suspect your Julia of inconstancy or fickleness. Oh, no—no! God is my witness, that you are the subject, and the only subject, of my thoughts by day, and of my dreams by night. I fear,

indeed, that I think of you too much; I am sure that I think of you far more than I think of my religion, or of my God. But he knows how frail and weak we are; and I pray that he will forgive me, if indeed there be any sin in suffering the mind to dwell continually upon the most perfect of his creatures. Enough, however, of this: You beg of me to be explicit, and I will be so, though I had determined to defer my communication a little longer, and to spare you the pain which I fear it will occasion, till things had assumed a more decided aspect.

"Be not alarmed, my beloved Abraham, when I inform you, that my health has not of late been so robust as usual; and that my medical attendants have assured me, that there is some risk that I shall not recover. I say, be not alarmed—perhaps I ought rather to have said—be not wholly cast down. If it be the will of God to remove me, your image will be the last that shall fade from my memory; and I will only go before, to prepare a place for you in a world where, when we meet again, nothing can part us. But I cannot myself believe that it will end in this. True, I am ill, very ill; I have not indeed quitted my bed for these ten days past; but I am not yet willing to die, because I am not yet willing to be separated from you. Nevertheless, come to me if you can. Your presence will, I think, be worth all the medicines which they force upon me; and which, to please my mother, I am reluctantly compelled to take. God bless you, dearest friend, prays your own affectionate Julia."

Immediately on the receipt of this distressing intelligence, Abraham set off, by the most ready conveyance, to the Vale of Abberquate.—Of the circumstances which attended and ensued upon that journey, he has himself drawn so vivid a picture, that I readily avail myself of it, in laying the detail before the reader. The following is the substance of a long letter which he forwarded to me, several months after his return into Kent:—

"The bitterness of death is past. She for whom alone I desired to live, for whose sake labour was easy, and anxiety light, whose angel form, when it crossed my mind's eye, came ever as a minister of peace, and the teacher of holy things; that gentle being, who was indeed too good for earth,

has departed to her Father which is in Heaven, and left me not a ray of hope to guide me along the way which it behoves me to travel. Julia is dead, and I am alive to tell it. There was a time when the bare idea of such an occurrence froze my very blood in my veins, and I deemed it utterly impracticable to survive her; but I have survived, though for what purpose, or to what good end, can be known only to Him who sees into futurity. Yet, that it is for some good end, I have faith enough, in the midst of my sufferings, to believe; nay, I am already striving to submit without repining to the dispensations of that Power whose will it is thus to try me.

“You will be better able to imagine than I am to describe the state of mind, in which my last journey from this place to Wales was performed. It appeared to me that I should never reach my native valley; and when at length the old church tower became visible in the distance, the horses which dragged our vehicle seemed to relax even their former tardy speed. Yet strange to say, when the coach stopped, my strength absolutely failed me; I could hardly alight; and when I did, I was obliged to lean, for a moment or two, against the sign-post of the inn, before I recovered vigour enough to walk on towards Mrs Evans’ cottage.

“Once in motion, however, and I could not move too quickly—I was soon beside the little wicket which opens into the garden, and within view of the paling on the right hand, where Julia first pledged to me her love. I could hear likewise, the waters of the stream bubbling and brawling as they did on that sweet evening; and the sound brought back a thousand tender recollections, which flitted cross my mind during the instant that elapsed whilst I was hurrying up the path-way towards the door. I observed then, that the window-curtains in Julia’s room were drawn; and my heart beat almost to suffocation, as I strove, at first in vain, to raise the latch. But I did raise it, and was met by Mrs Evans, who fell sobbing and weeping into my arms. ‘How is Julia?’ cried I; ‘for the love of Heaven speak, and tell me that she is better!’ The poor woman was about to reply, probably to intreat me to be cautious, when a shriek from the apartment of

the invalid, told us that my exclamation had been overheard. I flew towards the stairs, and ascended them in a state of insanity. I heard my name murmured in Julia’s voice; I burst open her door; she was sitting up in bed with her arms extended; I rushed towards her; she fell upon my bosom, and again repeating my name, lay perfectly still. Oh! how can I proceed?—After holding her in my embrace for several seconds, I laid her gently back upon her pillow—she was a corpse. Her spirit fled at the instant of our meeting; and my name was on her lips when they ceased to move for ever.

“Of what followed this scene I have no recollection, till I found myself in bed in my own house, and my sister watching affectionately beside me. They say that many weeks have elapsed since Julia died, and was buried; that a violent fever confined me during a fortnight at Abberquate; and that when it departed, it left me a poor maniac. I believe these accounts to be correct; for my limbs are wasted to nothing, and my cheek is as pale and hollow as was that of Julia when last I beheld her. If it be so, I can only thank God that he has restored to me my reason. Of my health, too, I must strive to be careful, for the sake of those whose dependence is upon me. But of ambition, not a shadow remains. My pupils are dismissed,—I no longer desire preferment—why should I, for who is there to share it? For the support of my mother and sister, this curacy, with the profits of my Fellowship, would amply suffice; and as Mrs Evans has taken up her abode amongst us, the addition of her pittance will place us all in affluence. Such are my plans for the future, until it shall please God to remove me whither Julia has gone before.”

Mr Williams survived the date of the preceding letter, upwards of twelve years. During the whole of that time he steadily adhered to the plans which he had laid down for himself; and was never known to utter one sentence of complaint against fortune, or rather against Providence. Of Julia, too, he neither spoke nor wrote, except occasionally to myself, when I have from time to time visited his cottage; but he wore a lock of her fair hair in his bosom, and carried it with him to the grave. To his parochial duties he

became more and more attentive every day. His chief amusement was gardening; and to diversify that, he was in the habit of noting down all such events as appeared worthy of record within the circle of his little district. Thus were his sorrows sanctified to him, and he died at last, composed and happy; having previously com-

mitted to the dust both his mother and mother-in-law. Of his sister it is needless to take farther notice, than that she is the mother of my children; and that nothing gave my poor friend so much comfort on his death-bed, as the knowledge that she was provided for. Peace to his ashes!

THE ORPHAN MAID'S LAMENT.

Ah, think ye that this troubled soul
May yet again be blithe and free,
That changing seasons as they roll
May bring a change o'er me?

And say ye that this broken heart
May yet be wean'd from forms of sadness,
That aught in nature can impart
To it one ray of gladness?

Ye ne'er have felt, ye cannot know,
The blight of hope, the withering gloom,
That come, when all we loved below
Lies in the silent tomb.

Oh there was one, one only tie,
Affection's purest, tenderest token,
That bound me to myself. Oh why
Was it so rudely broken?

For there was not in all the earth
Another tie with it to blend.
I loved but her who gave me birth—
My mother and my friend.

But she was far too good and kind,
To linger long in this dull state—
Her spirit fled upon the wind
And left me desolate.

Oh God, oh God, I do not mourn
That her pure spirit fled to thee,
Nor ask I that it might return
To cheer a thing like me.

I would not have her be again
In this bad world a sojourner;
Not so, not so—What seek I then?
That I may go to her.

For were the world all good and brave,
Even then it could not stay my weeping:
My very heart is in the grave
Where she lies soundly sleeping.

Oh thou upon whose gentle breast
This aching head hath often lean'd,
Thou of God's servants holiest, best,
My mother and my friend!

If from the glories of the sky
 Some thoughts of thine may be beguiled,
 O look with a benignant eye
 Upon thine orphan child.

And we will yet hold converse sweet,
 Such as we held in other days,
 When I have sat beside thy feet,
 And listen'd to thy lays.

For I will hear thee in the air
 That stirs the leaf in noonday bower ;
 And see thee in the moon-beam fair
 At midnight's silent hour.

I know, I know my prayer is vain—
 Alas ! I cannot breathe another :
 There's madness in my burning brain—
 My mother—O my mother !

R. G.

REMARKS ON THE PROGRESS OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

By William Bain, Master in the Royal Navy, and Commander of the City of Edinburgh Steam-Packet.

ALTHOUGH the art of navigating vessels by steam may still be considered in its infancy, yet no invention we know of has, in so short a time, made greater progress towards perfection. It is no doubt true, that nearly a century has elapsed since Mr Jonathan Hulls, an ingenious mechanic of England, under letters patent, first made the attempt of applying steam to the purposes of navigation. The late Duke of Bridgewater, and Earl Stanhope, and others, were occupied with this subject ; and we have also to record the labours of Lord Dundas and Mr Miller of Dalswinton, assisted by Mr Symmington, engineer, all of whom displayed much public spirit and talent in the accomplishment of the same great object, without their having, however, arrived at the result sought after, viz. the application of steam to the general use of navigation. This, in so far at least as regards this country, was reserved for Mr Henry Bell of Helensburgh, in Dumbartonshire, who, in the year 1811, 'practically succeeded in constructing and propelling a vessel by the application of steam. It is believed that this gentleman, so far back as the year 1799, produced the model of an engine for this purpose, which, though it was not approved of by the persons to whose inspection it was submitted, instead of weak-

ening, served only to strengthen Mr Bell's enthusiasm. Possessed of an active mind, he is said to have crossed the Atlantic to America, where this system was readily adopted, insomuch, that by the year 1821 that country could boast of not fewer than 300 steam-vessels in full operation, while others to the extent of 5995 tons were also then building. No longer uncertain of the result of his scheme, Mr Bell, like a dutiful son, returned to his native country with the fruits of his well-earned adventure ; and, in 1811, constructed the Comet steam-boat of twenty-five tons register, with an engine of only four horses' power, to navigate the Clyde between Helensburgh, Greenock, and Glasgow. Alas ! while every one through his means understands the construction and management of the steam-vessel, and exults in this mighty invention, its great promoter unrewarded is fast sinking into years, and is borne down with poverty.

The spirit of enterprize soon beheld the impulse which this astonishing power was capable of affording to the capitalist, and though opposed by every circumstance which ignorance, prejudice, or interested motives could suggest, Great Britain can now boast of not fewer than one hundred and fifty steam-vessels, of from thirty to five

hundred tons register, propelled by engines, varying in power from four to one hundred and forty horses; or, by another view, it may be stated that 16,000 tons of shipping are borne forward by engines of the aggregate power of 5000 horses, the first cost of which cannot be estimated at a less sum than half a million sterling. Of this number, twenty are employed on the Thames, in the annual conveyance of at least 100,000 passengers to Margate, Ramsgate, Southend, Gravesend, Calais, Rotterdam, Scarborough, Leith, &c. In estimating the vast importance of these vessels to the community, if we allow each individual on board to spend only thirty shillings for passage-money and entertainment, the sum of £.150,000 must in this way be annually expended from the port of London alone. Seventeen steam-packets, in the same manner, sail from the Mersey; twenty-nine from the Clyde; ten from the Forth; fifteen from the Tyne; four cross the Irish Sea, with the mail, from Holyhead to Dublin; two between Milford and Waterford; two between Bristol and Bath; four from Belfast; four upon the Tay; ten upon different canals; and, lastly, one plies upon Loch Ness, commanded by our unfortunate hero, Mr Bell, who has been driven from station to station, and seems doomed here to end his days in earning a scanty and precarious subsistence.

Notwithstanding the rapid and successful improvement of steam navigation, it was not till the year 1818 that it dared to venture beyond the limits of river, or inland navigation. In that year the *Rob Roy*, of ninety tons, built upon a new principle, by Mr Denny of Dumbarton, furnished with an engine of thirty horses' power, made by Mr Napier of Glasgow, first passed the bounds formerly prescribed by inexperience; and at once astonished and delighted the world, by affording a safe and economical mode of conveyance between Greenock and Belfast, a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles. In the following year, (1819,) the *Talbot*, of still greater dimensions, and with a higher steam-power, began to ply between Dublin and Holyhead, and in the outset successfully encountered many very severe gales. The spirit of enterprize for this navigation now began to burst forth with increa-

sed energy, particularly on the banks of the Clyde. The *Ivanhoe*, Belfast, Robert Bruce, Waterloo, Eclipse, Superb, Majestic, and Cambria, were all constructed on a scale of large dimensions, and with engines of greater power than heretofore, calculated to sail from the Clyde to the distant ports of Greenock, Belfast, and Liverpool. The City of Edinburgh, on a scale of still greater magnificence and grandeur, was also launched this year, and her track of navigation first proved the practicability of making a safe and expeditious passage by steam upon the high seas, between the ports of London and Leith, a distance of about 400 miles. In the same year, the steam packet *Tourist*, (then under the command of the writer of this article,) in out-running the mail coach by ten hours, in the distance between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, induced government to adopt a quicker dispatch for the mail upon that road. During the following year (1820) the *James Watt*, another very superb steam-packet, a vessel highly creditable to the talents of her engineer, and to the liberality which has always marked the patriotic proceedings of the Leith and London Joint Stock Company, to which she belongs. The *St Patrick* and *St George*, of Liverpool, were also soon afterwards built upon a similar scale of grandeur, under the able direction of Mr William Laird. The *Swift*, of Leith, formerly a sailing smack, was, at this time, fitted up as a steam-packet, and first opened the passage between Brighton and Diéppe in France; then came the *Lord Melville* and *Talbot*, between London and Rotterdam. Ferry-boats propelled by steam, and suited more immediately to local situations, were established about this time upon the Mersey, Tay, Forth, Severn, Humber, and other navigable rivers and arms of the sea.

Since the year 1820, many other steam-vessels of various dimensions and power have been launched at different ports within the kingdom. From Hull, two of these sail twice a-week for London; and the Post-office department employs steam for the conveyance of the mail, wherever it is found safe and practicable. The *Soho*, surpassing all her predecessors in magnitude and in the elegance of her accommodations, has stamped an additional value on the facilities of inter-

course between London and Edinburgh. From the former capital to Ramsgate and Calais, beautiful packets, called the Lord Liverpool, and City of London, have also been lately fitted out. Indeed, such is the avidity and enterprize in promoting this system, that few ports of any consequence in the united kingdom will ere long be without one or more of these vessels. Government has also, latterly, attached to each of the dock-yards one or more steam-vessels, of the most substantial build, and of great power, for towing ships of war out and into harbour; and thus, at the distance of nearly a century, are we at this day only making use of one of the leading objects of the patent of Mr J. Hulls. To a great maritime nation, where a ship, squadron, or fleet, may often be required to put hastily to sea, an establishment of this kind must be of incalculable value for towing vessels out of the Medway, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. Nothing can be more necessary for the service, or more desirable to the ardent spirits of the officers and crews of his majesty's ships, when thwarted with contrary winds while impatient to meet an enemy, and therefore, even in a political point of view, steam navigation is calculated to prove a most valuable acquisition to the British navy.

BENEFIT OF THE HIGH-PRESSURE ENGINE.—We have hitherto considered steam navigation as applicable only to commercial intercourse, and the secondary purposes of our naval marine. But America, which long since counted upwards of 300 steam-vessels, classes several of that number among her men-of-war. In the event, therefore, of going to war with our trans-Atlantic friends, we shall be obliged to meet them with their own weapons, by *squirting hot water*, throwing shot from 100-pounders, and building ships with sides thirteen feet in thickness, composed of alternate layers of oak and cork, and fitted with rows of cutlasses and pikes made to project and recede by an impulse from the *high-pressure engines* which propel the vessels. It is to this last particular that we now call the attention of our readers, as one that is calculated to give America a preference over the mother-country, where the use of *low-pressure engines* only is admitted by law. The steam-vessels of the Americans must therefore excel

those of the British in proportion to the power and efficiency of the respective engines. Regarding these, we may remark, that the limited operation of low-pressure steam arises from the application of the condensing principle, so that the engine seldom works with a greater pressure than eight pounds upon the square inch of the piston. In the high-pressure engine, on the contrary, the steam is not condensed, but is allowed to accumulate its force, which is measured only by the opposing resistance of the work, and the strength of the boiler. Instead, therefore, of eight pounds to the square inch, it is not uncommon to work the high-pressure engine with a force equivalent to 150 pounds; and some say that this may be augmented even to 1000 pounds upon the square inch. By the low-pressure engine, we not only lose power, but the apparatus occupies so much space in the ship, and consumes so much fuel, as to render it very defective for the purposes of navigation. For example, if we take a steam-packet which is to be worked with the power of 100 horses, no less than about forty-four feet of the length and breadth of the vessel is occupied for the engine and its fuel. The consequence is, that in order to afford the necessary accommodation for goods and passengers, the British steam-vessel is built out of all just proportion, her port-charges, of every description, are thereby enhanced, and the difficulty of navigating these large and ill-proportioned vessels, in narrow fare-ways, is greatly increased. On the other hand, with the high-pressure engine, only one half of the space is occupied, and a vessel of 300 tons would do more work, and be every way better fitted for the purpose, than one of 500 tons, while the saving of fuel, and every other item of expense, is proportionably reduced, without lessening the capabilities of the vessel for stowage, while her speed is greatly increased.

The only question in doubt, as to the propriety of substituting the high-pressure for the low-pressure steam, is the danger from the accidents of explosion. With the former the legislature has here very properly interfered, until the safety of the lieges is more securely provided for. But were this properly taken up, and rendered the subject of efficient experiments, we

are confident that the ingenuity and foresight of our engineers would overcome all this. It therefore becomes matter of grave consideration, how far it is proper to restrain our Steam Navigators from all use of the high-pressure engine. We are aware that there is no subject on which Parliament enters with more delicacy, than all interference with the laws which regulate trade; and though distressing accidents with the use of high-pressure engines have occurred both in America and in Britain, yet its total prohibition is, nevertheless, a measure of very questionable propriety, and one which will in the end be found quite incompatible with any future state of warfare. The American privateers and squadrons will, in the first instance, possess facilities for annoying our coasts with desultory warfare, and our trade in foreign seas. The distance between the two countries will then cease to form the barrier which it has hitherto done. From the abundance of wood, in the process of clearing the country, timber has been the chief fuel of America, and the discovery of coal has been little attended to. Their attention has, however, been much directed to the metallurgic art of late, and many inexhaustible seams of coal have been discovered in various parts of that country.

Although we would not question the justness and the humanity of our legislature, in putting a seasonable check to the use of high-pressure steam, yet we doubt the correctness of the advice which led to its entire prohibition. We all know the benefit which

Steam Navigation derived, and the confidence it acquired, by the early encouragement of the Post-office department, the experimental vessels which it built, and the early application of steam, for the transfer of the mail across the Irish channel, between Holyhead and Dublin. We farther trust that it is not too much to expect that the Admiralty will, in like manner, institute a train of experiments, applicable to the subject of high-pressure engines, upon a scale, and under a superintendence, which may ultimately render it as safe as the low-pressure engine, now authorized by law.

This subject, we flatter ourselves, will acquire additional importance in the view of every one, when we state the expense and contingencies of Steam Navigation, which is, perhaps, known to very few. A steam-packet, of 100 horses power, equipped to the taste of the present times, will probably cost about 20,000*l.*; expenditure of fuel at the rate of one-half chaldron of coal per hour,* wages and victualling, per month, 250*l.*; tonnage duty, lights, pilotage, and port charges, 200*l.* per annum; insurance, 100*l.* per month; small repairs and winter expenses, say 500*l.* But this is not all; a steam-vessel is calculated only at ten years' purchase, and, therefore, to renew her, we must lay aside a sinking-fund of perhaps 2000*l.* per annum. Besides a set of new boilers in the course of that time, which will cost not less than 1500*l.*, being at the rate of 1000*l.* per month, of the sailing expenses of a steam-packet of 100 horses power.

* The London duties exacted on this consumption form one of the most grievous and unjust taxes that can be imagined. The London and Edinburgh steam-packets, for instance, during the summer months, burn, on an average, about 120 chaldrons of coal per week; and although 115 chaldrons of which are consumed without the port of London, yet all the London duties, on half this quantity, are paid for the same as if actually burnt in London.

HORÆ ITALICÆ. NO. I.

ARMINIO. BY IPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.

To the English reader, the words, Italian Theatre, convey no idea except of the Opera, such as we are accustomed to behold it in the Hay-Market, adorned with all the splendour of *spectacle*, but disgracing, if not mar-
ring, by its absurdities, the beautiful music of which it serves as the vehicle. Nine tenths, or perhaps we might with perfect safety say, ninety-nine hundredths of those who assume the title of Italian scholars, extend this idea no farther beyond the same narrow limits, than to the marrying these mellifluous

“Notes with many a winding bout

Of linked sweetness long drawn out,” to the equally mellifluous verse of Metastasio. Alfieri, we suspect, appears to both descriptions of readers rather a sort of *lusus naturæ* in Italian literature, than the legitimate descendant of an ancient line of regular dramatists. And Alfieri, *soit dit en passant*, is, not improbably, better known to the former class through Mr Lloyd’s translation, than to the majority of the latter,—his nervous, and dramatically poetical, but condensed, somewhat crabbedly inverted and involved, and—if we may coin such an epithet—Tacitean style, proving an insuperable stumbling-block to many persons fully capable of enjoying and appreciating the regularly smooth beauties of Tasso’s epic strains, or even the more wildly excursive flights, the bolder imagery, and the more vivid colouring, of the fanciful Ariosto. The fact is, however, that the Opera is a later offspring of the Ausonian Muse, the child of her declining age, brought forth when fair Italy had lost, amidst the enervating luxury ever attendant upon wealth, and more especially and perniciously upon commercial wealth, the hardihood, the energetic love of liberty and independence, which, if they deluged her bosom with native blood, converting her cities into collections of fortresses, and her streets into battle-fields, yet raised her to a proudly exalted station during the darkness of the middle ages, and, in all likelihood, accelerated her career towards that very prosperity, which has unfilially destroyed its pa-

rent, and, combining with other causes into which it is not our present business to inquire, has sunk the seat of Roman patriotism, Roman valour, and Roman empire, into its actual state of helpless and degraded slavery;—a state from which, we fear, that only a long course of the “iron scourge,” “adamantine chain,” and all the other “rigid lore” of the “Stern rugged nurse” Adversity, can fit her to emerge.

But we are wandering from the theatre into the dark mazes of political speculation—*Revenons à nos moutons*.

The early stage of Italy abounded in regular tragedies and comedies. But we have no intention of exploring the channel of the Lethean stream, in search of dramas long since buried, in merited oblivion, beneath its waters. Their revival would not tend to encourage the prevailing and laudable passion for the early literature of modern Europe. Of the few that have fallen in our way, the comedies, according, we fear, to the natural bent of Italian mirth, are more grossly and offensively licentious than those of any other stage with which we are acquainted, whilst the tragedies exhibit horrors and atrocities such as no piece within our knowledge, save Titus Andronicus, can emulate. It is to the modern restorer of this old, but deservedly forgotten family, to Alfieri and to his followers, that we would direct the attention of our readers.

The first and chiefest of these latter dramatists, Alfieri, if less known than he ought to be, has been ably criticised, not many years ago, in a review deservedly popular, and is now, moreover, accessible to all. With respect to him, therefore, we shall content ourselves with recommending his perusal, and entreating the learners of

“that sweet bastard Latin,

That sounds as if it should be writ on satin,”

not to account their task finished until they shall have mastered his difficulties. Not that we would by any means bestow upon him unqualified approbation. He is too harsh, too cold,—amidst all his violence of passion,—and his plots are too nakedly

simple for our taste. But to those who have been cloyed with the sweets of Metastasio, who have grieved over the effeminacy of a nation affording, in later times at least, only such poets, there is something peculiarly refreshing, something, too, of high promise in matters more deeply important than literary genius, in the bold severity of that very simplicity, coldness, and harshness. Alfieri boasts, moreover, one merit extremely rare amongst Italian authors, and hardly to have been expected from the character of the man: his plays do not contain a word or thought calculated to raise a blush upon the cheek of virgin purity. Even the disgustingly odious story of Myrrha becomes, in his hands, chastely and touchingly pathetic.

Of Alfieri's followers, the principal are Monti and Pindemonte. Both these writers enjoy a high reputation in their own country, and well deserve, at least, to be more generally known. The first has trod more closely in the footsteps of his predecessor; and, upon some future occasion, we may, perhaps, notice him more particularly. Our present purpose is to introduce to our readers an attempt of the second—whose genius is, we think, more loftily poetical—to revive the tragedy of the ancients with its lyrical chorus, adapting it to, if not actually modern, yet less ancient subjects.

The event selected, in prosecution of this design, by Ippolito Pindemonte, as the ground-work of his drama, is the death of the celebrated German warrior and leader Arminius; in treating which, the habitual intervention of the bards upon all solemn occasions amongst our Teutonic ancestors, afforded to him, as formerly to Mason, a natural and happily appropriate chorus. But prior to giving any account of the piece, it may be proper,—lest those who have been accustomed to think of Arminius only as the disinterested and successful champion of German freedom, should be startled as well as shocked at seeing him presented in the light of a would-be usurper,—to mention, that the circumstance upon which the tragedy is founded is strict-

ly historical. Tacitus expressly states, that Arminius was put to death in an attempt to assume the regal title and authority.* The same incident has, in Germany, been wrought into a dramatic poem, by the Baron de la Mothe Fouqué, well known in this country by his pretty and fanciful romance of Undine. Both the last-named noble author and Pindemonte—men almost as dissimilar in genius as in race and country—might probably be impelled to choose this subject by their mingled detestation of, and admiration for, Buonaparte, to whose early career as a republican general, subsequent usurpation, and restless pursuit of further conquest as emperor, considerable analogy may be traced in the past life of the tragic hero, in his splendid renown, and mad ambition to possess himself of kingly power, and in the extensive and plausible schemes for the future, ascribed to him by Pindemonte.

The action takes place in the grove of Teutoberg, the scene of the defeat and death of Varus; the trees of which are adorned with trophies and garlands of flowers. The tragedy is opened by Thelgastes, who enters, returning from an embassy to Rome, to take his share in the festivities of the day, the anniversary of Varus's discomfiture. He is presently joined by Baldur, the youthful son of Arminius, who rejoices in the seasonable arrival of his friend and intended brother-in-law, whom he informs that Arminius has appointed this auspicious day for bestowing his daughter Velanthis in marriage upon him, Thelgastes. The lover exclaims,

If this be truth, who happier than I!

Bald. Thou err'st; for thee no day of happiness

Has dawned.

Thel. What say'st thou?

Bald. Lovers of their country
Cannot this day taste happiness.

Thel. And wherefore?

Bald. A lurid thunder-cloud that, to
my curse,
From my paternal roof arose, hangs dark,
And lowering o'er our heads.

Thel. Explain.

Bald. My father
Aspires to reign.

* Ceterum, Arminius, abscedentibus Romanis, et pulso Maroboduo, regnum affectans, libertatem populariam adversam habuit: petitusque armis, cum variâ fortunâ certaret, dolo propinquorum cecidit.—Tacitus, *Ann.* II. 88.

Thelgastes expresses his surprise and regret at this intelligence, as well as his determination to oppose the execution of Arminius's intentions. He then inquires how Thusneldis, the wife of Arminius, and mother of Baldur, feels upon the occasion. Her son replies,

It was a new,
A changed Thusneldis, who to us returned
From the contagious Tyber's banks. She loathes
Our savage manners, with unwonted wants
She languishes. In Rome a slave; perchance
From that foul stain she deems the queenly title,
A fouler blot, shall cleanse her. Hourly, too,
A noxious serpent, well thou know'st him, breathes
In her incautious ear his deadly venom.
'Tis Sigismund, chief minister of all
My father's secret counsels.

Baldur now goes to summon Thusneldis and Velanthis, who return with him, and express their delight at the arrival of Thelgastes. But the mother and son presently fall to wrangling, upon the desire for royalty entertained by the former. The latter asks,

How should a German matron's heart admit
Such wishes? Happy is the Roman dame,
If her kind husband, or from camp or senate
Returning, to her prudence will confide
Some trifling secret. Other is your lot.
You with your consorts take, in war and peace,
Your equal share. Here women with their prayers,
With their opposing breasts, have stayed and turned
The flight of armies: never do our councils
Meet without you. So high we rate your worth,
That we believe a kindling deity
Visits your breasts, and by your voices speaks.
What woman can esteem her station here
Not lofty?

Thus. Deem'st thou then what all possess
To me can yield distinction?

After more of the same kind of discussion, and a beautiful panegyric pro-

nounced upon her mother by Velanthis, of whom Baldur remarks,

Such is thy bride,
Thelgastes, credulous as she is pure;
She sees in others only what she finds
In her own bosom, simple honesty:

Arminius enters. The hero greets Thelgastes' return, and announces to him that this is to be his wedding-day. Thelgastes requests to speak with him in private, and they are left alone. A fine scene follows, in which Thelgastes paints the pure manners of his countrymen—contrasting them with Roman depravity—and urges the unfitness of such men to endure the yoke of despotism, whilst Arminius advances every objection to a republican form of government, every advantage of monarchy, and, recounting his own deeds, dwells upon his claim to supremacy. It ends by Arminius's asking whether Thelgastes will oppose him, and whether Velanthis be

a bond of insufficient force
Our union to preserve?
Thel. Barbarian, cease!
With deadly wounds thine accents pierce
my heart.

Too terrible the battle we must fight,
Thou with Velanthis armed, with virtue I.
But here comes one will differently speak.
—Arminius, if no more thou lov'st thy
country,

Oh, yet respect thyself! The radiant
light
Investing thee, quench not with thine
own hand!

Thelgastes then withdraws, and is succeeded by Sigismund, who flatters Arminius, discusses the measures to be pursued, and advises the death of Thelgastes, if he cannot be bribed by the hand of Velanthis. Arminius rejects the base and cruel counsel with lofty disdain, and then expresses some apprehension as to the fidelity of his uncle Inguiomar. Sigismund encourages him, partly by enlarging upon the gratitude Inguiomar owes to Arminius, but principally by reminding the Chief that the faithful Heribert is watching him, and will give instant notice of any suspicious appearance. They then retire, leaving the stage to the bards who are assembling for the celebration of this glorious anniversary, and who close the act by singing the praises of the Gods of Scandinavian mythology. This chorus contains some curious matter, and much poetical beauty; but we cannot afford

space for all these lyrical effusions, and there are others which appear more to require insertion.

The second act begins with the impatience of Thusneldis for the meeting of the assembly, from which Arminius hopes to obtain the crown, and the surprise and grief of Velanthis,—who, unsuspicious by nature, as she has been described, and occupied with her love, had really observed nothing—at learning the projects of her parents. Bal-dur joins them, and announces the approach of his father and Thelgastes, who are engaged in earnest discourse. They enter, the sovereign people assemble, and the business of the day is opened by Arminius. We shall extract the scene, endeavouring in our translation to preserve something of the pomp of diction and poetical inversion which distinguish the original.

Armi. At this proud meeting, mine,
Cherusceans, mine

The office first t'address you.—Lo! the
day,

By us for evermore cherished, revered!

The day that introduced terror and woe

Within the palace of the happy Emp'ror!

Into what frantic rage, when on his ear

Thundered the dreadful tidings, was he
thrown!

Raving, he cried, Varus restore my leg-
ions!—

—His boasted legions even then were
dust—

Fed by their blood, here in full torrents
poured,

These woods acquired their dark luxu-
riant growth.

Amongst these trees, now all with tro-
phies clad,

Fell their chief leader. Underneath this
oak

The wounded Varus sat, against its trunk

Reclining faint; and here, alike to die,

Or longer live unable, from his breast

Expell'd with his own hand th' indignant
spirit.

Commemorating triumphs proud as
these,

Arminius seeks not to exalt himself,

Nor falsely makes your glorious deeds his
own.

I with my sword pointed indeed the way,
But you pursued it; you your weapons
drove

Right through the entrails of the Roman
host.

Chasing that flying host, fleet stags you
proved,

Wild boars to overthrow it.—Italy

Tore her soft hair in wailing o'er your
deeds.

—Now will the bard his song of triumph
raise;

Then from Thelgastes' lips we Rome shall
hear.

A Bard sings to his harp. Rome, it was
in thine evil hour

An angry demon bade thee dare

A race of untamed, native power,

Their infants scarcely born who bear

To torrents that tempestuously rave,

And plunge them in the wave.

The German child is lulled to rest

By warrior trumpets at his mother's
breast;

The boy's whole study and delight

To whirl the sling, to throw the spear,

To climb the rocks, to tame the cour-
ser's might,

And rule his wild career.

A race, from whom their arms are ne-
ver riven;

In arms who till their fields, and with that
lance

Goad the laborious steer's advance,
Through many a foeman's breast in battle
driven.

We play the husbandmen with jocund toil

Where Roman blood blackens and feeds
the soil;

Where, as the plough earth's bosom gashes,

Breastplate or helmet clashes;

Where, warring with our foes ev'n un-
der ground,

Their whitening bones we wound.

'Midst German deeds, the rout
Of Varus and his bands,

First and most glorious stands;

Leaders and soldiers fought like warriors
stout;

Yet of that bloody field

All, the chief honours to Arminius yield.

The dismal light from his broad falchion
gleaming,

Startled each woodland brook;

When to the wind he shook

His pond'rous spear, with dread all hearts
were teeming.

Arminius, thy renown
Shall dazzle future ages;

Then shall the laurels that thy temples
crown

Be themes for unborn bards, for unborn
sages.

Fired by the image of thy might,

Our sons invincible shall stand in fight;

So shall the country glorying in thy fame,

Still, even when that honoured head

Has long been numbered with the dead,
Find safety in thy name.

Thel. Cherusicans, hear me. On the
Tyber's banks
Arrived, I, suffering, waited long ; at last
I saw the Emperor's face, and thus I
spoke.
That stable, everlasting peace with Rome,
Which we desire, can by one course alone
Be thus established. Nature, cautious
mother,
With lofty mountains, or with rivers broad,
Has separated her contentious sons.
Wherefore against her strive?—Let the
Rhine part us.
Your colonies beyond the river planted,
Recall ; and overthrown, broken, destroy-
ed,
Be those your fortresses, which German
eye,
Uncoloured by red anger, ne'er beheld.
The intervening waters we will swear
Never to cross.—With countenance un-
moved
Tiberius listened, then an answer gave ;
But so involved, together war and peace
So strangely blending, 'twas no easy task
To comprehend him :—this I understood ;
That of the Rhine it useless was to speak ;
That 'twas impossible Rome should for-
sake
Those German nations owned as her al-
lies ;
That either party on their several lands
Should peaceful dwell, and ne'er would
Italy,
Frontiers or treaties to infringe, be first.
To words he added gifts ; vessels em-
bossed,
And richly carved, of silver and of gold.
I said, I'm grateful, but thy splendid gifts
Carry not home ; such miracles of art
Would, in the bosom of our poverty,
Than Roman troops with more resistless
force
Combat for Rome.—The morrow's dawn-
ing sun
Saw me not on the Tyber's banks.
Armi. Observe
The wonted artifice of Italy.
Amongst the simple Germans she main-
tains
Her legions, not those nations to protect
Owned her allies, but for our general ruin,
Stirring one race, ever, against another,
Destroying either by the other's arm.
Her vaunted Julius thus subdued the
Gauls ;
And thus ev'n Germany must be subdued,
If you effect not, what I in my thought
Have long revolved ; an universal league,
Which from our hearths these Romans
may expel,
And on the Rhine's and Danube's fur-
ther banks
Arrest their proud, rapacious, eagle's flight.

Sigs. Can we ev'n hope the various
German tribes
Should all unite, when you yourselves,
Cherusicans,
Often divide, and follow, some one chief,
And some another ? First amongst your-
selves
Establish concord, then through Germany
Attempt it. 'Gainst this evil who but
sees
The single remedy ? One single head.
The title he should bear rests in your
choice,
But high, rare, dreaded, should that title
be.
This Heaven decrees, as sang the Pro-
phetess,
The dweller in the solitary tower.
The happiest destinies she promised us,
Foretelling in her sacred ecstasies
A time should come when the cold North
should give
Laws, usages, and races to the South,
So she, the North, obey Heaven's will.
But now
A man of lofty soul, well nigh a God,
We need, and uselessly the course pre-
scribed
Were ascertained, possessed we no such
man.
But to the Gods give thanks ! That man
is ours !
By such unblest oft centuries roll by ;
What madness then our treasure not to
use !
Who has not understood me ? Who his
eyes
Not fixed upon Arminius !
(*The Cherusicans strike their lances to-
gether.*)
Your applause
My breast with joy rather than wonder
fills.
Who, what, Arminius is, not you alone,
Rome knows it, and the world, whose
looks intent
On him are turned. Than him, if any
know
A man more wise, more valiant, or with
fame
Adorned more proudly, let him rise and
speak.
I, who see none, call upon thee, Armi-
nius,
Thee, who with royal power when once
endowed,
Wilt speedily all Germany unite
In this desired, this necessary league,
These with thine arguments, those with
thy sword,
Many with thy mere name, by merit all,
Compelling irresistibly. And then
Not only 'twixt the Danube and the Rhine
To till the ground, the German may aspire,

But, as by our illustrious Prophetess
Was promised, Italy he shall o'errun,
And of the fugitive, the humbled eagles
Even the antique eyries shall destroy.

Cher. Long life to King Arminius!
King Arminius!

Arminius (*approaching the altar.*) On this
to Odin consecrated altar,
I swear, that never will I lift my hand
To smoothe the tangled honours of my
head,

Nor cool my brow in the pure running
stream,

Nor fix mine eyes upon the setting sun,
Till first that sun of every Roman see
Purified, by this hand, our German soil.

Cher. Long live Arminius! Long live
King Arminius!

Thelgaster (*approaching the altar.*) On
this to Odin consecrated altar,
I also swear, that vainly, whilst I live,
Here mortal man shall ever hope to
reign!

I swear, that ev'n Arminius, if this wish,
Fatal, iniquitous, be not resign'd,
As an observant, warm, and faithful
friend,

He heretofore has found me, so hence-
forth

A foe implacable, wary, tremendous,
In me he shall encounter.—Sigismund
I speak not of.

Bald. But I, of Sigismund,
The foul, the crafty traitor, I will speak.
That shameless brow, why has the thun-
derbolt

Forborne to strike, preventing words and
breath,

Making thee ashes?—Flatt'rer of Armi-
nius,

But no admirer! Howsое'er thou feign'st,
His mighty gifts thou know'st not to ad-
mire!

Hop'st thou conceal'd thy most unjust
designs,

Thy vile ambition? Thou would'st sepa-
rate

My father from the people, and thyself
Betwixt them place. Beneath my fa-
ther's foot

It irks thee not thy slavish head to lay,
If thus upon a nation's slavish head
Thy foot may tread. Grovelling, though
arrogant

Is such a royal minister; such thou
Wilt prove, thou — — — —

Sigs. Should I bear this boldness —

Bald. Thou,

Even of life unworthy, how much more
Of that proud liberty thou barterest;
Thou, to eternal infamy condemned;
Since future times shall tell, 'midst the
Cheruskans

First to proclaim a Monarch were thy
lips,

Sigs. (*drawing.*) Audacious boy! Thy
sword —

Armi. Hold, Sigismund,
Forbear! And thou, whom son I will not
call,

Avoid my presence, from mine anger fly!
Ingrate! How ill dost thou requite my
love!

Bald. Father, ere I obey, those stormy
feelings,
From my full bosom which at length
have burst,

More amply hear revealed. That Julius,
named

Ev'n now by thee, when he aspired to
reign

Was murdered; of his murderers one
was Brutus,

And Brutus it is rumour'd was his son.
Amongst our foes be such atrocities

Ever confined! But owed I not to thee
This breathing life, no purpose should my
soul,

I swear it, harbour save to pierce thy
breast.

Not pierce it, like that Roman, cowardly,
With treacherous poniard, hid beneath
the folds

Of the unwarlike toga; but aloud
To single combat daring thee, thy death—
Or mine—I would achieve. Nought then
to me,

If thou subdue not thy desire, remains,
But this—to plunge a dagger in my
heart,

Or quit my native skies,—banished for
ever!

In distant lands, thine error and my fate
Ceaselessly weeping, to endure a life
Useless and miserable.—Solitary,
Without a country, and from all I here
Most cherish'd, cherish'd then no longer,
parted.

And now I leave these shades, ancient
and holy,

To-day profaned—where all that I or
hear

Or see, my heart tears piecemeal from
my breast. [*Exit.*]

Thus. Pardon, Cheruskans, that young,
fiery heart,

In whose ungoverned fierceness all ap-
pears

Unseasonable, excessive, even virtue.

Arminius now, as his first act of
royalty, dismisses the assembly; and
informing Velanthis that her love for
the enemy of her father becomes cri-
minal, leaves her alone with Thelgas-
tes, apparently in the hope that the

pain of parting from her, may subdue the firmness of the Champion of Liberty. In this he is disappointed; the grief of the lovers is profound, but their virtue triumphs. Thelgastes says,

Thou canst not judge

How dear it costs, how cruel to my heart

It seems, this duty I obey, abhorring,
Even whilst I revere it.

Vel. But thy heart

At least retains its liberty; to thee

No sacred voice proclaims thy passion
guilt.

Ev'n whilst for preservation of our laws
Me thou destroy'st, with thy soul's bitterness

A sweetness indescribable is mixed:

Thou undertak'st great things, acquir'st
new fame.

I, when beneath my father's stern command

I bow my spirit, haply I attempt

A task as arduous, but obscure, unknown;

For man can never feel how sharp to me
The pang no longer to account me thine.

I then must never follow thee to battle,
Nor in thine arm's resistless blows rejoice,

Nor count, kiss, bind thy wounds, nor
bathe thy breast

With tears of mingled sorrow and delight?

Thou shalt return a conqueror, and shouts
Of loud applause shall thousand voices raise,

Whilst I alone silent must stand, and
cold,

Lest with dark lowering brow my father say

That still thou dwellest in my soul,—
alas!

My courage sickens at the thought—
yet I

Can be no vulgar woman, since thou
lov'st me.

Touched by these complaints Thelgastes offers to fly with her; but paints so strongly the disgrace and misery of the life they should have to lead, that Velanthis, comforted by such a proof of constant attachment, recovers her fortitude, and dismisses her beloved to discharge his duty against her father, only requesting him to do so as mildly as may be. The chorus terminate the second act, by singing the Sorrows of Love, and its power over the bravest and wisest, as well as over tender maids. There is much beauty and sweetness in their strains, but

love is not the subject of this tragedy; it is introduced only to exhibit the energy of German virtue in resisting its temptations, and we prefer confining our extracts to what is the distinguishing character of the play, and what we almost suspect is more consonant to our author's genius.

The first scene of the third act between Arminius and Sigismund, seems chiefly intended to display the crafty cruelty of the latter, who urges the new King to secure his throne by shedding the blood of his enemies, especially of Thelgastes; and the lofty virtue of Arminius, who would scorn a throne needing such securities, who relies in full confidence upon himself, and does ample justice to Thelgastes. Baldur enters and requests a private interview with his father, who dismisses his confidential adviser, and then says,

Mine inmost heart before the full assembly

Thou wounded'st—Was't thy purpose?

Bald. Father, hear me!

To bend the bow, the spear and sword to
wield,

Thou taught'st me; nor didst thou my
mind neglect;

Thy study 'twas mine early thoughts to
guide,

And arm with generous feelings my young
heart.

Not poverty but gold to fear, not death
But shame; to hold, crown of all thoughts,
all feelings,

My native land, and over her in none
Endure dominion, were thine earnest
precepts.

That day I yet remember when a boy,
Such as myself, pronounced the boundless
power

Enjoyed by Roman generals preferable
To that controlled authority, our chiefs
In common hold. Indignantly I struck
him

Upon the guilty mouth with my clenched
fist,

And drew it blood-stained back.—Then
didst thou, father,

Embrace me, kiss me, and triumphantly
Call me thy genuine offspring. Years
passed on.

Still 'twas thy cry, My son, should a
Cheruscan

Above his fellows ever lift his head,
Gather thy countrymen and strike it low!
And thee I heard all tongues then celebrate,

The gallant Champion, Warder incorrupt,
Of universal German liberty.

Armi. Nought here below endures.

We have attained
The season when the nation must shine
out,

Sun-like, upon a wondering world. Too
long

Her glory 'midst these forests, 'midst
these swamps,

Has lain entombed. A terror to the
mightiest

She shall become; but that she cannot
be

Whilst with herself at discord; and at
discord

She still must live, until the power of
all

Centring in ONE, shall quell these fond
divisions.

In ONE, who thus installed, from liberty
Will take but what is baneful, its excess,
More surely thus its benefits to guard.

Bald. What say'st thou? True, dark
clouds have overcast

Sometimes our brightest days, but what
a tempest

Art thou awakening! Hop'st thou what
'midst us,

Ages and ages planted, still has thriven,
Can be uprooted gladsomely, nor spread

Around destructive ruin? And are these
Thine arts to render the Cherusicans

happy?

Armi. Such happiness my reign, I
trust, shall give,

So firmly on my throne I hope to sit,
That when, by death compelled, I thence

descend,
My son shall mount it with unflinching

step.

Bald. Fatal illusion! Terrible ambi-
tion!

One hour a monarch, thy desires already
Ev'n in the grave seek to prolong thy

reign—
Through me!—What did I hear?—Such

heritage
Wouldst thou bequeath thy son? He

fondly hoped
Only of thine high virtues to become,

Some far-off day, the heir.

Armi. This virgin sceptre,
Presented me, should I refuse to grasp,

Others would seize upon.

Bald. Who durst presume

To touch it, should Arminius interdict?

Armi. Mine will not be an Eastern
despot's sway.

Bald. With bounded power couldst
thou rest satisfied?

Yet for a little hear me—Love of free-
dom,

Or envy of Arminius, will arise
In many bosoms; thence springs civil

war;

And thou must either fall in thine attempt,
Or o'er thy brethren's corpses climb the
throne.

Thou'rt seated—Mercifully wouldst thou
rule?

Can young authority be free from foes?
I do not urge that many will reclaim

From thee, friend, father, son, lost in thy
wars,

Whom thou perforce must listen to with
fear;

And fear engenders cruelty—then blood-
shed,

And yet more blood:—the danger grows
—more blood:—

Whilst thine internal feelings of remorse
Are dull'd, and blood each day more large-
ly flows.

—But grant these apprehensions gloomy
dreams—

Thou reign'st secure; dost thou reign
happily?

Canst thou obtain what all from thee
conceal,

The truth, or without equals hope for
friends?

Exaltedly unhappy, far divided
From nature, and an exile on thy throne,

Know'st thou what then will prove thy
sharpest pang?

A relic of thy virtue, then unclosing
Thy blinded eyes; repentant, thou wilt

strike
Thy brow, too late remembering other

Kings,
Or weak or cruel, shall to thee succeed,

And thou, first King, must answer for
their crimes.

Armi. In part, my son, thine argu-
ments are just.

But were they truth unanswerable, what
wouldst thou?

I am advanced too far. Thelgastes moves
Against me earth and Heaven.

Bal. Eternally
Thelgastes were thy friend, wert thou

thine own.

Armi. Who would not say I had in
fear abandoned

Mine enterprise? Is it an enterprize
Difficult, dangerous? Things secure and

easy
I never deemed that I was born to act.

But what boots further speech? Let this
suffice—

What once I prized so high, equality,
Now weighs oppressively upon my soul,

And less than king, I feel myself a slave.

Bal. Oh me unhappy, lost! Oh then
farewell,

Ye native hills, ye forests of my country,
Sweet intercourse with kindred and with

friends!
A sentence of ne'er-ending banishment

Is passed upon me. Father, seest thou not
To what a state forlorn I am reduced?
For me no shadow of delight remains.
Even the solace wife and children yield
I must forego;—A fugitive, a father!
My joy in arms—dearest amongst my
joys—

Of that I am despoil'd.—Never to guard
Wife, offspring, country, what should I
with arms?

Against the fiercer beasts defend my life,
And slay the weaker for its sustenance,
That I in abject guise be not compelled
To seek the board of strangers. Such
the feats

Must exercise an arm, trained by thy care
To fall a thunderbolt on Rome; an arm,—
That now against myself were better
turned.

Armi. Baldur, no more; with bitter
words my breast
Thou tortur'st fruitlessly.

Bald. Into this gulph
I am cast headlong; I, accustomed erst
Amidst Cheruscan youths to hear myself
Called proudest, happiest, great Armi-
nius' son!

Who could, unenvying, such a title hear?
Armi. Oh thou hast ever been my joy
and pride!

Bald. True, but thou now abhorr'st me.
Armi. Canst thou think it?

Dearer than ever do I love thee, Baldur.
Patient I've listened, and have answered
thee.

Another father had renounced thee, I—
Draw near, I would embrace thee.

Bald. Heavens!

Armi. This breast,
Which I now clasp, contains a virtuous
soul;

But virtue rugged and unseasonable,
Ranking thee with my foes.

Bald. Who, I thy foe?
I, who what I was ever, am to-day?
'Tis thou, who now no longer art thyself,
Who, howsoever thou profess to love me,
Art unto me become an enemy.
Oh be thyself again! Give, give me back
My father, but that pristine, true, sole
father,

In whom I joyed! From those illustrious
eyes

Tear off the blinding bandage of ambition!
Confide in thine own Baldur, who now
falls

Prostrate before thee, and will never more.
Release thy knees. I, by the Gods adjure
thee,

By thy right hand, matchless, invincible,
If or my life or thine own glorious name
Be dear to thee, have mercy on thy coun-
try,

Upon thy son, thyself!

VOL. XVIII.

Armi. Arise!

Bald. To thee,

After so many triumphs nought remains
But to subdue thyself.

Armi. Arise, I say.

Bald. (*rising.*) Reflect thou lovest thus
in one sole day

The fruit of all thy toils. Lo! 'twill be
said,

Whither that lofty, never-wearying zeal
Tended! 'Twas only to enslave his coun-
try

His greatness he acquired; when he
shook Rome,
And routed Varus, he but forged our
chains.

Armi. No more! Henceforth be silent.
My designs

'Tis fitting at the least thou should'st re-
spect,

If thou wilt not commend them. Then
forbear

To weary, to torment, me and thyself,
With thine unceasing useless lamenta-
tions.

Ev'n were the track on which I've en-
tered evil,

I must not now forsake it, and perchance
My very steps may smooth its ruggedness:

Bald. Nought then can stay thee?

Armi. What can stay the Elbe,
And backward roll his waters?

Bald. Mighty Gods!

I understand your will.

(*After a long pause he draws a dagger.*)

Take this, and kill me!

Armi. I pray thee, cease.

Bald. Remember'st thou this weapon?
I scarce had seen twelve summers, when
my hand

Wrested this dagger from a Roman sol-
dier.

In recompense I had a noble bow
From my great father, who then nourish-
ed hopes—

Alas! how vain!—of me. Take it.

Armi. Oh cease!

Bald. Why give me being, and take
from me all

That sweetens life? It is an useless gift
Which I restore. Deliver me from long
Distressful exile, past my strength to bear.
Deliver me from sight of civil wars,
In which, nor 'gainst nor for thee, can
my sword

Forsake its sheath. Save me from the
dire wish,

That might invade my bosom, for thy
death.

My words must have destroyed thy peace
—Oh then,

For that importunate remorse, by me
Sown in thy spirit, take revenge and kill
me!

Armi. Too much, too much thou weariest my long kindness.
Obdurate is that heart of thine, and deaf
To nature's powerful voice. More than
enough

Thy father has entreated; hear thy king.
True virtue in all forms, all seasons shines.
But virtue 'tis not to remain unchanged
When all around is changing. I nor have,
Nor can have, equals. When th' all-ruling
Gods

Bid an Arminius rise, they thus aloud
Proclaim the nation chosen for his birth
By them predestined to some mighty
change.

Souls in the course of circling centuries
Sometimes appear, that, as they find the
world,

Such cannot leave it—and of these am I.
Know this. Know further. 'Mongst the
Gods is one,

A Goddess, potent, stern, to whom all
yields,

NECESSITY. If thou hast heretofore
Studied my precepts, study them this day;
Fulfil the duties of a faithful vassal,
If not of a submissive son, or dread
Mine and Heaven's anger.

Bald. Father, pardon me!
I erred. This dagger was not for thy
hand,

But mine, to use. (*Stabs himself.*)

Armi. Ye gods! What do I see!
My son! my dearest son! Dire frenzy!
—Fly—

Thusneldis—Everywhere Thusneldis
seek—

Go, fly!—My son! Oh misery!—My son!

Bald. Death is within my bosom—I
expire

In my youth's vigour.

Armi. What a fearful wound!

Bald. Thou know'st mine arm was ne-
ver feeble.

Armi. Whither
Has thy blind passion for thy country ur-
ged thee!

Bald. Gloriously, 'midst the shock of
clashing arms,

For her to pour my life-blood, was deni-
ed me;

But for her sake, through this self-given
wound,

It streams—perchance not vainly.—May
Heaven grant

My death to that loved country yield ad-
vantage,

Father, unharmed thee!—If I might
bear—

Forsaking this fair light—a hope away—
That thou—Dark mists bedim mine eyes
—I die. (*Dies.*)

Armi. O dreadful blow! I can know
peace ne'er more!

This may have been thought a long
scene to extract, but as it is one very
characteristic of the tragedy at least,
if not of the author, and far more dra-
matic than such scenes of political dis-
cussion usually are, we have preferred
giving it at length, to presenting our
readers with more varied portions.
We shall offer them little more except
the lamentations of the bards over the
untimely fate of Baldur; passing by
the previous scene of the regrets of the
youth's mother and sister, with no
other notice than mentioning that her
son's desperate action has entirely
cured Thusneldis—whom Arminius
had sent for, on account of her skill in
leechcraft—of her royal aspirations.

Chorus of Bards. Cold, dark, and lowly
is the bed

On which, unhappy youth, thy head
Must now for ever rest.

But on the bard's immortal lay
Shall, ev'n to time's remotest day,
Thy glory live impress'd.

First Bard. Not the bird, whose me-
lodious voice

Erst bade thee rejoice,

As he hailed the first blushes of morn;

Nor the sun shooting golden rays,

Whose refulgent blaze

Hut, palace, and grove, adorn;

Nor the trumpet's loud call to the
fight,

At whose sound with delight

The heart of the warrior glows;

Nor the tenderest maiden's address,

Nor her timid caress,

Evermore shall disturb thy repose.

For hers, thy sad mother's grief,
What hope of relief?

Yet deeper her anguish must prove,

If, bewilder'd by sorrow, her ear

Deem an instant to hear

Thy footsteps, oh son of her love!

At the social board with a sigh

She sits, for her eye

Beholds not the face of her child;

Though conscious her search must be
vain,

She seeks thee with pain,

Through thickets entangled and wild.

No tempest's terrible power,

This plant scarce in flower,

Broke down with resistless force;

He fell like the stars that, on high

As they traverse the sky,

Spontaneously shoot from their course.

Chorus. Cold, dark, and lowly is the
bed, &c.

Second Bard. By untimely doom,
To great Odin's hall
Is a spirit come.
Where, in that large space,
'Mid the heroes all,
Is the stranger's place?

Third Bard. A thousand damsels, clad
In spotless white,
With crowns of flow'rs upon their tresses
Fair,
With naked arms, and scarfs of azure
And bright
Around their loins, to ev'ry hero there,
In skulls of foes subdued in earthly fight,
Minister draughts abundant, rich, and rare.
Thus for that chosen company combine
Love, glory, vengeance, with the joys of
wine.

Fourth Bard. Thy playmates of an
earlier year,
With thee, who by our river's side
First bent the bow, or hurled the spear,
Or with light foot in swiftness vied,
Now wander with dejected eye,
Call upon Baldur's name, and sigh.

Let not the story of our woe
To hostile strangers be conveyed;
Too much it will rejoice the foe
To hear that he, an empty shade,
Is idly flitting on the gale,
In arms who turned their warriors pale.

Upon the field of martial fame
Too short, alas! has been thy race:
Yet still, in characters of flame,
Lives of that brief career the trace.
Even upon thy mother's knee,
Thy soul from childishness was free.

Thus the strong eagle's callow brood,
With tender talons yet untried,
With beaks yet never dipt in blood,
Display their nature's inborn pride,
By gazing with undazzled eye
Upon the sun in noon-day sky.

Chorus—Cold, dark, and lowly is the
bed, &c.

The fourth act opens with the endeavours of Thelgastes to excite the Cheruskans to withstand the ambitious views of Arminius. He has great difficulty in overpowering the disposition to submission inspired by an enthusiastic admiration of the usurper's great and heroic achievements; but at length succeeds, by a theatrical use of Baldur's dead body and bear-skin mantle, of which the idea, at least, is borrowed from Mark Antony's speech over Cæsar's corse. The success thus obtained is so complete, that, upon the entrance of Arminius, the Cheruskans

would murder him, but for the interposition of Thelgastes, who requests his friends to adopt more lawful methods of expressing their disapprobation, and dismisses them. He then addresses Arminius, finds him half-dressed by paternal anguish, and willing to renounce his throne; upon which he immediately hurries away to summon Thusneldis and Velanthis to rejoice in the change. During the absence of Thelgastes, Arminius, in a short and poetical soliloquy, displays the alteration wrought by grief in his sentiments, when he is interrupted by Sigismund. The scene which follows, although exhibiting powerful talent, is, to our minds, the greatest blemish in the tragedy. Sigismund, by fallacious representations, by remonstrances, supplications, and taunts, gets the better of the resolution which Arminius had formed, to propitiate his son's shade by adapting his conduct to the principles entertained by Baldur, and recalls the usurper to his former ambitious hopes and projects. Now, in many instances, all that we require to enable us to afford a sort of forgiving sympathy to the seduced, is, that the tempter should manage his lures with a sufficiently plausible dexterity. But this cannot be the case with regard to Arminius. A lofty, inflexible self-dependence, and an immeasurable superiority to all around him, (something like Richard the Third's,) are the only qualities which can, either in the theatre, or in real life, awaken any kind of sympathy with him who aims at overthrowing the liberties and constitution of his native land. Had Arminius struggled singly against his agony of remorse and sorrow, and resolved not to forfeit the prize which had already cost him so dear, in despite of the shuddering of more ordinary natural feelings, the warmest lover of liberty might have felt an involuntarily admiring consciousness, that such a man was fit to bear sway. Nay, had he been aroused from his stupor of dejection, by an attempt, on the part of Thelgastes, to take advantage of it, we could have gone along with him. As he has managed it, Pindemonte has sunk his hero into the puppet of the contemned Sigismund. But to leave our criticism, and resume our account of the play.—Arminius, thus himself again, of course disappoints the hopes of his wife and daughter, as well as of

Thelgastes. He goes off to array his party against Thelgastes and the republicans. Thusneldis follows to endeavour to prevent him. Thelgastes and Velanthis have another short love-scene, inferior, we think, to the former. He promises to make one more effort to reclaim Arminius, and leaves her; and she raves in her anguish, after a manner somewhat unsuitable in a German damsel, till recalled to herself by the consternation, with which her conduct, in thus yielding to passion, fills the Cheruscan women around her. The younger portion of the chorus depart to take their share in the conflict about to ensue, and the act closes with the lamentations of the older bards, over their own inability to join in the battle, and over the degeneracy of the then existing Cherusicans, from the virtues and prowess of their fathers, the contemporaries of the singers.

The fifth act, according to the severe, and, to English notions, undramatic law, which banishes action from the stage, is wholly occupied by the miseries and terrors, unalleviated by hope, of Thusneldis—who, contrary to early German custom, has been driven from the battle-field by her husband—and of Velanthis, who is incapable of visiting it; and by the accounts brought to them of the progress of the engagement. Heribert, a follower of Arminius, first comes with intelligence of the ineffectual attempt of Thelgastes to avert the combat—of the death of Sigismund by his powerful hand—of the feats of both leaders, who evidently shun each other—and of the perfidy of Inguiomar, who, professedly coming as a partizan of his nephew Arminius, had unexpectedly joined Thelgastes. The super-human prowess of Arminius, however, still holds the fortune of the day uncertain, he says, and he returns to assist him. After a little more misery and impatience of the ladies, triumphant trumpets are heard; their anxiety and agitation reach their climax, when all uncertainty is terminated by hearing the bards sing without—

Thelgastes' praise aloud proclaim,
Fair Freedom's hero-son sublime,
Of this, his native Arctic clime,
The glory and the dread!
Descend, ye laurel wreaths of fame,
That honour'd brow haste to adorn!

Blossom ye flow'rets, bright as morn,
Beneath the conqueror's tread.

The conqueror enters, interrupting the strain, and prohibiting all songs of triumph upon so melancholy an occasion. He eulogizes the heroism displayed by Arminius—informs the wretched wife and daughter of the defeated usurper, that despite all his own exertions to save him, he is mortally wounded; and announces that he is coming, borne by his friends, to die upon the spot where Baldur had died. Thusneldis flies to meet her husband, whilst Velanthis, who is following, is detained by Thelgastes, with a request, that, as his life is no longer necessary to the preservation of Cheruscan liberty, she would accept his sword, and revenge her father's death, which he had failed to prevent, by plunging it into his bosom. Before she can return any answer to this very judicious request, Arminius arrives, thoroughly cured, by approaching death, of his ambition. He praises Thelgastes, bestows upon him Velanthis and his own sword, and dies. Thelgastes says—

Arminius—he is dead! and his last sigh
The noblest of his many triumphs proved!
—Cherusicans, over us who shall presume
Attempt to reign, when great Arminius
failed?

But behis obsequies with honour fraught—
Posterity shall say, when he aspired
To tyranny, he was by you destroyed;
But that his equal, warlike Germany
Never beheld; that he repentant died,
And at your hands obtained a splendid
tomb.

Chorus. Now tyranny's brief storm is
past,

That swept the land with blasting wing,
See from the ruins Freedom spring,
More beautiful, more dear!
But Freedom only there can last
Where Virtue holds her pristine sway;
Then, countrymen, her laws obey,
And the high Gods revere!

This chorus ends the tragedy. Our readers may think, that we should best have consulted our author's fame by omitting both it and the preceding speech of Thelgastes. We might thus have produced a more dramatic effect, at least according to the feeling and fashion of the present day, but we should not thus have given a correct idea of Ippolito Pindemonte, or of the species of tragedy which he desires either to introduce or to revive.

THE COMPLETE SERVANT; BEING A GUIDE TO ALL SERVANTS.

By SAMUEL and SARAH ADAMS, *Fifty Years Servants in different Families.*

“And Samuel said unto Sarah.”

It is impossible to trace so far back, by anything like authentic record, as the original period at which footmen began to leave dust upon ledges for a month together, or pert hussies to get “orders for filiation” made against elderly single gentlemen, who paid them twelve guineas a-year for doing nothing. As regards our own mode of settling matters, in all cases of difficulty (*qua* flunky), our trust has been uniformly in the virtues of the supplejack; and O’Doherty declares distinctly, that, in his whole practice, he never knew such perfect discipline maintained among domestics, as in the Peninsula, where, being held subject to military law, any difficulties that arose in their minds were at once submitted to the arbitration of the Provost-marshal. Such indeed was Sir Morgan’s personal reliance upon the decisions of this dignitary, that, having occasion on a remote post once to send some miles for a “Deputy” to subsidize his attendants, he insisted, (to spare the officer the fatigue of coming too frequently so great a distance,) that, after existing claims were settled, a certain number of dozens should be left upon account. But, as regards the control of the female torments of our lives—that is to say, those of them who “do their spiriting” in the kitchen, the same manner of dealing has not been considered quite admissible; and it requires, moreover, a vigorousness both of mind and body to administer it, even where it becomes properly applicable, which does not, in these days, fall to the lot of every one. We have rejoiced, therefore, rather to see a milder course of treatment, and one more adapted to general competency in its exercise, at length put into process of experiment; being satisfied that nothing can be done better than to argue with a man, where sufficient reasons exist to make it not worth our while at once to knock him down.

Abroad, the full importance of the present subject—the relation between

master and domestic—was long ago admitted and understood; and the question of its arrangement has been treated by foreign philosophers in both ways, both with reference to the “Conseil,” and to the “Coup de pied dans le ventre.” In France, eighty years ago, no less a personage than the Duc de Nivernois, wrote a book of 400 pages, on the single duties of a coachman.—“Ouvrage utile, tant au maitres qu’ au Cochers!” Dedicated (by permission) to “Monsieur de la Gueriniere, Ecuyer du Roi!” And, when “Monsieur L’Ecuyer” “trouvoit” the work “digne” “d’etre mis au jour,” as the Duke observes in his dedication, no wonder that it still lives, to immortalize the memory of the author. In fact, it does run through the whole business of a “Parfait Cocher”—from the selection of a horse, to the bolting of a stable-door—with such evident knowledge of the principles connected with the subject, as well as familiarity with the detail, as to show, past all cavil, that, if his Grace’s career had not been limited by the fact of his being born a peer of France, he must, from his own sheer merit, have become the very first Fiacre, or Cabriolet-man, in Europe.

The object of the Duke’s work, however—though his coach would inevitably have been No. I. of all the world—was to put the fingers, rather than the mental faculties, of stablemen into a proper train of action—to have carriages properly cleaned, more than to touch the estest mode of inducing posillions voluntarily to clean them. The Abbé Fleury, in the year 1688, took a different course in his “Devoirs des Domestiques;” and explained the moral obligations, in conjunction with the physical duties, of those to whom he addressed himself. Though a clergyman by profession, this author writes freely; and with a practical, quite as much as with a pious spirit. Feeling that the cook should recollect the church, but not forgetting that she

should keep her eye upon the chimney. Conscious that candlesticks, well cleaned by a butler, bring their reward in this life, as well as afford security for that which is to come. And there is great ingenuity in the manner by which, at starting, he proceeds to take the sting out of vassalage altogether; by demonstrating that a servant is, in fact, better off than his master.

"Une grange a été brûlée—la rivière a emportée un moulin—la grele a perdu les fruits. Un fermier est devenu insolvable! Un pauvre laquais —(à qui Dieu aura donné un peu de bon sens)—s'estimera, pour le moins, aussi heureux que son maître, s'il considère bien tout cela."*

The worst of it is, that "laquais," confound 'em! never have any "sense" or "consideration." But the Abbé goes on.

"Le fonds de la vie Chrétienne, est le travail, joint à l'oraison continuelle; et l'un et l'autre peuvent s'accorder, même dans les occupations les plus viles! Un bon palfrenier, par exemple, après avoir fait, le matin, la petite prière, peut continuer à prier, très saintement, en pansant ses chevaux: pourvu qu'il a soin d'élever, de tems en tems, son cœur à Dieu, et de songer qu'il (Dieu) est aussi bien présent dans une écurie que par-tout ailleurs."†

This project for "praying" and "currying" at the same time, the world will be surprised perhaps to think, has never been brought forward by the

honourable member for Montrose. The probability is, that that honourable person had met with the idea, but was disposed to hold the praying rather a matter of supererogation altogether. As a peculiarly felicitous illustration of the omnipresence, however, as well as from its application to general economy, Mr Fleury's suggestion is valuable; and, in this last view, it surpasses the Irish idea of a double occupation—"whistling, and driving the cows to water"—entirely.

Farther on, after a supplementary recommendation to the hostler, that "au lieu des chansons profanes et deshonnètes, il chantera," (still in currying) "les psaumes qu'il a appris à l'église"—the Abbé's observations upon the post of an almoner, or domestic chaplain—its duties and difficulty—are curious and true.

"Or, il est beaucoup plus difficile de ne choquer en rien ceux avec qui l'on vit en même maison, que ceux du dehors. Le peuple ne voit les prêtres qu'à l'autel occupés à des fonctions toutes célestes. Les domestiques (d'une maison) voyent un aumônier, boire et manger comme un autre homme; ils entendent les entretiens familiers du table. Il a donc besoin d'une vertu plus grande, non seulement que le commun des Chrétiens, mais encore que le commun des prêtres, et des religieux."‡

It is possible, certainly, to conceive, that the chaplain of a man-of-war might be a very sound divine, and a

* "A barn has been burned down—the floods have carried away a mill—the hail has damaged the fruit trees—a tenant becomes insolvent—a poor lacquey (to whom God has given but a little good sense) will find himself at least as happy as his master, if he considers this all."

† "The foundation of a Christian life, is labour, joined to continual prayer; and both these objects may be combined, even in the most menial occupations. A well-disposed stable-boy, for example, having said his prayers shortly at first rising in the morning, may continue to pray very devoutly, while currying his horses, provided that he takes care, from time to time, to raise his heart up to heaven, and to recollect that God is present in the stable, just as much as anywhere else."

‡ "It is far more difficult, however, to avoid displeasing those with whom we live constantly in the same house, than those from whom we are more divided. The people, in general, see their priests only at the altar, and in the exercise of their sacred functions; house-servants see an almoner eat and drink like another man, and are privy to the familiar conversations of the table. He stands in need, then, of a stricter virtue, not merely than the generality of Christians, but also than the generality of priests, or others of religious calling." Cervantes, in his *Don Quixote*, seems to support something like a general recognition of this feeling, by the difference he makes in the character of the Duke's chaplain, and that of the curate of the village—both, in their respective stations, being good and respectable members of the church.

very honest man; and yet sometimes—looked at by such an observer as Mr Wilberforce—seem rather placed in an anomalous situation.

In the next chapter, lady's-maids are admonished; and modern Abigails may perpend the Abbe's words with advantage.

"En particulier, elles ne doivent lire ni comédies, ni romans, ni aucun livre qu'elles ne connoissent auparavant par le temoignage d'une personne sage, (O'Doherty's for instance,) pour etre assurées qu'il ne contient rien de dangereux.—Prenez garde aussi aux chansons amoureuses, et aux airs passionnés."*

Valets de chambre are recommended, generally, "to exercise themselves frequently in shaving,"—"to avoid familiarity with females,"—"and to say nothing which they do not understand," and Mr Fleury concludes with an *exposé* of the duties belonging to masters and mistresses, not much less candid than that which he has supplied to their dependents.

In the "*Moyens de former un bon domestique*," a book printed only with the initials of the author's name in the title-page, but which has gone through some editions in France, and been copied a good deal in England, this last division of Monsieur Fleury's performance is objected to, as well as a similar section in the treatise of "M. Gregoire, Ancien Eveque de Blois." The writer of the "*Moyens*" refuses, in a work calculated for the eyes of servants, to "*regenter les maitres*." Apprehending however, perhaps, that such refusal may render his work proscribed in the pantry, he farther complains of his predecessors, that they have estimated the havings, and the responsibilities, of a gentleman in livery too low:—how they should have spoken as they have done "*des qualités nécessaires dans l'homme qui sert à table—c'est un oubli non moins affligeant qu'inconcevable!*"

"By the talents of this invaluable agent," (the servant who waits at ta-

ble;) "where he is equal to his situation," [we translate at once, as the book which we are quoting is accessible.] "No hiatus intervenes between the desires of the man who has a palate, and their gratification! While the master is occupied in swallowing a morsel, the valet attentively observes him! He catches the most casual direction of his patron's eye, and marks the dish that it indicates. Scarcely is the plate empty, than another—full—presents itself to his indefatigable fork. The wines which—from among all those of the very highest order—he prefers, are incessantly soliciting his attention. In this manner, his mouth—his glass—his plate—all are kept, at once, in a state of the most brilliant activity!—Is it to be believed that the talents of the artist who accomplishes these things can be the work of an hour, or that it is the gift of chance?—No." And yet all this talent, if we may so express ourselves, forms but an undivisible division, in the quantity of faculty necessary to constitute a really sufficient footman; with whose character and duties Mons. N. opens his next chapter, under the head of—"The servant *in posse*;" his moral and religious education."

"Toutes les idées, d'un enfant destiné à être domestique doivent être fixées sur quatre points.

Dieu.

Le Prince.

Ses père et mère.

Ses maitres.

Voilà, pour lui, le monde entier!"†

The question, how far such an "enfant" should be taught to read and write, stands, of course, among the first preliminaries of his "education;" and it is one upon which Mons. N., for a time, is divided. "It is unpleasant," he says, "to have a person near you, who 'can copy papers,' or 'take notes of what he hears.'" (It is whimsical to observe how completely the scheme of espionage forms part of a Frenchman's account and reckoning in

* "Especially, they (the ladies' maids) ought to read no comedies or romances, nor indeed any work whatever, that they do not before know by the testimony of some discreet person, to contain nothing dangerous. Let them also beware of amorous songs, and even passionate melodies." Hear this, O Morgan! (The "Lady," not the Adjutant,) and O Moore!

† "All the thoughts of a child who is destined to become a servant should be fixed upon four points—God—The King—His father and mother—His masters.—Behold for him the universe!"

all he does:—he provides against the danger of a visit from the police, as regularly as an Englishman keeps an umbrella in his house against the chance of a rainy day.) “On the other hand, what are you to do with a fellow who runs you to the bottom of a ‘cul de sac’ when he drives your coach—a mile long, and no room to turn! because he can’t read the ‘no thoroughfare,’ which is written at the upper end? Or who will deny his own ‘mark’ to your receipts for ten years back of his wages, when you discharge him; making you pay the whole amount twice over, because you can get no evidence to prove his ‘hand-writing;’ even if he omits to charge you at once with forgery, or cause you to be tried, at least, for the fraud and misdemeanour—for which escape you are entirely indebted to his special grace and mercy?” At length, however, the author recollects, that “if a rogue is bent to hang his master for high treason, he may compass the deed without either reading or writing.” And perhaps it also slightly occurs to him, that—if footmen cannot read, where is the sale of books to come from, written for their instruction? In virtue of which considerations, he eventually concludes, that a valet may learn his letters—seeing, however, that he does so at his own risk;—because, if once, just as he knows that two and two make four, he fancies himself a clever fellow, and takes a desire to be a “clerk in an office,”—“S’il est une fois pris de cette maladie!—rarement il reste bon à quelque chose.”

On the question, “Ce qu’est un domestique, par rapport à son maître,”—“What a servant is, with reference to his master,”—a great deal of information, and admirable counsel, is communicated. In page 33, he is especially guarded against the use of those offensive conjunctions disjunctive, “if,” “for,” and “but,” in the presence of his patron. There is not the least of them but constitutes, in the mind of the author of these “Moyens,” incipient disobedience.* His movements should combine the activity with the

noiselessness and habitual precaution of the *matou*; and the unfailing suavity which distinguishes the same sagacious agent, may also afford an admirable pattern for his general demeanour. If he crosses a room, let him glide as though he marched upon eggs—his grandmother’s last brood, and the payment of her rent dependant upon their hatching. If he moves a table, like the wooden-horse in the Fairy Tale, the machine should take its passage through the air! seeming to disdain the ground; or, at farthest, touch it only, like a flea, at the two extreme points of its rise, and its descension. And, when he shuts a door before the family has risen, he should do it with as much delicacy, and temperance, and caution, as if his own finger, just to try the specific power of the lever, were experimentally inserted in the hinge.

Vigilance is quoted as a virtue indispensable to a domestic—and very properly—because, though a dog’s time of going to bed will depend upon his master, yet his time of rising may always depend upon himself. So, afterwards, in the “Complete Servant,” it is stated, that—

“He who would thrive
Should rise at five;”

which may be very true; but, in our own opinion,—

They may do more
Who rise at four.

Return then to the question—“Ce qu’est un domestique, par rapport,” &c., to which more illustration has yet to be applied.

“Le domestique ne doit point entrer à l’improviste dans la chambre de ses maîtres;” and, moreover, “C’est là, particulièrement, qu’il ne doit rien voir, rien entendre, sans des ordres exprès. Il commencera (this is his work in the morning,) par ranger les habits de la veille, même les robes de Madame; mais il faut qu’il soit bien assuré de les toucher, et les poser de la manière qui lui convient; car, sur cet article là, les dames ne plaisaient point.”†

* They have ever been held indecorous. Thus, in one of the comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, *Diego* saying “But, my Lord —,” the *Duke* makes answer immediately, “But, in thy belly, villain.”

† “No servant should go unexpectedly into the bed or dressing-chamber of his master; and it is there in particular that he should neither see nor hear anything

In taking the orders of his superiors upon any subject, he will be careful to deport himself with the most profound respect; listening attentively to all that is said, that he may not answer at cross purposes, and say "that he is going to feed the pigs," when his master asks if Madame has had her breakfast.

Every reply should be so shaped as to deliver itself in the *third* person—as "Que demande Monsieur?"—"J'ai fait les commissions de Madame," &c. This can't very well be accomplished with our English idiom; but the idea merits great consideration for all that.

Nevertheless, he will "use all gently;" and be careful to employ no expression—even to show his respect—which is out of character with his situation. As, for instance, being told—"At such an hour you will bring me such a thing," he must not answer—"Oui, Monsieur, j'aurai cet HONNEUR là," but simply, "Oui, Monsieur," because the honour is understood. When interrogated, "Il se renfermera dans l'enoncé de la chose qu'on lui demande!" He will never halloo, at the top of his voice, in speaking to his superiors, as if he were dealing with people who are deaf. Particularly—"Un domestique ne doit ni cracher, ni se moucher, devant ses maitres."—"A good servant will render himself independent of all these little wants;" which, in his station, may be said indeed "to amount almost to infirmities."

This same defence against "scratching any part of the body," while waiting at table, appears in page 95 of the English work, called "The Footman's Directory."

The "service, pendant le diner,"

however, (in which also he is closely followed by the author of the "Directory,") is the grand task enlarged upon by the writer of the "Moyens;" and the competent performance of that duty (as they both describe it) seems to be the drawing of Ulysses' bow to every gentleman who wears a shoulder-knot.

"Placé derrière la maitresse de la maison, il se trouvera, d'après l'usage reçu, en face de son maitre; et, sans manquer aux soins qu'il doit à madame, il doit aussi avoir, sans cesse, les yeux sur monsieur."*

"Son attitude, quand il est en place, doit être sérieuse et modeste."† He will do everything with care and reflection, and by no means hand plates of soup one way, while he is looking another.

So, again, in the "Footman's Directory," where Onesimus charges the Tyros of the sideboard. "Never drum upon your master's chair," says this preceptor, "as you stand behind it." We would make a drum of the dog's skin certainly, who should venture to do such a thing—unless, indeed, he had been used to live with a fiddler. "In clearing away after dinner, move everything," he continues, "by hand." We could have hoped it had been unnecessary to add the, "be sure you don't put anything under your arm, and much less in your pockets,"—a "taking" which, in law, would be punishable as a conversion, we rather think, if not as a felony. On decanting wine (page 78) Onesimus is in error.—"Put the bottle," says he, "upon the ground; and place your feet on each side of it," &c. This is wrong; and, if you are more than four feet high, you certainly break

without being expressly ordered to do so. He will begin (this is when he enters the anti-chamber at six o'clock) by arranging the clothes which have been left on the preceding night—even the dresses, if any, of his mistress; but in this last duty he must take great care to handle matters delicately, and lay everything down in the right way, for this is a matter generally upon which ladies are not given to jesting."

* "Placed, according to custom, behind the mistress of the house, he will find himself—(this is perfectly true)—in front of the master; and, without failing in the attention which he owes to Madame, he ought also, incessantly, to have his eyes upon Monsieur."

† "His attitude, when he takes his post, will be serious and modest."—This is a most necessary figure to be observed; and no servant, therefore, should ever be employed in a family who has St Vitus's dance, or a potatoe growing out of his nose, or any other deformity, natural or acquired, which may afford entertainment to his fellows. Nicknames of all kinds, as "Swallow-pudding"—"Straddle-breeches," &c. &c. should also be very particularly forbidden.

your back in such an attempt. Between the knees is the orthodox practice; and mind you make a sufficiently horrible face—especially if you draw before company. The concluding suggestion, however, upon decanting—“When you open wine, take care not to pour it too close”—this is a good maxim, and should never be lost sight of.

Still farther—upon the niceties of waiting at table. “When you take hold of a plate,” (see page 96) “do not put your thumb half way into it.” A valuable instruction this; but it does not go quite far enough. “There is a rim to plates.” So there is;—but we don’t want impressions of the thumb upon it. White cambric gloves, or a napkin twisted round the hand;—the last device, perhaps, is best;—but one of them is indispensable. “Mark the rummers” as you take them from the table; so that no two persons in a large party may ever drink out of the same glass.”—To mark is impossible. The only safe way is never to fill the same glass twice. Shutting “the cats,” and “the children,” and especially “the maids” out of the parlour after you have laid your cloth, (p. 91) are prudent hints. So again, the advice (p. 92) against bringing ginger beer into a warm room. We ourselves remember once seeing a whole party flung into confusion, by the unlooked-for explosion of a basketfull of this material; and a lap-dog who was present was so alarmed, that he bit the butler’s leg to the bone. “Never laugh at the jokes of the company, as if they were addressed to you.” Monsieur N. has this; and he adds, that, if you do laugh, it certainly should not be “à gorge déployée.” “Do not watch a gentleman too curiously while he is eating.” It is very dreadful to have a bumpkin opposite to you, who pursues, as it were, every mouthful of plum-pudding down your throat. “Wear no buttons at your sleeves, lest you now and then pull off a lady’s wig with them.” “When you remove a dish, be careful that you knock down nobody but the carver;” and “Don’t fall over the covers,” are all excellent

maxims—though, in this last case, perhaps it would be better not to fall at all. To these warnings we should add (as especial)—“Never have more than sixpennyworth of halfpence at once, jingling in your pocket.” “Keep your eyes open,”—this may be done, although “their sense is shut.” And “do not dress, if you are out of livery, so that country gentlemen mistake you for your master.”

In the “Service des Soirées,” announcing guests as they arrive, care must be taken not to call out as if you were a sentry, challenging upon your post. People’s names too are not to be crippled, recollect, (estropier) in the delivery. “Monsieur Tout-tout,” arriving in his proper person at the street door, is not to become “Monsieur Pooh-pooh” at the top of the staircase; nor “Mrs True-blue,” when he enters the drawing-room. So the ill-educated footmen of our London theatres—The “Mr Bakers,” and “Mr Perkinses,” for “Sir Benjamin Crab-bite, and Mrs Crabtree,” in *The School for Scandal*, announce—“Sir Benjamin Crab-bite, and Mr Back-tree.”

Sneezing, as an “infirmity,” has already been mentioned; but the author of the “Moyens,” puts it very strongly again. We must extract, in page 119. “A—t—on imaginé rien de plus indecent, qu’un domestique qui fait le cor de chasse avec son nez, et attire ainsi sur lui l’attention de la compagnie!”*

Page 111 contains various sound directions to be observed in bottling wine; of which—*ab uno disce omnes*—the first is, “never to drink it.” As we like to provide for the worst—If any fellow should make a rascal of himself in this way, we would advise him not to go—as such villains commonly do—straight into the presence of his master: because it may be too much for one gentleman’s patience, (anywhere but in Scotland,) finding he has a thief, and a drunkard, in his service at the same time.

Married footmen, whose wives reside in the house, are cautioned not to beat them too hastily, lest “their

* “Is it possible to conceive anything more indecent than a servant who makes the French horn with his nose, and so attracts to himself the notice of the whole company! There is no excuse for this “horn,” certainly—unless where it might be absolutely the horn “obligato.”

noise should disturb the family." As, if they are not beaten, they are quite sure to disturb the family, we should think a reasonable master would always make allowance; but—to be quite safe—the corrections may be administered when the family is from home. Those whose instruments of divine vengeance reside without doors, are recommended, by all means, to keep them there; and upon no pretence, "in which women are fertile," to allow of any intrusion. "Ce sexe, charmante dans les rangs élevés, ne l'est pas toujours dans les classes inférieures. Bavardage, commerage, voilà ce qu'une femme de cette *espece* peut apporter," &c. "Le mari peut être certain que sa sortie est d'autant plus prochaine, que la présence de sa femme dans la maison est plus assidue."*

Casual advice to the coachman not to beat the stable-boy—(omitted in the "Jehu Genuine" of the Duke de Nivernois)—and to the cook, to be merciful to the turnspits, ought to be read with attention. Caution is recommended to the valet-de-chambre how he teaches the "garçons" of the family—sons of his master—to lie; a suggestion which may be the more readily complied with, as they are pretty sure to learn to do it fast enough of themselves. And the "moyens de former un bon domestique," sum themselves up with the following seductive picture of the estate and condition of a "perfect servant:"—"Il est rare qu'un bon domestique soit jamais assis. Il y a toujours quelque chose à faire dans une maison. Ainsi, les repos dans le jour consiste seulement dans des occupations moins fatigantes."†

While truths like these were promulgating throughout the continent, on the part of the masters, it was not

likely that the servants would be entirely silent.

The "Etat de Servitude," written by a decayed "Suisse," contains, in twenty foolscap sheets, a mass of "Conte" and "Souvenir," from the porter's lodge, scarcely less impressive, viewed as a philosophical and statistical production, than the "Confessions of a Footman," in our own Magazine. Talking of which "Confessions," we don't remember if we ever mentioned to our readers, that the poor fellow who was inspired to utter them, is no more. He died in consequence of meeting with an accident, by the pole of a coach being poked between his legs, as he stood behind his master's chariot on the first night of Signor Velluti's appearance at the Opera House; in consequence of which, it has been the practice of his kind ever since, to tie the cook's chopping board to the back of the "hind stand-ards," whenever a full night is expected. "The poor fellow made an excellent end," (says a morning paper,) "and desired that he might be followed to the grave by footmen from the parishes of St George's, (Hanover Square,) and St James's only; to wear black gloves and watch ribbons, with cocked hats reversed, for full mourning." He died, leaving six months' wages, and a two years' character, behind him.

The author of the "Horreurs de Service," a brochure written in question and answer, complains heavily of the unreasonableness of "feminine domination;" and takes his motto from the 14th chapter of Ahasuerus! "Truths, and Principles."—"A woman placed at the head of a family, is like a monkey set to steer a ship."‡ This writer goes so far back as the time of the Romans, to show that

* "This sex, charming in the elevated ranks of life, is not always so in the inferior ones. Prating—tale-bearing—gossiping—these are the conveniences women of that *species* are apt to introduce. The husband may lay his account that his going out of the house is not very remote, when he finds that his wife is very frequently coming into it."

† "It is rare that a good servant can find time to sit down. In a house there must always be something to do; therefore the rest of a domestic, at six o'clock, can consist only in the performance of some duty less laborious than some other which he finds it necessary to execute at four."

‡ Alasueco, an oriental historian, smitten with admiration of the "Lives" of Plutarch, wrote a variety of books, and, among others, a history of all the camels who had acquired celebrity in his time. In his turn, he was followed by Yasouf Hassan, who gave the biography of distinguished mules.

power, of every kind, intrusted to the hands of females, has always had a tendency to run into abuse. The passage is curious, which he quotes from the Capitularies of Charlemagne; the lines in Alasueco, we don't recollect.

"In this time it was, moreover, (p. 64,) that certain abbesses of Brittany, growing vain-glorious upon the control allowed to them in their convents, assumed a (new) right, to say mass, and to hear the confessions of the sisterhood. This presumption passing for a while unpunished, other female superiors went still farther; and would even have reached up (standing upon stools) to give the *Benedicite*, and lay their hands upon the heads of MEN. For which monstrous arrogance, however, some were most worthily deprived, and several reprehended, and ordered to penance, by that excellent pontiff, Innocent the Third."

A third footman, "following on the side of servitude," in the "*Misere des Domestiques*," makes his pen drop tears even of verse, in describing the inflictions to which his race are subject.

First, he deplores the *veto*, absolute, against all little arrangements in the way of gallantry. The moment you enter a new service, your master *taboos* every apron-string in the house, from the cockloft to the cellar.

"Soit dans la cave, ou bien dans le grenier,

Soit dans le cabinet, ou bien dans l' antechambre,

Gardez vous de toucher à la fille de chambre!"

Then follows—

"Envers la cuisinière, ayez grande pudeur;

Me le promettez vous, mon enfant?"—

And here "*mon enfant*" replies, and exclaims—
"——Oui, Monsieur!"

Access to the dripping-pan, no less than to the person of the "*cuisinière*," is charged to be defended; and again, under the orders as to "household disposition," the writer describes the virtuous indignation of those persons at "a litter," whose only business in life is to make one.

"Je sens bouillir, dit il," (this is a master,) "la masse de mon sang,
Quand un fauteuil, ou un siège, est mis hors de son rang!" †

The horror of brushing a coat after a muddy day—these mere two lines must choke in the throat of every skip-kennel that reads them:—

"Avalant, a longues traits, une epaisse poussiere,

Vous le frotter—brosser—par devant—par derriere." ‡

No thing can go beyond the "frotter"—"brosser." It expresses the double scrub of desperation—the ninety-second weary whisk of the arm, vainly attempting that which the ninety-first had failed to accomplish—better than volumes could do. But we must absolutely quit the Continent, and *incessamment*, to bestow the ten minutes that we have left upon the Tartarean literature of our own country; the which, although it does, in a manner, lag behind that of our neighbours, is not without its claims to occasional originality.

The first English people who did much for the kitchen, were the Saints; of whose teaching Selden complains in his "*Table-talk*" that it was all "spiritual"—of which the world already had too much. "The duties of man to Heaven," he says, "are few and simple, and yet he is exercised upon these once a-week; his duties to his neighbour are many and intricate, and

* Which, being freely rendered, runs thus:—

"Garrets, or coal holes,
Sin must not sully one;
Hands off their petticoats—
Housemaid or scullion.

Betsy, cook, keep from coaxing, no matter what need you feel.

Will you do this, you dog—Will you? Yes, sir, indeed I will."

† "I shall swear, my good child, till I'm black in the face,
If a stool, or a chair, is put out of its place!"

‡ "Taking mouthfuls of dust—worse than licking the floor,
You rub it—scrub it—behind, and before!"

he hears of those only twice a-year—at the Assizes and the Quarter Sessions."

The "cheap tracts," however, had their use. They were given away, and printed upon whity-brown paper. And besides, after all, the "original sin" of servants is carelessness;—it is something done to get a housemaid to *heed*—although it be only the salvation of her soul. Mrs Taylor, "of Ongar," (in a series of Moral Letters, if we recollect right,) next gives a piece of counsel as to the hiring of a kitchen-maid, which ought to be made public. "Always," says Mrs T. "when you go to get her character, ask leave to look at her wash-house, and her bed-chamber." This is taking subjects, (as the poulterer told the old lady, when she smelt to the tails of the rabbits,) a little on their dark side; but, as our Magazine goes everywhere, it must, of course, go into the kitchen-maid's bed-room, and this notice may put her on her guard.

"My bane and antidote are both before me!"

Mrs Rundell and Mrs Parkes then come with bouncing octavos upon every branch of "Domestic Economy;" but the chief ingenuity of these volumes lies in the pleasant classification of subjects given in their tables of contents. Thus, in Mrs Parkes, we find, under the head—

Letter A—"Accomplishments, folly of neglecting." "Accoucheur, carefully to be chosen."

B—leads us to "Bacon, how to choose."—"Breeches-ball, to make." "Bad breath, to cure." And "Behaviour, rules for in public."

C—associates "Candles," Contagious diseases," and "Confidence in married life."

G—"Gruel" and "Gossips." These stand very fairly side by side.

O—gives "Oil-cloth," "Old age," and "Preservation of Onions."

P—"Plate," "Poultices," "Principles, (religious,)" and "Putrid sore throat."

R—suggests "Raisins," "Rising early," "Reading aloud," and "Ring-worm of the Scalp."

V—"Variety" and "Veal tea."

And so forth endlessly, with some little slyness in the "Account Supposed," to show how a lady should note down her daily expenses.

Charity, 1s. 3d.

Theatre, 14s. 0d.

Hire of lamps for party, 28s. 0d.

Mending a tub, 1s. 9d.

Total, £2, 5s. 0d.

Being only fifteen pennyworth of "Charity," (as Falstaff says of the "haporth of bread,") to this "intolerable deal of "Theatre" and "Lamps!" A supposition which would probably have been treated as calumnious, if it had come from any unfortunate writer, who wore breeches; or, to speak more guardedly, on recollection of some passages in Mrs P.'s book—from any writer who was entitled to wear them.

Within the last three years, however, two books have been published, the "Footman's Directory," and the "Complete Servant," (which last we have placed at the head of our present article,) meant, especially, like the Abbé Fleury's work, and the book of Monsieur N., to instruct the heretofore plagues of our life in all the duties and proprieties of their calling.

The first of these publications has already been noticed. It is written apparently by some hoary house steward, and has the merits of usefulness and simplicity.* But the latter is an affair of more pretension, and one in which (we may say this to our readers under the dresser) higher hands than those which appear in the title-page, are suspected of being concerned.

The book professes to be written by "Samuel and Sarah Adams,"—"Fifty

* Our reviewing friend dismisses the "Footman's Directory" rather hastily; but it is a book which in many points displays the very noblest spirit of scientific inquiry. Very spirited is the conception of the under butler, wise in his own esteem, who makes great pretences to conducting a dinner, and yet never even knew the "*first principles* of waiting at table." So again, the note upon *little* people, who give large parties, with the supposed dilemma of "the narrow room," where the footman, if he escapes crushing to death between the chairs and the wall on one side, is morally certain of setting fire to the tail of his coat on the other. The story of the gentleman in Albion Place, who "marketed" for himself, and dropped down dead when the butcher asked him ninepence a-pound for a shoulder of mutton, is as good as anything in the "Misere des Domestiques."

years servants in different families." Now we have directed the "Register Office" books, and the advertisement columns of the Morning papers, for the last fifty years, to be looked through; and no such candidates for "place," as "Samuel" and "Sarah" can in any instance be discovered. Besides, everybody knows that six weeks is a long time for any female servant to remain in one situation. It follows, that in fifty years Mrs Adams must have changed her service (if ever she had a service) more than four hundred and thirty odd times. In four hundred and thirty odd changes, she must of necessity have had more than once to "summon" her master or mistress for "a month's wages," and yet the name of "Sarah Adams" is not upon the records of *any* Court of Conscience within the bills of mortality. This fact may be relied upon. There was an "S. Adams," indeed, carried to Bow-street about two-and-twenty years since, for treating a dustman unduly with her master's small-beer; but, on examination of the commitment, the name of that culprit appears to be "Sally Adams," not "Sarah." Then let our readers mark the probabilities!

The style of this book, too, says a great deal. Its aim is a conquest, not a treatment—not of one subject, but of all subjects. It is a "guide to the business of every description of servants;" yet it "will prove equally useful in the parlour, by assisting masters and mistresses, and advising them of their own duties." Conviction of its "probable utility led A LADY OF HIGH RANK to assist in some articles!"—This is not the Countess Dundonald, who always used to have children with the hooping-cough, being cured by "the soothing-syrup"—one "Mrs Johnson" proprietress—(See bills and advertisements for these cures, and for "Children of the Poor," with letters from a housekeeper,) soothed *gratis*," &c. Who the real lady is that has had the desire of "contribution" upon her, as "a delicate reserve prevents the acknowledgment from being made by name," we are left to conjecture. Then politics, physic, religion, law, horticulture, literature—these are but a selection from the topics discussed. In the compass only of one page, we are told that "Dr Johnson held as a maxim" this!—That "Lord Ches-

terfield has truly remarked" the other!—And that "the great Bacon also observed" something else! Can it be "Samuel Adams" who has written these things? Probably he has had assistance—but we go on.

The work commences, not with any trifling disquisition, suited to the ears or understandings of those who live a story under ground, as upon the readiest method of drowning kittens, or the true criterion for choosing a knife-board, but with a table of calculations pointed directly at the parlour, showing the properest and most prudentest manner, in which every conceivable character of income, from L.100 a-year to L.18,000, can be "appropriated."

This is a very great arithmetical operation; and we need scarcely name the exalted person to whom the world is said to be indebted for it; but we think it right to notice one item in the detail, (not the tittle,) which must have been interpolated, or inserted by mistake. In describing the wages of domestics, and their allowances, the text runs, "that men servants are allowed a *pot of ale* a-day, in good families, and women a *pint*, besides table beer;" a reading which nobody will suspect the honourable individual alluded to of having ever adopted in his own house, and which we cannot believe, therefore, he ever meant to recommend in any other. Some poetical lines follow, addressed to "mothers" about "teaching the young idea how to shoot," &c.; for which it appears the writer is "indebted to the no less celebrated than amiable Thomson." Poor Jimmey! Wives are pressed—we presume by Mr Adams—upon the propriety of making "*sweet home*" the "pleasing refuge" of husbands, "fatigued perhaps by their intercourse with a jarring world!" Here, too, as in the "*Horreurs de Service*," we are told that the worst people servants can live with are "young married women!" for they are not only "unreasonable," but never "know rightly when to commend, or when to blame." This particular grievance, however, is got over in a moment;—if "young married women" will only blame their servants *always* (as they do their husbands), the deuce is in it if it will be said then "that they never blame it in the right place."

So much, however, (at present,) for

matters above stairs; as, in page 19, the Adamses do condescend to know that there is a kitchen. "Young persons," they tell us first, "on entering into service, should endeavour to divest themselves of their former habits." This is a very just remark; and those who go where livery is given, will probably, indeed, be required to do so. Being then started, as we may suppose, in their career, they are next advised to move in life—somehow after the manner of "a pair of compasses"—having "one foot fixed, while the other keeps in motion!" This style of "moving" is described to be meant chiefly for "men servants;" and certainly—as well as we understand it—going round with one leg out, and holding fast with the other!—any such posture, for females, would be both reprehensible and ridiculous. Still, how even a man who keeps one foot fixed, is to get on in the world, we don't entirely see. Page 36 warns the female servant not to "make friendships with," or "take the advice" of "milk people, butchers, or keepers of chandlers' shops, green stalls, charwomen," &c.; "for mostly such seek only their own interest and profit in everything." "If any proposal that is new, or unexpectedly profitable"—taking the candles whole, probably, instead of abstracting the ends of them—"is made to her," she should "consult some relation, or her mistress, (confidentially.)"

Page 200, on the "Elements of Roasting," requires a correction. Mrs Adams says, "Before the spit is drawn out from the meat, let it be wiped clean." We should move, as an amendment, the taking this precaution before it is put into it.

The lady's maid should receive, it appears, from "L. 18 a-year, wages, to L. 25," besides "tea and washing." And, considering that she has to *dress, re-dress, and undress,* her mistress; "sew nether socks and mend them," and be competent in all that "appertains to emphasis, modulation, and delivery," to read every variety of poetry or prose, ode or epistle, comedy or sermon—as, for this purpose, she must take lessons in elocution from Mr Thelwall (if she does not go to the expense of having her stays made by him), we don't think this al-

lowance is "altogether out of the way." There are farther duties, however, and more mysterious, also devolve upon this young woman; and some of the recipes confided to her for the use of the dressing-closet—we hate "violating the sanctity," and so forth; but—we must have 'em out.

For example, to select "DR WITHERING'S COSMETIC LOTION."

"Withering" is not an unhappy name for a doctor who makes cosmetics. And his "lotion" is produced by the odd combination of "a tea-cup full of *milk soured,*" with a quantity of scraped *horse-radish*.

No. II. shall be "LEMON CREAM, FOR SUNBURNS AND FRECKLES."

Put two spoonfuls of *sweet cream* into half a pint of *new milk*; squeeze into it the juice of a *lemon*; add half a glass of good *brandy*, and a little *loaf sugar*."—This must be meant to be taken *inwardly*. It stands as a "wash," and the mistake should be corrected.

"DARWIN'S OINTMENT FOR PIMPLES,"—consisting of "six drachms of mercury, six grains flour of sulphur, and two ounces of hogs-lard," might not be a bad ointment for other complaints besides pimples.

A "pomade given for removing wrinkles," has cleverness; but the only safe way with these is, plaster of Paris, and fill them up.

The "original receipt for preparing Hungary water, written in letters of gold, in the hand-writing of Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary," is rather shocking. The first ingredient will be sufficient for our female readers. "Take of aqua-vitæ, *four times distilled*, three parts, &c."—"Is this the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?" We don't believe any queen ever lived that could have written such a thing.

The recipe for "killing flies," seems to be good—if, like the rats, the patients could be prevailed upon to try it. In all well-regulated families, however, the flies are caught by the under porter.

Pages 285 to 294, are devoted to the instruction of the "servant of all work." The feeling heart will be rent in twain by the description of the sufferings of this victim; who may be considered as the *Enfant perdu* of *Esclavage*.* In that which follows, respecting the duties of the dairy-

* Since writing the above, we hear, with great satisfaction, that the example of the drapers' shopmen has stimulated these unhappy females. They have had two

maid, a critique upon Alderney cows, throws a new light upon the habits and social compact of those animals. "Alderney cows yield rich milk upon less food than larger cows, but are seldom large milkers, and are particularly scanty of produce in the winter. Wages, from L.8 to L.12 a-year. Perquisites 1d. a-pound for butter," &c.

The footman is admonished, in knocking at a door, to assert the dignity of his own family; but at the same time to remember the "nerves of the neighbourhood." We don't well understand what this tends to—we should like to catch Mr Adams (if he were our footman) imagining that there were any nerves in the world but our own.

"When he (the flunky) walks out behind his mistress, he should preserve a modest demeanour," &c. This is very true, and very important to be attended to. It is dreadful to see a rascal, who walks behind an old lady, thrusting his tongue into his cheek at the passengers, or seeming to threaten his mistress with her own cane, as he goes along. Meanwhile, the injured dowager, not having eyes behind her, sees the people laugh as she passes, and can't conceive at what. Persons, however, who can laugh at all at such atrocity as this, may depend upon it they are tickled by the devil.*

In page 398, the properties of a hall porter are discussed; and "every hair on his beard," we are told, should have "its effect" of mysteriousness, as well as of "gravity." He should have a good face to stand to a lie, (*i. e.* an "inflexible countenance,") and should not even answer such a question as "What's o'clock?" without some diplomatic reservation. It is "recorded" of the porter of a minister of state, who died in the morning, that, on being asked if the fact were true in the afternoon, he replied, that "really

he could not tell;" but "if the party would give him his card, he would make inquiry." This (says Mr Adams) was a well-trained porter. "Wages, from L.24 to L.30 per annum."

On the remaining dispensations of the "Complete Servant," we must be brief; because this article—like Falstaff's belly—has already grown "out of all reasonable compass." The qualifications of a governess, or "gouvernante," are set down at considerable length; and these, of course, are the work of the "Lady of Rank," already alluded to. The "Expositions of Law," as referable to the contracts between master and apprentice; the hirings and discharges of servants; the fining of waggon and sedan-chair porters; summoning hackney-coachmen, &c. &c., are a good deal in the style of Mr Jeremy Bentham. The "Modes of address" to persons of all ranks, and "tables of precedence," from the "sons of kings" down to the "daughters of burgesses," have most likely been supplied either by Sir Richard Phillips, whose familiarity with the great people is notorious, or by Mr Sheriff Parkins, who learned something of such matters during his acquaintance with the late Princess of Cumberland. The pronouncing vocabulary of French, by the "Wicount Soligny," is so admirable, that we have no choice but to afford a short specimen. It is the *duty* of a reviewer—(we shall write a book, called the "Complete Reviewer," immediately; such a "Guide" is very much wanted)—to give publicity to these novelties, upon which so much depends in the way of general improvement. But this extract—even to the passing over the "Barometer of Temperance and Intemperance"—must be our last.†

"Dieu et mon droit (pronounce) *Dew-a-mon-drwau*."—Bravo, Tims!

"Double entendre (pronounce)

meetings at the sign of "The Blighted Besom;" and have resolved, *nem. con.* to go to bed every night for the future at ten o'clock.

* At the same time when we say this—advocating a gravity of demeanour—we are of opinion that a servant should look like a servant—clothes made with plenty of cloth—a large cocked hat—light blue breeches—yellow waistcoat—and whole rivers of lace! Every man's servant should be known, like a constellation, a great way off. There is an amusement in making a Merry-Andrew of one's fellow-creature; and, besides—unless to distinguish him—what do you give the fellow clothes at all for?

† This "Barometer" is an important engine, inasmuch as that it completely explodes the new doctrines of craniology and predestination; and shows that (as we

Doo-blean-tan-der.—Why, this is a more exquisite pronunciation than the other!

“Vive le Roi,” (is admirable) *vee-ler-wau.*”

But “Valet de chambre—*val-e-de-sham,*” is wrong. It’s *wally-go-sham*; and the Wicount ought to know it.

On the whole, we are glad to see servants in the way of learning how to pronounce French accurately, (and other things of moment,) in this country; because we have to contend with difficulties in the management of them, beyond those which exist upon the Continent. As a people, our character is anything rather than temporizing or submissive; the vulgarest man has too much impertinence of his own, to have any toleration for the impertinence of anybody else. Then there are more women employed as domestic servants in England than in France, which is another reason why we cannot hope to get on so peaceably. The author of the “*Moyens de former un Domestique*” makes a discovery something to this purpose; though less open to ocular impression from the fact than we are. Men-servants, with us, are troublesome; but they don’t change their situations half so constantly as women. And this arises, probably, from the fact of their being dealt with on a more severe and summary system. If a gentleman is repelled upon by his groom or coachman, he strips off his livery, pays him his wages, kicks him out of the house, and the affair is settled. If he be wise, having once resolved to put away the offender, he *sees* him off his premises

smack!—at least, that is our way of doing things,—vomits the rogue out of his doors, though at midnight—and his “box” after him out of the window. If it should be very heavy rain and thunder—and if there should be no house open, nor hackney-coach possibly to be procured—perhaps, if he says he does not know where to go to, you may desire the watchman to provide him with a lodging. But then this can’t be done with women. There is a sort of privilege of sex, which their linsey-woolsey-ships domineer upon, quite fearless of the defeat, which is “a month’s warning” off; and especially as the privilege of having the “last word,” becomes insured them in all disputes until that month is determined.

At the same time, if the case be difficult, there is the more cause that we should “use the means.” This Number of the Magazine will be charged (to servants) at only half a crown. Let them “read it,” as Cobbett would say; and “lend it to their friends at next door;” that is, unless they should live in a house detached, so that there is no next door. Let them recollect the “Savings Bank;” study better books than the “Last Dying Speech,” and the “Terrific Register!” wash their hands constantly; use the small-tooth comb perpetually; be sure that service, though it be “no inheritance,” should be cherished—For why? because it is their only inheritance. Let them do this; and our grace, “from the house-keeper down to the errand boy,” as Mrs Adams has it—be upon them.

always believed) a man’s fate in life is really determined, not at all by that which the hand of Providence has put into his head, but by that which, with his own hand, he may put into his stomach. Water, it declares, being drunk systematically, produces in its operation, “health and wealth;” gin and bitters, “obscenity and swindling;” flip, “lying, with pains in the limbs, and burnings of the soles of the feet,” and small beer, “reputation, long life, and happiness.” Blessed must be the brewers who make this “beer;” blessed the horses (as well as the chandlers) that draw it; and a sort of blessing should even rest upon the very drays in which it is carried about!

* It is a curious fact, that the great retail linen drapers and haberdashers of London defend the employment of men in their shops, upon the ground that women are impracticable. Females are to be got cheaper, they say, and can perform the same duty; but, where numbers are employed, what between their mutual squabbles, and their disposition to quiz customers, many who began by retaining them, have been compelled to change, to avoid a total loss of trade.

THE NIGHT COACH.

He who has travelled by night, need not be told of the *comforts* of the mail-coach from the setting to the rising sun; and even somewhere after this grand event, the jaded way-farer does not acknowledge much benefit from the return of his beams.

There is a wonderful display of cheerfulness among the passengers on taking place; such a bustle with *comforters* for the neck; such a perking up of un-statuary-looking heads, while they are adjusted, and such sagacity of remark when the affair is accomplished; and the jerking his noddle backwards and forwards to find how it works within its woollen trenches, seems at length to say, "All's Well." "Devilish sharp evening," is likely enough to be the first observation, if it comes from one under thirty years of age; but the senators of the coach, the plump round-bellied sexagenarians, hint the chances of a severe winter, with laconic sagacity, which would imply that they are in the secret, but above all, because it is so much cleverer to predict things to come, than dilate on things present.—Anybody could do the latter; but, excepting Joanna Southcote, and Prince Hohenlohe, who, in these days, have we had worth speaking of in the trade of prophesying? To talk of cold in a coach, operates as certainly on the inmates in producing a general chilling, as if a chemist had begun to mingle the ingredients of a freezing mixture. Such a stir in the ant-hill, such puffing and blowing to collect the *caloric*, a new arrangement of the neckcloth, and an additional button to the body-coat; the upper benjamin, which had perhaps strayed across the limbs of a more thinly clad neighbour, is instantly recalled, and tightly fastened above and under, to prevent any more desertions; the window glasses are sharply examined, and some unquestioned truisms discharged against the negligence of the proprietors. Each one dovetails his knees between those of his opposite fellow-traveller, and carefully arranges his well-stuffed pockets on his lap, to save his sandwiches from the percussion of his neighbour, which he dreads as much as Captain Parry would an iceberg; and having thus arranged everything, and *provided* against accidents, ten to one but they

throw themselves back, and burying their head up to the nose in their trot-cosey, like red-breasts under their wing, put on a resigned look, and wait for what may next betide them.

I have alluded to the general complaisance of fellow-travellers on first setting out;—every man is brim-full of observation; such a running over of acuteness and facility of remark, that you suspect that if you had not Geoffrey Crayon himself at your side, you had certainly the rare fortune, at least, of having some portion of his family. It is the kind of exhilaration which a mask produces, where, the real character being unknown, every one may assume what he chooses,—when the little wit a man may have, he may safely bring forth, because he calculates that the party will be broken up before his stock is exhausted. Old arguments, like stale dishes, are garnished and served up as new ones; illustrations worn thread-bare, till, from frequent use, they darken, rather than illustrate, the subject to which they are applied, now come forth like giants refreshed, or like antique jewels in a new setting. Your merry fellows, and your ready fellows, are now in their right place—they have no fear of meeting an officious friend to hold up his finger at their best story, as if he would say, "The joke is familiar to me;" a man cursed with such a companion, reminds me of a chamber candlestick with an extinguisher hanging by its side. In compliance with the kind of *incognito* to which the coach is so favourable, most people wish to assume every character but their own—no wonder; ourselves are to ourselves like an every-day suit, which, however good, becomes confoundedly tiresome, and we put aside both, and gladly at times take the use of another, not that it can fit us better, but because it shows us in a new light. There is some shyness also about profession, in a coach, chiefly because our exact rank in it may not always be known, and which may be necessary to secure our respectability in it. By courtesy, every one who buys and sells is called a merchant, but the claim to it is felt to be doubtful, so long as the *claimant* stands behind a counter; and till that is abandoned, therefore, little is said

about the matter. Military folks, under the rank of captain, are shy enough about their calling. Who would be thought an ensign or a lieutenant? In so heroic a profession, what is the use of these beggarly gradations, except to break the spirit? Cornet Battier's affair has given a death-blow to standard-bearers. A captain is well enough—the name may at least be uttered with safety; majors are pot-bellied and brim-full of pride; colonels, conceited and regimental; generals—but they are for the most part old, and ought therefore to be treated reverentially. These three last classes are much too consequential for a coach, and therefore not a word of the army-list while they are between its doors. Lawyers are afraid of being mistaken for attorneys, who, they know, are constantly pecked at by a company, like a hawk among singing-birds—and attorneys are so little sure of themselves, that they are jealous lest they be supposed something even worse. The clergy would all be bishops; the bishops would faint if they were suspected to be of the *saints*; both classes abhor the idea of a curacy, and no one dislikes the reality of it so much as he who possesses it; for all these reasons, and to avoid misconstruction, not a word of the pulpit, and no pretence to a *Divine Legation* while among the ribalds of a mail-coach. A farmer is prudent on the subject of crops, unless the receipt for his last rent is in his pocket; and the grain pedlars at Mark-Lane might be guessed at, by their shyness about the late averages.

Generally speaking, no one lets himself out so freely as the sailor. He looks always as if he was brim-full—everything is matter of novelty to him; he is as easily excited as a kitten with a straw or a dangling thread. You may discover him (if he does not make the disclosure himself) by his ill-brushed coat, and his hat turned up on all sides like a polygon. He is restless and watchful to learn the *trim* of the vessel, and if he has reached the rank of master, betrays some anxiety to take the management. I travelled once from Chatham with one of this class; not a word broke from him, though he was as eager and busy, now looking to this side, now to that, as if it was a dark and gusty night in the Chops of the Channel. We were more

than once interrupted by one of those huge waggons which show with Majesty the privilege of eight horses. He seemed to shrink under its huge bulk, and, as it passed us, and threw a deep cloud around, to crouch into his corner, to keep his frail bark from foundering; but all his animation revived with a long line of carts, which nearly blocked up the road, and maintained a running fire with the coachman: Here he was again himself, amid this flotilla of cock-boats; Gulliver himself never looked more manfully when dragging the navy of Lilliput after him. Broadside after broadside did he pour among them, in all the variety of objurcation and execration familiar to the gun-room; and, as we passed these *land-pirates*, as he called them, threw himself back on his seat, and wound up his notions of discipline and legislation, by growling through his teeth,—“By the Lord, there should be a law to shoot these fellows!” By and by conversation slackens in the coach,—observations are seldom made, and answers less frequently, and less fully given; and if one, more adventurous than the rest, will, in spite of all these indications, continue to prate, he is at length rewarded with the chilling monosyllables, Yes, and No, to all his inquiries, uttered in a tone which needs no commentary on its meaning. I could never learn why people are so jealous of their appearance when sleeping; but you may always notice that a drowsy man, before he finally drops into the arms of Morpheus, peeps every now and then about him to watch the effect of it on the company; and if he discovers sly winks, or the remains of a smile lurking about the mouth of his fellow-travellers, adieu to a nap for that evening. He sits as much on the alert against such frailty of his nature, as if a cask of gunpowder was beneath him, and tasks his ingenuity to ascertain, from the shreds and patches of the remarks of those about him, whether he had any share of the subject. I never heard one acknowledge that they snored in sleep; it is as stoutly denied as any of the deadly sins. A man might own it to his confessor, or admit it on the rack, but nothing short of either predicament could force the odious charge upon him, and yet the practice rests on good authority. I have heard a grave judge

charged with it, who warmly rebutted the allegation, but pled guilty to the minor offence of sleeping; "but then," he added, "I always waken at the most interesting part of the evidence." And, if to sleep be a proof of a good conscience, how delightful must it be to a pious divine to hear low gruntings, like the jerkings of a bassoon, breaking from some corner of his church, which must satisfy him that he has at least one saint within its walls.

At length, as night advances, all is hushed within the coach, and not a word to interrupt that silence, but a proposition "to shift legs" with your opposite neighbour, made with as little waste of speech as possible; or, if it is your misfortune to be so plighted, you may be on one side importuned for more air from the window, on the other for less, without any regard to your own asthma or lumbago. In this situation, I have sat and watched the appearances of things around me; the harsh accents of the driver occasionally fall heavy on the ear, when unbroken by other sounds. You hear an outside passenger ask the hour, which marks their slow progress, "to him that watch-eth," or impatiently thumping with his feet, which speaks as plainly as a thermometer, of the coldness of the night wind. I have strained my eyes through the dim glasses, to catch the mile-stones as we passed, and have tasked my imagination still harder, to ascertain the realities of objects to which darkness and drowsiness had lent unreal forms and fantastic resemblances. I have been delighted to yield myself up to these "thick-coming fancies," which transform the hedges into walls, flanked with towers, and bristling with artillery; while the same romance of feeling converts, with equal facility, the post-house into the castle, with its gates and porteullis. If, after the witching hour of night, any reasonable person can doubt that a bed is the fit and proper place to wait the coming of daylight, he is cured of such heresies by seeing the reluctance of the jaded horses who "go the next stage," to leave their resting-places, their heads bent down, their eyes half-closed, and their ears drooping—in short, a quadruped image of despair. The impatience and alacrity of the last driver to quit his charge, is contrasted by the tardiness with

which the new one assumes it—his cautious examination of the harnessing, and peevishness of manner, I have sometimes thought was but a touch of the sulks, on leaving his bed. John has nothing of the knight-errant about him, and has no particular relish for nocturnal adventures. In the meanwhile, the officious hostler bustling about, now fastens a buckle, or undoes a strap, and pours his ready tale into the ear of the dismounted coachman, who listens to this oracle of the manger, while he gives, like a Sunday paper, a summary of the news since his last departure. By this time all the *outsides* are snug *insides* of the bar, where a light yet glimmers; and their angry call may be heard, while they fret their short minutes, till supplied with cigars, or the less ambiguous refreshment of a glass of hot brandy. I could paint the appearance of the night-waiter, even though I had a pencil of less pretension than Hogarth's—the strange expression of a countenance, in which, strictly speaking, there is no expression—his eyes half-closed, as if the other portion of his optics was enough for the duty—and his breeches unbuttoned at the knees, leaving it a matter of doubt whether this economy of labour had most to do with his quitting bed, or dropping back into it again. I always wonder what can make people sleep, when I am not inclined to indulge that weakness myself; in other words, when it is not in my power, I sit with cat-like patience watching the dormice who slumber round me—the morning rays seem more than usually slow, one might think some accident had befallen them, that they were so long of coming forward. At first there is scarcely enough to illuminate the whole of our neighbours' visages; perhaps a nose and an eye, probably neither very good of their kind, come into view, and these are served up in strong perspective. It must be a good face indeed, that can stand this piecemeal display of its parts. Chins that had been smoothed with more than wonted rigour, to anticipate the toilette of a second day, spite of all this care, are now rough, and perhaps grisly; neckcloths deranged and rumpled; and if a female traveller has had the misfortune to pass the night with you, the very *squalor carceris* seems to sit on her haggard cheek. The events

of yesterday appear as if they had been pushed back a week in your recollections. A land-journey to the Pole could not have been more tedious than your progress from first setting out; you are not very sure if you are really in good earnest awake, or ingeniously suspect that the birds, while they prune their wings, and trill their feeble notes on the first blush of morning, are but chirping through their sleep. But if the country seems dreary at these unwonted hours, when night and morning struggle for ascendancy, it falls far short of the feeling of desolation which a sleeping town exhibits, when, in broad daylight, not a soul is stirring, and every sound is hushed, as if it was the "*City of the Plague*"—when not an animal is seen to move, the honest mastiff still watching at his post, and pug and poodle still slumbering on the hearth-rug; dreaming of their loves and quarrels. The cat alone is seen to rush across the street, like a midnight brawler, seeking to regain his home before his absence be noticed.

But I have now reached the end of my journey, as wearied of it as my readers probably with its description. The coach-door is opened, but for a moment not one rises; they are

so closely fixed into each other, that it looks as if they could only be raised in a mass, like raisins out of a jar. In short, as Dr Johnson would perhaps express himself, there is more alacrity than facility of loco-motion. When fairly disentangled from the coach, they creep about as tenderly on their feet as if they were their neighbours, and that they had not found out their right trim. They are tedious moments, till the bed is ready—

"Long as to him who works for debt the day,

Long as the night to her whose love's away;

Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the bright minor pants for twenty-one."

Pope.

As long, or longer than any of these alternatives, does it seem till the chamber-maid announces all is ready.—What can the hussey have been about all this while? she has had her own sleep, and does not think of others who want it; but I shall speak to her pretty sharply about this at breakfast. Good-night, good reader; my cap is already on my head, and, though half asleep, I do not forget that I ought not to remain in good company when *en dishabille*.

L.
London.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

It is no easy matter to determine, whether the friends of social order ought to rejoice, or otherwise, at the degree of attention which the Church of England and her affairs have lately excited in the public mind. Were mankind in the habit of looking to general principles, as they are to particular contingencies—were they candid enough, and wise enough, to judge of institutions, not by contemplating one or two minute points in their construction, but by regarding the broad tendency of the whole, then we should pronounce, without fear of contradiction, that the Church of England, as a Church, has nothing whatever to apprehend from the rigid, and too frequently unfair scrutiny to which she has of late years been subjected. Were such the temper of the public mind, neither the rantings of Paine, nor the asseverations of Hume, nor

the cant of the Catholic Association, nor the blunders—ay, the blunders—of Mr Canning, would at all shake the influence which she may have hitherto exerted over the minds of the people. That the Church of England may not be absolutely perfect, no man will deny; what sublunary thing is perfect? But that the people of England owe to her all of religious and civil liberty which she now enjoys—that she has done more for them, both in worldly and eternal matters, than perhaps any Church ever did for a nation, we think the following statement of facts may prove.

Who were they that first taught the people of England to set at nought the curses and anathemas of the Roman Pontiff? Why, the founders of that Church, which still happily survives to resist the renewed encroachments of the ambitious arch-hypocrite, and to

be, what she was long justly considered, the guardian and protector of all other Protestant sects. Who were they that, when the scales hung evenly balanced between the continuation of the bigot James upon the throne of these realms and the election of a Protestant Prince, caused the retainers of the former to kick the beam? Why, the English Bishops. Had the Archbishop of Canterbury taken his seat among the Lords, and voted for the rejection of that bill which declared the throne vacant, William the Third never would have won the crown of this empire. And, half jacobites as we are, loving and respecting as we do the memory of a brave and unfortunate family, which, by the folly of one or two of its name, ceased to be a royal one, we cannot but acknowledge, that had the bill in question been thrown out, and James continued on the throne, nothing could have hindered Great Britain from being, in due course of time, what France is at the present moment—in its civil polity an absolute monarchy—in its religion, partly Popish, partly Infidel. Such are the benefits which we owe to the Church of England, both in temporal and eternal concerns; and it is well that men should be taught to think of this, even if the lesson be conveyed in terms of unmitigated invective, such as may lead them to inquire into the real merits of an association unsparingly consigned to obloquy and contempt.

But, though such be the indisputable fact, and though of this fact all rational and dispassionate persons are fully convinced, it is too notorious that the Church of England is daily losing ground in the affections of the people, and that dissent is daily and hourly increasing. We are at no loss to account for this. We could furnish many good reasons for it, every one of which would be unconnected—wholly unconnected, with the discipline and opinions of the Church herself. There is, in the present age, a decided inclination to find fault with all establishments, as well civil as religious. The very circumstance of being supported by law, of forming, or being supposed to form, an essential part of the constitution of the country, must of necessity set in array against the Church all who are discontented with the existing order of things; whilst her steady adherence to ancient usages, her un-

bending partiality towards every thing, and custom, and form, which has come down to her from former ages, is not, we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge, calculated to engage warmly in her favour any body of men besides the priesthood. We ourselves love the Church of England dearly. With her constitution and her creed we have no fault to find; that is, with her constitution as it is seen in theory, and with her creed as it is set forth in her sixth article. But we are not blind to her inadaptation, in various important particulars, to the present condition of society, nor to the handle which such discrepances furnish to the enemies of religion. Of this we think that we have given sufficient proof in several of our previous Numbers, and we trust that the subject of our present paper will not exhibit us in a different light.

We flatter ourselves, that among the manifold notices which have recently been taken of the Church of England and her affairs, our own papers on that subject have not been the least important, or written in the worst taste. Our "Letters from the Vicarage," we have good reason to believe, excited no little attention when they appeared; and the matters of which they treat, were unquestionably such as to demand attention. Nevertheless, we are not quite satisfied with these letters. We, of course, think that they are good, as far as they go; but we do not think they go far enough. No doubt it would prove of incalculable advantage to the Church of England, were the education of the men who are destined to fill the place of ministers at her altar, somewhat more exclusively devoted to theological subjects, than is the case at present. No doubt it would contribute greatly to increase the respectability of the clergy, and to enlarge the influence of the Church, were its most apostolical and most rational system of government by Convocation revived. And, more than all, it cannot be doubted, that a change in the method of paying the clergy—a general commutation of tithes—a general abolition of fees, house-dues, Easter offerings, and other dirty sources of revenue, would tend prodigiously to ensure the attachment of the people to the religion in which they have themselves been educated, and for which many of their fathers bled and suffer-

ed. No doubt all this is true; but even these things, important as they unquestionably are, are not enough for public expectation at the present moment. The Church of England, if she hopes to stand, (and God forbid that she should not stand! for, fall when she may, the civil constitution falls with her,) must make even greater sacrifices than these. She must humour the public taste in matters which have been hitherto regarded as too sacred even for scrutiny. She must meet the temper of the times; she must model her language so as to suit the ideas of the present generation; or, to speak more properly, she must bring up her peculiar phraseology to the same rank at which the general phraseology of the inhabitants of England has arrived. Her public worship, her forms, her ritual, her creeds, all require revision. They carry about them, as they at present stand, too many evidences of their original connexion with systems and doctrines long ago exploded; they are open to far too many weighty and serious objections. The time has come when they must be reconsidered; and the events of every day urge the measure more and more strongly. We are quite aware that a great deal too much has been made of the matter; that tenets are attributed to the Church which she does not hold, merely because certain phrases adhere to her Liturgy, such as neither are, nor can be, taken in their literal sense. But we love the Church of England so much, that we desire to see her placed above the reach even of cavil; we would gladly shut the mouths of all her enemies, and reconcile all Protestants to her communion. Hence, and not from any latent disapprobation of her discipline or creed, we have taken up the pen to write; and we are convinced that as soon as her language shall be rendered less repugnant than it sometimes is to the taste and understanding of common readers in the nineteenth century, she will be joined by no inconsiderable number of persons who have separated from her, simply because they are offended with a few of her forms. To what particular expressions we object, it will be the business of the following article to show.

We think it right, before entering upon our subject, to remind our readers that the Liturgy of the English

Church—including under that title her forms of public worship, of baptism, confirmation, marriage, visitation and communion of the sick, and of burial; besides the rituals employed in ordaining priests and deacons, and in consecrating bishops—was originally composed in the year 1547, and established and brought into general use in 1548. It continued in force, without undergoing any change, for five years only; and in the year 1553, it was deemed necessary to review it, because some things were contained in it which showed a too great compliance with the superstitions of the times, and many exceptions were taken to it, both at home and abroad, by the learned; among others, by the memorable John Calvin. On this occasion, several changes were effected, of which the most important were the addition of the general confession and absolution, and the introduction of the ten commandments, as the commencing part of the communion service. The use of holy oil, likewise, which had hitherto been applied at confirmation, as well as the whole ceremony of extreme unction, were omitted; prayers for the souls of the departed, of which several are to be found in the first liturgy, were expunged; and various expressions, tending to create a belief in the real corporal presence of Christ at the Eucharist, were expunged.—These were very important innovations. That they should have been necessary, only shows the degree of caution with which our English reformers proceeded; whilst the short space of time permitted to intervene between the first promulgation of the Liturgy and its revision, proves, that in sending it originally forth with so many blots upon its pages, they were actuated by no personal attachment to these imperfections, but by a wise and prudent wish not to oppose too suddenly, or with too much violence, prejudices long cherished, and consequently rooted in the affections of the people. The compilers of the English Liturgy have, we are aware, been blamed for thus acting; they were blamed in their own times, especially by the zealous divines of Geneva; and they are blamed by all over-zealous Protestants at this day. But we are not of that number. Instead of blame, we consider them worthy of the highest praise, on the score of judgment and discretion.

Whatever might have been the case in Germany, the Reformation had made, in the year 1548, comparatively speaking, little progress among the people of England. They had learned, indeed, to abhor the vices of the priests—their tyranny, their licentiousness, and their thirst of power; but they had by no means learned to abjure the doctrines upon which the influence of the priesthood was mainly founded. Had our reformers, therefore, proceeded at once to set aside these doctrines—had they not humoured the credulity of their followers as far as was consistent with the spirit of real Christianity, the probability is, that the Reformation would have gained in England no steady footing. Men would have been startled at hearing the creed in which they had all their lives studied, at once derided and set aside, and those tenets to which they were persuaded to attach themselves, suddenly undermined; and, alarmed at such sweeping innovations, they would have deserted their new teachers, and returned again to the old. Of all this the compilers of the Liturgy were aware; and they consequently gave way, for a time, in several points, which they desired only a fair and legitimate opportunity afterwards to maintain. That opportunity occurred as soon as the minds of men became so far affected by the reasonings of the more enlightened part of the community, as to see the folly of opinions to which they had heretofore clung; and the Church of England immediately acted upon that conviction, by expunging from her Liturgy a good deal of the dross which she had previously permitted to defile it.

The alterations thus effected in the ritual of the Church were, however, completely effaced, as soon as Mary, of bloody memory, was seated on the throne. She brought things back at once to the state in which they stood during the last years of her father's reign; and had her life been prolonged, she would have done her best—perhaps, too, she might have succeeded—in utterly ruining the fair fabric, which had been founded, or at least moulded into shape, by her predecessor. But, happily for England and for Protestantism, her reign was short, and she was succeeded by a Princess, who, though not free from suspicion on the score of Popery in her own person, was pru-

dent enough to perceive that her continuance on the throne depended upon her steady support of that faith which had, now decidedly gained the hearts of the majority among the influential classes of her people.

Elizabeth no sooner found herself at the head of affairs, than, acting under the influence of the bishops, she once more expunged from the Liturgy all those passages which savoured too much of superstitious observances. By her command, the Book of Common Prayer, as it had been modelled under the sanction of her promising brother, became again the standard of public worship; and in this state it continued until the union of the two crowns, by the accession of James the First to the throne of England. But James appears to have entered early into a consideration of the religious ceremonies of his people. To order a review of the Prayer-book was one of the acts which distinguished the first year of his reign; and the consequences of that review were several alterations, particularly in the form of private baptism, in numerous detached passages and sentences in the daily service, and in the rubric. Five or six new prayers and thanksgivings were at the same time added, as well as all that part of the Church Catechism which treats of the sacraments; and in this state the Liturgy continued till the fourteenth of Charles the Second. Then it was that the last review of the Book of Common Prayer occurred; for, from that period up to this present hour, no change at all worthy of the name, certainly no general revision and inspection of the national form of worship, has been attempted.

We have been induced to lay before our readers the preceding brief historical sketch of the Book of Common Prayer, for two reasons. First, We were desirous of proving, to such as might not have given to the subject any previous consideration, that the Church of England has never claimed for her ritual the character of infallibility, nor regarded it, as she regards the Bible, as a thing too sacred to be meddled with. So far is this from being the case, that she brought it to its present state of relative perfection by slow and cautious degrees; something more than a century having elapsed between the period of its first compilation, and its assumption of that particular form and

language in which it is now clothed. Secondly, we wished to remind the public in general, that no fewer than *one hundred and sixty years* have elapsed since its present form was assumed; during the whole of which period no inquiries have been instituted, at least by those in authority, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it still continues in accordance with the feelings and sentiments of the people. Now, when we bear in mind the inevitable operations of time, not only as they affect men's notions of things, but as they act upon the significations of terms in all living languages,—when we remember, that the English language in 1825 is in many respects different from what it was in the year 1661; when we farther consider, that even heresies have changed their shapes, that errors then esteemed most dangerous, are now lightly regarded, whilst other and no less formidable attacks upon the true faith are daily making; when these things, together with the revolution occasioned in the feelings of society, by a more general and more equal participation in the benefits of education, are considered, it will not, perhaps, be esteemed an act of presumption on our part, if we declare, that the time has come when the Book of Common Prayer should be submitted to a fresh revision, in order that such alterations may be effected in it, as, after mature and unprejudiced consideration, on the part of competent persons, shall appear requisite.

To a revision of the Book of Common Prayer, we are neither ignorant nor regardless of the single objection which has been offered before, and may very fairly be offered again. It is at all times a hazardous undertaking to revise ancient institutions, with the view of merely cleansing them from the dust and filth which they may have contracted during the lapse of ages. There is something so delicate in the construction of these things, that he who seeks to repair, runs no slight risk of totally overthrowing them. This may be true, and it is undeniably true to its utmost extent, whenever too much time has been suffered to pass by without the condition of the fabric being examined. But surely no one will contend that any human work, whether in the department of the arts or of literature, ever

has been, or ever will be, brought to perfection at once; that it will continue as perfect at the end of several centuries, as it was when it came fresh from the hands of the artist, and that it will not, sooner or later, drop to pieces of its own weight, if it be not from time to time subjected to examination and repair. In matters of religion, above all others, meaning thereby the particular forms, and language, and ritual, adopted by particular nations or churches, who express their belief in the Supreme Being, and who offer to him their worship, it is essentially necessary that changes should frequently take place, according as the sentiments and views of the whole body, or of the major part of the body, alter. In ruder ages, for example, (and the period of the Reformation in England was a rude age,) when the learning which prevailed was confined entirely to the clerical order, it was to be expected, that the people would attribute to the ministerial office virtues and powers which are not now supposed to belong to it. It was to be expected, likewise, that they would experience no reluctance in consigning to eternal torments all who might chance to differ from themselves in the most abstruse points of doctrine. These were traits characteristic of the age, when the stake and the faggot were esteemed the most conclusive arguments to conversion; but they are totally out of place now. If, then, there be about the Liturgy of the Church of England, as it is seen by the chance observer, too much of the spirit of the dark ages—or, as we firmly believe, if these appearances be created solely by the retention of ancient phrases, which have altogether changed their import since they were drawn up, surely no danger will be incurred by the simple act of revising them; whilst many an honest man will be freed, by such revision, from doubts and scruples, which, to our own personal knowledge, hinder him from joining her communion.

From what has been already hinted, it will be seen, that the few faults which we have to find with the Book of Common Prayer are scarcely to be sought for in the ordinary service of the Church. Than the offices of morning and evening devotion, we are free to confess, that it will be vain to look for anything superior, in any merely

human composition, either ancient or modern. We ourselves know of nothing equal to it. There is a comprehensiveness, a pathos, and a beauty, spread over it. Its petitions are all so well adapted for public worship, and express, at the same time, so clearly, the wants and wishes of individuals, that we never peruse them without becoming more than half convinced, that they were not drawn up under the guidance of human reason alone. If ever the spirit of truth can be supposed to have immediately operated upon the minds of men in comparatively modern times, we think we can perceive traces of his operations here. Who can read, for example, or hear read, the glorious Litany, without experiencing sensations very different from those which affect him on ordinary occasions? Nor are the prayers which constitute what is called the desk service, greatly behind it; in fact, there is hardly a word in the ordinary devotions of the English Church, either at its matins or its vespers, which we should wish to see erased. Perhaps, indeed, both morning and evening services are somewhat too long; in the former particularly, during which the prayers occupy a full hour, or an hour and a half, it is the next thing to impossible to keep the mind fixed all the while where it ought to be fixed. Perhaps, also, there are too many repetitions of the Lord's Prayer; the state prayers may be too numerous, and the benediction may occur too frequently. But these are faults, if faults they deserve to be called, which spring entirely from modern innovations; from a junction into one of several services, for which, by the way, we know of no legitimate sanction or authority. Were one, therefore, to recommend anything on this head, it would be, to return to ancient usages, to keep the churches open all Sunday long, and to cause four distinct services, instead of two, to be performed. This would at least furnish an opportunity to a greater number of persons to attend public worship than find it practicable to partake in it at present; partly because the hours of service interfere with their domestic arrangements, and partly because, when the case is otherwise, the parish churches are in almost all parts of the kingdom quite inadequate to accommodate the increased and increasing population of the land.

There is, however, even in the ordinary service of the church, one point, and that a very important point, upon which we feel compelled to animadvert; we allude to the portions of Scripture appointed to be read as lessons on the Lord's day, both at morning and evening prayer. In the compilation of the Epistles and Gospels, as they are called, the framers of the English Liturgy have been peculiarly fortunate. These little scraps of the New Testament contain as perfect an epitome of faith and morals, as could well be framed. The second lessons, also, that is to say, the lessons chosen from the Gospels and the Epistles, are all unexceptionable; how indeed could they be otherwise? But we cannot say so much for the first lessons. If we except a few from the books of the Prophets, and those which give an account of man's creation, his fall, and its immediate consequences, we really know not where the fathers of our church would have looked for passages in the Bible less instructive to a Christian congregation. Not to mention the something worse than absurdity of reading publicly in our churches such details as are given in the Apocrypha—the story of Tobit, for instance, or Bel and the Dragon—we would ask the reflecting part of the community, what possible advantage a congregation of Christians can derive from being told, that “Joshua went up from the camp at Gilgal, and all the people with him, and fought against Libna, and took it,” &c. Yet there are several lessons in the daily service filled with such information as this. Why the case should be so, we can easily explain. There was a time when divine service was performed twice every day in our parish churches; and as long as that custom lasted, it was perfectly proper that the whole Bible should be read through, but the custom has long ago ceased. We humbly conceive, therefore, that the first lessons stand greatly in need of revision; and that such chapters only ought to be selected for public perusal on Sundays, as either throw a decided light upon the great scheme of human redemption, or are full of moral and religious instruction. All other chapters ought to be left for the perusal of the people in their own houses.

Having thus spoken of the ordinary services of morning and evening prayer,

it remains for us, before we enter upon an examination of other rituals, to notice what may be called the Church's extraordinary services. It is universally known, that on most of the great festivals, as well as on several state occasions, there are introduced into the Liturgy, various devotional forms, which occur not at other periods. On Trinity Sunday, for example, on Christmas day, and the anniversaries of eleven saints' days, the ministers and people are enjoined by the Rubric to substitute the Athanasian for the Apostles' Creed. On Ash-Wednesday again, a distinct form is gone through in addition to the ordinary forms, as is the case also on the fifth of November, the thirteenth of January, and the twenty-fifth of October. The interpolations, if one may so call them, introduced on these days, appear to us to add nothing to the general excellence of the Liturgy; we think, therefore, that the Church of England would do well to give them a candid consideration.

With respect to the Athanasian Creed, it is folly to look at it in any other light than that which common opinion, and the ordinary acceptance of recognized terms, throws over it. We are not ignorant of all that has been said in its defence. We have attentively read the account given of it by Waterland—we have noticed what is said of it in Randolph's Vindication, and we have studied Dr. Nares on the subject, with considerable care. We have, moreover, absolutely noted down in our memorandum-book the declarations of Archbishop Magee, in his late examination before the House of Lords. And what is the result? that we ourselves think exactly as we thought before, namely, that it is a formula which has come to the Church of England from the Church of Rome, and has been retained among other matters which had much better have been omitted; whilst to the mass of the people it continues, and ever will continue, a sad "stumbling-block,"—an obstacle which all their reasoning powers will never be able to surmount. Let us see how the case stands.

The three first defenders of the Athanasian Creed affirm, first, that no attempt is therein made to explain the nature of the Trinity, and, secondly, that the damnatory clauses, as in common parlance they are termed, are not, in point of fact, at all damnatory.

Be it so—but how are the people, the uneducated and unreading people, to know this? If certain clauses in that creed, which from a sincere reverence for the subject we decline transcribing, are not meant to explain the nature of the Trinity in Unity, what do they mean?—or rather, what meaning will they convey to the minds of ninety-nine out of a hundred of those who repeat them? And if the damnatory clauses be not damnatory, in the name of common sense, what are they? We never read that Confession of Faith, without lamenting that the Church of England still permits it to hold its place in the Prayer-book. We, and others as well versed in these matters as ourselves, may interpret it as we will, but it is sheer folly to deny that it is taken in its most plain and literal signification by the mass of the congregations which hear and pronounce it. And after all that has been said, what right have we to put any other interpretation upon it, than that which it bore in the year 430? If it really was compiled, as there is good evidence to believe that it was, by Hilary, it cannot be doubted for what purpose the compilation was made; knowing, as all the world knows, how freely excommunications, with their accompanying consignments to Satan, were bandied about between the Homo-ousians, and the Homoi-ousians, who can doubt the original import of both the explanatory and damnatory clauses? Upon the whole, we think the Church of England could not do a wiser thing than wipe that creed from her public liturgy.

But the Archbishop of Dublin has assured us, that the creed is virtually wiped from the Liturgy already, and that it is not supposed to be binding on any lay member of the Church at all. It is, in truth, says his Grace, "a mere additional article of subscription, to which the clergy must conform, but with which the laity have no manner of concern." Can it be so? We fear not. We can hardly persuade ourselves, that a creed, which the people are required to repeat, in alternate sentences, with the clergyman, and which is brought to a conclusion, not by the priest, but by the people, in these words—"This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." We are totally at a loss to conceive how a

creed thus pronounced, thus concluded, can be regarded as binding upon the minister alone. May not the very same thing be said of the Apostles' Creed, and of the Nicene Creed? In fact, we never heard the opinion stated before, and the propagation of it by a divine so eminent as Archbishop Magee, only confirms us in our persuasion, that the wisest and best members of the English Church would rejoice to see this particular formulary expunged from a book so excellent in almost all other respects, as the Book of Common Prayer.

Were there nothing else in the entire Liturgy, indicative of the Church's opinions on the subject of the Trinity, much as we dislike the soundings of the Athanasian Creed, we should give our decided voice for its retention. But the English Church stands not in need of it. The whole of her services are imbued, if we may so express ourselves, with Trinitarian notions. Look at the Nicene Creed, infinitely more plain and more simple than its rival — look to the adjuration in the Liturgy, addressed to the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God — look to all her formularies, in short, to the doxology, the benediction, to every thing which is done and said in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. We know not how any Church could have taken greater pains to evince her belief in any single doctrine, than the Church of England has taken to evince her belief in a Trinity in Unity. Why, then, hold fast a form of confession, which its warmest advocates allow to be, “through the ambiguity of our language, a constant stumbling-block to weak minds?” We again repeat our conviction, that it has no business where it stands; and that the Church of England will hold a far higher place in the opinion of all sober and rational persons, when she shall cease, even “ambiguously,” to declare that “he that will be saved must *thus* think of the Trinity;” and that “except a man faithfully believe” all that is there stated, “without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.” Of the use which is made of these “ambiguities,” by her professed enemies, we shall take farther notice by and by.

On the service for Ash-Wednesday, we have very little to say. It has, we are aware, been objected to, by many

well-meaning persons, because of the frequent application of scriptural maledictions to particular sinners; and, no doubt, he who never attended public worship in an English church before, might well be startled, were he to enter the house of prayer at one remarkable juncture in its progress. But the objection is really without point. The minister only repeats certain texts of scripture, having previously warned his congregation that they are such; whilst the prayers and confessions which follow, have in them so much of genuine piety, that we think few could join in them unmoved. We would not alter a line in that service. It does honour throughout to those who drew it up; — we only wish that the members of the Church were better acquainted with it.

Of the services for the fifth of November, the thirtieth of January, and the twenty-ninth of May, we are hardly willing to think, because it is scarcely possible to recur to them without a smile. They were very properly introduced in their day, but now we know not what to make of them. With respect to the first — the thanksgiving for the defeat of the Popish plot, it has always struck us as abundantly supererogatory, not to say ridiculous, in the English nation, to continue its thanks for the preservation of a body of individuals, all of whom have long ago returned into dust. If it be said that the thanks of the nation are offered, not so much for the preservation of the King's Parliament, as for the overthrow of a plan for the re-establishment of Popery within the realm, the question naturally arises, how far the latter of these events depended upon the former? We ourselves see no reason to believe, that the Roman Catholics would have gained their end, had Guy Faux proved completely successful. The Protestant cause had other champions besides the members of the devoted assembly, and those far more warmly attached to their religion than many of the persons who composed it. At all events, the matter has long gone by, and it is a fact undeniable, that not an individual who repeats the form under consideration, is at all conscious of that excess of gratitude to the Divine Being, which he there professes. We are half disposed to pronounce this thing a piece of solemn mockery.

In like manner, we cannot but con-

demn the continued use of the ritual, striking and solemn as it is, appointed to be gone through on the thirtieth of January. In whatever degree of guilt the nation involved itself by the murder of Charles the First, neither we nor our children can partake in it. It is therefore needless, if it be not positively improper, to implore Him who "punisheth not the son for the iniquities of the father," "not to lay the guilt of this innocent blood to the people of this land;" for we are quite certain, if there be any truth in Scripture, that he will not do so, and it is the height of folly to express penitence for an offence which cannot, in the nature of things, weigh upon our consciences.

But the service for the twenty-ninth of May, is even more objectionable than these. It may be, that the defeat of the Popish plot has saved us and our descendants from much misery; it may be also politic, if not necessary, to keep the people in mind, that the heads of their kings are not to be chopped off at pleasure. But to return God thanks, year after year, for restoring to us a family which we again expelled, cannot but strike the most casual observer, as something extremely paradoxical. Were that day kept holy, in remembrance of the overthrow of the Puritans, and the re-establishment of the Church, then a very proper reason might be assigned for it; and that it is, in part at least, on this account, that the ritual is continued, no one will deny; but what we object to, is the introduction of the name of Charles at all, seeing that our ancestors behaved so scurvily to his imbecile brother. We have heard this matter very irreverently spoken of, and a remark made, that the church has only to compose a form of thanksgiving for the arrival of the Prince of Orange, to render the thing complete.

Perhaps it will be said, that we are a great deal too minute, that in objecting to the three services last enumerated, we descend to absolute trifles. This we admit—the services are trifling; they affect in no degree the purity of the Church, whether retained or omitted—why then retain them? We fear that this question involves another far more important, namely, where lies the power competent to abolish them! When, therefore, we

express our wish that they were abolished, we do so, because their continuance serves to remind men of the total absence of all authority and all discipline in the English church, which is compelled to array herself in old-fashioned and tattered garments, because she has no means whatever of providing herself with new. Our objections, therefore, though trifling in outward appearance, will be found weighty enough when they come to be considered. But let us pass on to other and graver matters.

First, upon the list of occasional forms open to objection, is that for the public baptism of infants. With the objections of such as dissent from the Church, on account of articles of faith, we have no concern. We are aware, indeed, that the form in question is condemned by no inconsiderable number of persons, because it clearly teaches baptism and regeneration to be the same; or rather, because it asserts that regeneration invariably takes place, wherever baptism is duly administered. Whether the Church of England be right or wrong in asserting this, we take it not upon us to determine; but as we are fully convinced, after a candid and impartial examination of her whole Liturgy, her Articles, and her Homilies, that such is her doctrine, we see not what right men have to find fault with her for inculcating that doctrine in her baptismal service. For our own part, we desire not to see it otherwise, because, as may at once be observed, all our reforms affect externals alone; there is, however, a circumstance connected with the baptismal service, which we find it more difficult to defend; we allude to the rules in force relative to sponsors. According to the canons, parents are not permitted to stand as sponsors for their own children. Now, though this arrangement may have been entered into with the very best design, though it was doubtless intended to secure for the child a double chance, as it were, of receiving a Christian education, it is impossible to deny, that in the present state of society, the arrangement has become wholly nugatory; and hence, that persons solemnly pledge themselves every day to "see infants virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life," who neither design, nor, indeed are competent to fulfil that

engagement. The natural sponsor for every child, is undoubtedly its father; and failing him, the next of kin, or whosoever may be appointed guardian of its effects; for assuredly the person who should come forward to assert his right of superintending a child's education, on the score of having presented it to the priest for baptism, would find his claim very little regarded by our courts of law. The consequence is that the offices of god-father and god-mother have become mere empty sounds, whilst it not unfrequently happens, that considerable inconvenience is experienced for the want of persons willing to assume them. We ourselves know one instance, in the humbler walks of life, it is true, where out of a family of five children, only one has been baptised, and that because the mother, who chanced to be no favourite with her neighbours, cannot persuade any of them to carry her offspring to the font. We regard this as a very serious evil. We consider the exclusion of parents as wrong in principle,—as wholly unauthorized by Scripture, if it be not directly contradictory of it; and we accordingly conceive, that the sooner the matter shall be differently arranged, the better it will be for the church. Beyond this, however, we desire to witness no changes in a service so touching and pathetic as that of the public baptism of infants.

The form of confirmation has likewise been objected to, but we are not of the number of objectors. Perhaps, indeed, a few, a very few phrases, might be re-modelled. The first prayer which is pronounced by the bishop, might we conceive, be thrown into a more perfect form; not because it contains anything really erroneous, but because its interpretation has been, and always will be, misunderstood by the vulgar. Educated and reflecting men know perfectly, that though the bishop declare, of several hundred persons, that God "has given unto them forgiveness of all their sins," he by no means intends to declare these persons in a state of positive reconciliation with their Maker. The allusion simply is to the rite of baptism previously received, and to the benefits, be they what they may, which accrue from its reception. It ought likewise to be remembered, that the whole ceremony is copied from a

similar ceremony, which was in use during the early ages of Christianity, when the great body of the converts were adults, and when no man was baptized, until after he had given some proof of the soundness of his faith, and a reformation in his morals. Then it was that baptism was administered, immediately after which, or as soon after it as circumstances would allow, the solemn benediction of the bishop was conferred. But the practice of the Church, in the first of these cases, has entirely changed. With very few exceptions, all men are baptized in their infancy; many years elapse (we have known threescore and ten elapse) between the reception of baptism and the reception of confirmation; and hence it is, that an expression, which, had it been employed fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago, would have run no risk of misinterpretation, is never uttered in these days without being partially misunderstood. We cannot see anything derogatory to the dignity of the church, in new modelling that prayer.

The entire ceremony is, we are aware, represented as absurd and impious. We are of a widely different opinion. It may not be absolutely enjoined in Scripture—neither is the keeping holy of the first day in the week in place of the last—but it is at least nowhere forbidden; and hence, like many other public ceremonies, it is to be commended, or otherwise, according as it produces a good or a bad effect upon public morals. Now we see not how evil could arise from it, were the ceremony performed as it is intended to be performed. True, our English confirmations are but too frequently attended with riot and uproar; the day of confirmation seldom closes, at least in large towns, without scenes occurring very little consonant with the solemn proceedings of the morning; but these matters must be attributed, not to the theory, if we may so speak, but to the practice of confirmation. Were the bishop to confirm in every parish church, instead of collecting perhaps three or four thousand young people together at one or two points in his diocese, a great deal of the profligacy and indecorum, which accompany confirmations at present, would cease. The rite itself is touching in the extreme. We know few spectacles more imposing than that which is present-

ed, when a number of youths and maidens are reverently kneeling before the altar, to receive the benediction of their bishop; but we cannot deny, that unless more pains be taken than has hitherto been taken, by those whose business it is to conduct confirmations, it is a matter of doubt with us, whether they had not better be omitted entirely.

Next in order comes the communion service, of which we shall merely observe, that it has our unqualified approbation. It is striking without mummery—affecting, without being superstitious. Let it continue unaltered. But it is not so with the remaining services of the Church. The marriage ceremony, the orders for visiting the sick and burying the dead, stand greatly in need of revision—we will examine them.

Of the marriage ceremony, we do not recollect to have heard any individual assert, that it is not the least excellent of all the services in the Prayer Book. In stating this as our own opinion we are not influenced by the feelings which have stirred up the Unitarians to petition for the right of marrying in their own places of worship. We confess that we feel for their scruples, and that we shall be very glad to see, not Unitarians only, but all sects and denominations of men, permitted to marry according to their respective forms and inclinations. Such is the custom in Scotland, and no inconvenience arises from it, nor can we discover any cause why the same custom should not prevail in England. But with that question we have no concern at present, our review extending only to the Book of Common Prayer. When, therefore, we condemn the marriage ceremony, we condemn it only on the ground of its own demerits; of the bad taste which pervades it, and of the approximation to Popish sentiments which it sometimes displays. Of the introduction to the service itself, in which the purposes and designs of matrimony are explained, no man, we think, will stand forth as the defender,—nay, so little is that part of the service relished, that we believe a majority of the English clergy pass it by. It strikes us, too, as being abundantly ridiculous to pronounce marriage typical of the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his church. Marriage existed long before

Christ came into the world, or Christianity was founded; and if the connexion between the Church and its divine Head have been compared in Scripture to the connexion between a man and his wife, the ground of the comparison was taken, we presume, from the connexion which first subsisted—at least appeared to subsist, in the eyes of common observers. Of the prayers and psalter, likewise, which accompany the rite, we really cannot speak in praise. In these over-populous times we are apt to regard one of the prayers, at least, as quite unnecessary, and probably the couple themselves think so likewise, if they chance to be poor. We object, then, to this formula, first, because it seems to treat marriage, more than is consistent with right reason, as a ceremony purely religious—we had almost said as a sacrament; and secondly, because the language employed, though doubtless very appropriate, suits not the tastes of people in the 19th century.

The errors which we are about to point out in the offices of the visitation of the sick and the burial of the dead, are, however, far more serious than these. In the former, the priest, after examining the sick person on the subject of his belief, and the state of his mind, is directed, provided his answers prove satisfactory, to express himself thus: “Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners, who truly repent and believe in him, forgives thee thine offences; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” What are the mass of the people to think of this? It has been explained, we are aware, to signify no more than a strong and solemn assurance on the part of the minister, that if the sick man be really penitent, God will forgive him; but how shall we persuade the uneducated classes to view it in this light? Nay, more, is there a man in any station of life, who feels not that if the preceding form of absolution be not downright Popery, it comes as near to Popery as one thing can come to another. We ourselves are fully aware, that the Church of England, whatever powers she may have pretended to two centuries ago, pretends not now to be competent, either by her individual clergy, or in her collec-

tive capacity, to forgive the sins of any man. We are therefore satisfied, that the expression above quoted goes no farther, in its most absolute sense, than to absolve the penitent from church censures, and to admit him to communion. But it is not what we think, and the bishops think, and the clergy think, but what the people at large think of the Church's ceremonies, which ought to be considered. All Protestants conceive, that to pray in an unknown tongue is contrary to Scripture; nor are we casuists enough to discern any material distinction between praying in a language purely foreign, and praying in our own language, so as that words shall not be taken in their ordinary signification. Besides all which, it is a matter of historical notoriety, that the Reformation went on more slowly in the Church of England, than in any other Church in Europe. When the absolution of the sick was composed, it may therefore be assumed as a fact, that the Church did assert an authority to forgive sins, and that the minister who pronounced, and the poor and illiterate layman who trusted to it, were both disposed to receive it in the very same sense in which the Popish priest and the Irish Roman Catholic layman receive the sentence of absolution when delivered by the former. Now, indeed, the case is widely different, and therefore we say, bring up your phraseology, in this particular point, to the ordinary phraseology of the day, and by so doing you will lay the scruples of many a worthy, though perhaps weak brother.

From the tenor of our previous reasoning, the nature of our objections to the office for the burial of the dead has probably been anticipated. We cannot but protest, not in our own names, let the public observe, but in the names of all the illiterate and well-disposed members of the Church of England, against several expressions which pervade that beautiful service—or rather against their promiscuous application to all deceased persons. There is in the burial service so much to commend and to admire, that the occurrence of the phrases to which we refer, causes in us, and must cause in all unprejudiced minds, an exceedingly painful sensation. Our Presbyterian readers must know, that when the body is conveyed into the

grave, the officiating minister positively declares, that “it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great goodness, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed;”—that “he gives God hearty thanks for that it hath pleased him to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world;”—and expresses a wish “that when we shall depart this life, we may rest in Christ, as our hope is that our brother doth.” Nay, more—the body is committed to the ground, “in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.” These sentences are pronounced over every dead corpse, no matter what the tenor of the man's life and opinions may have been. We know very well, and it is right that the world should know it, that this formulary, like all the others in the Prayer-Book, was composed at a time when the Church supported some discipline. In these days, the Church could even excommunicate, and she did excommunicate, all evil-doers, heretics, and sinners. But one of the consequences of excommunication was the denial of Christian burial to the body of the excommunicated person; and hence these hopes and assurances were not likely to be uttered over the mortal remains of at least a notorious culprit. Now, however, the case is widely different. The Church of England retains no discipline—she hardly pretends to retain it; and any one of her ministers who should refuse to read this service over a person publicly executed for the worst crime, would be subject to the penalty of a præmunire. What can the people think of this? They think of it, if they be ill-disposed persons towards the Church, as a convincing proof that churchmen make no distinction between the final destinies of the good and of the bad; whereas, if they be well disposed towards her, they either think not of the matter at all, or adopt any opinion which may appear to soften down a difficulty, in its nature too hard for them. Would that this form were re-cast. There is in it so much that is unobjectionable, that the slightest degree of trouble would make it perfect. But who can re-cast it?

We said some time ago, that we should take occasion to point out the use which the enemies of the Church make of her different formularies, par-

ticularly of the Athanasian Creed, as connected with the burial service. In the Athanasian Creed it is positively affirmed, that "whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith," as there expounded. Now, of the numbers which are brought for interment to our parish churchyards, it is well known that many—in these days, we fear, a great many—not only do not keep the faith as expounded in the Athanasian Creed, but reject even the Bible itself. But what of that? However notorious the case of infidelity may be, the priest declares as solemnly, over the corpse of the infidel, as he declares over the corpse of the most pious Christian, "that it hath pleased God to take unto himself the soul of his dear brother," and that the infidel sleeps "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." We could say a great deal more on this head, were our design to do the Church an injury. We could tell our readers how much these things have become of late subjects of discussion among all ranks and classes of men, and how very profanely and irreverently they are handled. But our design is to save the Church, if we can, from the ruin which we greatly fear is hanging over her.

On this account, we decline entering at length into the formularies employed for the consecration of bishops, and the ordination of priests and deacons. To discuss these as they ought to be discussed, would involve us in the interminable controversy relative to Episcopal and Presbyterian orders; and it might lead us into an examination, somewhat too close, of the dependence of the Church of England upon the state. These, however, are not points in which we, as laymen, need take much interest. If the bishops conceive they are justified in using such an expression as this, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost," when they convey orders; and if they see no breach of that engagement which binds them to abstain from all worldly business, when they sit in the House of Lords, and the clergy sit on the bench of magistrates, we can have no possible objection. It strikes us, however, that there is no necessity for employing the preceding phrase, and an absolute impropriety in requiring the engagement referred to. The clergy of

all ranks are, or ought to be, amongst the best-educated and best-informed classes of the community, and we see not why they should be excluded from taking part in the government of their country. On the latter head, therefore, if we could suggest anything, it would be the total abolition of a pledge which is never kept, and which no man desires or designs to keep, even when he gives it.

It strikes us that we have now gone over all those passages in the Book of Common Prayer, against which any objections, having the show of reasonableness, can be taken. Our readers will observe, too, that we have not spared them. We have not permitted our partiality to the Church—a partiality which we unfeignedly acknowledge—to lead us into a palliation of any of her infirmities. Why should we? The period has long gone by, since men who were friendly to individuals, and to public institutions, considered it incumbent upon them to defend the failings in either; and among the many signs of the times, not altogether consonant to our views of propriety, we hail that one as something redeeming. This is, in fact, the age of reform. The only thing to be wished is, that plans of reform should be universally chalked out and taken up by honest men, instead of being left to fools or knaves; and hence it is that we should rejoice to see a Peel in the Church, acting the same part which the Secretary for the Home Department is acting in the state. It is, in truth, with the hope, the faint hope, we allow, of stirring up some man of consequence to the task, that we have written thus far; and it only remains for us to show, that our labour has not been uncalled for; in other words, that the Church must either reform herself, or perish.

He must be blind, indeed, who cannot perceive, that a sort of general attack is at present in progress of making against the Church of England. Whether the measure be wise or not, it is a fact which cannot be controverted, that the laws relating to the Church and to her immunities, have of late undergone a remarkable change, and that the entire leaning is against those claims in which the Church was formerly supported. In Ireland, Roman Catholics are now legally entitled to bury in Protestant churchyards, ac-

cording to their own forms. The whole law of tithes has, moreover, undergone an alteration there; commutations are no longer matters of voluntary agreement, they may be demanded as a right. In England, encroachments are daily making upon the rights of the clergy, less important, indeed, when considered as isolated things, but exceedingly influential, as they mark the feelings of society, and the inclinations of the laity, in Church affairs. To give one instance, it is only the other day since it was determined, contrary to all precedent, that the wine left after the administration of the communion, belongs not to the clergyman, but to the parish. In like manner, the judgment of our highest courts, that a clergyman is bound to bury, according to the forms of the English Liturgy, all Dissenters who are brought for interment, is one which completely contradicts the Canons, as well as every previously received opinion. Besides these, we would point out numerous symptoms of the falling influence of the Church, even in the law proceedings of the day; but we presume that all our readers have noted them, and therefore we need not repeat them. The result of the whole, however, is, that we regard the period as not very remote, when the Church of England will be obliged to stand upon the purity of her forms, and the excellence of her general system, for support; since the legislature is daily waxing colder and colder in her defence; and if things go on as they are now proceeding, will speedily abandon her.

In the meantime, a thousand engines are at work for her overthrow. Not to speak of the numerous sects of open and manly Dissenters which are opposed to her, we mistake the matter much, if she carry not a canker in her own bosom—if the spirit of party run

not so high within her ranks, as to threaten the absolute disorganization of the whole corps. It is not our business to decide whether the self-styled Orthodox, or the self-styled Evangelical party, be in the right; but we cannot shut our eyes to the probable consequences of their jarrings, when these consequences meet us in every town and village in the kingdom. Then, again, there are societies established, secret, indeed, and as yet but little noticed, the professed end of whose exertions is to bring her to the ground. These employ missionaries in all quarters. The very matters which we have just discussed, supply them with their ordinary themes of declamation, and the interests of our national establishment are in consequence daily undermined.

Nor is the prospect more enlivening, when we look to the proceedings of the great council of the nation. We have already hinted at the exertions of the abusive party in the commencement of our paper, and we were then, as now, almost disposed to thank them for such exertions; but their exertions, we nevertheless feel, must prove beneficial, or the reverse, only as they are met and approved by the Church herself. Let churchmen act like men; let them correct the few, the very few errors, which adhere to their system, and their establishment will last for ever. Let them weakly defend abuses because they are old, and men who are not churchmen will reform them without scruple; and when such reform begins, farewell to the Church of England—farewell to our glorious constitution!

We may perhaps return to this subject before long, but our columns are full, and we lay aside the pen for the present.

M.

NOTE BOOK OF A LITERARY IDLER. No. III.

1. Milton's Christian Doctrine.
2. North American Review. No. XLVIII.
3. Brainerd's Poems
4. Professor Silliman's Journal.
5. Roscoe's Answer to Bowles.
6. Jowett's Researches in Syria.

Aug. 31. Milton's newly discovered treatise on Christian doctrine has made as much noise among the periodicals as was to be expected. It is a book which all readers—I mean all critical readers—of his poetry, *must* have. It is also a book which must take its place in all libraries, as an integral portion of the works of the greatest of our poets. But were it not from those accidental circumstances, I do not think it a book which would make much way in our literature. It has been pretty well analyzed in the *Monthly Review*—and I am happy to perceive that work has lost its old leaven of Socinianism. If it had retained it, this would have been a fair opportunity for displaying the dogmata of that prating sect.

Every one has expressed a due measure of surprise at two or three doctrines contained in this work, viz. Milton's denial of the divinity of Christ, and his assertion of the lawfulness of polygamy. Yet, a careful critic would have suspected the former from *Paradise Regained*. Colton is wofully puzzled, in one of his notes, how to account for some expressions in that poem, and Jos. Warton strongly hints that he suspected the author to be a Socinian, or at least an Arian. That Newton, and the general rabble of the commentators, suspected no such thing, will not seem wonderful to those who know their labours—for it is not too much to say, that more ignorance never was displayed in the commentaries on any work, than in those which we see gathered about the text of *Paradise Lost*—and *Regained*, like a tangle of filthy underwood round an oak.

It will be hard, I think, to acquit Milton of disingenuousness in concealing his opinions so dexterously as to be discoverable only by hints *φαινεται συντοκισι*. The entire scheme of *Paradise Lost* is, by fair interpretation, orthodox. Trapp pronounces it to be so in every part—as also does Dr Simmons; but to this very silly man's opi-

nion little respect can be paid. The sins against orthodoxy in our great epic, are those of omission, not commission. In many places, particularly in the angelic hymns in presence of the Godhead, there were innumerable and brilliant opportunities for dilating on this great theme, which, to use Bentley's expression, would have "erected the genius of the most ordinary poet." Again, in the vision at the end, when Michael has to explain to Adam the doctrine of the atonement, the assertion of the divinity of Christ would have materially improved the poem—I mean poetically, not merely theologically. *Paradise Regained* is utterly ruined by his dissimulation in this point. It is absurd, as everybody has observed, to put the regaining of *Paradise* on so insufficient a ground as the unsuccessful temptation of Satan in the wilderness. No interpretation of Scripture can warrant so ridiculous an idea. "All that we can be sure of is," says Warburton, "that the plan is a very unhappy one, and defective even in that narrow view of a sequel; for it affords the poet no opportunity of driving the devil back again to hell from his new conquests in the air. In the meantime, nothing was easier than to have invented a good one, which should end with the resurrection, and comprize those four books, somewhat contracted, in an episode; for which only the subject of them is fit." This is the remark of a great critic. Bentley says much to the same effect—but the plain fact is, that Milton was afraid of meeting the subject of the resurrection, which would have obliged him to speak out. This may advance his character for prudence—it does not do any credit to his ingenuousness. He must have had misgivings that the doctrine which he preaches in his posthumous work was not quite undeniable, and was unwilling to spoil the work on which he relied for immortality by its introduction. I am glad that he came to such determination, as the contrary course must have

injured the general popularity of his poem.

I was not much surprised at his doctrine of polygamy, for Milton, in many parts of his works—everywhere, in short, where the subject can be introduced—speaks of woman as a slave, not a companion, far less as an equal of man. And, in his own private life, he very fully displayed his determination to carry his theories into practice. The evidence adduced in the proceedings on his nuncupative will, published by T. Warton, displays a melancholy picture of his domestic life. It is lamentable to think of the way in which a man of his genius and immense erudition reared his daughters—without education, without ideas befitting women raised above the lowest ranks, and in mean habits, which brought their natural consequences in low marriages, and the attendant miseries of poverty and degradation. It is painful to pursue such a subject; there is little pleasure in recording the follies or failings of the wise; but, in general, it may be remarked, that the closer Milton's life is examined, the less title will it be found to possess to our admiration. No praise can be too great for his intellectual powers, but with that tribute his panegyric must conclude.

In his defence of polygamy, he relies chiefly on the example of the patriarchs and heroes of the Old Testament. Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*, had, unknowingly, rebuked him for this perverse adaptation of Scriptural manners to other times, governed by other institutions. "If thou readest the Scripture," said the Jewess to the Templar, "and the lives of the Saints only to justify thine own licence," (I must omit the harder word which follows,) "thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs." But it must be considered, that in Milton's time, and Milton's party, the Old Testament was a greater favourite than the New, and that many among them actually prided themselves on being good Jews, in the Judaic spirit with which they interpreted, and acted on, the passages of that portion of the Bible. They equalled the Jews, no doubt, in one great feature of their ancient character—stiff-neckedness.

I have heard it said, that it was a pity that a book containing such

strange and heterodox opinions from such a man, should be published. I cannot enter into those feelings. With respect to Milton's own character, we knew enough of his opinions already to hinder us from being astonished at anything that he would assert. A collection of opinions as generally revolting, could be made from his prose works already before the public. His personal character, therefore, could give no weight to any opinions. If we refuse to believe in the justice of beheading a king for no crime acknowledged as such, by any tribunal established before that which condemned him to the scaffold; if we doubt the propriety of a man being allowed to turn away his wife whenever he disliked her; if we cannot think it consistent to declaim against a prince who at least professed (no matter what his practice might have been) to rule by an acknowledged system of laws, and yet take service under an usurper, who avowedly came to power by the sword, and trampled down the free institutions which he had sworn to defend—then we may be permitted also to think, that no opinion, religious or political, of Milton's, is entitled to any more respect than what it would obtain from its own intrinsic merit. Then, with respect to the doctrines which he impugns, all that can be said is, if they *can* be overthrown by fair argument, in God's name give them up. Let them be attacked by every means by those who wish to attack them. I trust there are lances in the Temple ready and able to defend it; and let it not be in anybody's power to say of us, that we were afraid to stand by any tenet which we say we maintain. It is a cowardice unworthy of us. As for the Arians, I have always considered their opinions as the most untenable of all the sects. They are a halting between us and the Socinians; as the Socinians halt between them and the Deists. They retain as much of what the Socinians are pleased to call the *unreasonableness* of our creed, as puts them completely *hors de combat* in arguing against Unitarians; and they mar completely the scheme of the Atonement, which they hold in common with us, by depriving it of its most authoritative feature. Accordingly, they almost vanished in the more critical and philosophical century which elapsed after Milton's

death. The hardiest among them pushed their principles to Unitarianism; the more timid clung to the Church. The sect can scarcely ever revive. It has one distinctive mark of feebleness about it—that it has always, and up to the present time, numbered among its votaries, ecclesiastics of churches decidedly opposed to its doctrine—people who think their opinions of not sufficient value to endanger their temporal interests. Some very distinguished Churchmen of the churches of England and Rome have been Arians. So it is at present, I have heard some dignitaries of both named as being so. The same may be the case in the Scottish Church, but of this I am not sure. I run no risk in saying that, in whatever Trinitarian Church they are, they have no claim to the title of being honest men.

Sept. 1. I have just looked over the last North American Review, and scribbled some remarks on it, with which I shall not trouble the reader of my notes, as a former Number of it has been so lately analyzed in Blackwood, by one who knows more of its internal history than I do. The longest papers in this number are not very American. Three-and-thirty pages are occupied by a review of Dr Brown's Philosophy (!) of the Human Mind—twenty-six are devoted to an account of Amusements in Spain—twelve to European politics—eight-and-twenty to Italian Literature. Talent and reading are displayed in the first and last of these papers. "Spanish Amusements" is apparently out of some book of travels or geography. European politics is schoolboyish. Of the remaining papers, the first is a review of a Naval History of the States, coming down to 1805—a valuable work! In it we find the adventures of Mr Jeremiah O'Brien—of Commodore Ezekiel Hopkins—the brilliant career of Captain *Mugford*! of Boston, who captured a vessel of 300 tons, and was unfortunately killed in a gallant defence against a jollyboat—of Captain Nicholas Biddle, of whom nothing is recorded but that he was blown up—of Commodore *Truxton* (qu? Trun-ion,) and other equally fine fellows, of whom the most renowned is Paul Jones, who, with reverence speaking, is queer stuff to make a hero out of. All these things the reviewer describes,

as if all the paltry actions which form his theme, were equal to Trafalgar.

There is a lengthy paper on Common Law as applied to the American States, which is sadly heavy; and a couple of pleasant analyses of Travels in Columbia, and Researches towards the Lake of the Woods. In a review of American novels, we meet with some good and shrewd observations. Of all the novels there noticed, (and they amount to *ten*;) that of *Hobomok* appears to be the most striking. The story, as given by the Reviewer, is in bad taste; but the extracts he makes, afford testimony of considerable powers of eloquence and pathos. If I can get the book I shall certainly read it, and review it in my own fashion.

One paper (exclusive of the short Critical Notices at the end) remains—a review of Poems by a Mr Brainard. This gentleman's attempts at wit are very poor, and in his efforts at the sublime he very often treads on the ridiculous; as when Niagara is said

— "to chronicle the age's back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks."

But the man has an eye for scenery, and possesses a sort of Wordsworthian power, which will find many objects in America. Its beautiful and glorious landscapes—its sights by mountain, flood, and fell—its magnificent bays, and sweet rivers—its peculiar paysage—its woods, and their inhabitants, human and brute, have never been sung. The great Laker is wanting there, and where would he find such lakes and waters? I recommend this track of literature to Mr Brainard.

"The magic ring, the dragon's wing,
He should not covet for his dower."

If he will write in the vein of his poem to Salmon River, (a Connecticut stream,) he will do well. I shall copy it, with Mr North's permission. I recommend Mr B. to attend a little better to his rhymes, and such prosaic lines as—

"And asked about their fortunes long ago."

He may be sure that observing these things will not hurt his poetic powers in the least.

'Tis a sweet stream, and so, 'tis true, are all
That undisturb'd, save by the harmless brawl

Of mimic rapid, or slight waterfall,
Pursue their way
By mossy bank and darkly waking wood;
By rock, that since the deluge fix'd has
stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping
flood,
By night and day.

But yet, there's something in its humble
rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping
bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young
fawn drank

With unscar'd look;
There's much in its wild history, that
teems
With all that's superstitious—and that
seems
To match our fancy, and eke out our
dreams,

In that small brook.

Hayoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropp'd there, like the
drops of rain;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of
the slain,

And many a quiver,
Fell'd from the reeds that grew on yon-
der hill,

Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their run-
lets fill

From Salmon river.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath
the shade
That shrouds sequester'd rock, or dark'n-
ing glade,

Or tangled dell.

Here Philip came, and Miantonemo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might
show

Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, that howl'd
and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the
brook

Where they pursued their game, and him
mistook

For earthly fox;

Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft pelting, stripp'd and dress'd,
to wear,

Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair

Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard
to rhyme

About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of—but it is a
theme

I chance to love;
And one day I may tune my rye-straw
reed,

And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river—which, if there be
need,

I'll try to prove.

With the North American Review I have got another periodical of the same country, Professor Silliman's Journal of Science. I have a great respect for Silliman—though I know him not—on account of the spirit and execution of his *Tour* some years ago among us. The Journal, however, is far inferior in all the external lustre of paper and typography, to other American works, being almost as slovenly in appearance as the German periodicals. It contains very little original matter, which is not right. The botany, zoology, mineralogy, entomology, geology, &c. of America, ought to afford an inexhaustible field, without pillaging the works of Europeans, and it is to such branches of science that their Journal ought to be confined. Who cares about a paper on the infinite divisibility of finite matter, by Sheldon Clerk, Esq. of Oxford, Connecticut, a very different Oxford from that in England? We want no new mathematical or metaphysical theories from America, particularly when executed in a bungling, yet dogmatical manner, by people who do not know that they are repeating (as is the case here) what has been said a hundred times. Mr Clarke, however, has the original merit of informing us, that the line of the periphery of a circle is indivisible *taken lengthwise*! There are some papers in the Journal, which are good as far as I can judge. There is certainly one very curious one—A Description of Minerals sent by a Gentleman—with a very appropriate name for a naturalist, Mr *Pliny* Fisk—from Palestine.

Sept. 2. Roscoe's Pamphlet against Bowles.—“What! Will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?” Are we never to have an end of the Pope controversy as to art and nature? I shall not trouble myself or my readers with saying a word *pro* or *con* on the occasion, leaving the parties to battle it as they please. One passage at the end of Roscoe's pamphlet I own

surprised me not a little. He thinks proper to take up the cause of Mr Octavius Gilchrist, one of the meanest creatures that ever crawled in the walks of literature. It may be remembered that this person took a part in the controversy about Pope, and conducted his share of it with characteristic meanness. On him Mr Bowles revenged himself in the following spirited lines :—

“What! shall the dark reviler cry, ‘Oh! shame!’

If one vile slanderer is held up by name;
Shall the rank loathsome miscreant of the age,

Sit, like a night-mare, grinning on a page,
Turn round his murky orbs, that roll in spite,

And clench his fiendish claws in grim delight,

And shall not an *indignant* flash of day,
Scare the voracious vampire from his prey?”

The meaning is quite evident.—What! shall the dark reviler in the Quarterly Review (*i. e.* Gilchrist, *incog.*) cry “Oh! shame!” if one vile slanderer (Gilchrist, in *propria persona*) is held up to public indignation?—Roscoe misunderstands this to be an attack on Pope, and gets angry with Bowles thereupon. This is a strange misapprehension; but the curious part of all is, that he thinks it may be applicable to Tom Campbell:—

“With respect to the author of ‘The Pleasures of Hope.’

“It must be admitted, that your lines exhibit a kind of general resemblance to him, AS WELL IN HIS MIND AS HIS PERSON, as every one who knows him must allow.”

So

“—— the RANK LOATHSOME MISCREANT of the age,

Who

Sits like a *night-mare* grinning on a page,
Turns round his murky orbs, that roll in spite,

And

Clenches his FIENDISH CLAWS in grim delight.”

THIS VORACIOUS VAMPIRE is a tolerable picture of the mind and person of the eminent author of the *Ritter Bann*, and editor of Mr Henry Colborn’s *Conduit-Street Miscellany*! Bravo, Mr Roscoe! Why, had my

friends in Blackwood dared to have said anything like this, there would have been raised a cry of scurrility, personality, slander, and all other kind of angry things, that would not have subsided for a year. Not having the honour of knowing Mr Campbell, I cannot say whether the likeness is correct. I own I am not inclined to think favourably of the mind or disposition of the man who has projected the New London University.

Sept. 11.—Jowett’s Christian Researches in Syria and the Holy Land.—I happen to be one of those people who prefer to hear a sermon

Preach’d from a pulpit rather than a tub,
And give no guinea to a Bible club.

Yet I should be sorry to deny the general goodness of the motives of those who disagree with me in these tastes, or to refuse my tribute of applause, such as it is, to the benefits which the Bible Society, and the Societies emanating from it, are doing all over the world. That among all the missionaries sent by the various associations, there is much nonsense, much cant, much misdirected zeal, it is impossible for their most enthusiastic friends to deny. Their most eager enemies must admit, that much good, both direct and incidental, has resulted from their labours. At home, they have done the Church some service, in jogging its ministers, who were a little inclined to be sleepy sometimes. This I say not in disparagement of the Church, to which I am most conscientiously and zealously attached, but from my knowledge of human nature in general, which dictates to us all the lazy feeling of consulting our own ease, when there is no particular stimulus to excite us to exertion.

What its direct advantages have been abroad in the way of converting the heathen, &c. &c., I am not going to inquire; such considerations do not lie exactly in my line. Its indirect advantages have been several. In the first place, it has diffused a greater knowledge of languages than any instrument which we ever had. Through its means we are acquainted with all the dialects of our Indian dominions, and facilities are afforded us to extend that knowledge, (thanks chiefly to the exertions of the missionaries,) which

it would have been vain to have expected from any other source. Our acquaintance with the other Asiatic dialects is increased tenfold. Fifty years ago, an Arabic scholar was a wonder to be gazed at. London will supply five hundred this moment. As for Chinese, I do not think there was a man in England who knew anything of it fifty years ago. I understand from those who are competent to judge, that Sir William Jones knew nothing about it worth talking of; now it is in the power of any one to master it. No one who is a fit judge of the value of languages, will say that these are inconsiderable literary benefits. To this we must add the improvement of all the ancient versions, Arabic, Persian, &c. of the Bible, for which we are indebted to the Bible Society, or the spirit it has called forth.

Another indirect advantage is the more accurate knowledge we have got of foreign and out-of-the-way countries, by means of the missionaries. Some of these are men of great talent—all of them are men more or less educated. They in general enjoy opportunities of seeing the domestic life of the countries to which they have devoted their researches, which the casual traveller, posting through in a hurry, or entrenched in all the forms of diplomacy, cannot witness. They enjoy also one advantage over the missionaries of the Church of Rome in former times—we say in former times, for the missionary days of that Church are fading away very fast—in being bound to no spiritual chief, according to whose interests their reports are to be formed. Of the falsehood and perversion occasioned by this circumstance, the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* are a standing proof. The clashing interests at home—for abroad, I rejoice to say, that almost all Protestant sects have forgotten their minute differences—prevent any garbled statements of what they have seen. Under an infallible Church, every report must be smoothed down to an uniform gloss of orthodox falsehood. Then they are married—need I say what an advantage this is to persons desirous of inquiring into the *manners* of a country? I pay no compliment to the ladies when I say, that in that department of a traveller's duty they can see more with one glance than their lords and masters can in a year's observation;

and it is remarkable, how little difference rank or education seems to make in this almost intuitive faculty of the fair sex.

Jowett travelled in a country, which, from a thousand associations, is one of the most interesting—perhaps the most interesting—to us in the world, Syria. He is apparently a well-meaning man, with very respectable scholar-like acquirements, but does not seem to possess much judgment. He has filled his book with the most trite Scriptural observations, and common-place extracts, from common-place discourses. Nothing can be more true than what he tells us, (p. 78) that men, in the midst of comforts, are apt to think too little of religion; but could not that truth have been discovered without going to Antoura for it? It would have been rather more striking at Bleaden's, or the Clarendon. Nor is his mode of arguing with the people among whom he sojourned always very sensible. He meets a poor old priest, who was full of the glories of the true Cross, (p. 93) and Jowett at once endeavoured to pull him into a metaphysical discourse on the atonement. Some trifling conversation followed, and with great *naivete*, he adds, "I again began my remarks; to which, however, no farther notice was paid." How could there? What notice would Mr Jowett have paid to remarks in Sanscrit on the transcendental philosophy of the Bramins? The poor old priest just knew as much of what he was talking about.

A conversation gets up about the Druses—a singular people, concerning whom Mr Jowett has given us some new and valuable information—in which a Roman Catholic apostolic vicar, Monseigneur Gandolfi, observed on the strange effects which initiation into their mysterious ceremonies had upon them. A young man, plunged in all the vices and debaucheries of youth, was no sooner initiated, said Gandolfi, than he immediately changed. The drunkard was reformed, and drank nothing but water; the passions of the licentious man were in a moment curbed. Various conjectures were started by the company to account for this singular circumstance, and they began guessing at the secret principle of the Druses which operated it. On which Jowett made the very wise observation, that it was *only*

the *Dæmon of Pride* expelling the *Dæmon of Licentiousness*. "The unclean spirit," as our Lord describes, "is gone out of the man, but ere long seven other spirits, still more wicked, enter in, and take up their abode in the restless unhumbled heart, and the last state of that man is worse than the first."—(P. 101.) This was a very wise and philosophic exposition of the singular circumstance that called it forth—yet everybody, he tells us, assented to his view—which proves that the company must have been a most sagacious one.

There are hundreds of similar follies, but it is hard to expect a missionary book to be free from them. Let us then "take the good the gods provide us," without murmuring at the balaam with which it is surrounded. This book, then, affords a most excellent view of the present state of all classes of religion in the Holy Land—Jew, Christian, Druse, and Mahomedan, in all their varieties. This is interesting. Almost equally so are the descriptions of the manners and habits of the native tribes. Jowett possesses also a tolerable power of describing natural scenery, the appearance of towns, monasteries, castles, &c. As the work, I am afraid, is not likely to fall into the hands of *my* readers, I hope they will excuse me for copying a page or two of his labours in this particular. I take the description of Mount Carmel:—

"Very early before sunrise we set off, designing to reach Acre before noon, which, at the slow rate that we travelled, would not be easy. Contrary to their usual custom, the guides were as eager now to depart as ourselves: The reason was, that as the Pacha dines at noon, and retires immediately after to sleep, and no traveller is permitted to enter the gate of the city till his name and business are announced personally to the Pacha, he who should arrive between twelve and three o'clock incurs the risk of waiting all that time, be the weather what it may, almost without shelter. The first hour of our journey we spent nearly in darkness, wanderers, as it seemed to me, among the mountains, both guides and animals, however, with intuitive sagacity, keeping the track. At length the pleasant light covered the sky; and, not long after, we arrived at the height which commands the ample plain of Acre. The elegant and lofty minaret of the city ap-

peared at a distance of seven or eight miles directly before us. In the back ground, far off, twice as distant as the city, was a noble scene—Mount Carmel dipping its feet in the Western Sea; and, to the east, running considerably inland, entirely looking up from our view, the Vale of Sharon, which lies to the south of it. In the horizon on the left, the sun was rising over the milder mountain scenery, which lies on the road to Nazareth. Here, though already three days within the confines of Palestine, I first felt myself on holy ground. We were leaving the glory of Lebanon; and before us was the excellency of Carmel. As I descended the mountain and entered on the plain, I was often constrained to give utterance to my feelings, in singing a favourite air, of which the words are, *Emitte Spiritum tuum—et creabuntur—et renovabis faciem terre*.

After a most pleasant ride we reached the city-gate of Acre, and in about a quarter of an hour our names having been carried to the palace, we were admitted, and took our way to the house of the English Vice-Consul, Mr Jonas Michael, who hospitably entertained us four days."

I shall add that of Nazareth:—

"Nazareth is situated on the side, and extends nearly to the foot of a hill, which, though not very high, is rather steep and overhanging. The eye naturally wanders over its summit in quest of some point from which it might probably be that the men of this place endeavoured to cast our Saviour down, (Luke, iv. 29.) but in vain; no rock adapted to such an object appears. At the foot of the hill is a modest, simple plain, surrounded by low hills, reaching, in length, nearly a mile; in breadth, near the city, a hundred and fifty yards; but farther on, about four hundred yards. On this plain there are a few olive-trees and fig-trees; sufficient, or rather scarcely sufficient, to make the spot picturesque. Then follows a ravine, which gradually grows deeper and narrower, till, after walking about another mile, you find yourself in an immense chasm, with steep rocks on either side, from whence you behold, as it were, beneath your feet, and before you, the noble plain of Edraclon. Nothing can be finer than the apparently immeasurable prospect of this plain, bounded to the south by the mountains of Samaria. The elevation of the hills on which the spectator stands in this ravine, is very great; and the whole scene, when we saw it,

was clothed in the most rich mountain-blue colour that can be conceived. At this spot, on the right hand of the ravine, is shown the rock to which the men of Nazareth are supposed to have conducted our Lord, for the purpose of throwing him down. With the Testament in our hands, we endeavour to examine the probabilities of the spot, and I confess, there is nothing in it which excites a scruple of incredulity in my mind. The rock here is perpendicular for about fifty feet, down which space it would be easy to hurl a person, who should be unawares brought to the summit; and his perishing would be a certain consequence." (P. 166.)

And conclude with that of Tiberias, which he visited while indisposed with fever :—

"The composure which came over my feverish spirits at this hour, was inexpressibly refreshing. I laid myself down upon the ground; and resting my head upon a stone near me, drew a little coolness from the soil; while the simple train of reflections, which naturally sprung up from the scene around me, added much to my enjoyment. At a great distance to the North, was the mountainous horizon, on the summit of which stands Safet, glistening with its noble castle; it is not improbably supposed that our Saviour had this spot in his eye, and directed the attention of his disciples to it, when he said *a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid*: for it is full in view from the Mount of the Beatitude, as well as from this place; and, indeed, seems to command all the country round to a great extent. Viewing at a glance the margin of this simple lake, on the opposite, or eastern side, the eye rests on the inhospitable country of the Gadarenes, inhospitable to this day; for my guide, after a long silence, perceiving my attention directed that way, begins a long tale about the dangers of that part, the untamed and savage character of the mountaineers, and the extreme hazard of attempts to visit them: few travellers, in fact, venture there; but seeing that his account is not very congenial to my feelings at this moment, he has dropt his story. Close above my head, an Arab is come to spread upon the ruins his tattered clothes, which he has just washed in the lake, that they may dry in the sun; and, at a distance just perceivable, is another indolent peasant sauntering by the water's edge, and singing at intervals a poor Arab song, which, though not "most musical," has, nevertheless, the charm of being "most melancholy." Yet

that which awakens the tenderest emotions on viewing such a scene as this, is the remembrance of ONE, who formerly so often passed this way; and never passed without leaving, by his words and actions, some memorial of his divine wisdom and love. Here, or in this neighbourhood, most of His mighty works were done; and in our daily religious services we have read, with the most intense interest, those passages of the Gospels which refer to those regions. However uncertain other traditional geographical notices may be, here no doubt interrupts our enjoyment in tracing the Redeemer's footsteps. This, and no other, is the Sea of Galilee—in its dimensions, as I should judge, resembling exactly the size of the Isle of Malta, about twenty miles in length, twelve in breadth, and sixty in circumference. Here Jesus called the Sons of Zebedee, from mending their nets, to become *fishers of men*. Here he preached to the multitudes crowding to the water's edge, himself putting off a little from the shore in Simon Peter's boat. But there is not a single boat now upon the lake, to remind us of its former use. Yonder, on the right, must have been the very spot where, in the middle of their passage from this side toward Bethsaida and Capernaum, the disciples were affrighted at seeing Jesus walk upon the water—where He gently upbraided the sinking faith of Peter—where He said to the winds and waters, "Peace! be still!"—and the sweet serenity which now rests upon the surface is the very same stillness which then succeeded. Here," &c. &c. &c.—(P. 176.)

What a train of reflections must the reading of such descriptions call up! How the mind wanders, as it were instinctively, through all periods of history—through almost every period of human society—every phase of human intellect, while thinking on the Holy Land! It is united with the ideas of patriarchal life, when flocks and herds were the wealth of the wealthiest; when Abraham could summon his household to fight against four *kings*, whose royal booty was the cattle of a neighbouring proprietor; when Jacob, on a journey which gave origin to a nation, slept in the open air, pillowed upon a stone in Bethel, and saw "Angels ascending and descending, bands Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled,
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz," dreaming by night under the open sky

—to the period of the wonderful Mosaic legislation, and its attending events—to days of tumultuous conquest, and pastoral rule or misrule, when every man dwelt under his own vine and fig-tree—to times of border and intestine war, of theocratic judges, and kings chosen for their stature, or their personal prowess in slaying gigantic champions, who defied the armies of the living God—to the splendour of Solomon, and his wisdom and poetry, which have survived, by thousands of years, the wreck of that splendour, and still subsist, not only in the works which he has left behind, but in the fabled power which traditional reverence has given him throughout the East, of holding in subjection the genii of the air. These are subjects of reflection; but as we come further down, how wonderfully is the scope for deep musing augmented! Here we must think of the Founder of our faith, his life, his actions, his doctrines; and the impress that they have made on all the opinions and habits of the world. It would be too long were I to follow up the thoughts hence arising; but ere I close my mental gallery of pictures, what heart is there which is not thrilled by the Siege of Jerusalem under Titus, (the delight of mankind, as he is called by his countrymen, but naturally enough by the Jews, Titus the impious—Titus Nareshang,)—or what imagination, no matter how torpid, is not awakened by the Crusades? Compared with these, an action I am going to mention, is insignificant indeed; and, in the lapse of ages, will be but a trifling speck in the map of human events; but I am a Briton, and

Britanni nihil a me alienum puto;

and therefore cannot help recollecting, while I have the map of Syria before me, that Acre was the first place where the armies of Jacobin France, led by their great commander, met an English force, as Waterloo was the first

place in which the same armies were led by the same general, to meet an English army in the field; and that the honour of our country was not more signally supported on the heights of Hougoumont, than on the shores of the Levant.

The Grecian and Roman histories present no recollections at all comparable, in antiquity, greatness, and duration, to these. The Jewish power had reached its zenith before the war was fought which has called forth the greatest of poems, the “tale of Troy divine.” Athens had sunk into forgotten insignificance, when Richard and Saladin contended for the Holy City. The sceptre had departed from Rome, when a dexterous interpretation of the doctrine preached here, put it for a second time into her hands; to fall from it a second time, and for ever, when these doctrines, piercing the mist of darkness spread around them, were better understood. And then by a standing miracle—I know not what else anybody can call it—we have the undoubted descendants of the very people who once held this country, the representatives of the house of David, of the princes of Ephraim, the lords of the cedars of Lebanon, the chieftains of Zion, mingling, as a distinct race, among us in our streets, doomed by long recorded prediction, to be outcasts, and their name a by-word; furnishing our Fives-courts with pugilists, our Rag Fairs with old-clothesmen, and our Stock Exchange with usurers.

To return to Mr Jowett’s book:—Its five hundred pages might be squeezed into one hundred; but they would be very interesting. If I had the compressing of the book, however, it is very likely that the parts which I should suppress are the very portions which found it favour in the eyes of the Society which has published it. *Chacun a son gout.*

TWO DAYS WITH DR PARR.

WHEN I read the Epitaph which the late Dr Parr selected for his tombstone—"What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," I smiled, and thought how many a man who in company had felt the weight of his rebuke, or, as a friend of mine once expressed it, had been *gored by him*, would say, that however he might have walked with God, he did not walk very humbly with men; and yet what I saw of him, led me to believe that when he was not displeased by the conceit, or folly, or something which really deserved castigation in those with whom he conversed, he was singularly condescending and kind—noticing and taking interest in persons of the humblest capacity, who had no other claim to his attention than a humble and virtuous mind. He had been so long a schoolmaster, that when he ceased to be so, he carried his manners and habits from the school-room to the dinner-table; criticizing, rebuking, or applauding mankind, as he had formerly done his scholars—and his great learning, his various knowledge, his conversational eloquence, and latterly, his venerable age and appearance, gave him a claim to this power which was seldom resisted. No man of his age, excepting Dr Johnson, has said so many things in conversation which have been thought worth remembering and repeating, and which have borne the repetition so well. Of course they lose in the relation—none can enjoy them so much as those who knew him, and who, when they are told what he said, can fancy the manner which accompanied it; but this applies to all oral discourse. What he said, was so much set off by his vivacity, his fire, and a kind of pompous dignity, which would have been absurd in anybody else, but which harmonized with his age, his wrinkles, and his wig, that, when it is repeated, and all these personal embellishments have evaporated, what remains gives an inadequate notion of the effect which it produced; the dead thought has only a faint resemblance to the living discourse; as Lord Erskine has well expressed it in his introduction to Mr Fox's speeches, there

is as much difference between the report of a speech and the speech itself, as there is between a bust and the living original; "the fire of the eye is lost in the marble, and those lips are cold and silent which were the fountain of his fame." As we cannot have the original, let us have the bust.

When Dr Parr was in London a few years ago, (it was the last time in his life,) he dined at the house of a friend of mine, and I was invited to meet him. As I had never seen him before, I was glad of this opportunity, and went with unfashionable punctuality at the hour appointed for dinner. The party had already assembled, excepting the Doctor; presently a carriage drove up to the door, and there was a bustle and talking in the hall whilst he was changing his coat and wig, the latter of which, whenever he went into company, he brought or sent in a band-box, that it might not be decomposed by his hat: at length the servant announced Dr Parr. Those who never have, and now never are to see him, (I write not merely for the present generation, but for those who will live a century hence, for Blackwood will be read then,) must fancy an old man visibly above seventy, of middling height and bulk—in a handsome full-bottomed wig, freshly powdered, a clerical coat, of the cut of half a century ago, apparently of velvet, a silk apron, and large silver buckles in his shoes, you would have said that he was old-looking for seventy, as far at least as wrinkles were concerned, but a restless, somewhat bustling manner, and a quick speech, showed that age had not quenched the activity and energy of his mind—he had a grey lack-lustre eye, and yet it had an expression of vivacity, of good humour, and often of fun, which showed how much more these appearances depend on the posture of this organ, than on the brilliance of its surface. He talked fluently, nay glibly, but, from a lisp in his speech, which I believe he always had, and now, from the loss of his teeth, it was often difficult or impossible to catch what he said.

When we descended to the dining-room, I was fortunate enough to find myself seated next him. The party

was not small. During the dinner he paid too much attention to the dishes to talk much. A plate of lobsters seemed the object of his particular affection, for he eagerly asked, "Are those lobsters hot?"—And on being told that they were so, he desired that one should be taken down to the cook and kept warm, till he sent for it. When the dinner was dispatched, and the clatter of knives and plates had subsided, the conversation became general and animated, and though I have met many, if not most of my countrymen, distinguished for literature or science, I have seldom heard anything equal to, and never anything more striking than, his conversation. It was spirited—often vehement—it surpassed the rest of the company more in quality than in quantity, for while it was sufficiently distinguished by the value of the thought, or the felicity of the expression, there was never that everlasting flow which sometimes overlays and smothers conversation. When he said anything striking, it was accompanied by a dictatorial manner, an uplifted arm, and a loud voice; but you could perceive an under expression of humour, as if he was conscious, and meant it to be understood, that it was a piece of acting. In his opinions there was a simplicity, a common sense, a dislike of refinement and paradox, which I was not prepared for—they were the sentiments of a man of good sense—sometimes very simply, sometimes very strikingly expressed. We talked about men who endeavoured to acquire classical learning late in life—he said that the fault they always committed was to over-refine—they must pronounce English words of Latin or Greek origin with a classical accent, when good scholars would pronounce them in the ordinary way. Some one asked what was the rule? Parr. "Established custom." He offered to help one of the party to some grass, but would not put it upon his plate till he called it by its name, *grass*. Parr. "Right, sir—that's the *English* word—if you had called it *asparagus*, you should not have had any." I told him that I had lately seen a gentleman whom he once knew, but whom he had not seen for several years. The Rev. Mr. —, rector of —. Parr. "A most excellent man;" and then after a pause, and energetically,

"Sir, he is a Methodist, but his Methodism is founded upon good principles, a fervid imagination, and an affectionate heart; he is a most excellent, and, besides, a most scientific man." We talked about politics—about the anti-jacobin war—about the debt in which it had involved the nation—and about Mr Pitt. He told us a story, which he said Mr Coke of Norfolk had told him, and which Mr Coke had heard from the person who witnessed the scene. When Mr Pitt was a youth, some Law Lord (could it be Lord Mansfield?) one morning paid a visit to Lord Chatham at his country residence. Whilst they were conversing, his son William came through the library. Lord — asked who is that youth. Lord Chatham said, "That's my second son—call him back and talk to him." They did so, and Lord — was struck by a forwardness of knowledge, a readiness of expression, and an unyieldingness of opinion, which even then was remarkable in the future minister. When he had left them, Lord Chatham said, "That's the most extraordinary youth I ever knew. All my life I have been aiming at the possession of political power, and have found the greatest difficulty in getting or keeping it. It is not on the cards of fortune to prevent that young man's gaining it, and if ever he does so, he will be the ruin of his country." We dared not ask him whether he thought the prophecy had been verified, and that Old England was ruined, for fear of being gored by him. We talked about theology, and, among other particulars, about the remarkable passage in "Josephus," in which Jesus Christ is mentioned, and of the three reasons for believing it to be interpolated. He thought there was no force in one of these reasons, viz. that the line immediately before the disputed passage obviously relates to the line which immediately follows this passage; so that if the disputed passage is struck out, the text is consistent sense, but as it now stands, the passage has no connexion with what goes before and after it, but dissevers parts naturally connected—this he thought proved nothing, because it was easy to suppose that Josephus himself had done what authors are continually doing—that is, that after having written his history

he wrote this passage, and inserted it in the most convenient place he could find. It was certainly an interpolation, but Josephus himself might be the interpolator. He thought that the decisive reason for believing that it was a *fraudulent* interpolation by a later hand, was the fact that the early defenders of Christianity never referred to it. Have the Jews preserved the work of Josephus? and, if so, is this passage contained in their copies? I have several times put this question to Jews, but could never get a distinct answer from them. One who is now a Christian, and a very sensible man, said, "there is not a Jew, not even a Rabbi, who could answer the question: the Jews have preserved nothing, and know nothing." In the party there was Dr —, an Arian minister, and Mr —, a Socinian minister. With these gentlemen he appeared on terms of intimacy and regard; and as the evening advanced, and he became excited with wine, (I do not mean indecorously excited,) he invited them to drink a parting glass with him, and went round to the other side of the table to touch glasses sociably, first above, then below, and then side to side, or, as he called it, hob-a-hob—it was a *parting* glass, for they never met again. Seeing that he was on such friendly terms with these gentlemen, I said to him, I suppose, sir, that although they are heretics, you think it is possible they may be saved. "Yes, sir," said he, adding with affected vehemence, "but they must be *scorched* first."—We talked of economy: He thought that a man's happiness was secure in proportion to the small number of his wants, and said, that all his life time it had been his object to prevent the multiplication of them in himself. Some one said to him, "Then, sir, your secret of happiness is to *cut down* your wants." Parr. "No, sir, *my* secret is, *not to let them grow*."—There had lately been a contest for the office of Preacher to Lincoln's-Inn. Reginald Heber, the learned and eloquent Bishop of Calcutta, had been elected, and the other candidate, Dr Maltby, had lost it by one or two votes. Parr. "I was very sorry that Edward Maltby was not elected, for he was the very man for them;" adding sonorously, "his learning would have ensured their respect,

his eloquence would have excited their attention, and his courtesy would have won their affections." Some one mentioned having heard a sermon which he preached at St Paul's; he seemed much interested to know whether he was heard distinctly; and when told, tolerably so, he said, "I preached at St Paul's only three times in my life; the first time my voice was *below* the place—the second time it was *above* the place—the third time I *hit it* exactly, and that must have been the time when you heard me."

The evening was a very agreeable and exciting one. I believe everybody enjoyed it, but no one more than Dr Parr himself. Although he was by far the oldest man of the party, one only excepted, he was the youngest in vivacity and energy. I am uncertain whether it was one or two years after this interview, but at one of these periods, in the autumn, passing through Warwickshire on a tour of pleasure, and having occasion to spend a day or two at Leamington, I employed one morning in driving over to —, to call on him. The servant said that he was gone to Warwick, to attend a meeting of the Bible Society. We (I and my friends) drove back to Warwick, and inquired for him at the town-hall. He had quitted the meeting, and had gone to the hotel to smoke. I walked alone to the hotel, and there, in a little square parlour, I found him enveloped in clouds of smoke: the skin of his face apparently bronzed by his favourite amusement, for it looked more like dirty parchment, than like the complexion of a living man. His grey eye, dim before, was still dimmer now; and I thought that he had aged fast since our former interview. We—(for during the conversation, my friends, some of whom had known him longer than myself, had entered the room)—we told him how we had been tracking him first to the parsonage, and then to the Bible Society. He said, "Yes; I went to the meeting to give *my sanction* to it." We begged him to come and dine with us at our hotel. At first he refused, insisting that we should go and dine with him; but on being told that our party was too large, and that the smaller one ought to pay the visit to the larger, he consented. He came to the hotel half an hour be-

fore dinner-time, and changed his coat and his wig in the carriage. His change of dress had improved his appearance; his face looked less smoke-dried, his eye less dim; and altogether he appeared less altered than he had in the morning; he was very cheerful and animated; talked more, and with more fervour than on the former occasion; and yet I have fewer things to relate of his conversation. He said he had long left off attending to the current literature of the day; and that he never read any new publication, unless it related to a subject on which he was anxious for information; he talked about education, and the different professions, and said, that the most desirable one for a man of intellect was that of physic; the practice of the law, he said, spoiled a man's moral sense and philosophic spirit; the Church was too bigotted and stiff-starched; the study and practice of physic was equally favourable to a man's moral sentiments and intellectual faculties. "I was very near," added he, "being a physician; and if I had," said he, lifting up his arm with an air of jocular pomposity—"We were left to guess what his medical achievements would have been. One of the party, in the course of conversation, quoted a passage from—I forget what writer.—Parr, animatedly and sily. "Do you remember the rest of the passage?"—The answer was, "No."—Parr. "Then learn it, for it is worth knowing; do not, like the heretics, quote only half a passage;" and then, after a short pause, and with a pompous but playful air—"or, like the orthodox, quote seven texts, and none of them to the purpose." We talked about the education of schoolboys; he said, it was easy to advise what to do with them when they were twelve or thirteen—that is, send them to a public school, or one equivalent to it in size and eminence, such as Butler's of Shrewsbury; but it was very difficult to advise where to send them, from eight or nine up to that age. He said, that a father should never interfere with the treatment of his boy at school, at least with the little hardships and severities which he would encounter. We talked of Dr Johnson: he said, he had once begun to write a life of him; and if he had continued it, it would have been the best thing he had ever written. "I should have related not only everything

important about Dr Johnson, but many things about the men who flourished at the same time;" adding, with an expression of sly humour, "taking care, at the same time, to display my own learning." He said Dr Johnson was an admirable scholar, and that he would have had a high reputation for mere learning, if his reputation for intellect and eloquence had not overshadowed it; the classical scholar was forgotten in the great original contributor to the literature of his country. One of the company reminded him of his first interview with Dr Johnson, as related by Mr Langton in Boswell's account of his life. After the interview was over, Dr Johnson said, "I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy; it is remarkable how much of a man's life may pass without meeting with any instance of this kind of open discussion."

To this remark Dr Parr replied with great vehemence. "I remember the interview well: I gave him no quarter. The subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr Johnson was very great; whilst he was arguing, I observed that he stamped. Upon this, I stamped. Dr Johnson said, 'Why did you stamp, Dr Parr?'—I replied, 'Sir, because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.'" It is impossible to do justice to his description of this scene; the vehemence, the characteristic pomposity with which it was accompanied, may easily be imagined by those who knew him, but cannot be adequately represented to those who did not.

One of the striking features in Dr Parr's character seems to have been a child-like simplicity and sincerity, one effect of which was, that feelings of personal vanity were let out, which any other man would have felt under the same circumstances, but which he would have prudently kept to himself; yet his mode of displaying it rather excited a smile than a sneer. Of this I have given several instances; but here is another:—One of the party put the following question. As mathematics chiefly are cultivated at Cambridge, and the classics chiefly at Oxford, how comes it that the three greatest classical scholars of our day, Porson, Burney, and himself, were Cambridge men? His answer was this: "Sir, Cambridge had nothing

to do with their learning; they would have been great scholars anywhere." I have heard that he used to say, that "there were three great scholars; of these Porson was the first, Burney the third—who the second was it was unnecessary to say." A friend of mine told me, that either he or a friend of his, I forget which, meeting him one afternoon in a large party, endeavoured to remind him that they had met before. At first, Dr Parr did not remember him; but at length recollecting himself, he said, "I remember. You were engaged in argument with another gentleman; he was too much for you, but I let him alone till he had completely mastered you, and then—I came pounce upon him."

I have heard the following related of him. He had been absent from his parish several months, during which the duty had been done by a clergyman somewhat prone to evangelical sentiments. After his return, the first time he appeared in the reading-desk he addressed his congregation to the following effect. "My beloved brethren, if during the last three months you have heard any peculiar religious sentiments—forget them." When he wanted to produce a striking effect in conversation, he used to put his thought into a sonorous triplet, and then deliver it oracularly between the whiffs of his pipe. Everybody has heard what he said to a certain eloquent barrister, now a distinguished member of the House of Commons—but there is another, which, although it has less of the pungency of personality, is in my mind better. Some one had said in his presence that Mrs Barbauld, in the *Essays* which she published conjointly with Dr Aikin, had written an excellent imitation of the style of Dr Johnson. Parr. "She imitate Dr Johnson! Sir, she has the nodosity of the oak, without its strength—the noise of the thunder, without its bolt—the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration." It is curious that when the imitators of his style were mentioned before Dr Johnson, he himself said that the only person who had succeeded was Miss Aikin, for she had imitated not only the cadence of his sentences, but the cast of his thoughts. The following was put into my hands as Dr Parr's opinion of the character of Mr Wyndham. I believe it has never appeared in print. It

bears unquestionable marks of Dr Parr's pen.

"With Mr Wyndham, though I lament his violence, and abhor his apostacy, I am very unwilling to come to an open rupture. I remember with delight those happier days when he sustained a better part, with better men; when the charms of his conversation were not counteracted by the errors of his politics—when he was animated, but not ferocious—and when his refinements, instead of being dangerous in practice, were in theory only amusing—but I know well, and I long have known, the peculiarities which have lately burst upon the public eye, nor can I assign any limits to the fury of his passions, or the stubbornness of his prepossessions. He is proud by nature, visionary by habit, by accident he was made treacherous, and by station he will be made imperious, intolerant, and inexorable."

I have ventured to relate what passed on two of the most agreeable afternoons I ever spent in society. It may preserve some faint memorial of one of the best scholars, and one of the most singular and striking men of his time, and may induce those who have ampler materials to write an account more worthy of him. He was the last living specimen of the old literary character; and, in leaving this world, he has left nothing which resembles him. We have pictures of his face. If a picture is to be preserved of his mind, of his conversation, his manners, his habits, and all his personal peculiarities, it must be drawn now or never. Unless we "catch the living manners as they rise," they fall never to be caught again. Those who knew him well, and who could relate characteristic incidents about him, far more interesting than those which I have ventured to put down, are fast passing away; almost every year will carry to the grave some one rich in anecdotes of him; and not many years will elapse before they will be gone beyond the reach of representation.

I wish that this sketch, and these remarks, may lead his friends without delay to contribute materials for his biography, and that these materials may be put into the hands of some practised and able writer, for selection and arrangement. An intimate friend, although the best source of information, may not be the best

fitted for putting that information together; for, to say nothing of the blindness of partiality, he may want the requisite literary talents, and will most probably occupy a disproportionate space with his own contributions.

The best editor will be he who is the most fastidious in the selection of materials—the most merciless in the rejection of what are dull and unimportant; and a man is seldom a fastidious editor of his own compositions.

THE ANTONIAS.

A Story of the South.

THE sun was setting on the Torre dei tre Ponti, when the Diligence from the Parmesan drove up to the courtyard of the inn. This is enough to tell the date of the story. For, before the coming of the French under Napoleon, no Diligence ever appeared on the roads between Milan and Naples, and since their departure no Diligence will ever appear again till Hermes Trismegistus comes from the tombs of Thebes to teach the Italians the art of using their hands and eyes. “Avanti i Francesi,” and “Dopo i Francesi,” form the limits of light and darkness, the Goshen of Ausonia.

This Diligence was of course French, and it was thoroughly French in its rope-harness and its six wild horses; French, in the enormity of its postilion's boots, his queue, and his oaths, and French in its slowness, craziness, and freedom from all washing, paint, and cleanliness whatsoever.

The cracking of whips, and the *sacré* of the drivers, announced the Diligence on its turn up the narrow street of the most miserable of towns on the face of the earth, nay, of Italian towns; which phrase comprehends all miseries from line to pole. Before this rolling phenomenon, which tottered up the rocky way, tossing, groaning, and bounding from stone to stone, as if it felt the agonies that belong by hereditary right to human travelling on Italian pavements, came a multitude, groaning, tossing, and bounding, in the closest sympathy with the mighty machine. It is the merit of Torre dei tre Ponti, that the circuit of the earth could not produce its rival multitude. Every shape that disease, nakedness, impudence, and famine, could take, was there in its perfection; and mingling with them all that frolic which supplies the world with harlequins and punchinellos, the teachers of dancing dogs, and the makers of Revolutions. The tide gathered as the Diligence rolled on, till a poet would have called it an avalanche of beggary, and a modern philosopher would have

used it as an argument against all modern constitutions, the law of marriage, and the being of an Ultimate Cause.

As the Diligence made this kind of triumphal entry, the postilions, engrossed by the brilliancy of the spectacle, left their horses to make the best of their way; reasoning in the true style of their country, that if they trampled down the liegemen of the Pope, as it was probable that they would do under the most cautious guidance, it was better that the deed should be done without participation of their drivers. The windows, too, were not without spectators, nor these spectators without their attractions; the foremost postilion, a young Picard, who had turned more heads wrong in the villages of La Manche, than the famous Abbé Frassinous had turned right in the Court, was gazing with natural intentness at the diamond eyes of the *Signora Surintendente* of the post-office, the most dangerous beauty of the place; when the fore-wheel came into full conflict with a fragment of an old column, whose Corinthian capital inverted, served for the prop of the court-yard gate. The wheel rolled off at the instant, the Diligence relapsed upon its three remaining wheels, heaved, for a moment, like an overloaded ship, and then made a desperate plunge forwards, and summarily discharged its whole freightage into the street. The ground was instantly covered with trunks, band-boxes, valises, parrot-cages, and the whole travelling theatre, company and all, of the most celebrated puppet-show man south of the Alps.

When the outside was thus cleared, the stowage of the inside came to be examined. First was dragged out an Englishman of middle age, corpulent and jovial-countenanced, who, after feeling whether his limbs had suffered any diminution, lost no time in ordering a post-chaise and supper. Then was dragged out from this cabin, a French commissary, who swore like a

general officer, and threatened to have the town put under military execution for his disaster. Then came a Milanese, *jolie, mignante, et vermeille*, who had danced a season among the *Figurantes* of the *Academie* in Paris, and was returning to an engagement at Naples. The Englishman gallantly gave her a particular invitation to a seat in his post-chaise. Next came a young Italian noble, sallow and stern-visaged, indignant at the accident, and execrating France and its inventions, without any consideration for the commissary, who rapidly withdrew from the sphere of such disloyal opinions. With the Italian, came his sister, a girl of fourteen, light as an Antelope, with the sunny eyes and shining chesnutlocks, that are sometimes to be seen in Titian's pictures, and are scarcely now to be found even in the beauty-breathing land of Italy. Two Germans, travelling for knowledge of mankind and stones, and whose talk during the journey had been remorselessly trappish, feltsparrish and hornblendish, were the last extricated. The Wernerians had no sooner found themselves on *terra firma* again, than they were as trappish as ever; one of them beat off a fragment from the stone of their overthrow for an analysis, and the other selected a specimen of the true Alpine granite from the pavement for a present to the Freyberg Museum.

In the midst of the pile of fallen trunks sat a boy, infinitely amused by the scene. The Englishman, repelled by the scents and sights of the inn, and panting for fresh air, was leaning against the portal. He was struck by the naiveté of the boy's expression, and called him over to him.

"Where the deuce did you come from?" was the question.

"From Lodi," said the boy; blushing and holding down his head at the superior presence.

"What, all alone?"

"Yes, to the last stage; the postilion then let me sit on the roof."

"And what brings you to this part of the world?—Go back, sir, to your mother, and don't turn fiddler or fool in this land of mummery."

The boy hung down his head. "I have no mother," and tears gushed from his eyes as he told, that on the loss of his only parent, he had come to look for some distant relation who lived in Mola di Gaïeta.

The Englishman regretted that he had hurt his feelings, and gave him some money. "Now, go, my lad," said he; "and as you will do no good unless you travel with a saint in company, this pretty girl, turning to the Italian's sister, will be your saint; and, upon my life, if beauty is anything in the scale, she would outweigh half the calendar." The young girl crimsoned and laughed, put her hand on the boy's ringlets, and said, "Well, then, go, and remember Saint Antonia! My name be with you." The boy kissed her hand with the fervour of a *preux-chevalier*. The Italian and his sister, the Englishman and the Milanese, now got into their post-chaises and were gone.

Vincenzio stood gazing after the carriages, which, whirling down into the valley, now covered with evening vapours, seemed buoyant on clouds. They at length disappeared, and he turned to the inn to sleep. There was no room for him in the house, and if there had been, he was not disposed to part with his precious treasure, but in the last emergency. The stable door was open; he struck up a conversation with one of the grooms, who had come from his own town; the stall, from which the nobleman's horses had been taken, was vacant, he flung himself upon the straw, and soon fell into a slumber.

But his thoughts were fevered by the day; uneasy dreams thickened on him; and he sprang up from this restless and uncheering sleep, with the sensation that the steps of a murderer were at his side. He found the stable-door open, and the groom who had lain down with him, gone. But the cool air refreshed him; and the moon, then in her wane, shed a tender and delicious light through the tall trees that sheltered the inn from the Levant winds.

The air was still, and the night had the tranquil splendour of a southern sky. A faint red flash broke upon the horizon at intervals, and showed that Vesuvius was kindling. Vincenzio sat, wrapped in such conceptions as beset a young brain for the first time let loose upon the world:—his desertion, his hopes of discovering his relatives at Gaïeta, the insolence of the young Neapolitan noble, and perhaps the dark eyes of his sister.

But his reverie was disturbed by a

voice behind the thicket in whose shelter he was sitting :—"Diavoloue, corpo di porco, will you snore till daylight? Ah, Signor Farniente, the moon is as narrow as the edge of a Paul. They will be off: come."

Vincenzio recognized this as the voice of the groom who had slept beside him, but whom, from a crevice in the hedge, he discerned to be now metamorphosed into the wearer of an immense brown cloak, with a belt stuck with a pair of pistols. His call was answered by a long yawn; and a wild-looking visage, half covered with a foraging cap, looked from the window of an outhouse.

"Well, Master Diavolo, here I am," yawned the ruffian; "you expect to find this job ready to your hand. It would be better for us both to go to our straw again, than to get nothing for our trouble, except being left to swing in the wind, like my brother Guistino."

"Pish!—you think more of being hanged than of making your fortune. I saw the Count's valise—why, I had it in my own hands. I put it into the carriage; it was as much as I could lift. If it had been but nightfall, or if it had been at Fondi, under your brother's gibbet, with the sun shining as broad as a monk's face, I should have been by this time a man of fortune."

"Ay, and be hanged with the valise about your neck, before you had time to change a pistreen of it. I never drive a mule through that cursed Fondi, without thinking of turning honest man, and leaving to the innkeepers to be the only robbers on the king's highway."

"Come—get on your cloak. You have been talking to a woman or a priest. Hanged, Porco! for what?—that might be when the French were here—the Infidels; but that fashion is gone by. Since our good King has come back, he lets all his loving subjects live; and who could blame us for following our father's trade?" said the groom, with a laugh.

The fellow-ruffian was going away, but he still lingered, probably to increase the value of his services. "Is everything settled?—are we sure to find them at the post-house? The Neapolitan has pistols."

"To be sure he has, and will make as much use of them as of the cannon on the mole of Gaieta. But to prevent accidents, I have taken the liberty of

drawing the balls. You are not afraid of the powder, I hope?" He stalked about impatiently—"Come, Bestia; or, by the Virgin! the postilion will have robbed the carriage himself, and been off to the mountains." He took out a large foreign watch, glittering with diamonds, and, holding it up to the light, that was then diminished to a line on the edge of the distant mountain—he started.

"But half an hour for the work now—they will be off by daylight. Come, stir—here's this watch for you; and if the ambassador that it belongs to reclaims it, give him the answer that I gave his courier."—He took out his pistols, examined the flints, and loaded them—"A ball through his brains."

His comrade grasped at the bribe, thrust it into his pocket, and led out a pair of mules. The groom sprang on one of them. The more tardy ruffian remained looking for something on the ground. "I have dropped my rosary," said he. "Ay, well remembered," was the answer. "Nothing prospers unless it is begun in the right style." The rosary was found, the riders repeated their aves, crossed themselves, with their heads to the pommels of their saddles, struck in the spurs, and vanished into the darkness.

Vincenzio had heard the colloquy, first with anxiety for himself, in the immediate power of these desperadoes, but with horror when he discovered its objects. Should he alarm the inn?—should he pursue the brigands?—should he fly to the first station of the cavalry that patrolled the road, and call them to the Neapolitan's assistance? But he recollected that the inn was partially tenanted by fellow-robbers; he had seen too much of the insolence of the cavalry to hope that they would listen to the call of a boy, who might have been taken for an emissary of the brigands themselves.

Yet to stay where he was, was impossible; the scenes that might be acting at that moment rose before him with terrible distinctness; and, by an almost instinctive movement, as if to escape the fever of his thoughts, he rushed down the hill.

How far he ran, in this wild excitement of his spirit, he knew not; but he at length began to feel fatigue. The sinking of the moon had left the night pitchy dark; and he found himself entangled among the copse and

brambles of a wood, which he had seen in the evening before from the inn. This had been the notorious haunt of the brigands for some months of the spring, until an action with some parties of Austrian chasseurs, had driven them up the mountains towards Terracina.

But Vincentio was not in a state of mind to fear, and he struggled forward, with hands and feet, through wild vines and creeping plants that hung like ropes and nets from the trees. His progress was impeded by a wall; he crept along it to find an entrance; and had laid his hand on a latch, when he felt himself grasped behind. "A spy, by the Virgin!" was uttered in a low, fierce tone. "Kill him," was the answer, from a similar voice. At the next instant, a dark lantern flashed upon him, and he saw the glittering of a knife above his neck. He sprang aside, and struggled desperately, but the ruffian's grasp was strong. The boy was flung upon his knees, the blade was again at his throat, and in his extremity he cried out to St Antonia for succour.

A window was instantly thrown open above his head, and a violent scream uttered. The ruffian, in his alarm, dropped the knife—cried out, with an oath, that the house was alarmed, and that there was no time to be lost, and burst in the door. Vincentio, stunned by the struggle, lay speechless and powerless, with his eyes fixed upon the spot from which he expected his murderer to return every moment.

But the business in the house seemed to thicken; lights passed rapidly from casement to casement; the house was evidently alarmed. In a few moments, loud voices and shots were heard, mingled with female screams. He would have given the world to be enabled to move a limb, but all his sinews seemed to have been struck by a cold spell. Suddenly the casement above his head was forced out—shots were exchanged—and, by the light, he saw a man desperately struggling, with his back to the window. Immediately after, he heard a loud crash on the earth, and a groan. The struggler had been flung out, and had fallen beside him. He listened with intense agony—the groan was followed only by a deep sigh, and the man was dead. Vincentio feebly put forth his hand—it touched a pistol; his strength instantly and unaccountably returned; he

sprang on his feet, and almost unconsciously rushed up into the house, where the contest was still carried on. At his first step within the threshold, he stumbled over a corpse, of which three or four lay in the entrance. By the flashing of the pistols, he saw a knot of peasant-looking men forcing their way round an angle of the spacious stairs; and above them, again, some gens-d'armes, who kept up a broken fire, as if their ammunition or their courage was exhausted.

At length one of the robbers exclaimed, with a fierce execration, that he would show them the way to plunder, and bounded up the stairs alone. The gens-d'armes, startled by his desperation, gave back; and the whole group of brigands were on the point of following their leader, when Vincentio fired. The leading ruffian had reached the top of the stairs, and had just turned, waving his arm to cheer them on, when the ball struck him in the side. He gave a yell, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped down dead. The unexpectedness of the fire from behind—the death of their leader, struck a panic into the banditti; they rushed down the steps, followed by the gens-d'armes, and scattered through the fields.

It was soon day-light, and there was time to ascertain the events of the night. The Neapolitan's valise had been marked by the postilions, and the common incidents of Italian travel had been the natural result. They had broken down the carriage in the loneliest part of the road, and had used their time, till towards morning, in collecting their predatory associates. The groom at the inn on the mountain had been a dragoon in the French service, and was, from his experience and furious courage, the acknowledged leader of the district. They must have found the Neapolitan an easy victim; but in their absence, a patrol of gens-d'armes had taken up their quarters in the inn. The defence was thus unexpected, but the weight of the traveller's treasure had stirred up the robbers to unusual intrepidity; and the gens-d'armes, already disheartened, would have been massacred, but for the shot that struck down the leader.

As the dead bodies were laid, side by side, before the door, to be recognized, Vincentio saw, to his surprise, in the stern and stiffened features of the man whom he had killed, the

groom. The others were declared, by the people of the inn, to be strangers to that part of the country.

The noble was now sought for, and found, lying wounded upon his own bed. Vincentio was one of the first to enter the room; and he stood gazing, with instinctive admiration, at the beauty of the pale face that hung over the wounded man. The glowing cheek, and sparkling eye, of the girl that had so strongly moved him, were gone; and he saw, in her saddened features, and bending form, the deeper grace of one of those angels that he had often worshipped on his mother's tomb.

Still it was his patron saint that had saved them all; his cry to St Antonia had awakened the Neapolitan girl, who had thought herself called to escape from some of the well-known perils of the forest. She saw the robber's lifted knife under her window, and alarmed the house. The gens-d'armes, worn out with the day's march, would have slept the sleep of death, but for her scream.

The affair was now completed by the arrest of the innkeeper and his household, long suspected of an intercourse with the vagrant conscripts and habitual marauders of the mountains. The Count's wound could find no suitable attendance in this desert, and the horses of the culprit landlord were put in requisition for his conveyance to Terracina. In the bustle, Vincentio, timid and reluctant, was forgotten; and it was not till the Count, leaning upon the arm of one of the soldiers, was entering the carriage, that his sister pointed out to him their general preserver. The Neapolitan, haughty and in pain, cast a contemptuous glance towards him, and ordered his valet to give him some money. The boy refused it steadily and strongly. But he was not proof against the look with which the young female advanced, holding a small topaz ring, which she had just drawn from her finger. "You will not refuse this slight remembrance," said she, "from one who owes to you her brother's life and her own?"

Vincentio found a tear swelling into his eye at the sound of human kindness; there was something strangely touching to him in the voice; the distance between their conditions was infinite, but if ever pure homage and delightful wonder was in his heart, it was when, with his eyes fixed on the

ground and his hand reverently raised, as if the gift was given by a Queen, he knelt and took the ring.

The carriage and its escort had swept away, and Vincentio found himself more alone than ever. But his mind, excited by the adventure of the night, and still more strongly by the parting present, which he turned a thousand ways before the rising sun, and felt to be almost a pledge that fortune would not abandon him, had given new strength to his frame. As he climbed the brow of the next hill, he saw at once the clouds of dust round the carriage, and the cavalry far on the dusty plain; and Mola di Gaeta gleaming on the edge of the horizon.

He reached the city towards noon, and had to wait by the drawbridge in the burning sun, till a long detachment of troops had passed out. Drums were beating, flags flying, trumpets sounding. The sight of military array is among the most stirring of all the deceptions of a world that lives on deceptions—the boy forgot his fatigue and his hunger, and climbing one of the pedestals of the famous gate which bears the sculpture of Sansovino, hung gazing at the martial multitude. An officer of cavalry, who had reined up his horse to see his troop pass, felt himself incommoded by the exclamations of the young observer hanging over his head, and ordered him to get down. The manœuvre was difficult, and the officer was impatient; he directed a soldier to pull him from the pillar, and Vincentio was soon lowered. When he felt his feet upon the ground, his first impulse was to make his escape; but he was held fast by the soldier's grasp.

"Oh, hoh, Birbone! so you want to take your leave of us!" was the reply to the boy's remonstrances.—"What! would you have us disobey orders, and run the strappado, or be shot for my pains? Do you see, my lad, I have the Captain's positive commands, as you must have heard with your own ears, to bring you along with the troop."

Vincentio protested that he had not heard a word on the subject.

"Bacco!" said the trooper, "none so deaf as those that won't hear—I know well what it is to disobey orders—the flat of the sabre, or piqueting, is the least a man gets for being deaf out of season. You are recruited as fairly as any man or boy in the service of

his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies—forwards! Poltrone! the troop are almost out of sight! mount!”

The boy protested and struggled. He was on the spot where he was to have found his relatives, if they were on earth; the insolence of the soldier stirred his blood, and his resistance had begun to draw a crowd, always hostile to the recruiting system of his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies. Violence was beginning to grow impolitic, and the trooper thought of making something by capitulation. In the struggle the topaz ring had caught his eye, and, to make the best of his troublesome capture, he suggested to Vincentio that he might get rid of the obligation of serving the State by sending that ring as a mark of respect to the Captain.

Vincentio would as soon have parted with his life; but he was still seated on the charger's neck—the trooper suddenly grasped his hand, the ring was forced off, the boy was dropped on the ground, and the author of this forced loan in full gallop, before a human being could interpose.

Exclamations, tears, fury, all sympathized in by the mob of peasantry, were useless. To overtake the trooper, who was now in full speed on the rise of a distant hill, was hopeless; yet, to live without the ring, was not to be thought of. A military waggon, that had waited to gather up the stragglers, was now forcing its tardy passage through the crowd. Vincentio made his way up to the corporal, who sat upon a pile of trunks and muskets, in the dignity of conscious command, stated his case with gushing eyes and eager gestures, and demanded vengeance on the fugitive robber.

The corporal was a Senegallian, a handsome fellow, whiskered all over, and with a laughing glance, which was not lost on the ladies carrying home their baskets, in which had been brought the eggs, butter, and chickens, that were to make the day's indulgence of the households of Gaïeta. The corporal had an eye for a promising recruit as well as for the brown Graces of the ancient kingdom of the Lestrigons; but his style of captivity was less direct than that of the topaz plunderer. “Ahi, Geronimo fratello mio,” said he, as he beckoned to the boy to come nearer.

“My name is not Geronimo,” was the reply.

“Poh! no matter, Philippo, or

whatever name you take liking to—come up here: I'll be sworn, but I recollect your face. My sword to a pistreen, but we are blood-relations!” Vincentio's eyes lightened. “I come from Lodi,” said the boy.

“The very spot of all places in the world—I saw the family face at once—you may not recollect me, from my having gone into the service when I was not within half-a-dozen years of your age; you see I have arrived at command already. This little affair that we have in hand now, handsomely finished, I retire for life, and go back to Lodi, to settle with our family.”

Vincentio listened with breathless interest—his home was desolate, yet he felt a sudden longing to see Lodi again. He clasped the corporal's hand; the peasants, and particularly the women, were charmed with the recognition, and would have embraced both the corporal and his new cousin, but for the prudence of the *sous officier*, who felt that military dignity was not to be trifled with. He repelled them gently, with a hand not many shades whiter than a Moor's, and compensated his coldness by smiles that developed to the uttermost a row of ivory teeth, and by glances of the most vagrant kind, from eyes that flashed through his huge eyebrows, like summer lightning through twilight. Still Vincentio lingered—his uncle in Gaïeta was yet to be looked for; he sprung from the car, and the corporal's smiles were checked by a compressed lip, and a whisker that rose and fell with angry energy. He had freed himself from a pile of goat-skin bundles, in which was borne half the female finery of the regiment, and was preparing to spring upon his reluctant kinsman, when a look round the circle which still hemmed in the parties, satisfied him that force was not his best weapon. The boy's beauty had made a powerful impression on a ruddy middle-aged woman, the principal among the crowd—a widow, for she had been lately released from the better half of her cares, and was now, by her opulence and her single blessedness, tenfold more important in the peasant eye, than she had been a month before. She was leading away Vincentio by the hand, possibly not without some vague idea of hereafter advancing him to the connubial possession of the best pasturage within sight of the tower of Bolondo, when the

corporal bethought him of the ring, and inquired whether "the trooper was to be permitted to keep it." The simple word was enough. Vincentio, to the obvious surprise of the red-checked relict, bounded on the car, bade a rapid adieu to his new friends, and was gone as fast as the lash could urge a team of requisition mules.

The troops had passed the Carigliano, and had pitched a few tents for the officers, on a rising-ground within sight of Minturnum. The corporal was a man of his word, his first business was to find out the robber of the ring. The trooper protested stoutly against the unsoldier-like doctrine of restitution; but the corporal was tall, and determined on his point—a notorious master of the sabre, and beginning to grow angry. The ring was at last given up, and Vincentio was made happier than any man in the Two Sicilies below the throne; the happiness of monarchs is, of course, immeasurable.

"And now," said the corporal, "my lad, if you like, you may go and look for your relations." But he had been too old an investigator of human nature to be generous at hazard—he knew his man.

"You are, to be sure," added he, "as fairly enlisted into his Majesty's service as ever hero was, and I might return your name to the Captain for a fusée in the company, if I chose. But, all fair above board. The fact is, we soldiers are generous by profession—we lead an easy life, and don't care a paul how the world goes. I have uncles and aunts by the dozen, yet what think I about them! The regiment is my family—the camp my house—and the country my estate." Vincentio listened. An officer, covered with orders and trappings, pranced by on a showy charger, gave some directions with the haughtiness of military authority, then clapped spurs to his foaming and curvetting horse, and was gone among the trees like a meteor.

The sight was beyond all argument. Vincentio felt within himself the materials of which heroes and homicides are made, decided to forget his relatives for the time, and was congratulated by the whole group who had gathered round to listen to the corporal's proverbial oratory—was inducted in form into the mess, drank to the glory of the regiment Santa Croce, in wine which made him writhe, but which,

sour as it was, had grown on the Falernian hills, and was declared entitled to his full share of the prize-money to be gained in the forthcoming campaign against the Infidels.

From the declarations of the corporal, and all the other military authorities, who, seated on their knapsacks and packsaddles, drank their Falernian with him on this evening, the young recruit had reason to believe that nothing less than the whole disposable force of Algiers was going to be annihilated. His after knowledge, however, told him, that the whole disturbance of the territory of Gaieta was occasioned by the descent of a single pirate galley, for the purpose of carrying off live stock for a cruise up the Mediterranean. The business, however, gave too fair an opportunity for a bulletin to be let slip by the gallant Neapolitan commanding along the margin of the bluest of blue and beautiful bays. With a rapidity, rare in Italian warfare, he had at once dispatched a courier with intelligence to Naples, and ordered out the elite of his garrison in pursuit. Tardiness would have been more fortunate. Neither statesman nor soldier breaks through national rules with impunity.

Night fell, and the Neapolitan warriors pitched their tents, ate their suppers, and laid themselves down upon their straw, to sleep themselves into vigour for the general attack which was to extinguish the Moors on the morrow. No Moors had been visible on land, the sea was without a sail,—the noblest mirror in the world, for the moon, that was now in its wane, and already setting in silver pomp and queenly loveliness on the verge of the horizon. Wagers were laid in the camp that the expedition would find nothing on the shore but its habitual shrimps, or on the land but the rabbits that had been so long masters of the soil, and the most regular of all his tributaries of lives and fortunes to the King.

At length the tumults of the encampment dwindled away—a laugh or a loud voice carolling some Bacchanalian song was heard from time to time—that too passed away. The sentinels were heard challenging as the officer of the night went round—that too passed away, and slumber seemed to have made an universal conquest of the warriors of Gaieta.

Vincentio, repelled by the heat of

the corporal's tent, in which there was nothing for the senses but intolerable heat, the fumes of *Monte Nuova* tobacco, and the concert of twenty Neapolitan noses in full play, refused to trust himself to the double chance of fever and suffocation, and took for his pillow the sack which the corporal had provided for his share of the Moorish spoil, and for his couch the dry rushes of the edge of the river Carigliano.

Just before he went to sleep, he cast an eye round him. The commanding officer, determined to make fatal work of the Infidel, had pitched his camp on the edge of the shore; so if there was a Moor on land he must be caught in this military net, or if he would escape, he must fight for it. The latter part of the alternative had probably not entered into the gallant Governor's calculation, or he perhaps would not have drawn his line of circumvallation quite so close. But the disposition was such as a painter would have praised for the picturesque; and as Italian genius is at least as clever at the pencil as the sword, the Governor, in his cast-trametation, was probably thinking at least as much of the picturesque as of fighting. Nothing could be more beautiful than his arrangement of light and shade; the tents were like snow hillocks, played on by the most brilliant of all possible moons; the sea beyond them looked like a boundless blue carpet, studded with a star-pattern of the most vivid brightness; the various and luxuriant vegetation of the low grounds, spreading from the marsh of Minturnum, looked an expanse of green velvet, and Vincentio thought of the famous picture at Lodi, in which Pietro Perugino had shown to the wondering townsmen the Sultan Mustapha the Second, surrounded by his court, and in the midst of piles of purple tapestry, and walls and weapons blazing with jewels, giving ducats for heads of the Constantinopolitans.

Ischia, dark and silent, lay on the waters before him, like a sleeping Leviathan. Naples, spread out on his left, still glittering with lights innumerable, and above it shot up Vesuvius, like the central cusp of the mural crown, beaming with the deep and steady splendour of a mighty gem.

At length he lay down, probably the last of the gay and gallant cavaliers among whom he had that day taken his chance for glory. With his

eyes fixed on the stars, which seemed to thicken and whirl about, till they fell from their spheres, and coursed each other through the sky, he sunk into a profound slumber.

Then, his dreams were as vivid as his waking. He saw the camp, the stars, the shore; he saw figures rise out of the waters, and revel torch-in-hand through the camp; he heard songs which turned into outcries, and these outcries into groans. One object, above all the rest, haunted him. It was a star, whose strange and unlicensed gyrations he had watched for what seemed to him an unlimited time. It sometimes shot away into the ether, and showed nothing but a twinkle of the faintest blue; it would then rush down again with the speed and the splendour of a comet; it at length stood directly above his devoted head, expanding, reddening, glowing, a gigantic disk of fire. He screamed and started up; the corporal's tent was in flames at his back. He gazed round; the air was loaded with volumes of pitchy smoke, broken by thick bursts of flame. The whole encampment was in a blaze. Athwart the mingled clouds and fire, turbans were seen, and dusky faces rushing backwards and forwards, with screams of "Allah!" Vincentio thought that the last day was come, and the legions of Lucifer let loose for the ends of justice on the sinners of Naples and its vicinity.

When he recovered his recollection, he looked round for the corporal; but the brave Senegallian had known the value of his life to the state too well to hazard it under the pike and scymitar of the dogs of Mahomet. He had vanished at the first alarm. The Algerines now had the game all in their own hands. They played it to the last card. Tents, baggage, carts, knapsacks, and curricule-guns, all made a bonfire. The burnt-offering caught the eyes of the Gaietans; and the deputy-governor, conceiving it to be the conflagration of the whole Algerine navy, gave orders for a *Te Deum*, at daybreak, in all the churches. The Neapolitans saw it, and conceiving it to be a new Vesuvius starting up on the west coast of their bay, to put Naples between two fires, had ordered out St Januarius to extinguish the young volcano. The decay of the blaze, as its materiel was consumed, furnished

the Neapolitans with a new conviction of the power of their great civic protector; and, in their delight, the authorities also appointed *Te Deum* to be sung at daybreak in all the churches.

The Algerines were later in their gratitude; but they too were grateful. A passing xebecque, attracted by the blaze, had landed its crew to partake of the booty. They were interlopers; and when they had gathered as much as loaded their muscular and swarthy shoulders, they made their way down to the shore, under cover of the smoke; and sailed with a flowing sheet for Algiers. The Mahometans are not civilized enough to lie on the European scale, and demolish towns and armies by paragraph. Ages may pass before their science shall amount to a bulletin. But it was not the business of the captain who brought the news to degrade his own exploits, or depress the spirits of the faithful. Accordingly, there was a general rejoicing: bonfires were seen from the weedy borders of the ancient Cyrene to the sandy edge of the empire of Fez; the men of the green turban perfumed their beards, and thanked the Prophet that it was evil with the men of the hat. The Dey proclaimed a national donative of opium—the mosques were thrown open—every true believer loaded his musket with ball, and fired at everything in his way to prayer, from the pigeon on the house-top, to the Jew in the corners of the streets. Blood was shed, of which no man took heed, as the bullets fell chiefly among the Frank merchants and the Jews; the captain of the xebecque was conveyed to the presence of the sovereign, who put a pelisse worth five hundred piastres on his shoulders, and sent him to the mosque on a horse worth a thousand. The crew were clapped in prison, preparatory to a deportation to the Berber mountains, for having grumbled at the tithe which the Ugli Baschi, or chief of the customs, had thought it his duty to subduct from their plunder for his trouble in looking at it. But excepting this rebellious and unjustifiable crew, all was satisfaction and shouting in Algiers, from the hour when the first *Imaum* cried, “*Allah il Allah!*” from the tower of the Mosque Vanderashi, to the hour when the last cried, “*Allah il Allah!*” from the same—even from

the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

Vincenzio looked round for his fellow warriors; not a soul of them was to be seen on hill or plain. The gallant Senegallian had left nothing behind him but his sabre, that illustrious blade which, in its master's story, had eclipsed all the Andrew Ferraras of the earth. The ground was strewn with belts, cooking-pots, nightcaps, and saddles. The heroic cavalry of the bulwark of Christendom had evidently been surprised, and routed in the most complete style of fugitation. But never was there so bloodless a field; neither dying horse nor hero lay on the scene of battle; and the regiment de la Cruz was fully entitled to wear for its future motto the boast reversed of Francis the First.

Vincenzio, enveloped in smoke, was buckling on the sabre, which seemed fallen to him by the laws of war, and was in the midst of a problem as to the mode of tightening the straps of the corpulent Senegallian to his own slender figure, when he felt himself grasped behind, and a dissonance of the most barbarous phraseology thundered in his ear, “*Ommani sab, hulaku Mahoun.*” The startled boy tried to escape, but the grasp was that of a giant. The terrible words were repeated, with the expressive gesticulation of drawing a poniard, which, in the reflection of the flames, hung like a blade of solid fire over his head. Flight was impossible; to speak Algerine was as impossible as to understand it. The boy had no other alternative than the old manœuvre of the Italian warriors, when they meet a pirate at sea—throw by musket and sword, and fall on their knees to the Virgin. He dropped the sabre, and fell on his knees, calling loudly on his patron, Saint Antonia.

The Algerine had grasped him by the curls with one hand, and with the other was balancing the dagger, as if measuring where to strike. Vincenzio threw up a last imploring glance at the murderer, when he saw him give a sudden start—the visage, black and fixed as a bronze statue, was suddenly convulsed—the eyes rolled as if they would start from their sockets—the lips writhed, and left the whole range of broad white teeth bare. Vincenzio felt the grasp relax, but still knelt. In another moment, the dagger drop-

ped—blood gushed from the Algerine's mouth—he staggered—strove to steady himself on his feet—and then, with a glare and a roar like that of a dying tiger, bounded forwards, and fell heavily at his length on the ground.

Vincenzio was bewildered, and stood gazing on the parting struggles of the robber with a strange curiosity, when he heard a voice crying out, in Italian, "Is he gone? is he dead?" and another Algerine bounded through the smoke, and was at his side. "Come away, boy," said he: "that negro rascal will do no more mischief in this world at least. He was always for blood, and he has now got enough of it." He looked at Vincenzio. "Why, you are a handsome fellow, too. That son of a serpent, to think of killing you, when you would sell for something. So, come along. We have made a famous night's work of it, and now for the Goletta."

A heavy gun was heard from the shore. "By my father's tomb, the galliot will be off!" He had seized Vincenzio by the arm, and was hurrying him down the hill, when the dying man was heard to groan. "What, not dead yet?" said the pirate. He then dragged the boy up the steep, and again stood beside the Algerine. Life had passed away in that groan. "Ay," said he, "I thought that my carbine would not miss him. The rascal was mutinous on board, and I had determined to get rid of him on the first opportunity. It was but last night, as we were lying off Capri, that I overheard the plan for rising upon me, and making this butcher captain. I had checked them, it seems, too often in throat-cutting. However, I found work for them that put mutiny out of their heads for one night; and if your Neapolitan heroes had been anything better than their own asses, they would have cured some of my crew of their hot blood. Our friends in Gaieta had given due notice of the expedition; and honour, as well as policy, compelled me to give these heroes a lesson how they meddle with the bloody flag. As soon as they began to light their lamps, I extinguished mine, threw a hundred and fifty ruffians, that feared neither pike nor bullet, into my boats, and absolutely walked into their camp. The affair was over in the pulling of a trigger. Half-a-dozen shots sent general, staff, cavalry, and infantry, to

the right-about. They made a gallant retreat, without the loss of a man, and we had nothing to do but to plunder at our ease. In gathering up my fellows, I heard the cry of 'Antonias.' I had some old recollections about that name. I saw that son of all evil going to stab what I thought in the dust and smoke was a woman. His time was come. I sent an ounce ball through him."

He stooped, tore open the *alhaiic*, and flinging back the corpse's arm, showed a deep wound in his right side. "There," said he, with the triumph of a marksman, "there is one of the very safest spots for a carbine. I caught him just as he was lifting his arm with the knife over you. Never fire in front, when you can fairly hit the flank." He spurned the huge frame from him.

They reached the edge of the beach. It was utterly solitary. The pirate put a small horn to his lips, and it sounded in low and melancholy sweetness round the curved shore. He hurried along with fierce impatience. "Scoundrels, dogs, can they have gone plundering up the country? Can they have been cut off? Can they have mutinied, and left me behind?"

A flash gleamed along the distant waters, followed by the report of cannon.

"Gone, by all the saints in purgatory!" he cried, with a yell, followed by long exclamations against their treachery, and still more his own blindness, confidence, and tardiness of punishment. "Had I but shot one-half of them yesterday upon the poop!" was his most frequent shape of remorse. But day was now stealing on the east; the outline of the bay was rising in a blue and vapourish light. The Liparis were seen like solid clouds resting on the verge of the horizon; and Vesuvius reared his summit through the purple dimness of the shore, like a Titan to be crowned with gold by the sun.

"This is no place for me now," said the Algerine gravely. "And now, boy, if you wish to make your fortune, the way lies before you. Betray me to the governor of Gaieta."

"Never! No, by Saint Antonia, never!" said the boy, and kissed his hand.

The pirate mounted to the summit of one of the little eminences that line

the shore of the Minturnian, and gazed earnestly towards the sea. Vincentio strained his eyes, but could see nothing but the long and dazzling light that poured on the waters from the East, continually broadening and brightening, like silver ore rushing out of a furnace. He was startled by an exclamation, and turned to his formidable companion. Every nerve of the pirate's face was working with fierce emotion. He began gesticulating with more than Italian violence, as if he were acting the pantomime of a fight for life. At intervals, fragments of half-a-dozen languages were uttered by him, in short and breathless interjection—*Ecco il Mahoun; I carnifici!—I es per dus! Moment decisif!—Allah! Mandake salem al rashein!—Ah, venganza!*—with a multitude of others, which came from his parched and fiery lips like bullets.

All this was a mystery to his hearer, who, however, soon after had its explanation. A low sound of cannon was heard. The pirate vessel rapidly rose on the horizon, and swept, with all sails spread, like a heron chased by a hawk, doubling and running close to the wind, along the edge of the Islands. This had been seen already by the pirate's sailor eye, and he had been exulting in the prospect of having his revenge upon the mutineers. The cause of the manœuvres was next shown; two large galleys, with the Maltese cross waving above their lateen sails, came rolling into light through the intervals of the Islands. The sea fell suddenly calm, and Vincentio could see the Algerines unwinding their turbans, and spreading them and their shawls along the shrouds and masts to catch the dying wind. This is the old practice of the Infidels, and has often saved them in the light winds of the Mediterranean. But no wind would come: The xebecque stood fixed upon the blue floor of the sea, a towering pile of all the colours of the rainbow, purple, scarlet, green, golden, as the sun-light fell upon the shawls and turban stripes, and, hoisted above all, the bloody flag with the crossed scymitars. It looked like a vast Turkish pavilion upon a boundless plain of lapis-lazuli. A few shot, fired from the heavy chase-guns of the Maltese, came from time to time, bounding slowly along the waters. No return was made by the Algerine, she stood fixed, neither drum

nor horn was heard, even her ports were shut, and except for the bloody flag which hung from the bend of the lateen sail, like a stream of fresh gore down its white, she might have been mistaken for one of the Trieste cotton chaloupes that are to be found constantly between the Levant and the east coast of Spain.

The pirate gazed long in silence, as the Maltese, with all their sweeps out, rushed along, nearing the Algerine till they were within cannon-shot, at intervals trying their distance by a gun. "They will take her; Mahoun! if I were but on board!" exclaimed the pirate, with a spring from the ground. "The cowardly villains, they will strike without firing a shot." He rushed down to the water's edge. Vincentio, in the curiosity which he felt about the man and the scene, followed him, and caught his cloak. The sight of the boy brought him to his senses, and he stopped, looked on in silence, yet with the fierce restlessness of a tiger chained in sight of blood. The galleys had now ranged head and stern of the Algerine, and Vincentio's eye was looking for the descent of the red flag. Yet there it remained. The galleys now for a moment ceased firing; they had reached within pistol-shot, and according to the old Mediterranean custom, hailed the enemy by sound of trumpet to surrender before they should send in the first broadside. In the twinkling of an eye the turbans and shawls were torn down, and the Algerine stood clear in the light, the decks and rigging covered with men; a sound, less a shout than a yell, was heard; the ports were at once thrown open, and an absolute storm of fire burst from both sides. The galleys actually half-rose out of the water, and reeled back, like a man who had received a stunning blow. For some minutes no attempt could be made to return the Algerine fire, which was now poured in with an incessant and furious discharge. The fragments of timbers, the gilded poops, and splinters of oars, were flying from the huge Maltese at every shot. "Now," cried out the pirate, "now let them but board, and by this time to-morrow they will have both these hulks in the Goletta. Santa Vergine, if I had but wings to put me on my own deck, they should never salute Grand Master again." He paused

breathlessly, the galleys had now combined their fire, and were sweeping round the black little xebecque, that stood desperate and still, waiting to wrap them in another shower of iron. But they had learned the peril of a near approach, and with their heavy metal kept up a distant fire, which was rapidly dismantling the enemy. Vincentio could see the gradual work of the cannon upon this fierce little opponent; gun after gun dismantled; port-holes beaten together; the only mast tottering; sails hanging in a thousand stripes; till, at length, one lucky shot struck the upper bend of the lateen yard, and brought down with it the flag, amidst the roar of the Maltese. It was soon rehoisted upon the stump, but the fire of the Algerine was dying away. Blood was visibly gushing down her sides, and but a few of her people, and those chiefly gathered in a knot on the poop, were to be seen.

"She is gone!" cried out the pirate, with a gesture of wild indignation; "she is gone; the best sailer between the Capes; they will have her tied up to their cursed Mole for a show to the rabble of Malta. My ship, my jewels, my scymitar, my carbine,—my wife's picture—all are gone! And, there see, they are sending out the boats to take possession." He turned away, and with shut eyes and set teeth, stood grasping his forehead. All was silent; at once Vincentio saw a column of the densest black smoke, followed by a broad blaze, ascend like an Incarnation of the Evil One, rising from his own burning gulph. It hung over the waters for an instant, and as it rolled away on the clouds, a crash deeper than thunder tore the ear. Vincentio and the pirate felt themselves suddenly dashed upon the sand by an invisible force. How long they lay there, they could not tell; but when, on recovering their senses, they turned again to the sea, a solitary galley was seen slowly toiling its way towards Ischia. Its consort and the Algerine had gone to the bottom of the waters.

Vincentio and his stern fellow-spectator, awed and exhausted, silently left the beach, and directed their steps towards the thicket; which, extending from the few feeble remnants of its earlier groves, covered the interior of the great marsh. Accidentally reverting his eyes to the shore, the boy saw something rising on the undulations of the

waves, that were still disturbed by the explosion. They went towards it together. It had now reached the edge of the sand, and they drew it to shore; it was a human body, much blackened by smoke, its caftan and trowsers burnt in various places, and a deep plash of blood covered its left side. The pirate turned up its face, and exulted aloud over the dead, of whom he spoke as one of his most trusted officers, and yet the chief agent in the mutiny. "As for that black scoundrel," said he, "that eldest whelp of Eblis yonder, he was a mere tool. This was the brain, the front, the soul of the conspiracy; well, and here he has his reward." As he spoke, he lifted up his foot, and was about to dash his heel into the mutilated and ghastly visage, when he suddenly checked himself. "There never was bolder heart or keener hand on board xebecque," said he, as if unconsciously; "all men have their madness, and his was to be Captain; tetchy and rash, I too may have hurt his pride; and so here he lies, and here he has found his grave from a beggarly Maltese culverin, or a barrel of gunpowder. But he went out of the world like a man."

He stooped down, and took out of the corpse's hand a small and hard paper-roll, which the fingers still grasped with the nervous convulsion of death. "Ay!" he exclaimed; "I knew it; he died with the match in his hand; he would not suffer the ship to be taken; he would not see his crew chained, and starved, and trampled on, in the Grand-Master's dungeons. Look here, boy; this is what sent a hundred and fifty souls and bodies into the elements at a touch." He gave the match to Vincentio. "There is a story about that piece of clay there," he continued, "that might make a woman weep, and anything feel but a friar. There lies a noble renegado; but he had his wrongs to drive him to it. He was the eldest son of one of the proudest families of Verona; he loved some woman or other; she either jilted him, or, if I recollect the tale, was refused to him, through some family quarrel. He was a wild fellow, and, maddened with passion, he carried her off from a convent; they were seized; the lady was dragged back to take the veil, and the Count was thrown into a dungeon. His mistress, or his wife, as it may

happen, died of a broken heart before the honest Padres could wed her to her prison-bars for the good of her soul. This man broke loose at the tidings, and swore eternal vengeance against priest and country. He threw off family, friends, name, and country together. He joined me, for I too had something to lay to the account of the Padres; and, in our cruizes, I think we paid the holy men in full." A tear stood in his eye. "We must not leave him here," said he, gazing on the body. "They will gibbet him; he must be buried."

He pointed to the white spires of a religious house on the brow of a remote hill. "Boy," said he, "if you want to be rich for life, you have only to go to that gate, and tell them that Hulaku is on shore and alone. It will be worth ten thousand zechins to you. Eh? what do you think of the opportunity?"

Vincenzio coloured, and took the pirate's rough hand between his own. "You saved my life," said he, in a submissive tone. "Oh! well, so I did," was the reply. "I may have made you but a bad present after all; but, such as it is, you shall not be the worse for me." He put a purse of zechins into the reluctant boy's bosom.—"And now, sirrah," said he, "we must turn to business, and bury the Captain."

They scooped out a trench in the morass, and laid the dead in it. "There," said Hulaku, "though we can sing no mass over him, he will rest perhaps as quiet as if he had the Pope and Cardinals to chaunt his requiescat. There he will be safe from the wolf and the priest in this world."

The mould was thrown in, and as it gradually hid the visage and form, Hulaku looked on his work with a more grieved countenance. His lip quivered, his frame shook; and when Vincenzio had gathered some of the tufted weeds to give the grave the appearance of not having been lately made, the pirate, who had laboured vigorously before, refused to do more. "Cover him, boy," said he in a low voice. "I cannot lay the last sod on Montalto."

The boy did as he was ordered, and planted a few branches of the furze and wild shrubs at hand on the clay. Hulaku had sat down on a large stone while this was doing. His face was in

his hands; and Vincenzio, himself saddened by the ceremony, burst out into sobbing. The pirate started from the ground and took his hand. "Come, sirrah, no more of this." He led him to the head of the grave. "Yet, boy," he added, in an interrupted voice, "if love or ambition should ever tempt you, remember this grave. Here lies what might have been an honour and a happiness to his country." His voice failed. He pressed his foot lightly upon the edge of the turf, and, with a bended brow, and in almost a whisper, made his brief epitaph—"Here lies the heart of a lion!"

The ceremony ended, the pirate led the way, by paths with which he seemed to have had old acquaintance, towards the hills, that here are a kind of portraits in little of the Apennine range; fragments of rocky heights intersected with ragged defiles of a few feet across, and covered with stunted shrubs creeping down to the brink of noisy rivulets. "I bring you along with me, boy," said he, "because those heroes of his Majesty of the Two Sicilies will all find their way back to the field of battle, now that they hear no more firing. I should be hunted, and you would be hanged, to put into a bulletin."

To Vincenzio all the world was the same. He was as much at home among the wild birds and beasts of the Apennines, and struggling along their rough paths and scarped declivities, as he could have been in the Toledo of Naples, or in the Piazza di Spagna of the Eternal City. He must in either have slept in the streets, and fed, as it might please the same chance that feeds the Lazaroni and the vulture. The pirate, too, had made some impression on his susceptible spirit. He was not ill pleased with the romantic adventure of the life that these mountains seemed to picture—a stirring and eager hazard for existence day after day, yet a new, bold, various struggle, anything but the melancholy monotony, the meagre squalidness, the diseased and indolent poverty, of an Italian city.

His companion was one well calculated to give some force to this original impulse. His manliness and activity; his form in the vigour of life; the commanding and handsome character of a countenance, from which a few days' wandering, and the fresh

mountain air, had cleared away the gloom and haggardness of his habitual life; his inspiring and curious fragments of personal exploits and chances along the Mediterranean, bound the boy's orphan feelings to him. They had exchanged their clothes for those of the peasant pilgrims, that during the summer are to be continually met among the mountains, wandering from one shrine to another, and often, if report be true, making up their travelling expenses by contributions on the less sanctified whom they are fortunate enough to meet along the edge of forests at night-fall. Hulaku and his companion made unequalled pilgrims, and they traversed the immortal battlements of Italy, and the harder obstacles of its jealous cities, as if they were lords of the soil.

In this way they spent six months, and the last day of the six found them canvassing vigorously for a dinner with the landlord of the little half-way house between Sesta and Milan.

How they had lived in the meantime, it would be hard to tell. The purse of zechins was soon gone. The last survived only to purchase a guitar, with which Hulaku used to sit on some of the mountain pinnacles that showed the evening sea, and sing remnants of Arab and Greek songs. His pupil gradually became as expert as himself, and this was made a source of livelihood. When they struck off through the forests to avoid the troublesome magistrate of some luckless and beggared village, they lived upon chesnuts, chance, nothing.

In the towns their trials were of another kind, for Vincentio's delicate beauty, the grace of his slender form, and his obvious reluctance to leave his companion's side, sometimes raised the suspicion that the young pilgrim was a disguised female, a not unfrequent occurrence among those holy people; and, on the other hand, the Algerine's magnificent form, his flashing eye, and florid cheek, caught the attention of the round and happy dames of the Cispadane and Transpadane; and many a sigh followed the pangs, nay, the piastres dropped into the guitar-player's cap, by many a brown and loving Donzella, who would have rather seen him fitting her finger with the irrevocable mystic ring.

But all were alike repelled. He seemed to have adopted some stern

determination against listening to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely. His countenance wore even a peculiar cloud when woman was anxious to attract his eye; and the result of any attentions more marked than usual, was always his departure at day-break from the vicinity.

They approached within a short distance of the great Queen of Northern Italy, where Hulaku, who had for some time preserved an unusual silence, stopped, and pointing to the spires of the Duomo, that rose in the sunlight like a bundle of lances of gold and ivory, he said, "Boy, here we must part for an hour or two. Circumstances make it hazardous for me to enter the city; take this letter to the Signior Barocci, in the Strada Romana, near the Oppidale di Frati. I shall wait here for his answer."

Vincentio went on his mission, entered Milan, made his obscure way through a labyrinth of streets, narrow, dark, and squalid, as is usual in the sight of the old Roman magnificence, and under the purest sky of the globe, wound his way, after a worse pilgrimage than if he had traversed the mountains barefoot, into light, near the Oppidale, and began his inquiries for the Signior.

But he might have better looked for him in the dungeons of the Venetian Inquisition. He found the Strada full of monks, friars, pedlars, and women, that made idlers of them all. A Swiss battalion, marching from their own honest country to be corrupted throughout Italy, and finish their education in the Neapolitan service, were halting in the street, to get from Milan what instruction that fat city of the arts and vices could furnish. A puppet-show was in full activity at one end, and at the other a Franciscan friar, with naked legs and breast, was haranguing the grannes, with an openness and vigour of allusion, that made them burst into roars of laughter.

Signior Barocci was not to be found, no one knew what had become of him; some recollected that there had been seen in the Strada at nightfall a miserable old man, suspected to be a Jew, who from time to time crept out from a hovel, now in ruins. He had disappeared two years before. The hovel had blown up with a loud explosion at night, and in the morning nothing

was to be seen but burnt bones, and the fragments of chairs and tables. Whether the Signior had blown himself up, or been carried off by the Holy Office, which had long kept a keen eye upon him, or by the claws of Satan himself, was a matter of doubt, if that could be so called, in which belief leaned so strongly to the last conception.

Vincenzio now made his way back to the hillock where he had left his fellow-pilgrim. But he was gone, without trace or remembrance, or direction where to follow. The peasants continually passing that rich road, through the richest plain of Europe, were questioned with a wild eagerness of importunity, that made them point to their foreheads, and count their beads, for the state of the inquirer's brains. The groves were hunted through with the untiring foot and quick eye of a mountaineer. Hedge and hillock echoed with the Algerine's name.

Night fell, and the compassionate villagers invited the boy to sleep under their roofs; but to sleep was impossible, and distracted with the loss of his only friend, he rushed away, making the fields ring.

The Algerine was not to be found, in a search of some days through the neighbourhood of the city, and through the city itself. The last paul was gone. Vincenzio tried his guitar at the doors of some of the tables d'hôte, but he was not one of the profession, and was soon driven off by the established minstrels of the pipe and the hurdygurdy. The world grew sullen round him—hunger and despair were in his heart, and after a day of wandering, he threw himself upon the steps of a church, when the last service of the day was beginning. The sound of the sweet music gradually softened him, and he dragged his feeble limbs within sight of the altar, with almost a feeling that there he was to die. The forms of the Romish faith are made to captivate the imagination—glittering altars; the fumes of censers; pictures where the pencil has fixed its finest memories of Italian beauty in the form of saint and angel; even the loftiness and massive grandeur of the architecture are of themselves enough to lift the worshipper beyond the low and chilling realities of life. But of all moments the most impressive is, when the grand ceremony is past—

when the multitude of worshippers have scattered away, and the whole temple is left to a few, kneeling silently and distant, like beings whom the world has forsaken, and who remain to cling to the last hope of the wounded spirit, with but a solitary priest at a remote altar, carrying on the service in a low tone, and as if there was none to see or hear but the souls of the pale martyrs in the shrines round him. All this worship is to the imagination—the heart requires a loftier impulse, and is not to be exalted on the smoke of the censor, or the chant of priest or organ. He that is a spirit, must be worshipped in spirit; yet, to the unaccustomed eye, there is feeling, a solemn beauty, and strong mastery of mind, in this gorgeous compound of Heathen pomp and Christian prostration. It has lived long, and triumphed widely—it shall perish like that on whose altars its fires are lighted, and the world shall rejoice; but men shall long speak of it, as the richest device of the working of man's mind.

Vincenzio had knelt at the balustrade that, with a strange and mysterious evidence of the spirit of that church, shuts out the people from the priest and the altar. It was the holiday of the patron saint, and a lonely priest was going through the concluding rite of the day. As the prayers closed, a curtain was gradually drawn back from a shrine above; and in the sound of a low harmony of voice and organ, and in the splendour of a constellation of silver lamps, the picture of the saint appeared; a scroll at its feet, held by angels, bore the name of St Antonia!

The young worshipper gazed on the divine beauty of this being, floating on clouds of purple light, and surrounded by seraph and cherub, with an awe and homage beyond all language. She was his patroness, the name that had always brought him help, the gracious and supreme loveliness that had perpetually filled his dreams. He had begun almost to imagine that all these interpositions were wrought by the same living influence, and even that the Italian girl who had given him the topaz, and whose gentle beauty he had never forgotten, was the saint under another form.

He was startled from his vision by the touch of a finger on his shoulder, and saw a round squat figure, with a

good-humoured face, standing at his side, "Now that you have done your prayers, my lad," said the man, with a strong Neapolitan twang, "you had better go home, if you have not made up your mind to sleep among the saints. They are now going to lock the doors, and you will get no supper here unless you are a monk, or," he added with a laugh and a cautious glance round, "the son of a monk."

They went out of the church together, and the result of the Signior's inquiries was to take his new acquaintance home to supper. Signior Rubinelli was a painter, and though not remarkable for his admiration of the priests, he was a frequent evening attendant at the church of St Antonia. The cause of his coming was not love, for no arrow of Cupid could have penetrated such a depth of good living as covered his heart, nor money-making, for the monks allow of no interlopers on their natural pasture land, nor matrimony, for of that he was rumoured to have had more than his philosophy could manage at home. We must leave the point unsettled; but on this evening, in passing through the Chiesa, this painter's eye had been caught by Vincentio's kneeling beauty. The fine head thrown back as the boy gazed upon the picture, the chesnut curls clustering round his brow, the large black eye, with an expression the deeper for the then exhaustion of the features, and the cheek burning with adoration, fixed the artist to the spot. He had found a model, perhaps a pupil, for there was genius in the boy's glance, and Signior Rubinelli could conceive no other name for genius than the faculty of handling a pencil. Perhaps, too, he had found an inmate, who might take a share in his domestic troubles, and take off the first of the Signora's Lombard tongue.

From all, and from the last perhaps not least, the arrangement was made on the way between the church and the little street of St Barnabas, where the Signior secretly showed his weary friend to a bed in the attic, and where, among a mob of pictures, the terrible evidences of the Signior's first exploits in the rivalry of Angelo and Raphael, he flung himself down, and dreamed alternate dreams of sorrow and love, golden profusion and propitious beauty.

Vincentio made his appearance on

the next morning with something of that mingled sensation of nervousness and curiosity which assails nine-tenths of mankind when they are to make their debut, whether as friends or footmen, before their superiors. The Signora Rubinelli combined all the characters of superiority in one, for she was a woman, a virago, and a wife.

A dialogue, which had been loud enough to make its way from the family-den, where the curtain-lectures were regularly held, up through the flights of winding and ruinous stairs, and finally through the partition behind which Vincentio lay, next neighbour to the pigeons, acquainted him at once with the Signora's supremacy, her wrath at the attempt to take any step under her roof not originating in her will; and her suspicions that the Signior's rebellion was, in the present instance, aggravated by the nature of his wandering; for, as the native proverb says, "There may be an ocean of jealousy without a drop of love!"

The Signora always prohibited a reply; and her Lombard volubility would not have left intermissive space enough for a word, unless she were to faint, or apply to the little sacred deposit of Rosalia, which she kept in her most sacred closet, for the refectory of her eloquent soul. But, as the only answer which he dared to make, her husband brought in Vincentio by the hand. The boy knelt before the lady, and in the accustomed language, wished her all happiness. This, in Lombardy, is generally expressed in a long and almost Hebraic enumeration of beatitudes; "May you be happy when the sun rises, and when he sets; happy under morn-lights and under twilights; happy in summer and in winter, happy in waking and in sleep, in maidenhood and in marriage; may no ill star be above you, may no evil eye look upon you;" with a bead-roll of other good wishes duly instilled into the Parmesan children, and which their grandmothers, yellow and wrinkled as their own cheeses, are as steadily occupied in teaching, and as proud of having taught, as an English countess of teaching her daughter the art of matrimony, and seeing her tuition rewarded in the capture of Man.

As the benediction went on, the Signora cast many a glance of reproachful commentary at her husband, who

stood silently, waiting the renewal of the storm. But the boy knelt before her with so much grace, held her hand with so tender a pressure, and spoke in so silvery a tone, that she would not break off his gentle adoration. It was now finished, and he rose at command. He lifted his eyes to her face; found that propitiousness was hovering there already, and added, with a smile, "May you be as happy as you are handsome." The smile might have been construed into anything. Rubinelli set it down for a very allowable sneer at a visage, where, to his idea, all charms had long disappeared. The lady, who had a different opinion of her face, took it not even as Frenchwomen would, as a compliment; but as an Italian, in the serious way, of a debt. In fact, the Signora had been a celebrated beauty, and had been once a village belle, then an opera dancer; then a prima donna of the San Carlo; sonnetteered by half the abbati and improvisatori idlers from Vesuvius to the Alps; cicisbeo'd by a cardinal, and, in the opinion of the Marchesa di Friolera, whose income had fallen off rapidly at this crisis, subsidized by an Austrian prince.

How she rolled down the hill of fortune from this eminence, till she rolled into the arms of little fat Rubinelli, it would be difficult to tell. But she brought with her all of her charms, talents, wealth, and dignities, that can be couched in the comprehensive word "recollections."

The Signor Rubinelli was clever, as what Italian is not?—clever in his contriving to live by his art, or with his wife; clever in contriving to keep up his rosy rotundity, and clever in contriving to keep his ears on his head, or his head on his shoulders.

Vincenzio rapidly made his way. The Signora was past the period of imprudence, and having lost the female propensity for seeing an adorer at her feet, she retained with the more vigour the female propensity for having a slave.

The Signor Rubinelli had found a young auxiliary in his art, and augured, in the boy's facility and fire, the rising of a prosperous trade to his Atelier. The Signor was an able artist. But who in Milan would employ a modern? He might have as well been born an Englishman, and looked for patronage among his compatriot

nobles. But he was wiser than any English-born pencil could be. Instead of lingering through life, painting the pudding faces of opulent citizenship, or the stony superciliousness of titled physiognomy, he applied himself to the patriotic task of increasing the pictorial riches of his country. Tintorets and Rosas, Raphaels and Julio Romanos, rushed from his creative hand; many a haughty gallery that would have repelled with instinctive scorn the name of the little adipose workman of Milan, was indebted to his working for half its honours. All masters and all subjects came alike to him. He dashed off the gloom of Caravaggio, beamed in the amenity of Albano, flamed with the sullen fires of Spagnoletti, and flooded earth and heaven with the golden glories of Titian. He was, in the course of the same week, a Lombard, a Roman, a Bolognese, a Venetian. On the peculiar emergency of a higher price being offered, he would condescend to be even a Fleming, and exhibit the lavish muscular energy and gorgeous colouring of Rubens, or call up Rembrandt, surrounded by all his magic of shadowy and spectral splendour.

And all this miracle was wrought with the greatest facility imaginable. Not an original idea was flung away; not a new inch of canvass stained. The whole machinery was raised on the destruction of an occasional pile of old pictures, rejected of gallery, shop, and stall alike. Here, indeed, was havoc. The whole tribe of the ancient lumberers of the pencil, the Arpinos, the Carpaccios, the Luchettos, the Cimabues, the Agostinos, went to instant oblivion, or rather were transnuted into an immortality of varnish and connoisseurship, to endure until the colouring peeled off from the ancient ground, and showed the heads of dingy virgins, and iron-visaged saints of the fourteenth century, forcing their way to light through the dropping roses and fading forms of the virgins and saints of the nineteenth.

Yet, in contradiction to the common opinion, that a rogue wants nothing but cleverness, or a clever man nothing but roguery, to be rich, the Signor was not rich. The cause was, as the political economists would say, in the superabundance of the article in the market. The simple fact, that every third man in Italy is a picture-dealer, and that

no picture-dealer is supposed to find any impediment to his fortune in his conscience, may account equally for the narrow establishment of the Signior Pittore, and for his delight in discovering that Vincentio had a decided turn for the pencil. The young artist's heads were like his mind—brilliant, original, and full of passion. Rubinelli, well acquainted with the arts of exciting public curiosity, sent them in succession to the Marchesa di Cicognara, a *cidevant* belle, and the bluest of all the blue-stockings of Milan. They were there shown to the few who had the honours of the boudoir—descanted on by the Marchesa in person—praised by her abbés in waiting, and absolutely worshipped by three cavalieri serventi. Rubinelli had, with professional tact, first taken the honours to himself. But the demand of the fervid Marchesa, that he should perform one of his miracles of art in her presence, for the mere advantage of receiving her advice in the process, made it necessary that he should unearth his wonder-worker, and satisfy himself with the reflected glory of having discovered the young genius, and filled him with his own inspiration.

There was a characteristic in these heads that still increased the curiosity of the noble blue-stocking. The same expression was traceable through them all—the same sunny brightness of smile—the same delicious play of a liquid eye, dark as jet—the same transparent blush, like the uncertain dye of a young rose on the noble oval countenance. The Marchesa half-thought, and thought with a sigh, that this perpetual portraiture bore some resemblance to what she had once been, and, on the first conjecture, consulted her glass. She had better have consulted her conversazione, for no dubiousness met her there. On the earliest hint, their opinion was decided. The abbati applied their lunettes to their eyes, and pronounced on the fact with the authority of acknowledged connoisseurship. The Monsignori with the red stockings declared the expression to be the lovely similitude of the Marchesa at the present hour; and the three cavalieri serventi, with all the junior candidates for the survivorship, began to feel that a new candidate was coming who might shake them all. Even the ladies admitted

that the resemblance was striking, but for some trivial differences, which they set down to the youth of the artist, but which, in their morning recollections, they unequivocally set down to the age of the Marchesa.

The romance grew; the Marchesa was a widow, supremely opulent, and, notwithstanding the general opinion of the ladies of Milan, still handsome;—a showy preservation of all the charms that caution and the cosmetic art can keep through the trying length of five-and-forty years. At fifteen, she had married an old Marquis and General. She bore her chain with angry dignity, and frequent aspirations for an universal war, in which Naples might be embarked for the term of her General's natural life. But peace brooded provokingly upon the world, and she ran through her full period of twenty domestic years of attendance upon gout, ennui, peevishness, and tyranny.

It had cost her ten years since the General's death to get rid of the recollections of a state, which, she afterwards confessed, gave her the most complete conception of the galleys. But there is a tide in all affairs; the showy Marchesa began to feel that she was still made for society. The new romance of those pictures struck in its stamp upon her fancy in the plastic moment; and on the first sight of the young painter, she convinced herself that this was the man made for her by the stars.

Vincentio had now lived five years with his friend, and was grown up into manly beauty. But the glowing Marchesa was doomed to be unfortunate. Attraction of dress perpetually changing—tenderness of accent soliciting his sensibilities in every form of the pathetic—a pair of the most magnificent black eyes on this side of the Alps, restlessly pouring in their fire—all were in vain; the whole assault and battery of passion seemed wasted on his impenetrable soul—he was of iron, ice, more than man, or less; passion enough to have liquified a Pope and all his Cardinals was utterly thrown away on this impregnable rock of a painter.

“Lungi ancor dal Campidoglio

Vi son alure a queste eguali,”
sighed the Marchesa; “but if they are, they are in Siberia, and may all the saints keep them there.”

The young painter still went on with

his work. The lady was not to be fatigued, or she consoled herself for the fatigue by the duty of patronizing unknown genius, and the lately discovered conviction that her portraits were the most suitable presents for the various branches of her noble family. Vincentio was happy—a fine woman was before his eyes, a fine house round him, hopes of distinction were rising in his fancy, and his pencil, which to his enthusiasm would have been an equivalent for all, was constantly in his hands.

It was now the height of summer, and the Marchesa, to enjoy the cool air from a fountain in one of her many gardens, had changed the sittings to a suite of rooms in another face of the palazzo. A new portrait had been completed, and pronounced a chef-d'œuvre by the circle. Animated by the general praise of her favourite, the lady had betrayed her secret, and the scandalous chronicle of Milan had decided, without loss of time, that the nobilissimi of the Cicognara blood were about to be disgraced by a mesalliance.

The belief sank deep in one, a cousin, a cavaliere servente, and hitherto no hopeless suitor.

He was, like the general class of the Italian nobility, a man of desperate means, a man of talent, a volcano of passion and pride, and a first-rate gladiator. He had watched the rich widow with the double keenness of avarice and jealousy. The discovery of her inclinations smote him like a death-warrant. To challenge the painter was out of the question; it would breed a fracas, it might procure him a sentence of exile, it must degrade his sword, and, worst of all evils, it must make the Marchesa hostile for life. The simple remedy for all was to run his sword without defiance or disturbance through the presumptuous painter. So thought and so did the most brilliant ruffiano of Milan, the Signior Jacopo Velletri.

The portrait had been brought back to the usual room of the sittings, to receive some final touches. Its stately subject had, on this day, felt herself impelled more than ever to distinctly ask Vincentio "to marry her;" and, as a gentler means of leading him to ask the question for himself, she had wandered into a long pre-fatory dialogue relative to his history.

It was briefly communicated, and the enamoured widow was still more enamoured. The son, who never knew his father, might be the son of a prince in disguise; there was romance in his birth—romance in his life—romance in his beauty—and tenfold more romance in the glowing soul of the mature Marchesa. She next ventured on the tender inquiry, whether those pictures, in which his pencil had perpetually revived the same expression, as saint or sinner, under hood, veil, and turban, did not owe their similitude to some face that "he had loved, or *could* love?" This was unfortunate; for Vincentio at once admitted that it was the recollection of a countenance that had struck him several years before. The story of his meeting with the Italian girl—the giver of that ring which still gleamed on his hand, was told; and his listener was for the first time aware, that whatever right she might obtain over the heart, the imagination was gone.

But "her rival had been a child. Time had passed; the lover, if lover he was, had seen her no more; and fortune, wealth, title, and time, were irresistible with nine-tenths of mankind." The reasoning shot through her mind, and her eye sparkled again. Yet she was agitated; the authority of her claims on universal homage had now been disputed for the first time. She suddenly felt the oppressive temperature of the day with increased oppression, buried herself in the shade of the roses that hung in a thicket of bloom and fragrance over the garden window; returned, quarrelled with the picture, reprobated the insolence, folly, and tyranny of man; to Vincentio's surprise, declared that she would sit no more to his pencil; and then, with a strange mixture of haughtiness and humility, forced a ring of great value on him, and rushed out of the room.

It was impossible to mistake this disturbance of a proud and tempestuous bosom, and Vincentio felt himself painfully circumstanced. His mind was already filled with an image which he had unconsciously cherished till it had grown into a part of his nature. To meet his young preserver, that Antonia, whom, in his solitary enthusiasm, he had sometimes thought to be only the earthly presence of his Guardian Angel, he would have sacri-

ficed the hope of a throne. He wandered into the ample gardens, and flung himself by a fountain, on which stood a marble Psyche, with her wings expanded; an emblem of love that sought its answering spirit above the stars. The gentle rustling of the myrtles around him, and the tinkling of the waters, lulled him into sleep.

His dreams were vivid. He saw clouds opening, and his love descending with the brightness of a seraph winged. He heard strange and furious voices—found himself struggling on the edge of a precipice, and awoke with an outcry.

Another moment and his sleep would have been in the grave. He saw a poniard darting at his neck. But his exclamation had startled the murderer; the blow missed, and the poniard was plunged in the ground. But a herculean grasp was on his throat. He sprang upwards by an effort of desperation, and shook off the assassin. Yet his youth, and slightness of form, were no match for the firm-knit sinew and muscular rage that now rushed upon him. The poniard was still fixed in the ground, and the deadly struggle was to get it into possession: they writhed, tore, trampled each other; they fought prostrate—fought on the knee—fought foot to foot. Each had still a hand on the throat of the other; neither could utter a word;—at length Vincentio found himself failing, and gathering his last strength into one effort, bounded against his assailant's bare bosom. The shock was irresistible—he fell, and they rolled to the bottom of the slope together. As they lay gasping, face to face, Vincentio, with returning recollection, for the first time recognized Velletri, and faintly pronounced his name. A hue of blacker ferocity crossed the villain's visage at the detection, and as he drew up his hand from under his side, Vincentio saw the flash of the poniard. They had rolled over it in the fall. Vincentio felt the steel at his throat, felt a sudden pang and gush of blood, sent out

one dying cry, and thought that all was over.

When he returned to his senses, he thought that he saw a vision of paradise. A form was bending over him with an expression of anxious beauty, such as he had a thousand times imagined in his Guardian Angel. Youth; the dark eye, the waving ringlets, the glowing countenance, the form of luxuriant yet graceful loveliness;—he waited only to see this child of immortality spread its pinions, and summon him to follow her beyond the world. But he soon saw tears; he heard a timid voice, that, to him, sounded like the echo of early music; he saw a slight and snowy hand scattering drops from the fountain on his forehead; and he awoke to astonishment, love, and the true Antonia.

The explanation was rapid. She was the niece of the Marchesa, but had been kept studiously from general society, possibly from the reluctance of the elder beauty to allow the hazard of competition. Vincentio she had never seen since the adventure of the Inn, yet his memory had adhered to her with the vividness of first impressions. The accidental change of the painting-room had brought him to that side of the palazzo in which she lived. She had heard Vincentio's cry; she had run towards it instinctively. She saw a man spring from the ground, and escape into the thicket, and found Vincentio, whom she recognized at once, fainting.

The story has come to its conclusion. I should have but to detail the reluctant generosity of the Marchesa, convinced at last of the truth, that young love alone is irresistible;—or the desperate career and ruin of prodigality and blood in Velletri;—or the deep and hallowed penitence of the renegade Hulaku, reconciled to the faith of his Italian ancestors;—or the happiness of Vincentio, and the lovely being whose name was more than a talisman in all his sorrows, and whose possession might have made him forget that there was sorrow in the world.

THE BIBLE SOCIETIES.

We have on various occasions, in the last fifteen months, warmly taken the part of the Bible Societies, particularly those of Ireland. We have defended them, and called upon them for increased exertions; we have insisted on the necessity of making the people of Ireland acquainted with the Scriptures; we have lauded very highly the Clergymen and Dissenting Ministers who distinguished themselves in the Bible discussions of the last year, and exhorted them to hold their meetings in despite of all opposition. We cannot, therefore, when these Societies are attacked as they now are, remain silent.

We are laymen, and if this were a matter of abstract religious controversy, we certainly would not touch it; we have a great dislike for such controversy. But we feel the question to be a political one of the first magnitude, whether we look at it as it affects the Church, or as it affects the interests of Ireland. We believe the Bible Societies to be in effect in Ireland, whatever they may be in intention, mighty political engines, and that they will produce to both Ireland and Britain, political benefits of the first order; it is principally this belief which leads us to take up the question. We shall discuss it throughout as a political one.

We are not over fond of waging war single-handed, although it has often been our fortune lately to take the field almost unaided against the greater part of the Press and of our parties. We therefore derive no small satisfaction from finding ourselves supported in this question by the Prime Minister—by such a man and such a statesman as the Earl of Liverpool. If his lordship needed defending from the mass of slander and expostulation which has recently been heaped upon him for countenancing the Bible Societies, we would begin with his defence, and we would spare no effort for rendering it complete and triumphant. But his virtues as a man, and his experience and reputation as a minister, have placed him where his assailants cannot injure him. He requires no defenders. The affection with which his country regards him has been nobly earned, and it is too pure and exalted in its

nature to be diminished by unmerited censure. Long may his country enjoy the enviable distinction of having a Prime Minister, who, like him, will boldly stand forward to support religion and morals, and assist in circulating the Scriptures!

We belong to the Church of England, we frequent no other place of worship, and in regard to affection for it, and anxiety for its prosperity, we will yield to no man in the empire. If we could be brought to believe that the Bible Associations would injure and overthrow this Church, they certainly would find us among their bitter enemies; and we should not even now be writing in their favour, if we could only do it from the opinions of others. We have looked with some attention at their enemies, at their objects, at what has been said against them—at their effects; and the result is, an opinion that they will benefit, rather than injure, the Church of England. If this opinion be erroneous, it is neither a hasty, a dishonest, nor a borrowed one.

When we look at the enemies of the Bible Societies, we find, first, his Holiness the Pope, who fathers them upon the Devil in the most uncereemonious way possible—then we have the whole body of the Catholics—then we have the men who are avowedly labouring to root up Christianity—then we have those who covertly scoff at all religions—and then we have the politicians who are eternally reviling the Church of England. This has very great weight with us, in making us think that the Church will not suffer much harm from the Bible Societies. The bitter enemies of the Church would scarcely be likewise the bitter enemies of things likely to destroy it. If we knew nothing of these Societies but this, it would give them a high place in our favour. They have, however, other enemies, and these are—we say it with sorrow—the men who are called High Churchmen—who state themselves to be the most faithful champions of the Church of England. These men are fighting side by side with the Pope, the Jesuits, the Catholic Priests, the Infidels, the Whig Church-robbers, &c. against the Bible Societies. The fact that they have joined such allies should

not alone induce us to decide against them; but when we listen to what they say, we find it to be almost verbatim what these allies have repeated ten thousand times before them. We deny the statements; we dispute the reasoning.

The Societies in question professedly exist to circulate the Holy Volume, without note or comment; they represent this to be their sole object. We will, therefore, now look at the Scriptures, and at the consequences which, according to the natural course of things, may be expected to flow from their circulation.

If the Bible were an uninteresting, dry, doctrinal work, calculated only to implant abstract opinions, perhaps its circulation might yield no great benefit; if it were a controversial work, tainted with sectarian bitterness, it might perhaps produce much evil. But it is neither the one, nor the other. Take from this wonderful book its divine origin and religious character, and it is still, in respect of curious information, attractive amusement, beneficial instruction, genius and talent, unrivalled in the whole range of literature. Looked at merely as a literary work, with reference to all the attributes of literary excellence, no other book, in any tongue, can enter into comparison with it. *Paradise Lost* is called the first poem in our language, and yet what is it, as poetry, compared with various parts of the Old Testament? Which of our writers could have written the *Psalms*, the book of *Job*, that of *Isaiah*, or even *Ecclesiasticus*? Were we to assume the four Gospels to be fictions, no author could be named capable of writing them. After reading all that men of the first genius and acquirements have written, we still find the finest specimens of varied originality, powerful description, beautiful narrative, profound wisdom, simplicity, pathos, and sublimity, lofty poetry, and overpowering eloquence, in the Bible. It never would have stood its ground as it has

done, had it not been for its transcendent and inimitable beauties as a literary composition.

We do not care much for beauty without utility; we love what is practical, what is useful, what is calculated to yield daily benefit; and therefore we are the friends of the Bible. It is astonishing that the sacred volume is generally spoken of as though it were only calculated to implant abstract belief. Looked at merely with respect to amusement, no other book will bear reading so often; looked at with reference to beneficial instruction, no other book contains so much. No other book contains such a mass of sound, practical wisdom—of every-day wisdom, calculated to benefit all ranks and descriptions in all the duties and contingencies of life. A very large part of it relates not to abstract belief, but to general conduct. Putting religion out of sight, every man, from the statesman to the labourer, may draw that knowledge from it which will contribute essentially to his worldly success and happiness. He who is thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, is well acquainted with human nature, and with the best rules for managing the common concerns of life. He knows that which will make him not only a good member of society, but a prosperous man in his calling. He can scarcely fail of being a very intelligent sensible man, even if he be a stranger to other books. In addition to this, the Bible forms one of the best sources of comfort under sorrow and affliction. He who is persecuted and distressed—who is wronged and deserted—who is tortured by disease, or smitten by calamity—will find that to console and sustain him in the *Psalms*, and other parts of the Scriptures, which he will find in no other quarter.

To the humbler classes, the Bible, as a whole, is much less difficult to read and understand than other books. Very high Church authority has indeed said, that some parts of it cannot easily be understood;* and this

* Perhaps a new division of the Scriptures, in respect of chapter and verse, would yield great benefit. The present is an injudicious one; it often injures cruelly both the sense and the beauty of the diction. By tearing one part of a subject, and one member of a sentence, from another, as it frequently does, it perplexes and misleads the common reader, and assists the false teacher mightily in raising and supporting his system of error.

perhaps is true. No book was ever written of which the same could not be asserted; but it touches not the greater portion of the Scriptures. Generally speaking, are the historical parts hard to understand? Are the Psalms, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, and great part of the Prophecies, hard to understand? Is the chief portion of the Gospels difficult of comprehension? Granting that the meaning of a comparatively few parts is ambiguous, do not the clergy exist to explain it? When it is the especial duty of every clergyman to explain the Scriptures weekly to his parishioners, it certainly seems very extraordinary that a dignitary of the Church should object to their circulation on the ground that the sense of a few parts is wrapt in obscurity. Not only is the greater part of the Bible more intelligible to the illiterate than other books, but its lessons are the most attractive ones that can be found in our literature. What moral instruction does our language contain, either in prose or poetry, which is so well calculated for seizing upon the attention, and rivetting itself upon the memory, as the books of maxims in the Old Testament and the four Gospels?

It is said, that the circulation of the Bible tends to create fanaticism. We are much afraid, that those who say this are very imperfectly acquainted with the Bible. Fairly construed, and certainly a book ought to be judged of according to the fair construction of its language, it seems to us to be the best antidote to fanaticism that exists. The Old Testament, as a whole, must at any rate be excepted from the charge; for a large part is historical, another large part is composed of maxims of practical life, and the remainder is scarcely quoted at all by fanatics of any kind. With regard to the New Testament, the Gospels consist in the main of sober, plain instructions, touching belief and conduct, which can only be made to support fanaticism by grossly perverting the meaning of the language. Fanaticism takes its ground chiefly upon the Epistles; and, with respect to them, it is compelled to torture the sense in the most unwarrantable manner. When the bitter enemies of the Bible Societies declare that fanatical doctrines of all kinds are at variance with the fair and

plain meaning of the Scriptures, it is certainly singular enough that they should charge the circulation of the Scriptures with generating such doctrines. That which the Scriptures teach cannot be fanaticism; and that which they do not teach—which is inconsistent with them—will scarcely be produced by the study of them. Putting everything else out of sight, and judging of the Bible as a whole according to the fair sense of its language, we esteem it to be a mighty engine for repressing fanaticism. What fanaticism really flows from, we shall attempt to show in another part of this article.

If our Church were unhappily, in its doctrine and discipline, at variance with the Bible, we should call for the reformation of the former, and not the suppression of the latter. This Church tells us in its articles, that "It is not lawful for it to ordain anything that is contrary to God's word written; neither may it expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant to another. Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." The Church of England tells us this, and common sense tells us that nothing can possibly be Christianity which is contrary to the Bible. The Church, therefore, expressly forbids us to support it against the Scriptures. It, however, is so far from being at variance, that we believe it to be more in harmony with them than any other church, or any chapel whatever. In our judgment, no Christian body has so little to fear, and so much to hope for, from the free circulation of the Bible, as the Church of England. This Church owes its origin to the circulation of the Scriptures; it professes to stand upon them alone; it tells us, in its beautiful service, that they were left for our instruction, and that we ought to search them diligently; and it would be strange indeed if it were now to attempt to keep them from our hands. Woe to it if the Bible shall ever be made its enemy!

Thinking thus, we wish most heartily that every one of our fellow-subjects were possessed of a Bible.

We have here separated the Sacred Volume from the Societies and everything else, and judged of it exclusively with reference to its own character. We will, however, fairly own, that it would be very possible for the Bible Societies to make the circulation of it the pretence for pernicious conduct. We have not to learn, that men have often committed the greatest atrocities in the name of the Bible. We know that the best object will yield evil rather than good, if it be in the hands of improper men; and we will therefore now look at the character of those who compose the Bible Societies.

These Societies, as the world knows, are all connected, and form in reality only one. They consist of clergymen and laymen of the Church of England, and Dissenting Ministers and laymen of almost all persuasions. We think that full one-half of their funds is contributed by churchmen. Now, in the first place, what are the clergymen who belong to them? They are many of them, it is said, *evangelical* ones. And what is an *evangelical* clergyman? He is one exceedingly pious, exceedingly strict in his morals, and exceedingly industrious in the discharge of his religious duties. We wish from our souls that the same could be said of all the clergy who are hostile to the Bible Societies. But then it is said that he errs in doctrine—that he approaches too closely to the Dissenters. Well, if his doctrine be not sanctioned by the Church, why is he not expelled the pulpit? And if it be, why is he railed against by his clerical brethren? No one will venture to say that it is condemned by the Church; and the charge against it is, in substance, that it is too strict and severe—that it pushes matters to an extreme in belief and practice. If this be a fault, we believe it produces very few bad consequences. There is no earthly danger of the nation's being made "righteous overmuch."

With regard to abstract doctrines, the evangelical clergy differ very widely from each other. Some are highly Calvinistic, and others lean as much towards Arminianism. On this point, therefore, they are never likely to act in a body to create a schism in the Church. We frankly own, that we do not like the sermons of many of them. We wish all religious teachers to pay less attention to what is called expe-

rimental, than to practical religion. They would profit much, we think, if they would give the Gospels the first place in their favour, and study well the sermons of the First Teacher of Christianity. We cannot but think that the belief may be more easily kept in order than the actions; however necessary faith may be, we still must have works. We would have a minister to confine himself but little to dry doctrines; we would have him to go beyond general denunciations against common sins; he should study mankind, and deal forth his thunder against the particular and prevailing wickedness of the moment. He should attack not only open theft, but the cheating and over-reaching of tradesmen and others—not only detect lying, but paltry evasion and insincerity—not only the gross sins of the irreligious, but the uncharitableness and other errors of the religious. His sermons should thoroughly analyse human life, as it is found *at present* among all descriptions of men. The preaching of many of the evangelical clergy is almost exclusively doctrinal, and it is chiefly calculated to benefit the decidedly religious. It uses the quaint, obsolete, luscious, obscure language of the old religious writers, and assigns to many words, such as faith, love, grace, &c. a meaning very different from that which the dictionary gives them. This we conceive to be a very great fault. Why do not these clergymen use the style of the present day, as it is to be found among our best writers? Were they to do this, it would render their sermons infinitely more useful, and it would remove much of the reproach which now rests upon them.

The Church ought undoubtedly to know its own doctrines, but we think that it ought not to be over scrupulous in respect of doctrines. It is said that the Articles were drawn up with the view of meeting, as far as possible, the scruples of all, and of gaining as many Christians as possible, of different persuasions; and the same spirit, we fervently trust, will always actuate those who have in their hands the interests of the Church. Nothing could be more fatal to the Church, than for it to adopt the narrow, jealous, hair-splitting, intolerant, despotic spirit of the Catholic one. We put it to any statesman to say, what the consequences

would be to the country, were all the regular clergy what is called High-Churchmen—were they all to stand aloof from the Dissenters, and treat them as bitter enemies? The war of extermination would not be confined to one side, and the whole of the Dissenters would be continually striving for the political, as well as religious, destruction of the Church. In our judgment, the Evangelical Clergy do the Church great service. They draw to it large congregations; they have removed a vast portion of the animosity of the Dissenters; the latter will willingly hear them preach, and they readily admit that the Church possesses *some* good ministers—some who really “preach the Gospel.” We think it a mighty point gained for the Church, when the mass of the Dissenters can be brought occasionally to enter its doors, and to admit that a portion of its clergy are what they ought to be. If a dangerous enemy cannot be destroyed, it is wise to mitigate his enmity; it is wretched policy to make political foes of the Dissenters, because they are religious rivals—to provoke them to use their gigantic political power for the destruction of the Church as a state institution, because they make religious proselytes. If those clergymen who are called High-Churchmen, wish for the utter annihilation of the Church, they have nothing to do but to get up a quarrel with their evangelical brethren touching the Bible Societies, and what they are pleased to call Puritanism.

We should not speak thus favourably of the Evangelical Clergy, if they were dissatisfied with the Church and its doctrines, but they are not. Generally speaking, they are the warm friends of both, and many of them rank among the most determined opponents of the Catholics. It is said that they dispose their hearers for becoming Dissenters, but we cannot believe it. On such a point human nature may safely be trusted. They are as anxious for retaining their congregations, and of course for preventing them from frequenting dissenting places of worship, as other clergymen. We believe, too, that they are far more successful in keeping their flocks from the chapel, and in drawing Dissenters to the Church, than many of their brethren who revile them. They have done a great deal towards arresting the

progress of the Dissenters, and we shall be much mistaken if they do not ultimately do far more injury to the chapels than any other men whatever.

In the second place, what are the laymen of the Church who support the Bible Societies? Very many of them have not been “*evangelized*,”—are not what the world would call religious men. They, or their wives and children, contribute because they believe the object of the Societies to be, not to propagate this creed or that—not to kindle the flame of religious enthusiasm—but to put a mass of practical wisdom, and sound moral and religious instruction, into the hands of the ignorant. A large portion of them are decided Tories. There are no men in the empire who would hazard more, in person and property, for the Church of England, than themselves. Yet the Whigs and the Catholics are more tenderly dealt with than they are, by those who call themselves High Tories and High-Churchmen. Every epithet that can impeach their understanding and honesty—that can wound and blacken—is mercilessly cast upon them. We will not return railing for railing, but we will say, that this is alike undeserved and unjustifiable. We will tell those who are guilty of it, that, whatever injury it may do to the Societies in question, it will do still more to the Church of England. This Church must be protected and strengthened by other means, than arraying one part of its members against the other, and slandering and disgusting many of the most zealous of its supporters.

But it is said that the Churchmen mix and act with the Dissenters in these Societies. So they do, and we look at it with great pleasure. The Church cannot destroy the Dissenters, and the Dissenters cannot destroy the Church; therefore, the more harmoniously they exist together the better. In the Bible Meetings, by bringing the clergy and laity of the Church into friendly intercourse with the dissenting ministers and laity, have had prodigious effects in allaying religious animosity, and this has yielded the best fruits both to the Church and the nation. These meetings are just as likely to make Churchmen of the Dissenters, as to make the Churchmen Dissenters. The different interests of the two parties keep the whole from improper

conduct; one watches and restrains the other. The Societies exist, simply to circulate the Scriptures, and no one can say that they circulate anything else; no one can say that their funds are used for other objects. If the Dissenters follow them to circulate their tracts, they do it at their own cost, and the Churchmen have full liberty to imitate them.

But it is asserted that Churchmen ought to confine their support to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Far be it from us to say anything but praise of this most excellent Society. Nothing, however, we think, could well be more mischievous than for its friends to hold it forth as the rival and enemy of the Bible ones. "What's in a name?"—The Societies which exist to circulate the Scriptures, must exist to promote Christian Knowledge. It, like them, seeks to circulate the Bible, but it wishes to circulate the Prayer Book—a volume which cannot be too highly panegyricised, and which we wish was in every one's hands—likewise. So far as they go, they act with it; when it takes up party objects, they leave, but do not oppose it. Now, why does it not regard them as auxiliaries, and turn their circulating of the Bible into the means for enabling it to circulate more profusely the Prayer Book? The interests of this Society have never been well managed: no efficient measures have ever been taken to make the nation acquainted with it, and to procure for it funds. But had the contrary been the case, it never could have flourished as the Bible Societies have done, because half of those who support them never could have contributed to it. It produces its peculiar benefits, and they produce theirs; we can see no earthly reason why they should be regarded as opponents. We actually think that the Church profits quite as much, though in a different way, from the latter as from the former. Let it never be called wisdom in this country to refuse to a man a Bible, because he cannot, or will not, have a Prayer Book.

But the grand objection to the Bible Societies is—that they generate Fanaticism and Puritanism, and multiply Dissenters. We hold this to be perfectly groundless, and to be advanced in the teeth of the most decisive evidence to the contrary.

We are aware that there are people who call condemnation of vice and licentiousness, Fanaticism and Puritanism. Were we to censure habitual drunkenness and lewdness, the profanation of the Sabbath, or any gross vice that the Scriptures and the Church of England forbid, they would call us Fanatics and Puritans. With such people we hold no controversy; we speak only to those who give to the English language its old and legitimate signification. There is no country in the world, no matter what its religion may be, which is so free from fanaticism as England and Scotland—the two nations in which the Scriptures are the most profusely circulated. The trifling degree of it which exists in them, is wholly different in its character from that which is to be found in other parts of the world. Here it always produces the best morals, and rarely makes religious slaves of the people; in other countries it is often combined with bad morals, and it generally establishes priestly tyranny.

In judging of Fanaticism as politicians, we should certainly look at its different kinds and degrees with some discrimination. We do not go so far as the Dissenters, but we should be loath to call their strictness Fanaticism. If a man will not go to the theatre, or play a rubber at whist, or sing a song, or eat a hot dinner on a Sunday, from the fear of its being sinful, we may think his scruples groundless; but we cannot see why he should be abused for it. If his creed make him scrupulously moral and virtuous, without causing him to injure his neighbours and the community, we think it ought to gain him the favour, rather than the hostility, of the statesman, even though it lead him into divers peculiarities and eccentricities of opinion and action.

Instead of the Bible Societies having increased fanaticism, it has declined ever since they became into being. Who would now read the volumes of controversy on points of abstract doctrine with which the press formerly teemed? Such controversy is at present distasteful to the whole religious world. The Methodists, Independents, &c. are considerably less fanatical and strict than they were formerly. Catholicism in this country is practically, in many essential points, a different religion from the Catholicism of Ireland and

the Continent. In so far as regards religious conduct, we believe that our sects were never so moderate, sober, and rational, and so little inclined for strife, as at present. Whatever fanaticism there may be among them, we think it is such as the statesman ought not to quarrel with. It produces good to the State, and not evil; it renders mighty service to morals; it forms a most valuable counterpoise to the mass of vice and profligacy which must ever be found in a free and wealthy nation.

The political conduct of the sects has improved since the formation of the Bible Societies. The bad principles of the Unitarians—by far the worst of the sects in our judgment—are no longer thrust forward in their sermons, &c., as formerly. The old Geneva spirit of the Independents has been softened. The sects are so far from being likely to combine for the overthrow of the Church, that we believe their enmity towards it is much weaker now than it ever previously was. Much bad feeling is no doubt entertained towards it among the more ignorant part of the Dissenters, but the wealthy and intelligent portion speak of it with respect, and would rather discourage than assist in attempts to destroy it. There are five or six sects—some of them certainly small ones—which would gladly make it their friend and protector, if they might be permitted to do so; and which lean in politics very strongly to Toryism. This change of feeling in favour of the Church has been produced in a very great degree by the Bible Societies. We attach immense importance to it, whether we look at the security of the Church or at its prosperity.

We will now inquire how far the Bible Societies have operated to multiply Dissenters.

The Dissenters have increased very greatly in latter times; but as far as we have been able to discover, they increased more rapidly before the Societies were established than they have done since. Taking into calculation the difference in numbers and means, we are pretty sure that they are not increasing, by any means, so much at present, as they were fifteen or twenty years ago. Their increase must be ascribed to various causes.

In the first place, every Dissenter is particularly strict in confining his chil-

dren to his faith and place of worship. This alone must continually add considerably to the number of the Dissenters, and we believe that at present their increase arises principally from it.

In the second place, great numbers of Churchmen neither attend the Church regularly, nor cause their families to do so. Their children are reared without receiving any decided feeling in favour of the Church; their servants are neither constantly sent to it, nor to any other place of worship. Whether the servants of many Churchmen belong to any religion or none, no care is taken by their masters to attach them to the Church. In consequence, numbers of servants, labourers, and young persons of respectability, if they be questioned, will say that they belong to no religion. This means, that they belong to no religious body, and that they think as well of one as of another.

Of course, if the son of a Dissenter enter the family of a Churchman, he remains steadily attached to the chapel; should his preference for it die away, no care is taken to lead him to the Church. When the Dissenter engages his apprentices, shopmen, clerks, and domestic servants, he finds many of them to be without religious partialities, and as willing to go to one place of worship as another. He stipulates with them that they shall confine themselves to his chapel; and so long as they remain with him, he compels them to attend it regularly. In addition, he is constantly prejudicing them against the Church. This accustoms them to the chapel, it leads them to prefer it; if they do not become regular members, they scarcely ever afterwards forsake it. One servant draws another. The servants of Dissenters are bound, those of Churchmen are free; as the former cannot go with the latter to the church, the latter go with the former to the chapel.

This was formerly one of the most fruitful causes of the multiplication of the Dissenters. Its operation is not so great at present, because, from their increase of numbers, they can easily find servants who have been reared in their own persuasion, and to such they naturally give the preference. It, however, has still considerable effect.

In the third place, the scarcity of accommodation for the lower and mid-

ding classes in the churches, has contributed powerfully to fill the chapels in large places.* In many such places, the mass of the poor must either go to the chapels, or enter no place of worship whatever. The price of seats in many of the churches is so great, that people of moderate income cannot afford to take a sufficient number for themselves and their families. In several of the fashionable churches in London, such exorbitant, and, we will add, such scandalous sums, are demanded, that the seats are monopolized by the rich alone. Speaking generally, seats are much lower in the chapels than in the churches. We are confident that large numbers of people in towns, particularly of the lower orders, began to frequent the chapels, almost entirely from their inability to procure accommodation in the churches. They got habituated to the former, and in course of time gave them the preference. If the chapels thus gained the parent and master, they likewise gained the children and servants. Many people frequent them at present who are not members; who are not what is called religious men; and who do it merely because they have been accustomed to it from infancy.

In the fourth place, the Dissenters some years back increased very greatly in many places, through the inefficiency and misconduct of the regular clergy. In our youth, we dwelt a short time at a village, of which the living was a very valuable one. The incumbent rarely visited it, and his curate was frequently drunk for several days together at the common ale-house. We dwelt at another village, the curate of which came not seldom to perform divine service in a state of intoxication; we have known him be compelled by his inebriety to leave the church before he could get through the prayers. This individual had three pretty large villages under his care for many years. We knew another village, the clergyman of which was a notorious rake,

and made no scruple of boasting of his lewdness. We knew another, the clergyman of which, a man of pretty large fortune, was a real man of the world, and a perfect blackguard in common conversation. It will surprise no one when we say, that the inhabitants of these villages held their ministers in contempt. When they had no chapels to go to, the churches were almost deserted, and they thronged to the dissenting teachers as soon as the latter appeared among them.

Twenty or thirty years ago, clergymen like these were by no means rare either in town or country. They are still to be found, although their number is now small; and it is daily decreasing. A very great improvement has been for some time taking place in the character of our clergy. They are becoming, more and more, not only men of good morals, but men of much piety and zeal; men whose lives harmonize with their sermons. We rejoice at this, for the sake of our countrymen; we rejoice at it, for the sake of the Church of England. This Church can never stand against the Dissenters, if its clergy be not pious and zealous. People may say what they please about Fanaticism and Puritanism; but if a clergyman be a man of pleasure and dissipation, one guilty of the vices which the Scriptures forbid, and differing in nothing touching life from profligate laymen, his flock will neither respect nor fear him. The moral will hold him to be a disgrace to the Church, and the vicious will despise him as a worthless hypocrite.

Many clergymen, whose morals were blameless, were very bad orators; they could not be heard or understood by the chief part of their congregations. This operated greatly in favour of the Dissenters. We think that, on this point, the clergy are improving. The young readers of the metropolis seem to us to be exerting themselves very greatly and successfully to remove a reproach which has long attached to

* The new churches will greatly diminish the operation of this, at least with regard to the poor. The lamentable want of accommodation for the lower orders, which is to be found in many of the old churches, will, we trust, be greatly diminished by the Society for promoting the Building and Enlarging of Churches; a Society which we strongly recommend to the support of every friend of the Church of England.

their body. We are not without hopes, that in our latter days we shall see the clergy not only a learned, pious, and zealous, but an *eloquent* body of men. Whatever may have been said in former times, our Church must now be a *preaching* Church, as well as a *praying* one.

The Dissenters are regularly organized into bodies, the Churchmen are not; and this has given great advantages to the former. Every Dissenter is filled with party spirit, and he is constantly labouring in one way or another to make proselytes. Vast numbers of Churchmen never see their ministers except in the pulpit; they do not feel that they form a party; they are full of indifference; and they are so far from striving to make proselytes, that they take no care to prevent such of their brethren as are under their influence, from being led to the chapel. Whatever may be said of the negligence of the clergy, the laity has been quite as negligent. A Churchman will rail against the Dissenters, and puff the Church, yet perhaps he seldom enters the latter. He takes no care to cause his children to attend it regularly, and he will not trouble himself to send his servants to it. This is disgraceful. If the Church laymen had assisted their ministers, as the Dissenting laymen have assisted theirs, the condition of the Church would have been far more flourishing than it is. We wish that every clergyman would make himself, as far as possible, personally acquainted with his parishioners. We would have him exhort parents and masters, not only in the pulpit, but out of it, to send their children and servants to Church regularly. A great deal depends upon this in our judgment. Those who are habituated to attend the Church constantly in youth, almost always give it the preference through life.

Non-residence has had great effect in causing the increase of Dissenters in the country. To this may be added, Divine service being performed too seldom.

It unhappily happens, that several of the Opposition leaders in the House of Commons do not belong to the Church of England. They were reared at a distance from it; some are attached to no religious body, and others are downright infidels. These men have been worked up by various causes into furious enemies of the Church, and they seize upon every opportunity for slandering and attacking it. The Whigs as a body, to their eternal infamy, go with them in this, although they profess to be Churchmen. A man, not an Englishman, who is violently prejudiced against Episcopacy—another, not an Englishman, who, in the House of Commons, can boldly scoff at Christianity in the gross—a third, not an Englishman, who pules about “a pure religion,” who evidently holds all existing religions in scorn, and who can scarcely appear before the public in any character without basely traducing the clergy—a fourth, who denies the Divinity of Christ—a fifth, who has been through life an irreligious and turbulent mountebank—men like these are followed by a large portion of the English nobility and gentry in a question which is not a party one, and which involves the character and existence of the Church of England. Party madness and profligacy can never go beyond this. The Catholics, in their religious character, may look down with contempt upon the Whigs; for whatever may be the errors of their Church, so long as they continue members of it, they support it. The only Church that the Whigs pretend to belong to, is continually the object of their slander. They constantly join in attempts to despoil and overthrow it.

The chief part of the Whig press is in the hands of men who either do not belong to the Church of England, or who are infidels. Many of the Whig papers in the country are conducted by dissenting Ministers.* These matters have done the Church prodigious injury, and the Chapels prodigious benefit. The Opposition has

* The Tory Clergy are abused for intermeddling with politics, and yet no religious teachers in the nation stand more scrupulously aloof from party politics than themselves. If one of the regular clergy make outrageous party speeches at public meetings, or publish inflammatory political matter in Reviews and Newspapers, he is almost invariably a Whig. Most of the Whig Clergy are as fierce politicians, and wade as deeply in the filth of factious politics, as any men in the country. The Dissenting

long seemed in the eyes of the country to be the enemy of the Church, and this has converted many zealous Whigs into such enemies. A man who feels any regard for religion, can scarcely be hostile to the Church, without being friendly to the Chapels. The present Opposition has been, in many respects, a fearful curse to the country. It has been worthless in those things in which an Opposition ought to be useful; and it has brought into question the existence of almost everything in the state which ought to be sacred from the touch of party rancour.

In our judgment these are some of the leading causes from which the increase of the Dissenters has flowed. We can see nothing to lead us to believe that the Bible Societies have had any share in such increase. In Scotland, where the Bible is the most widely circulated, there are comparatively no Dissenters; and we are pretty sure that, in England, the Dissenters have in late years made fewer proselytes than they did before the Societies in question were established.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the opinion that Fanaticism is caused by the reading of the Scriptures. The Hindoos, the Mahomedans, the Greeks, and the Catholics, who, generally speaking, are incapable of reading anything, are infinitely more fanatical than the Bible-reading Protestants of Britain. Most fanatics in this country are made so by fanatical

teachers, or books, before they begin to read the Bible. We have dwelt in the country when the people were joining the Dissenters in large numbers, and we think that nine-tenths of them had never previously read the Bible, except as a school-book. They became converts, and then, perhaps, they began to read it: in truth, many of them were strangers to the alphabet. We have only to look at the Irish Catholics to know that fanatics are made, not by the Scriptures, but by religious teachers; and that they are the most numerous and extravagant, where the Scriptures are hardly read at all. We grant that every teacher of Fanaticism pretends to draw his doctrines from the Bible, but then he knows so well that they are at variance with its obvious meaning, that he declares, the Bible is "a sealed book" to the unconverted. The meaning of this is—that no one can understand the Sacred Volume, without *first* believing in his doctrines. This is even asserted by most of our leading sects, and it shows very clearly that it is not the Bible which makes fanatics. Sir F. Burdett has been in the practice of quoting Shakspeare in the most unmerciful manner to support his doctrines, and the Radicals always declared that everything they clamoured for was sanctioned by Magna Charta and the Constitution; yet no one ever dreamed of making the immortal bard accountable for the vagaries of "West-

Ministers of those sects which follow the Whigs, are, generally speaking, exactly the same. The Catholic Priests now stand in the first rank of faction, and they are openly forming subscriptions for the purpose of influencing the approaching elections. On the other hand, the ministers of those sects which follow the Tories never take any share in political strife. We never hear of a Methodist preacher, as we do of an Independent, or a Unitarian one, standing upon the hustings of a public meeting to utter slander, falsehood, and sedition to the multitude. These things ought to be generally known, particularly at a time when the Whigs are straining every nerve to make all their religious teachers of all denominations fierce political leaders. We detest the interference of religious teachers with party politics; they are unfitted for it by character and habits, and it unfits them for the due discharge of their religious duties. A clergyman cannot take a prominent part in a factious squabble, without drawing upon himself the dislike and hatred of a large part of his flock. Let any man listen to the speeches which are occasionally made by the Norfolk Whig Clergy, or read the articles which other Whig Clergymen publish in the Edinburgh Review, and then ask himself whether it be possible for these Clergymen to have the least acquaintance with Christian truth, integrity, justice, benevolence, charity, and peace. How can a Dissenting Minister, who, in conducting a Newspaper, is dabbling for the whole week in party guilt, and writing political slanders and misrepresentations, be capable of discharging his religious duties on the Sabbath? With what face can a man like this insist upon the practice of the Christian duties? It is a mockery for such men to call themselves teachers of Christianity.

minster's Pride," or of charging upon Magna Charta and the Constitution the abominations of Radicalism. Were the Scriptures wholly suppressed, fanatical teachers and writers would still abound, and therefore, we think that the profuse circulation of them is the best thing that can be resorted to for keeping Fanaticism in the most harmless state, in respect of both strength and character. We are confident that, in late years, such circulation has had a very beneficial effect in diminishing the fanaticism and correcting the spirit of some of the leading sects.

We hold it to be almost a downright impossibility for the members of the Bible Societies to combine, and make the Bible their instrument for the attainment of pernicious political objects. They belong to so many sects and parties, the Tories and friends of the Church are so powerful among them, and the feeling is so widely spread, that religion has nothing to do with politics, that we believe any attempt to give to the Societies a political character would at once deprive them of the chief part of their supporters. Nothing could be more unjust than to compare the members of these Societies with the Puritans of old.

We have said, that we take up the pen on this question chiefly because we think the Societies are likely to produce very great benefit in Ireland. Every one who has the least pretension to the character of a statesman must, we think, admit, 1. That the Catholics, as a party, are far too numerous, too highly organized, and too much under the authority of their heads, for the weal of the State. 2. That the Catholicism of Ireland is in many points at variance with the constitution and the good of society—that it keeps the body of the people under priestly tyranny—that it fills them with Fanaticism of a most mischievous character—and that it renders them disaffected in several matters which vitally affect the stability of the constitution and the peace of the empire. We look upon this to be beyond dispute; and we pray Heaven to keep the government of this nation from the hands of men who cannot perceive it.

Thinking thus, we of course think likewise that every effort ought to be constantly made to diminish the numbers of the Catholics, and to reform

Catholicism. If not a single convert can be made, it will be a mighty point gained, if the party organization of the Catholics, and the despotism of their priests, can be destroyed; if their ignorance and fanaticism can be dissipated; if the pernicious parts of their religion can be practically cut away. Now, how is this to be accomplished?

It is not at all surprising that the Church has hitherto made so little progress in Ireland. It appears that, up to a recent period, there were in very many parishes neither churches nor clergymen. The body of the clergy never made the least effort to obtain converts; many of them scarcely ever saw their parishes; and the best contented themselves with the bare performance of Divine service. The Catholic clergyman kept his followers from the Protestant one; and the latter did not make a single effort to reach them. It would have been much the same to the mass of the Catholics, in respect of religious matters, if the established Church had not existed amidst them. This applies not to many of the existing Clergy, but to their predecessors. It would have been astonishing—perfectly miraculous—if, in such a state of things, the Church had made converts, or produced the least change in Catholicism.

The Church can only make its way in Ireland by the natural means. A mere moral, sluggish, nerveless, conciliating clergy, which will content itself with only doing such duty as it cannot avoid, will never do, however strict it may be in principle. It must have Clergymen like those who have fought the battles of the Bible—men of great learning, talent, and eloquence—men of great zeal and piety—men of unwearied industry and dauntless courage—men who will set their shoulders to the wheel, who will enter into the cause with enthusiasm, and who will spare neither toil nor sacrifice of any description. The Church needs Clergymen like these in Ireland, and we rejoice that it is procuring them. These are the men who root up or reform Catholicism. Such men have always hitherto been irresistible against this religion, and they will be so still if no change have taken place in the laws of nature.

The Church should compose its Clergy as far as possible of such men.

and, in addition, it should circulate, to the utmost point, the Bible. The Holy Volume, in the hands of such a Clergy, has always been the great instrument in accomplishing every Reformation hitherto, and it must be the same in accomplishing the Reformation of Ireland. When it constitutes the only legitimate source of Christianity, and when such parts of Catholicism as need change are outrageously at variance with it, common sense must tell every one that its profuse circulation must tend, in the most powerful manner, to the purification of this religion.

The Bible Societies have nothing whatever to do with doctrinal controversy; they do not profess to explain the Bible in any way; they stand aloof from all sectarian creeds, and espouse *alone* the cause of general Christianity. They exist *ONLY* to circulate the Scriptures, and to circulate them amidst Churchmen, Presbyterians, Quakers, Methodists, &c. as well as Catholics. It is because they take this unassailable ground that we are confident their success in Ireland will be complete and glorious.

In the first place, these Societies, by acting thus, combine the Dissenters with the Church, and bring the whole strength and energies of Protestantism to operate against Catholicism. They contribute greatly to stimulate the different ministers to industry and enterprise.

In the second place, the Societies, by taking this ground, stand upon reason, truth, law, freedom, individual right, and the interests of the people. They avoid everything that is fairly questionable. They can only be opposed by slanders, shallow sophistries, appeals to authorities and laws which have here no validity, and attacks on the clearest constitutional rights of the subject. The Catholic Clergy, to oppose them, must stand forward as religious tyrants, to take from the people that which is given them by the constitution, laws, and liberty of Britain. The Societies make no direct attack upon Catholicism; if it be consistent with the Bible, it can suffer no more from them than the Church, or any of the sects. They say and do nothing that can give just offence to any Catholic; in their discussions with the Catholic Priests, the latter are clearly the aggressors.

The members of them meet annually to examine their affairs; they collect voluntary subscriptions, and they supply the Bible to such people *ONLY as are willing to receive it*. That they have undoubted right to do this, must be obvious to every one who has the least knowledge touching the nature of right. They are, in reality, attacked by the Catholic priesthood, simply and solely, *because they furnish Bibles to such Catholic laymen alone as wish to receive them*. Every Catholic who has common sense, must see, that the Societies are prohibited by their nature from attempting to make proselytes, for this sect or that; and that they are bound, really as well as ostensibly, from everything save circulating the general principles of Christianity.

In the third place, the Societies place the tyrannical, intolerant, domineering, selfish, ambitious, dangerous spirit, of the Catholic priesthood, and the mischievous character of Catholicism, before the eyes of the British people; and they bring the feelings of the British people to act powerfully against both. By this, in the last year, they rendered incalculable services to the Church and Protestantism. The display of Catholicism which they called forth, operated in the most powerful manner to bring the people of this country into the field, against the removal of the disabilities. This alone ought to secure them from the attacks of every one who is hostile to the admission of the Catholics to power.

It is said, that the Bible discussions will yield no benefit, because it is not likely that the disputants on either side can bring over their opponents. It is odd enough that such preposterous nonsense should be uttered by any one who is acquainted with the nature and effects of discussion in this country. If this be true, why does the Morning Chronicle dispute with the Courier? why does the Opposition enter into controversy with the Ministry? why is discussion of any kind called beneficial? Who ever dreams that a controversy is to end in the conversion of one of the parties that carry it on? When a great question is discussed in Parliament, or the public prints, the attention of the nation is drawn to it; the public is led to examine it; the arguments for and against are laid before the eyes of all; and al-

though not a single convert may be made on either side among the immediate disputants, the truth will generally triumph in one way or another. These public Bible discussions are calculated to cause the body of the Catholics to examine the Bible attentively ; it is proved that they have this effect, and this alone is likely to yield great benefit. They extort admissions from the priests in favour of the Bible and Protestantism, directly the reverse of what the body of the Catholics have been taught to believe ; these are profusely circulated, and eagerly read, and they must operate most beneficially. These discussions bring the mighty weight of public opinion to the question. If they produce no change in the priests, and even the ignorant part of the laity, they must make a very deep and favourable impression on the wealthy, intelligent, and pious Catholics ; those who wish their religion to be really a Christian one.

But it is matter of proof that these discussions have had considerable effect on the priesthood and the bigotted part of the laity. Compare the present conduct of these, with that which they displayed a year ago. Then they boldly declared that the Bible was to be to the mass a prohibited book ; it was only to be seen by the chosen few of the priests ; not a word was said of its being already in the hands of all, and it was asserted that it ought not to be in the hands of all. Well, now some of the priests and certain members of the Association maintain that almost every Catholic family possesses a Bible, and that they are anxious to give one to such as are without. This may be deeply tainted with falsehood, or it may not ; but in either case it proves that great benefits have been already produced by the Bible discussions, and that further great ones may be expected from them.

If these discussions related to abstract doctrines, which must from their nature be ever matter of opinion, we should deprecate, and not defend them. But they relate to practical conduct, and the highest interests of society : they involve the existence of a civil, as well as a religious right. If a religious teacher have a right to suppress the Scriptures, he has a right to suppress a newspaper ; if he have a right to take from us our Bible, he has a right to take our purse likewise. If

the regular Clergy have no right to give the Bible to such Catholics as may wish for it, they have no right to perform divine service ; if the Catholic priesthood have a right to prevent them from thus distributing the Scriptures, it has a right to seize upon their churches and livings ; if this priesthood have a right to make its will the law in one thing, it has a right to make it the law in all things. These discussions, moreover, relate solely to a question which is surrounded by everything that is deemed necessary for extinguishing difference of opinion. The Scriptures, the constitution, the law, natural right, and common sense, give unanimous and decided judgment upon it. It is one of the most wonderful things of this wonderful age, that it should actually be made a matter of dispute, in the British dominions, whether the regular Clergy have a right to give Bibles to his Majesty's subjects, and whether these subjects have a right to possess Bibles.

If the tyrannical laws and monstrous fallacies and superstitions of Catholicism can stand against perpetual discussion and exposure, against overwhelming fact and argument, against the interests of the people and the unceasing attacks of public opinion, we must in future only expect light in the sun's absence. If they can only be destroyed by keeping all these from them, by being silent respecting them, by protecting them from every foe, and by suffering them to flourish without opposition, we must henceforward expect the blaze of day to be only supplied by midnight. These religious discussions, if they be incessantly and ably continued, may not draw a single Catholic to Protestantism, but they must utterly destroy the worst parts of Catholicism. They must abolish its pernicious laws, beat down its mischievous dogmas, overthrow the despotism of the priest, and give freedom and religion to the layman. They can only be prevented doing this by miracle. Once more, therefore, we call upon the champions of the Bible to proceed boldly and to redouble their efforts. Their cause is the cause of Christianity, of the Church, of Britain, and of Ireland, and they must triumph.

Some people say that the Bible Societies increase exasperation. This is impossible ; for the exasperation of

the Catholics has been for centuries incapable of increase. We believe they will in due time greatly diminish exasperation. We say again what we have said heretofore:—Involve the religious heads in strife instead of the followers—let us have a war of arguments instead of one of cold iron—let the peasantry be occupied with reading religious argumentation, instead of following the heels of Captain Rock. These discussions cannot long be carried on temperately and decorously as they are, without scattering a vast portion of religious instruction through the country, and producing a very favourable change in the opinion of the peasantry touching Protestantism. These are exactly the things necessary for subduing exasperation.

It is asserted that these Societies will only make converts to the Protestant Dissenters. If this were true we should still be their advocates. We have no wish to see the Dissenters increase in England, but the circumstances of this country are not similar to those of Ireland. That might yield great benefits to the sister kingdom, which would yield only evils here. We are most anxious to see something like a balance of parties established in Ireland, the more especially as the preponderating one is grossly ignorant and bigotted, is actuated by a very bad spirit, is hostile to the Church, is largely under foreign influence, and holds opinions which cannot be reconciled with the Constitution and liberty. We should, therefore, rejoice, were half the Catholics to divide themselves to-morrow among the Presbyterians, Methodists, &c. even though the Church might not get a single new member. We, however, imagine, that if converts be made, the Church will obtain its share.

We must now say a few words to protect what we have said from misinterpretation.

We have heretofore said, that the circulation of the Scriptures, and the use of them in schools, will not *alone* produce much general benefit. This is still our opinion; and all that we have written must be looked at in reference to it. A zealous and eloquent clergy must exist to incite the people to study the Scriptures, and to explain to them its difficult passages. To give the Bible Societies their full effect, the clergy as individuals must toil with-

out ceasing, to cause the people to read and understand the Bible.

One word touching schools. We perceive that a very learned and excellent divine, on being questioned before Parliament, gave it as his opinion, that, in the strict sense of the term, the Bible was not of much use as a school-book. Now, we well remember the time, when the schoolmaster had no other book but the New Testament to put into the hands of children after he got them through the Primer, save what was far too difficult. We are aware that numberless books have since been written to serve as a substitute, and we think that not one of them surpasses it as a mere school-book. We are of opinion that a schoolmaster will teach children to read as soon, by using the New Testament as the second book, and the Old one as the third, as by using any other books whatever.

Children will learn little or no religion from the Bible, by reading it as a school-book, if it be not explained to them. Their reading it thus, however, has its benefits. Every one who is acquainted with common schools, knows that the mass of scholars leave them before they are made expert readers, and that their ability to read, from the want of exercise, becomes less instead of greater as they advance in years. Now, if children be taught to read the Bible pretty well at school, they can almost always read it afterwards, if they be unable to read other books. The advantages of this ought not to be resigned.

It is, however, very absurd to expect that schools will alone have any effect upon Catholicism. They will be valuable as auxiliaries, but, unaided, they will do nothing. An attempt to change, or reform, a religion, must operate upon parents, as well as children—upon adults, rather than infants.

In what we have said in favour of the Evangelical Clergy, as they are called, we do not identify ourselves with their opinions. If any of them be dissatisfied with the doctrines and discipline of the Church, and wish to make in it changes and innovations, of such men we are the enemies. Our defence only extends to such as are satisfied with the Church as it is. The Church seems to us to allow, actually and intentionally, to its members a

wide range of opinion between the extremes of Catholicism and Arminianism, and we wish this to remain without alteration. The mass of the Dissenters follow these creeds, or modifications of them, and we wish the doors of the Church to be opened as widely as possible for the return of the Dissenters. To narrow the Creed and spirit of the Church, would, in our judgment, be to expel great numbers of its members, and to prevent great numbers of the Dissenters from re-joining it.

When the Church is placed in extreme danger by the Catholics and the Whigs, it is downright madness in it to multiply enemies unnecessarily. The Sects were never so peaceably disposed towards it as they are at present; numbers of the rich Dissenters, of many denominations, are almost half Churchmen; half the sects fight at its side in the battle, they are anxious for its existence, they wish only to flourish along with it as friends, and they lean strongly to Toryism. Some of the fiercest Whig ones are splitting, and the Seceders manifest great improvement of disposition, both religious and political. The Church and the Tories may at this moment, if they please, make friends or neutrals of a vast portion of the Dissenters. Yet, in this state of things, those who call themselves High Churchmen and High Tories, are doing everything conceivable that is calculated to make the whole mass of the Dissenters implacable enemies, and to force them into the ranks of the Whigs and the Catholics. They make no distinction; friends as well as foes are slaughtered; the Tory Dissenter is placed on a level with the Whig one, and the Church Tory, who will not think as they bid him, is treated as mercilessly as the Whig or the Catholic. In our judgment, this is only calculated to plunge the Church into ruin.

We wish to see the Dissenters in this

country decrease, and not increase: our wish, however, we think, can only be accomplished by the appointment to every church of a pious, zealous, active, and able clergyman. If the friends of the Church wish to know how to make it flourish, let them look at the conduct of many of the London clergy, and of the clergy of Scotland. Let them attend the church of St Mary-le-bone in the metropolis on a Sunday evening, when this capacious structure is constantly filled to overflow, by that most excellent and useful preacher Dr Busfield, and they will discover what will fill the churches throughout the country. Generally speaking, the clergy of London are very able and industrious men; they are properly qualified for the discharge of their duties, and they exert themselves in the most praiseworthy manner. What is the consequence? The churches are filled, and the Dissenters make little progress: the latter, we think, do not even increase in proportion to the increase of population; their new members are chiefly Dissenters who remove from the country.

If, however, a feud is to be got up by High Church principles, we earnestly pray, for the sake of the Church, that it may be for the present confined to England. The Church in Ireland has already quite sufficient to struggle with. If the High Churchmen will do nothing in a religious way against Catholicism, let them be neutral—let them not become its allies. Let it be overthrown, and then, if nothing less will content them, let them get up idle contentions and animosities, touching doctrines amidst their flocks, instead of teaching them to practise the leading precepts of Christianity. It would then produce only great evils—it never could produce anything but great evils—but it would not operate so fatally and ruinously against the Church in Ireland as it would do at present.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Alaric Watts's *Literary Souvenir*, for 1826, will be published in the course of a few days. This volume will, we perceive, from its "bill of fare," be of a more interesting character, both as it regards the splendour of its illustrations, and the merit and variety of its literary contents, than its precursor. In the list of its illustrations, executed by Heath, Rolls, and Finden, we notice engravings from Newton's beautiful picture—"The Lover's Quarrel;" Leslie's celebrated "Rivals;" neither of which has ever been engraved before. There are also two English landscapes from the pencil of Turner—Richmond Hill and Bolton Abbey, an historical subject; Blondell discovering Richard Cœur de Lion in Prison; the Kiss (an attractive title, to say the least of it); a View of Windsor Castle, by Dervint; the Statue of a Child and Dove, by Chantry, &c. &c. &c. In the literary portion of the contents we meet with the names of Mrs Hemans, Montgomery, Hogg, Delta, Galt, Doubleday, Allan Cunningham, Wiffen, Barton, Dale, L. E. L., Archdeacon Wrangham, Bowles, Maturin, Polwhele, Bowring, the late Mrs E. Hamilton, the Author of "London in the Olden Time," &c. &c. &c.

Mr Chandos Leigh has announced a volume, to be entitled "the Queen of Golconda's Fête," and other Poems.

The Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins; from the original MSS. in possession of the Duke de Choiseul, are announced for early publication.

Materia Indica; or some Account of those Articles which are employed by the Hindoos, and other Eastern Nations, in their Medicine, Arts, Agriculture, Horticulture: together with Lists of Scientific Books, in various Oriental Languages, &c. &c. By Whitelaw Ainslie, M. D. M. R. A. S., late of the Medical Staff of Southern India, will soon appear. 8vo.

Varieties of Literature; being Selections from the Portfolio of the late John Brady, Esq. the Author of the "Clavis Calendaria," &c. &c. Arranged and adapted for publication by John Henry Brady, Esq. his Son.

There is now in the Press a new edition of Bishop Andrew's "Preces Privatæ Quotidianæ." First published in 1675, in Greek and Latin.

Early in November will be published

the First Part of a new Work, uniform in size to the *Percy Anecdotes*, with portraits, price 2s. 6d., under the title of "Laconics, or the Best Words of the Best Authors;" with the Authorities given.

A Work is in the press, entitled "The Converts." By the Author of the "Two Rectors."

The Sixteenth and last Volume of the new edition of the "Théâtre complet des Grecs," by M. Raoul-Rochette, is on the eve of publication.

A translation into French of the *Border Minstrelsy*, will soon appear in Paris.

Volume Sixth of the *Personal Narrative of Travels in Colombia*, embracing Details, by Baron de Humboldt, translated from the original French, will soon appear.

A Work entitled the "Mirror of the Months," is announced for publication.

Disquisitions upon the Painted Greek Vases, and their probable Connexion with the Shows of the Eleusinian and other Mysteries, by James Christie, a Member of the Society of Dilettanti, will soon appear.

Attic Fragments. By the Author of the "Modern Athens," and "Babylon the Great."

A new edition of an Introduction to the Knowledge of Rare and Valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics. By Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D. D. F. R. S. F. A. S.

Mr Bentley, a Member of the Asiatic Society, has in the press "An Historical View of the Hindoo Astronomy," from the earliest dawn of that science in India, down to the present time.

The Camisard, or the Protestants of Languedoc, a novel in three volumes, is announced for publication.

The Economy of the Eyes. Part II. Of Telescopes. Being the result of Thirty Years' Experiments with Fifty-one Telescopes, of from One to Nine Inches in Diameter, in the possession of William Kitchiner, M. D. To which are added, "An Abstract of the Practical Parts of Sir William Herschel's Writings on Telescope and Double Stars, &c.; some Observations thereon, and Original Letters from Eminent Opticians."

The Fruits of Faith, or, Musing Sinner; with Elegies, and other Moral Poems. By Hugh Campbell, of the Middle Temple.

An Anatomical Description of the Ligaments, as connected with the Joints;

with Observations on the Injuries to which the Ligaments are liable, under the Dislocations described in the work of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. By Bransby B. Cooper, Esq. Surgeon to, and Lecturer at, Guy's Hospital, will soon appear.

The Fundamental words of the Greek Language, adapted to the Memory of the Student by means of Derivations and Derivatives, Striking Contexts, and other Associations. By F. Valpy, A.M.

Mr G. Simpson, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has issued the prospectus of a Work on Anatomy as applicable to the Fine Arts, which, aided by graphic exhibitions, will, we think, be very acceptable to the sculptor, the painter, and the amateur. The work will be dedicated, by permission, to Sir Thomas Laurence, and published by subscription, in two parts, price one guinea each.

A second edition of Sermons, Expositions, and Addresses at the Holy Communion. By the late Rev. Alexander Waugh, A.M., Minister of the Scots Church in Mile's Lane, London. To which is prefixed a short Memoir of the Author. 8vo.

Shortly will be published, Sephora, a Hebrew Tale, descriptive of the country of Palestine, and of the Manners and Customs of the ancient Israelites, in 2 vols. post 8vo.

Outlines of Truth. By a Lady. In 1 vol. 12mo, will shortly appear.

In the press, Botanical Sketches of the twenty-four Classes in the Linnean System, with fifty specimens of English plants taken from Nature; containing an account of the place of their growth, times of flowering, and medicinal properties, with many plates, post 8vo.

Nugæ Sacræ; or Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, will shortly be published in a neat pocket volume.

The Rev. T. Close of Cheltenham, has in the press the second edition of A Course of Nine Sermons, intended to illustrate some of the leading truths contained in the Liturgy of the Church of England.

A new edition will shortly appear of The Vanity of this Mortal Life, or Man considered in his present Mortal State, with a Dedicatory Epistle to a Mourning Family. By John Howe, M.A., sometime Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxon. 1678.

Phantasmagoria; or Sketches of Life and Literature. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful;

containing The Prediction, The Yellow Dwarf, Der Freischütz, Fortunes of de la Pole, and Lord of Maelstrom. One vol. post 8vo.

Dr Birkbeck's great work on the Manufacturing and Mechanical Arts and Sciences of Great Britain, will be commenced in January, in Monthly Parts and Weekly Numbers.

Societies have been formed in England and Scotland, for the purpose of diffusing useful knowledge among the people, meaning the Popular Arts and Sciences, History, Biography, &c. &c. Their primary measure is to bring out a fundamental Library for the people, perfect in the mode, and cheap in the cost; consisting of complete elementary treatises and luminous exhibitions of every subject, at the low price of Sixpence each subject. It will appear periodically, and the first number will be published in December, containing La Place's account of the astronomy of Sir Isaac Newton, complete within the number.

Mr Gray, the well-known Chemist, Author of "the Supplement to the Pharmacopœia," &c., has undertaken a work on the Chemical Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain, similar to the much approved Volume by Nicholson on our Mechanical Arts. Both works will therefore exhibit all the Information which Science can confer on those distinct branches of our National Wealth. Mr Gray's book will be before the public about Christmas next, and will deserve a place of distinction beside the noble Volume of Nicholson.

A Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom, beautifully printed, and illustrated by a new and elegant set of Engravings, is nearly ready, in one volume.

Bagster's Pulpit, Study, and Family Bible, in one volume 4to, is now in the course of publication. The plan is novel and perspicuous, and style of execution elegant and distinct; producing an effect which adds much to the beauty and usefulness of the book. Three varieties are printing, small, large, and largest paper. The whole will be completed in about Seven Parts, and the entire price of the first size will not exceed Thirty Shillings.

In the Press, "The Cook's Dictionary." Under the editorship of Mr Vilinet, his Majesty's principal Cook; assisted by the Cooks of the Duke of Rutland and the Marquis of Anglesea.

EDINBURGH.

The Expiation, by the Author of Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, Margaret Lyndsay, and the Foresters.

The Last of the Lairds, or the Life and Opinions of Malachi Mailings, Esq. of Auldbiggings. By the Author of Annals of the Parish, &c.

Marriage, by the Author of Inheritance, the third edition, in two vols. post 8vo.

The Omen, elegantly printed in a pocket volume.

The Robber and other Poems, by John Marshall, in one volume 18mo.

The History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution. By the late Rev. Robert Wodrow, Minister of the Gospel at Eastwood. A new Edition, in eight volumes 8vo, containing a Memoir of the Author, or Preliminary Dissertations, many Important Documents never before published, numerous Notes of Illustrations, Biographical Notices, &c. &c. By John Lee, D.D. one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, late Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Divinity in the University of St Andrews.

A Comparative View of Christianity, and all the other forms of Religion which have existed, particularly in regard to its moral tendency. By William Lawrence Brown, D.D. Principal of Marischall College, Aberdeen, &c. &c. 2 volumes 8vo.

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Red, new	45 to 50	Ditto, boilers	55 to 62	Eng.	8 9 to 10	Sweet, U.S. 24 0	to 25 0
Fine ditto	60 to 68	Small Beans, new	48 to 55	Old	— to —	Do. in bond	—
Superfine ditto	00 to 00	Ditto, old	0 to 0	Scotch	8 6 to 9	Sour bond	16 0 to 17 0
White	48 to 58	Tick ditto, new	38 to 44	Irish	8 0 to 8 4	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Fine ditto	62 to 64	Ditto, old	45 to 50	Bonded	4 0 to 4 6	English	30 0 to 32 6
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Rye	32 to 40	Fine ditto	28 to 29	Eng.	6 6 to 6 10	Irish	25 0 to 30 0
Barley	32 to 40	Poland ditto	26 to 28	Scotch	5 0 to 5 6	Bran, p. 24 lb.	— to —
Fine ditto	40 to 44	Fine ditto	29 to 31	Irish	5 0 to 5 3	Butter, p. cwt.	s. d.
Superfine ditto	00 to 00	Potato ditto	28 to 31	Foreign	— to —	Belfast,	108 0 to 110 0
Malt	62 to 65	Fine ditto	32 to 33	Oats, per 45 lb.	—	Newry,	102 0 to 00 0
Fine	68 to 72	Scotch	00 to 00	Eng.	3 2 to 2 8	Waterford	101 0 to 00 0
Hog Pease	47 to 48	Flour, per sack	55 to 60	Irish	3 0 to 3 5	Cork, pie, 2d, 101	to 102 0
Maple	48 to 49	Ditto, seconds	50 to 55	Scotch	3 2 to 3 6	3d dry	0 to —
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran,	11 to 12	For. in bond	2 0 to 2 3	Beef, p. tierce.	87 0 to 90 0
				Do. dut. fr.	— to —	Mess	85 0 to 79 0
				Rye, per qr.	38 0 to 44 0	— Middle 9	to 10 9
				Malt per b.	9 9 to 10 9	— Mess	75 0 to 82 0
				— Middle 9	0 to 9 9	— Middl.	66 0 to — 0
				Beans, per q.	—	Bacon, p. cwt.	—
				English	46 0 to 52 0	— Short mids.	66 0 to — 0
				Irish	42 0 to 46 0	— Sides	64 0 to — 0
				Rapesced, p. l. nominal.	—	— Hams, dry,	— 0 to — 0
				Pease, grey	30 0 to 44 0	— Green	— 0 to — 0
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				p. 240 lb. fine	54 0 to 57 0		
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Mid. good, and fine mid.	74	78	74 6	78 0	77	80	74	78
Fine and very fine, . .	78	80	—	—	81	85	79	80
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	108	116	—	—	—	—	—	—
Powder ditto, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	97	—
Single ditto, . . .	98	106	92	103	—	—	94	96
Small Lumps, . . .	96	104	93	96	—	—	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	94	96	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . . .	40	50	—	—	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	36 6	37	34 6	35 6	32	35	35s. 0d.	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	50	60	59	60	30	52	54	56
Ord. good, and fine ord.	65	70	66	—	66	75	57	70
Mid. good, and fine mid.	75	85	78	—	78	94	78	102
Dutch Triage and very ord.	65	70	—	—	33	55	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	80	—	—	—	58	76	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	85	95	—	—	77	90	—	—
St Domingo, . . .	—	—	—	—	59	60	57	58
Pimento (in Bond), . . .	0s 11½ 0 0	—	0s 9d 0s 9½d	—	9½	10½	10½d	11½d
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 10 3 0	—	2s 6d 2s 8d	—	2s 4d 0s 0d	—	2s 6d 2s 7d	—
Brandy, . . .	3 5 3 8	—	—	—	—	—	3 1 3 4	—
Geneva, . . .	2 1 2 2	—	—	—	—	—	1 8 1 11	—
Grain Whisky, . . .	4 6 4 8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	—	—	—	—	—	—	£17	£60
Portugal Red, pipe,	35	46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	36	48	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	22	24	—	—	—	—	22	22
Madeira, . p 110 gall.	25	60	—	—	—	—	25	50
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£7	10	7 0	—	£6 15 7 0	£7 0 7 10	£7 0 7 10	—
Honduras, . . .	10	—	—	—	6 15 7 0	7 0 0 0	7 0 0 0	—
Campeachy, . . .	11	—	—	—	8 0 0 0	8 0 0 0	8 0 0 0	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	8	0	—	—	7 10 8 0	7 0 7 10	7 0 7 10	—
Cuba, . . .	15	0	10 0	—	9 10 10 0	10 0 11 0	10 0 11 0	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	11s 6 14s 0	—	—	—	10s 0 11s 6	11 9 13 0	—	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 10 2 6	—	—	—	1 11 2 1	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	3 0 4 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid),	2 0 2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 6 1 6	—	—	—	1 1 1 3	1 1 1 4	—	—
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 0 3 6	—	—	—	2 3 2 8	1 10 2 5	—	—
TAR, American, brl.	24	25	—	—	10 0 11 6	13	15	—
Archangel, . . .	17	20	—	—	—	16 6	17	—
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	8 6 9 0	—	—	—	—	8 0 0 0	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	40	—	41	—	41	38 3 39 0	—	—
Home melted, . . .	45	—	—	—	—	35	—	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	48	—	—	—	—	£47 0 48 0	—	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	43	—	—	—	—	41 0 42 0	—	—
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	48	—	—	—	—	—	£52 0 £53	—
Dutch, . . .	50	80	—	—	—	—	45	55
Irish, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 0 15 15	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	38	—	—	—	—	—	34	—
Montreal, ditto, . . .	36	—	33 0 33 6	—	32	32 6	35 6	—
Pot, . . .	32	—	30 0 30 6	—	29 6	30	31	—
OIL, Whale, . tun,	32	—	34 0 35 0	—	—	—	30 0 32 0	—
Cod, . . .	—	—	29	30	—	—	29	31 0
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	9	11	—	—	0 6 0 8	0 7 0 8	—	—
Middling, . . .	8	8½	5 8	—	0 4½ 0 5½	0 5 0 5½	—	—
Inferior, . . .	6	6½	5 5½	—	0 2½ 0 4	—	—	—
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	0 8 9½	—	0 0 0 0	0 7½ 0 10½	—	—
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	0 0 0 0	—	2 1 2 3	—	—	—
Stained, . . .	—	—	0 11 0 0	—	0 7½ 1 0	—	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	1 3 1 5½	—	1 5 2 0	—	—	—
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	0 10½ 1 0	—	0 10½ 1 0	0 10½ 1 0	—	—
West India, . . .	—	—	0 9½ 0 0	—	0 8½ 0 10½	0 10 1 0	—	—
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	—	—	11 0½ 0 11½	1 1 1 1½	—	—
Maranharn, . . .	—	—	—	—	11 0 0 11½	0 11 0 11½	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the
Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-
noon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register
Thermometer.

August.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.
Aug. 1	M.53 A.62	29.696 .635	M.71 A.71	Cble.	Aug. 17	M.48 A.60	29.564 .620	M.62 A.59	Cble.
2	M.53 A.63	.461 .460	M.68 A.67	S.W.	18	M.47 A.57	.810 .926	M.60 A.62	Cble.
3	M.50 A.59	.419 .377	M.66 A.65	Cble.	19	M.49 A.56	.962 .984	M.59 A.61	W.
4	M.48 A.56	28.999 .980	M.60 A.64	S.W.	20	M.50 A.57	.989 .994	M.67 A.66	Cble.
5	M.49 A.58	.986 .994	M.62 A.65	W.	21	M.51 A.60	.999 .999	M.66 A.66	E.
6	M.50 A.59	.997 29.111	M.63 A.62	Cble.	22	M.51 A.57	.998 .946	M.64 A.66	W.
7	M.46 A.59	.306 .508	M.61 A.63	Cble.	23	M.52 A.65	.874 .898	M.68 A.68	W.
8	M.46 A.57	.256 .266	M.61 A.65	W.	24	M.49 A.55	.989 .945	M.62 A.63	N.
9	M.47 A.57	.286 .589	M.65 A.64	W.	25	M.43 A.58	.925 .912	M.63 A.65	E.
10	M.45 A.58	.466 .672	M.63 A.61	Cble.	26	M.47 A.54	.958 .958	M.61 A.62	E.
11	M.46 A.60	.755 .726	M.62 A.60	W.	27	M.48 A.56	.902 .834	M.62 A.63	NE.
12	M.44 A.56	.618 .541	M.61 A.60	S.W.	28	M.48 A.57	.780 .693	M.61 A.64	Cble.
13	M.50 A.59	28.860 .690	M.62 A.60	NW.	29	M.52 A.59	.625 .708	M.63 A.63	Cble.
14	M.50 A.56	.834 .932	M.60 A.58	Cble.	30	M.51 A.64	.735 .760	M.68 A.69	Cble.
15	M.49 A.57	29.208 .423	M.59 A.59	Cble.	31	M.58 A.65	.775 .890	M.60 A.67	Cble.
16	M.49 A.57	.509 .575	M.60 A.60	Cble.					

Average of rain, . . . 1.894.

September.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.
Sept. 1	M.59 A.61	29.809 .809	M.65 A.65	W.	Sept. 16	M.48 A.55	29.416 .592	M.58 A.61	Cble.
2	M.58 A.59	.973 .973	M.63 A.63	W.	17	M.50 A.56	.601 .396	M.56 A.59	SW.
3	M.57 A.56	.909 .840	M.64 A.64	W.	18	M.52 A.62	.362 .276	M.64 A.64	SW.
4	M.45 A.55	.847 .847	M.63 A.62	NW.	19	M.51 A.57	.255 .325	M.62 A.63	SW.
5	M.42 A.55	.865 .956	M.63 A.64	E.	20	M.52 A.56	.252 .318	M.61 A.60	SW.
6	M.41 A.55	.725 .625	M.63 A.61	W.	21	M.51 A.56	.119 .119	M.69 A.60	SW.
7	M.46 A.56	.440 .214	M.62 A.63	Cble.	22	M.49 A.56	.190 .621	M.60 A.60	Cble.
8	M.45 A.56	.272 .290	M.50 A.59	W.	23	M.49 A.47	.716 .575	M.55 A.55	SW.
9	M.43 A.58	.140 .140	M.60 A.61	SW.	24	M.45 A.64	.325 .419	M.65 A.62	SW.
10	M.43 A.57	.138 .110	M.60 A.68	S.	25	M.54 A.61	.530 .530	M.63 A.62	S.
11	M.45 A.54	.154 .190	M.60 A.60	S.	26	M.18 A.50	.416 .519	M.59 A.57	Cble.
12	M.47 A.57	.440 .710	M.61 A.61	S.	27	M.45 A.55	.889 .999	M.58 A.57	Cble.
13	M.47 A.55	.675 .492	M.58 A.57	E.	28	M.40 A.50	.999 .999	M.57 A.57	Cble.
14	M.46 A.54	.375 .322	M.58 A.59	E.	29	M.42 A.53	.939 .960	M.58 A.58	S.
15	M.45 A.54	.346 .402	M.56 A.56	E.	30	M.45 A.56	.736 .662	M.60 A.58	SW.

Average of rain, 3.293.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

July.

To be Aides-de-Camp to his Majesty, with the Rank of Colonel in the Army.

<i>To be Aides-de-Camp to his Majesty, with the Rank of Colonel in the Army.</i>			<i>Coldst. Gds. Lt. Col. Bowles, Capt. and Lt. Col.</i>		
Brev.	Lt. Col. R. C. St. J. Lord Clinton, h. p. 8 Gn. Bn.	27 May, 1825		Maj. Bentinck, do.	27 May do.
	— Morland, 9 Dr.	do.		Lt. Col. G. Fitz Clarence, from h. p. do.	6 July
	Capt. Urquhart, 39 F. Maj. in the Army	do.		— Russell, from h. p. 12 Dr. do.	7 do.
1 Dr. Gds.	Cor. Wilson, Lt. by purch. vice Quicke, prom.	23 June	2 F.	Ens. Kennedy, Lt. by purch. vice Hart, prom.	16 June
2	Capt. Rogers, Maj. by purch. vice Spearman, ret.	do.		Ens. and Adj. Littlejohn, rank of do.	17 do.
	Lt. Ferguson, Capt.	do.	3	Lt. Blair, Capt. vice Rolland, dead	9 April.
	Cor. Davies, Lt.	do.		Ens. Grant, Lt.	30 June
	H. W. Charlton, cor.	do.		— Macdonald, from 25 F. Ens.	do.
	Lt. Copland, Capt. by purch. vice Middleton, 72 F.	7 July	4	Barrow, Lt. vice Gregg, Afr. Col. Corps	23 do.
	Cor. Collins, Lt.	do.		F. M. Chambers, Ens.	do.
3	T. Arthur, Cor. by purch. vice Markham, 1 Dr.	23 June		Ens. Williams, Lt. vice Lardy, prom.	7 July
6	A. L. Bourke, Riding-Master, do.	7 July		C. Ruxton, Ens.	do.
	Cor. Daintry, Lt. by purch. vice Scarlett, prom.	9 June	5	Hosp. Assist. Hall, Assist. Surg.	30 June
	H. R. Jones, Cor. by purch. vice Porter, prom.	do.	7	Ens. Morshead, from 51 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Black, 53 F.	23 do.
	T. Ponsonby, do.	10 do.		Lt. Walker, from h. p. Lt. (pay diff.) vice Hamilton, 81 F.	30 do.
	Lt. Hollingworth, Capt. by purch. vice Schreiber, prom.	7 July	8	Ens. Hon. R. Hare, do. by purch. vice Fitz Maurice, prom.	23 do.
	Cor. Wiss, Lt.	do.	9	Hosp. Assist. Bain, Assist. Surg.	30 do.
	H. P. Corry, Cor.	do.	10	Ens. Hallifax, Lt. by purch. vice Galoway, prom.	23 do.
7	Cor. Dunne, Lt. by purch. vice Everard, prom.	23 June		Gent. Cadet, J. Wilmot, from R. Mil. Coll.	do.
1 Dr.	W. D. King, Cor.	do.		Lt. Shinkwin, Adj.	do.
	Lt. Keily, Capt. by purch. vice Clark, 7 Dr. Gds.	26 May		Ens. Crosbie, Lt. vice Majendie, prom.	7 July
	Cor. Eccles, Lt.	do.		J. H. Franks, Ens.	do.
	H. J. Stracy, Cor.	do.	11	Ens. Westropp, Lt. by purch. vice White, prom.	23 June
	Cor. Markham, from 3 Dr. Gds. Lt. by purch. vice Clive, prom.	23 June		W. Dolphin, Ens. by purch. vice Walker, prom.	do.
	— M'Caffery, do. by purch. vice Doyle, prom.	22 do.		H. O'Neill, do. vice Westropp	30 do.
	— Ramsbottom, do. by purch. vice Sullivan, prom.	7 July	12	O. K. Werge, do. by purch. vice Cuthbert, 15 F.	7 July
6	Heigham, Lt. by purch. vice Snow, prom.	23 June	13	Ens. Wingfield, Lt. vice Bain, dead	27 Nov. 1824
	Hon. J. Arbuthnot, Cor.	do.		— Kershawe, do. vice O'Shea, killed in action	2 Dec.
8	J. MacCall, do. by purch. vice Malet, prom.	do.		— Flood, do. vice Darby, do.	16 do.
9	G. Vesey, do. by purch. vice Knox, prom.	15 do.		— Wilson, do. vice Petry, do.	do.
10	Cor. Knox, from 9 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Wortley, prom.	do.		— Wilkinson, do. vice Jones, do.	do.
	— Gifford, do. vice Lord Carmarthen, prom.	7 July		E. W. Sibley, Ens.	27 Nov.
12	Lt. Moore, Capt. by purch. vice Coles, prom.	23 June		H. C. Hayes, do.	2 Dec.
	Cor. Marryat, Lt.	do.		Ens. Orange, from 24 F. do.	29 June, 1825
	— Hon. R. Petre, do. vice Micklethwaite, prom.	7 July	14	A. A. Browne, do.	30 do.
	E. Pole, Cor.	do.		J. G. D. Taylor, do.	1 July
	Surg. Burton, from 66 F. Surg. vice Robinson, ret.	30 June	15	Ens. Cockell, from 59 F. Lt. by purch. vice Meek, prom.	23 June
13	R. Gill, Cor. by purch. vice Dundas, prom.	16 do.		Lt. Bonnor, Capt. by purch. vice Maxwell, ret.	30 do.
	Cor. Perceval, Lt. by purch. vice Ramsden, prom.	6 July	20	Ens. Cuthbert, from 12 F. Lt.	7 July
	— Shelden, do. by purch. vice Lindsay, prom.	7 do.		Lt. Stanley, Capt. by purch. vice Swinton, ret.	29 Dec. 1824.
	J. Rait, Cor.	6 do.	21	Ens. Bayley, Lt.	do.
	F. Ives, do.	7 do.	24	J. C. Rouse, Ens.	30 June, 1825
16	Cor. Collins, Lt. by purch. vice Wrottesley, prom.	22 June		Hosp. Assist. Davidson, Assist. Surg. do.	do.
	Lt. Walker, from h. p. 6 Dr. Gds. do. vice Harris, prom.	23 do.		Ens. Campbell, Lt. vice Baird, dead	7 July
	H. Penleaze, Cor.	do.		W. G. Brown, Ens.	do.
17	C. Forbes, do. by purch. vice Loftus, prom.	do.	25	H. Young, do. by purch. vice Orange, 13 F.	30 June
	Cor. Hon. H. N. C. Massay, Lt. by purch. vice Clarke, prom.	7 July		Ens. Spalding, from h. p. 84 F. Ens. repaying diff.	do.
Gren. Gds.	Lt. Fludyer, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Cameron, 95 F.	do.	26	— Vernon, Ens. vice Macdonald, 3 F.	do.
	H. Fitz Roy, Ens. and Lt.	do.	27	Hosp. As. Williams, As. Surg.	do.
Coldst. Gds.	Col. Macdonnell, Lt. Col.	27 May	28	Ens. Berkeley, Lt. by purch. vice Pratt, 97 F.	16 do.
	Lt. Col. Hamilton, Maj. with rank of Col.	do.	29	— Aeklom, from 58 F. Ens.	do.
	Lt. Col. Raikes, Maj. with rank of Capt.	do.		Lt. Davidson, Capt. by purch. vice Bridgeman, prom.	23 do.
				Ens. Champain, Lt.	do.
				Gent. Cadet H. Phillpotts, Ens.	do.
			30	Ens. Lewis, Lt. vice Treisdor, dead	4 Dec. 1824
				W. B. Staff, Ens.	do.

- 32 Ens. Speckling, Lt. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 23 June, 1825
- 33 A. Trevelyan, Ens. do.
- G. Moore, do. by purch. vice Curteis, prom. 12 May
- Lt. Westmore, Capt. vice Pagan, dead 23 June
- Ens. Forbes, Lt. do.
- J. O. Munton, Ens. 30 do.
- 35 Hosp. As. Hughes, As. Surg. do.
- 37 A. R. Heyland, Ens. by purch. vice Grant, 14 F. 9 do.
- 39 Ens. Forbes, Lt. by purch. vice Barker, prom. 16 do.
- W. Loraine, Ens. do.
- 41 Lt. Pillichody, from 49 F. Capt. by purch. vice O'Reilly, prom. 30 do.
- Hamilton, from 81 F. Lt. vice Armstrong, h. p. rec. diff. do.
- 45 Capt. Hilton, Maj. by purch. vice Martin, ret. 23 do.
- Lt. Perham, Capt. do.
- 48 — Kenyon, from h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. Lt. vice Cochrane, 87 F. do.
- 49 Ens. Mathew, Lt. vice Danford, prom. 7 April
- T. S. Reynolds, Ens. do.
- 50 Capt. Bartley, from h. p. 92 F. Paym. vice Vinicombe, dead 23 June
- 51 J. A. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice Morshead, 7 F. do.
- 52 Capt. Cross, Maj. by purch. vice Sir J. Tylden, ret. do.
- Lt. Menins, Capt. do.
- Ens. Gunning, Lt. do.
- T. E. Campbell, Ens. do.
- Ens. Baldwin, Lt. by purch. vice Ferguson, prom. 7 July
- G. B. Mathew, Ens. do.
- 53 Lt. Black, from 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Eden, prom. 16 June
- 57 Ens. Daveney, Lt. by purch. vice Le Merchant, prom. 7 July
- W. W. H. Benson, Ens. do.
- 58 J. R. Surman, do. by purch. vice Acklom, 28 F. 23 June
- 59 Lt. Whittle, Capt. vice Butler, dead 22 Dec. 1824.
- Ens. M'Gregor, Lt. do.
- W. S. Marley, Ens. do.
- 60 A. Grierson, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Nesbitt, prom. 9 June, 1825
- 2d Lt. Piggott, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Wood, prom. 23 do.
- H. S. Browne, 2d Lt. do.
- Gent. Cadet S. E. Goodman, from R. Mil. Col. 2d Lt. vice Stapleton, prom. 7 July
- Hosp. As. Leslie, As. Surg. 30 June
- 61 G. Wynne, Ens. by purch. vice Hood, 3 F. Gds. 16 do.
- 63 Ens. Hon. G. Spencer, Lt. by purch. vice Backhouse, prom. do.
- R. Lane, Ens. 23 do.
- 65 Ens. Mackay, Lt. July 6
- Amsinck, do. by purch. vice Andros, 31 F. 7 do.
- C. Wise, Ens. by purch. do.
- W. Tucker, do. 8 do.
- Lt. Young, Adj. vice Farquharson, prom. 6 do.
- 66 As. Surg. Egan, from 12 Dr. Surg. vice Burton, 12 Dr. 30 June
- 68 Hosp. As. Crawford, As. Surg. do.
- 71 Ens. Denny, Lt. by purch. vice St George, prom. 23 do.
- T. Le M. Saumarez, Ens. do.
- 72 Bt. Maj. Middleton, from 2 Dr. G. Maj. by purch. vice Drummond, prom. 16 do.
- 75 Lt. Champain, Capt. by purch. vice Lord Churchill, prom. do.
- Ens. Daniell, Lt. do.
- R. B. Brown, Ens. do.
- 79 W. Bates, do. vice T. Bates, cancelled, 23 do.
- W. H. Lance, do. by purch. vice Cameron, prom. 7 July
- 81 Lt. Hamilton, from 7 F. Lt. vice R. Hamilton, 41 F. 30 June
- Hosp. As. Bell, As. Surg. do.
- 81 Lt. Colquhoun, from h. p. 16 F. Lt. 9 April
- 83 Ens. Hotham, from 40 F. Lt. by purch. vice Auber Ceylon R. 19 May
- 84 Serj. Maj. Nelson, Adj. and Ens. vice Worth, prom. 30 June
- 85 Gent. Cadet F. R. Blake, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Berkeley, prom. do.
- 87 Lt. Cochrane, from 84 F. Lt. vice Spaight, h. p. 2 Dr Gds. 23 do.
- 89 Ens. Forbes, Lt. vice Kennedy, dead. 19 Oct. 1824
- C. Macan, Ens. do.
- 93 Hosp. As. Squair, As. Surg. 30 June, 1825
- 95 Capt. Peddie, from 97 F. Maj. by purch. vice Fitzgerald, prom. 16 do.
- Maj. Cameron, from Gren. Gds. Lt. Col. by purch. vice Brown, ret. 7 July
- 96 Hosp. As. Wilson, As. Surg. 30 June
- 97 Lt. Pratt, from 28 F. Capt. by purch. vice Peddie, 95 F. 16 do.
- 99 Ens. Mayne, Lt. by purch. vice Burke, prom. 7 July
- Lt. M'Kenzie, Adj. do.
- Rifle Brig. 2d Lt. Maister, 1st Lt. by purch. 23 June
- R. H. F. White, 2d Lt. do.
- Ceylon, R. Lt. Auber, from 83 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bussche, ret. 5 May
- Hosp. As. Knox, As. Surg. 23 June
- Cape Corps P. T. Robinson, Cor. by purch. vice Macdonald, prom. 7 July
- Lt. St John, Capt. by purch. vice Taylor, prom. 23 June
- Cor. Armstrong, Lt. do.
- O'Neill Segrave, Cor. do.
- R. Afr. Col. C. — Nott, Ens. vice Smith, dead, do.

Ordnance Department.

- Royal Art. 2d Capt. Heron, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Hope, ret. 25 June, 1825
- Gent. Cadet C. H. Mallock, 2d Lt. vice Pearson, Staff Corps, 18 May
- C. H. Burnaby, do. vice Hayne, Staff Corps 9 June
- Royal Eng. Lt. Col. Thackeray, Col. vice Bridges, dead, 2 do.
- Bt. Maj. Figg, Lt. Col. do.
- 2d Capt. Ward, Capt. do.
- 1st Lt. Young, 2d Capt. do.
- 2d Lt. Stehelin, 1st Lt. do.
- 1st Lt. Bolton, 2d Capt. vice Gilbert, h. p. 7 do.
- 2d Lt. Lancey, 1st Lt. do.

Hospital Staff.

- Surg. Jebb, from h. p. Surg. vice Graset, ret. 25 June, 1825
- H. O'Hara, apothecary, 25 June, 1804
- Dispenser of Medicines, F. Bassano, do.
- vice Williamson, dead, 18 Apr. 1825
- N. W. Geffney, Hosp. Assist. vice Dryden, cancelled, 16 June
- R. M. Davis, do. vice Hankey, 4 F. do.
- A. Browne, do. vice Galeani, 43 F. do.
- J. A. Ore, Hosp. Assist. vice Walsh, 9 F. 16 June, 1825
- P. Brodie, do. vice Ryan, 51 F. do.
- J. P. Munro, do. vice Paterson, 52 F. do.
- J. Connell, do. vice Connell, 56 F. do.
- W. B. Daykin, do. vice Ross, 52 F. do.
- J. Cahill, do. vice Cavet, 97 F. do.

Unattached.

To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry by purchase.

- Maj. Fitz Gerald, from 95 F. 16 June, 1825
- Drummond, from 72 F. do.
- Capt. Stapleton, from 3 F. Gds. 30 do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

- Capt. Lord Churchill, from 75 F. 23 do.
- Fitz Roy, from R. Hor. Gds. do.
- Lord Bingham, from 1 L. Gds. do.
- Schreiber, from 6 Dr. Gds. do.
- Bridgeman, from 29 F. do.

To be Captains of Companies by purchase.

- Lieut. Snow, from 6 Dr. 16 June, 1825
- Fitz Maurice, from 8 F. do.

Lieut. Hart, from 2 F.	16 June
Backhouse, from 63 F.	do.
St George, from 71 F.	do.
Everard, from 7 Dr. Gds.	do.
Grame, from 33 F.	do.
White, from 11 F.	23 do.
M. of Carmarthen, from 10 Dr.	do.
Campbell, from 32 F.	do.
Clive, from 1 Dr.	do.
Meck, from 14 F.	do.
Le Merchant, from 57 F.	do.
Van Baerle, from 89 F.	do.
Sullivan, from 4 Dr.	30 do.
Lindsay, from 15 Dr.	do.
Majendie, from 10 F.	do.
Ramsden, from 15 Dr.	do.
M'Mahon, from 16 Dr.	7 July
Burke, from 99 F.	do.
Micklethwaite, from 12 Dr.	do.
Clarke, from 17 Dr.	do.
L'Ardy, from 4 F.	do.
Ferguson, from 52 F.	do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Cor. Porter, from 6 Dr.	9 June, 1825
2 Lt. Bigge, R. Art.	23 do.
Ens. C. F. Berkeley, from 85 F.	30 do.
Cor. Macdonald, from Cape Corps,	7 July

— Warde, from 7 Dr.	do.
Ens. Cameron, from 79 F.	do.
Cor. Barne, 4 Dr.	do.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

N. S. Gardiner,	23 June, 1825
B. Durant,	do.
W. Campbell,	do.
R. H. Manley,	30 do.
W. C. Rochfort,	do.
J. E. White,	7 July
W. J. Hooper,	do.

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Cameron, from 95 F. with Lt. Col. Wyll, h. p.	
Major Fitz Gerald, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Kell, h. p. 16 F.	
Capt. Jeffries, from 17 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. C. Grey, h. p.	
— Wellings, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Wilmot, h. p.	
Lieut. Bulkley, from 4 Dr. with Lieut. Cox, h. p. 22 Dr.	
— Fraser, from 42 F. with Lieut. Fife, 58 F.	
— Brook, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mahon, h. p. 51 F.	
— Ross, from 66 F. with Lieut. Fielde, h. p. 88 F.	
Cornet Dillon, from 3 Dr. with Cornet M'Douall, h. p. 1 Dr. G.	
Ens. Shortt, from 54 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Reed, h. p. 6 F.	
— Robbins, from 83 F. with Ens. Ball, h. p.	
Surg. O'Halloran, from 12 F. with Surg. Amiel, 77 F.	
As. Surg. Griffith, from 47 F. with As. Surg. Devitt, 20 F.	

Resignations and Retirements.

General Pratt, from late R. Irish Art.	
Colonel Hon. F. W. Grant, h. p. 2 Argyll Fenc.	
— Hon. F. G. Howard, h. p. 9 Gar. Bn.	
— Broadhead, h. p. 121 F.	
— Spearman, 2 Dr. G.	
Lieut. Col. Sir J. M. Tylden, 52 F.	
— Brown, 95 F.	
— Dunsmure, h. p. 10 Gar. Bn.	
Major Martin, 45 F.	
— Phipps, h. p. 27 F.	
— Hon. E. Mullins, h. p. 28 F.	
— Sullivan, h. p. 83 F.	
Captain Maxwell, 15 F.	
— Swinton, 20 F.	
— Bussche, Ceylon Regt.	
— Hope, R. Art.	
— Hon. W. R. Maule, h. p. Indep.	
— Wilbraham, h. p. 4 F.	
— Wood, h. p. 62 F.	
— Crawford, h. p. 59 F.	
— J. Campbell, sen. h. p. 91 F.	
— Thomas, h. p. 48 F.	
— Calthorp, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn.	
— Rea, h. p. 67 F.	
— Moriarty, h. p. 8 F.	
— Riddell, h. p. 130 F.	
— Willoe, h. p. 58 F.	
— Ferrier, h. p. 101 F.	
— Tucker, h. p. 44 F.	
— Brown, h. p. 59 F.	
— Temple, h. p. 7 F.	
— Hamilton, h. p. 47 F.	
— Hext, h. p. Indep.	
— Flack, h. p. 88 F.	
— Andrews, h. p. 43 F.	
— Cotter, h. p. Port. Serv.	
— Finucane, h. p. 30 F.	
— Murray, h. p. 95 F.	
— Elton, h. p. French's Levy.	
— Robinson, h. p. Port Serv.	
Lieut. Douglas, h. p. 2 F.	
— Hildebrand, h. p. 35 F.	
— Stevenson, h. p. 2 Dr.	
— Krause, h. p. 51 F.	
— Streatfield, h. p. 91 F.	
— Routledge, h. p. 35 F.	
— Dolbel, h. p. 4 Dr.	
Cornet Tomkyns, h. p. 1 Dr.	
— Molesworth, h. p. 20 Dr.	
Ensign Browne, h. p. 82 F.	
— Durant, h. p. Bissett's Corps.	
— Pratt, h. p. Steel's Corps.	
— Croker, h. p. 74 F.	
— Manley, h. p. 8 F.	

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Colquhoun, 39 F.	
Ensign T. Bates, 79 F.	
Hosp. Assist. Dryden.	
<i>Dismissed by the sentence of a General Court Martial, held at Up Park Camp Barracks, 27 Dec. 1824.</i>	
Capt. T. O'Doherty, 91 F.	

August.

Brevet. Maj. Falla, (Town Maj. of Gibraltar.)	
Lt. Col. in the Army	25 July, 1825
Lt. Liddell, E. I. C. Serv. and Orderly Officer at Mil. Semin. Addiscombe, local rank of Lt. while so employed	14 do.
2 Life Gds. Lt. Broadhead, Capt. by purch. vice Crosse, ret.	23 do.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Williams, Lt.	do.
G. A. F. Cunynghame, Cor. and Sub-Lt.	do.
R. H. Gds. Lt. Doyne, Capt. by purch. vice Fitz-Roy, prom.	14 do.
Cor. Cosby, Lt.	do.
2d Lt. Shelley, from Rifle Brig.	do.
1 Dr. Gds. J. B. Morris, Cor. by purch. vice Wilson, prom.	do.
2 G. W. Tobin, do. by purch. vice Collins, prom.	4 Aug.
4 E. F. Dayrell, do. by purch. vice Barne, prom.	7 July
4 Dr. Gds. Cor. Keane, Lt. by purch. vice Lawrenson, prom.	27 Aug.
W. Cunningham, Cor.	do.
2 Dr. Cor. Hobart, Lt. by purch. vice Clarke, prom.	21 do.
M. G. Adams, Cor.	do.
4 R. Grumbleton, do. by purch. vice Weston, prom.	do.
6 Capt. Linton, Maj. by purch. vice Harding, prom.	do.
Lt. Black, Capt.	28 do.
Cor. White, Lt. vice Orme, prom.	22 do.
F. Wollaston, Cor.	do.
Cor. Mitchell, from 3 Dr. G. Lt.	28 do.
7 F. Hall, do. by purch. vice Warde, prom.	7 do.
8 Cor. Lyon, Lt. by purch. vice MacQueen, prom.	21 do.
J. S. Best, Cor.	do.
Lt. Hort, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, prom.	27 Aug.

8 Dr.	Cor. Pousonby, Lt.	27 Aug.	8 Dr.	Ens. Cooper, Ens.	11 Aug.
9	Sr. W. L. Young, Bt. Cor.	do.	18	— Tomlinson, Lt. by purch. vice Roberts, prom.	21 July
	Serj. Maj. Wright, Qua. Mast. vice Hely, dead	11 do.		A. W. Thorold, Ens.	do.
	Capt. Richardson, Maj. by purch. vice Hart, ret.	14 July	19	Lt. Douglas, from 20 F. Lt. vice Hughes, prom.	do.
	Lt. Porter, Capt.	do.	20	Ens. M'Dermott, Lt. vice Douglas, 19 F.	do.
	Cor. Shawe, Lt.	do.	22	R. N. Bolton, Ens. by purch. vice Streetfield, prom.	7 do.
	Cor. and Riding-Master Rind, rank of Lt.	13 do.	24	Lt. Harris, from 54 F. Lt. vice Child, h. p. 96 F.	14 do.
10	Cor. and Riding-Mast. Surman, rank of Lt.	13 April	25	A. Barnes, Ens. vice O'Brien, dead	21 do.
	S. C. Oliver, Cor. by purch. vice Giffard, prom.	7 July		Ens. Smart, Lt. by purch. vice Lingard, ret.	27 do.
11	Supern. As. Surg. Campbell, As. Surg. vice Steele, dead	18 Jan.		Lt. Willington, from h. p. 17 Dr. do. vice Pickering, cancelled	4 Aug.
12	Cor. Webster, from h. p. 16 Dr. Cor. by purch. vice Petre, prom.	21 July		W. Jackson, do. by purch. vice Smart, prom.	11 do.
13	Maj. Paterson, Lt. Col.	do.	26	T. J. Campbell, Ens. vice D. C. W. Campbell, res.	21 July
	Maj. Higgins, from h. p. 21 Dr. Maj. do. Cor. Sugden, Lt. by purch. vice Stuart, prom.	27 Aug.	27	Lt. Knox, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Talbot, prom.	8 April
16	E. B. Bere, Cor. by purch. vice Osborne, prom.	11 July	34	As. Surg. Orton, Surg. vice French, ret.	14 July
	— Neale, do. by purch. vice Cressley, prom.	27 Aug.		Lt. Brown, from 46 F. do. vice Simkins, exch.	11 Aug.
17	G. F. R. Johnston, cor.	do.	35	Lt. Semple, from 77 F. do. vice Keogh, h. p. 44 F.	19 July
	H. Witham, do. by purch. vice Massey, prom.	14 July		Ens. and Adj. Dickens, rank of Lt.	20 do.
	Cor. Pole, Lt. by purch. vice Robbins, prom.	27 Aug.		Ens. J. E. of Portarlinton, from h. p. 86 F. Ens. vice Horsford, exch.	11 Aug.
	K. Fraser, cor.	do.	37	Qua. Mast. Serj. Price, Qua. Mast. vice Mathews, dead	do.
3 F. Gds.	Lt. Cootie, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Stapleton, prom.	14 July		Lt. Molyneux, from 77 F. Capt. by purch. vice Barrallier, ret.	21 July
	2d Lt. Campbell, from Rifle Brig. Ens. and Lt.	do.	38	— Waters, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. 8 Apr.	do.
	Lt. Nowat, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Hall, prom.	13 Aug.	39	— Willcocks, Capt.	21 July
	W. F. Snell, Ens. and Lt.	do.		Ens. Campbell, from 89 F. Lt.	do.
	Ens. Knox, from 53 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Fraser, prom.	do.		Lt. Wright, Capt. by purch. vice Newport, ret.	14 do.
1 F.	Ens. Muller, Lt. vice Babington, dead	do.		Ens. Coke, Lt.	do.
	R. W. Neville, Ens.	11 do.		J. Fitz G. Butler, Ens.	do.
	W. H. Campbell, do. by purch. vice Every, prom.	27 do.	41	Lt. Harrison, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Lt. vice O'Neill, 61 F.	4 Aug.
2 F.	W. V. Hesse, Ens. by purch. vice Kennedy, prom.	21 July	42	— Raynes, from 44 F. do.	14 July
3	Lt. Wright, Capt. vice Rolland, dead	17 Nov. 1824		E. H. Chawner, Ens. by purch. vice Macleod, prom.	9 June
	— Blair, do.	7th April, 1825	44	Lt. Evans, from 77 F. Lt. vice Raynes, 42 F.	14 July
4	— Breton, Capt. by purch. vice Speed, ret.	21 July	45	Ens. Ward, from 48 F. do. by purch. vice Perham, prom.	25 June
	Ens. Lardy, Lt.	do.	46	Lt. Moore, from 11 F. Capt. vice Kelly, dead	11 Aug.
5	— Massey, from 96 F. Ens.	do.		R. Manners, Ens. vice Davids, dead	21 July
	Hosp. As. Nevison, As. Surg. vice Johnstone, dead	30 June		Lt. Simkins, from 34 F. Lt. vice Brown, exch.	11 Aug.
7	Lt. Stuart, Capt. by purch. vice Beauchamp, prom.	13 Aug.		E. H. D. E. Napier, Ens. vice Manners, 79 F.	do.
	Ens. La Touche, from 11 F. Lt. by purch. vice Stuart, prom.	do.	47	— M'Nally, do. vice Geddes, killed in action	12 Jan.
8	— Deshon, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens.	do.	50	Lt. Williams, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt.	8 Apr.
	J. Longfield, Ens. by purch. vice Hare, prom.	23 June	52	Lt. Biois, Capt. by purch. vice Hewett, prom.	14 July
11	Ens. England, Lt. vice Moore, 45 F.	11 Aug.		Ens. Morshead, Lt.	do.
	Gent. Cadet W. G. Eyre, from. R. Mil. Col. Ens. by purch. vice La Touche, 7 F.	13 do.		G. C. Swan, Ens.	do.
	M. J. Gambier, do. vice England 14 do. Capt. Turberville, Maj. by purch. vice Hare, prom.	27 do.		Capt. St. George, from h. p. Capt. (paying reg. diff. to h. p. Fund) vice Love, exch.	11 Aug.
12	Lt. Shafto, Capt.	do.	53	As. Surg. Maclean, Surg. vice Pollok, ret.	11 July
	Ens. Bayly, Lt.	do.		E. Delme, Ens. by purch. vice Knox, 3 F. Gds.	13 do.
	B. Wilson, Ens.	do.	54	Lt. Kelly, Capt.	20 do.
13	Lt. Fenton, Capt. vice Clarke, dead	1 Jan.		— Cosby, from h. p. 96 F. Lt. vice Harris, 24 F.	14 do.
	— Triphook, do. vice Thornhill, prom.	21 July		Ens. Tobin, do.	21 do.
	Ens. Blackwell, Lt.	do.	58	R. Burton, Ens.	do.
	Volunteer Moorhouse, Ens.	1 Jan.		Ens. Grant, Lt. by purch. vice Fenwick, prom.	do.
15	Ens. Barton, from 5 F. Lt. by purch. vice Hammond, prom.	4 Aug.		H. H. Howard, Ens.	do.
16	Brev. Maj. Audain, Maj. vice Hook, Ceylon Reg.	11 do.	59	E. Bolton, do. by purch. vice Johnson, ret.	30 June
17	Capt. Pratt, from 97 F. Capt. vice Robison, cancelled	28 July	60	2d Lt. Coghlan, Adj. vice Wieburg, Vet. Com. Newfoundland	23 July
	Ens. Forbes, Lt. vice Graham, dead	11 Aug.			

- 61 F. Lt. O'Neill, from 41 F. Lt. vice Grieve, h. p. Afr. Corps 4 Aug.
- 63 Serj. Maj. M'Fadden, from 85 F. Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Jordan, res. Adj. only 7 do.
- 65 H. C. Jenner, do. by purch. vice Anstruther, prom. 7 do.
- 65 Ens. Bates, from 79 F. Ens. vice Downing, dead 28 July
- 68 Lt. Ross, from h. p. 88 F. Paym. vice Kerr, h. p. 7 Aug.
- 68 Ens. and Adj. Duff, rank of Lt. 20 do.
- Smyth, Lt. by purch. vice Stretton, prom. 13 do.
- 70 H. Mudeley, Ens. do.
- 70 Lt. White, Capt. vice T. Mackay, dead 14 July
- Ens. Jelf, Lt. do.
- G. L. Harvey, Ens. do.
- Ens. Atherley, Lt. by purch. vice Thorp, prom. 13 Aug.
- 73 C. Du Pre Egerton, Ens. do.
- 73 B. Brown, do. by purch. vice Coote, prom. 7 July
- 75 Lt. Anderson, from h. p. 13 Dr. Lt. vice Mildmay, prom. 13 do.
- 2d Lt. Welsh, from R. Art. do vice Evans, 44 F. 14 do.
- L. Macbean, from R. Art. do. vice Walsh, Staff Corps. 4 Aug.
- 76 Lt. Payne, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lt. (repaying the diff. to h. p. Fund) vice Pictet, cancelled 7 do.
- 76 As. Surg. Collins, from h. p. 6. F. As. Surg. 14 July
- 77 Lt. Russwurm, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. Qua. Mast. vice Stevens, h. p. 28 do.
- Barry, Capt. by purch. vice Clerke, prom. 21 do.
- Ens. Harpur, Lt. do.
- P. H. Bristow, Ens. do.
- 79 Lt. Palmer, from h. p. 44 F. Lt. vice Semple, 35 F. 11 Aug.
- 79 Ens. Manners, from 46 F. Ens. vice Bates, 65 F. 11 do.
- 80 Lt. M'Donald, from 89 F. Lt. vice Twigg, prom. 20 do.
- 82 Ens. Buckley, Lt. by purch. vice Delancey, prom. 28 do.
- Maxwell, Ens. do.
- 83 Lt. Law, Capt. by purch. vice Smith, ret. 14 do.
- Ens. Caulfield, Lt. do.
- J. Kelsal, Ens. do.
- 85 As. Surg. M'Dermott, from Ceylon R. As. Surg. 22 June
- 85 Ens. Maitland, Lt. by purch. vice Power, prom. 7 July
- J. James, Ens. do.
- 85 Lt. Hunter, Capt. by purch. vice Gore, prom. 20 Aug.
- Ens. Martins, Lt. do.
- W. F. M. Mundy, Ens. by purch. vice Martin, prom. do.
- 86 Ens. Osborne, Lt. by purch. vice Alexander, prom. 13 do.
- 87 J. S. Brooke, Ens. do.
- 87 Ens. Stafford, Lt. vice O'Flaherty, dead 23 Feb.
- T. Creagh, Ens. do.
- 88 Brev. Maj. Dancy, Maj. by purch. vice Nickle, prom. 21 July
- 88 Lt. Gibson, Capt. do.
- Ens. Fletcher, Lt. do.
- 89 Lt. Ellis, Capt. vice Faris, dead 11 Aug.
- 90 H. Wilson, Ens. vice Campbell, 38 F. do.
- 90 Lt. Stuart, do. by purch. vice Conry, ret. do.
- Ens. White, Lt. do.
- H. R. Thurlow, Ens. do.
- 91 Ens. Lloyd, from 1 W. I. R. Ens. vice Laye, dead do.
- 91 Capt. Stewart, from h. p. 65 F. vice Poppleton, cancelled do.
- 94 Ens. Wetherall, Lt. by purch. vice Davies, prom. 27 Aug.
- 94 F. Carter, Ens. do.
- 95 C. Main, (late Serj. Maj. Gren. Gds.) Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Dickens, prom. 4 do.
- 96 F. H. J. Lloyd, Ens. by purch. vice Massey, 4 F. 21 July
- Lt. Abbot, from Newfound. Vet. Corp. Lt. vice Rice, cancelled 9 Apr.
- 99 Gent. Cadet A. F. Wainwright, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Mayne, prom. 14 July
- Rifle Brig. R. Jones, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Shelley, R. H. Gds. do.
- J. Dolphin, do. by purch. vice Campbell, 3 F. Gds. 15 do.
- R. Staff. Co. Lt. Welch, from 75 F. do. vice Hall, prom. 21 do.
- 1 W. I. R. G. Robeson, Ens. vice Lloyd, 91 F. do.
- Lt. Jeffares, Capt. vice Hemsworth, dead 11 Aug.
- Ens. Gray, Lt. do.
- G. R. Pole, Ens. do.
- Ceyl. Reg. Hosp. As. Wilkins, As. Surg. vice M'Dermot, 83 F. 22 June
- Brev. Lt. Col. Hook, from 16 F. Lt. Col. do.
- R. Malta Fe. Capt. Marg. G. de Piro, Maj. with local and temporary rank 25 Apr.
- Lt. Bonello, Capt. with local and temp. rank 23 Jan.
- Gouder, do. do. 24 do.
- Virtu, do. do. vice de Piro 25 Apr.
- Ens. Galland, Lt. do. vice Cavarra, dead 4 Sept. 1824
- Cutajar, do. do. vice Bonello 23 Jan. 1825
- Camilleri, do. do. vice Gouder 24 do.
- Bonavita, do. do. 25 do.
- Calleja, do. do. vice Virtu 25 Apr.
- S. Callea, Ens. do. 4 Sept. 1824
- M. de Marechse Alessi, Ens. do. 23 Jan. 1825
- A. Maltei, Ens. do. 24 do.
- E. Pettit, do. do. 25 do.
- J. Gatt, do. do. 26 do.
- V. Vella, do. do. 27 do.
- A. Camillei, do. do. 25 Apr.
- Ens. Levick, from h. p. 1 Gn. Batt. Adj. with the rank of Lt. vice Gouder 24 Jan.
- Serj. Maj. S. Piott, Qua. Mas. with local and temp. rank. do.

Unattached.

To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry by purchase.

- Maj. Nickle, from 88 F. 30 June
- Harding, from 6 Dr. 14 July
- Capt. Hall, from 3 F. Gds. 13 Aug.
- Brev. Lt. Col. Hare, from 12 F. Lt. Col. by purch. 27 do.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

- Capt. Hewett, from 52 F. 14 July
- Beauchamp, from 7 F. 13 Aug.
- Campbell, from 8 Dr. Maj. by purch. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

- Lt. Power, from 85 F. 30 June
- Mulhern, from 11 Dr. 14 July
- Clark, from 2 Dr. do.
- Roberts, from 18 F. do.
- Delancy, from 82 F. do.
- Hammond, from 14 F. do.
- Fenwick, from 58 F. 21 do.
- Orme, from 6 Dr. do.
- M'Queen, from 6 Dr. do.
- Macqueen, from 8 Dr. do.
- Brookes, from 9 F. Capt. by purch. do.
- G. Crawford, do. do.
- Crossley, from 16 Dr. do.
- Hill, from 52 F. do.
- Hon. J. Stuart, from 13 Dr. do.
- Spooner, from 52 F. do.
- Davies, from 94 F. do.
- Lawrenson, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.
- Robbins, from 17 Dr. do.
- Andrews, from 13 Dr. do.
- Stretton, from 68 F. 13 Aug.
- Courtayne, from 44 F. do.
- Alexander, from 86 F. do.
- Thorpe, from 70 F. do.

Lt. Bishop, from 11 Dr. 13 Aug.
— Frazer, from 3 F. Gds. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Macleod, from 42 F. 9 June
— Anstruther, from 66 F. 7 July
— Streatfield, from 22 F. do.
— Coote, 73 F. do.
— Every, from 1 F. Lt. by purch. do.
Cor. Osborne, from 16 Dr. 13 Aug.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

J. Collin 14 July
S. Wiggins do.
J. M. Kidd 21 do.
L. E. Codd do.
R. Lewis 28 do.
Hon. W. H. Drummond 13 Aug.
J. P. Nelley do.
A. M. Woodhouse do.
W. T. Gunn do.
S. J. W. F. Welch, Ens. by purch. do.

Staff.

Serj. Maj. Hoey, from 13 Dr. Garr.
Qua. Mast. at the Cavalry Depot,
Maidstone 21 July
Lt. Daniel, from 7 Dr. (assisting in the
Riding School of the Army) to have
rank and pay of Captain of Cavalry,
vice Chadwick do.

Commissariat.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Grindlay, As.
Com. Gen. 30 July

Hospital Staff.

Surg. Thomas, Dep. Insp. of Hospitals 26 May
W. Sinclair, Hosp. As. vice Nevison, 6 F. 30 June
J. Graves, do. vice Hall, 5 F. 28 July
S. Tirvan, do. vice Davidson, 21 F. do.
J. J. Russel, do. vice Williams, 27 F. do.
H. J. Jemmett, Hosp. Assist. vice Huges, 38 F. 28 July

R. Military College.

Capt. Chadwick, from Riding School of the Army,
Riding-Master 27 Aug.

Exchanges.

Maj. Teulon, from 28 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Onslow, h. p. 42 F.
— Mackay, from 6 Dr. with Capt. Warrant, h. p.
— Addison, from 80 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Majendie, h. p.
Capt. Douglas, from 2 Life Gds. with Capt. Crosse, h. p. 78 F.
— Hume, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Scarlett, h. p.
— Leard, from 10 F. rec. diff. with C pt. Hart, h. p.
— Forde, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hope, h. p.
— Stainton, from 37 F. with Capt. Bowers, h. p. Sicil. Reg.
— Slyfield, from 54 F. with Capt. Abbot, 60 F.
Lt. Wiss, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lt. Porter, h. p.

Lt. Str. L. P. Glyn, Bt. from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Curteis, h. p.
— Gardner, from 13 F. with Lt. Krefting, 53 F.
— Cary, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Murray, h. p.
— Macpherson, from 36 F. with L. Stewart, h. p. No. Sco. Fen.
— Lynch, from 1 W. I. R. with Lt. Campbell, h. p.
As. Surg. Fitzpatrick, from 86 F. with As. Surg. Ewing, h. p. 90 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. Hon. G. A. C. Stapylton, h. p. 43 F.
Col. Woodgate, h. p. 60 F.
Lieut. Col. M'Carthy, h. p. 96 F.
— Fitzsimmons, h. p. 67 F.
— M'Pherson, h. p. 6 Vet. Bn.

Maj. Hurt, 9 Dr.

— Bird, h. p. 1 F.
— Chartres, h. p. Port. Serv.
— Richardson, H. P. 5 Gar. Bn.
Capt. Crosse, 2 Life Gds.
— Barrallier, 37 F.
— Newport, 39 F.
— Smith, 83 F.
— Eason, h. p. 32 F.
— Newenham, h. p. 9 F.
— Sir J. Colquhoun, Bt. h. p. 97 F.
— Lucas, h. p. 63 F.
— Kelly, h. p. 64 F.
— Gorham, h. p. 63 F.
— Sutton, h. p. 9 F.
— Llewellyn, h. p. 83 F.
— Mackay, h. p. 21 F.
— Lord Dormer, h. p. 14 Dr.
— Hellermann, h. p. 95 F.
— Akers, h. p. 82 F.
— Dundee, h. p. 62 F.
Lieut. Lingard, 25 F.
— Campbell, h. p. 50 F.
— Hay, h. p. 101 F.
— Parker, h. p. 29 F.
— Foster, h. p. 28 F.
— Gleig, h. p. 78 F.

Ens. D. C. W. Campbell, 26 F.
— Johnson, 59 F.
— M'Dermott, h. p. 12 F.
— Dodd, h. p. Rifle Brig.
— Cooke, h. p. 4 Ceylon R.
— Waldron, h. p. 57 F.
— Durell, h. p. Elford's Corps.
— Newman, h. p. 60 F.
— Edwards, h. p. 15 F.
— Aubin, h. p. 96 F.
— Surtees, h. p. 8 F.
— Hamilton, h. p. 7 Dr. Gds.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Robison, 17 F.
— Poppeton, 91 F.
Lieut. Pickering, 25 F.
— Rice, 93 F.
Assist. Surg. Collins, 33 F.
— Campbell, 45 F.
— Gardiner, 71 F.

Removed from the Service.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Trenor.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of July, and the 19th of Aug. 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

Adams, J. Bristol, grocer.
Adams, W. Wallingford, Berks, innkeeper.
Arton, R. St. Mary-le-bone, linen-draper.
Ashby, J. and W. Tobett, Cliffe, near Lewes, Sussex, millers.
Atherton, T. and J. Dunn, Liverpool, brokers.
Badcock, J. Watlington, Oxford, tanner.
Baker, J. jun. Bath, carpenter.
Baker, T. jun. Cannon-street, wholesale-grocer.
Bamford, J. Egham, baker.
Barnes, W. Miles-lane, cheesemonger.
Barnes, T. Dennington, Suffolk, merchant.
Barrow, T. Liverpool, corn and flour-dealer.
Bate, T. Hastings, chemist.
Batton, T. Great Tichfield-street, tailor.
Beazley, J. Houndsditch, trunk and packing-case maker,

Bins, A. E. Bath, bookseller.
Bishop, G. Great East-cheap, butcher.
Boddington, C. J. Hook-norton, Oxford, inn-keeper.
Boosey, W. Colchester, grocer.
Bradfield, J. London-wall, grocer.
Bridges, G. B. Oldham, Lancaster, draper.
Bryan, J. Lynn, ironmonger.
Bull, C. E. Bristol, grocer.
Chadwick, J. Kennington, carpenter.
Chasteney, W. Bunwell, Norfolk, coal-merchant.
Cheetham, D. Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.
Clarke, J. Leeds, cabinet-maker.
Clarke, D. Walsall, Stafford, draper.
Clarke, S. Castle-street, tailor.
Congreve, H. Chapel-street, Edgeware-road, tailor.

- Connolly, B. Great Portland-street, tailor.
 Criswell, D. Nottingham, twist-machine maker.
 Cross, C. Ludgate-street, victualler.
 Cross, G. Chandos-street, Covent-garden, victual-
 ler.
 Crowder, T. and H. T. Perfete, Liverpool, mer-
 chants.
 Dalley, T. and T. Bush, Nottingham, lace-manu-
 facturers.
 De Bar, J. Gloucester, coach-maker.
 Dickson, J. Fish-street-hill, haberdasher.
 Dixon, T. Bath, soap-maker.
 Dods, R. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper.
 Donia, G. J. Pook and T. Sardy, Colonnade, Hay-
 market, tavern-keepers.
 Durnell, W. Dover, ironmonger.
 Evershed, T. Horsham, soap-maker.
 Every, T. Fore-street, Limehouse, anchor-smith.
 Farmer, S. Birmingham, glass toy-maker.
 Ferguson, J. Catterick, scrivener.
 Ferry, S. High-street, Shoreditch, tripeman.
 Fiddin, T. Teddington, Middlesex, maltster.
 Field, S. Smithfield, wine and spirit merchant.
 Forster, W. Philpot-lane, wine-merchant.
 Fuller, W. Boston, shopkeeper.
 Godber, G. Redlion-street, draper.
 Goold, H. M. F. Brighton, dealer.
 Gubby, T. Islington, builder.
 Hackett, W. Manchester, timber-merchant.
 Haigh, B. and E. Whiteley, Leeds, Dyers.
 Hansard, R. Moncton Combe, victualler.
 Harrison, H. A. Liverpool, haberdasher.
 Harpur, J. jun.
 Hasledon, W. Liverpool, porter-dealer.
 Heslop, W. T. Manchester, scrivener.
 Hippley, H. Shipton-Mallet, Somerset, brewer.
 Hodson, S. Dover-street, Piccadilly, wine-mer-
 chant.
 Holah, C. Hastings, chemist and druggist.
 Hollis, J. Bishopstoke, Southampton, miller.
 Hooton, R. R. Richards, and W. Wilkes, Aston
 Warwick, iron-manufacturers.
 Huddswell, J. London, hat-manufacturer.
 Jackson, L. Gerrard-street, picture-dealer.
 Jarman, J. Bath, haberdasher.
 Johnson, J. Manchester, draper.
 Jones, S. King's-arm-buildings, Wood-street, lace-
 manufacturer.
 Jones, W. H. Croydon, coal-merchant.
 Kaye, W. and H. Dyche, Manchester, joiners.
 Keeling, E. and E. Harnley, Stafford, flint-mer-
 chants.
 Lawson, R. P. Heslington, Lancaster, leather-
 cutter.
 Lingham, G. A. Whitechapel-road, wine-mer-
 chant.
 Lovel, T. Olney, Buckingham, draper.
 Loveday, T. Newgate-market, poulterer.
 Low, William, Wood-street, haberdasher.
 Lowe, G. Popham-terrace, Middlesex.
 Lynam, G. Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, flint
 and colour grinder.
 Macauley, J. Cheshunt, schoolmaster.
 Manning, T. B. Portsea, music-seller.
 Mansell, J. Birmingham, timber-merchant.
 Markland, F. Norwich, brewer.
 Masser, J. York, tailor.
 Millington, W. Shrewsbury, carpenter.
 Moring, C. H. Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill, mer-
 chant.
 Morse, J. Daventry, woolstapler.
 Mortimer, R. Scolefield, Bradford, dyer.
 Nicholson, J. Workington, Cumberland, flour-
 dealer.
 Nicholson, F. Manchester, corn-dealer.
 O'Reilly, E. Exmouth-street, agent.
 Paine, T. Coventry, silk-manufacturer.
 Park, T. J. Westbourne-place, Chelsea, builder.
 Parkes, T. Fenchurch-street, mill-manufacturer.
 Parry, H. and J. Underwood, Change-alley, Corn-
 hill, bill-brokers.
 Peake, G. Milton, shipwright.
 Price, B. Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, horse-
 dealer.
 Read, J. Love-lane, Lower Thames-street, vic-
 tualler.
 Rich, W. Wigan, builder.
 Robson, R. Seymour-place, Mary-le-bonne, car-
 penter.
 Rogers, R. sen. Liverpool, pawnbroker.
 Rosse, R. Harp-lane, Tower-street, wine-mer-
 chant.
 Rudd, J. E. Mitcham, schoolmaster.
 Sadler, T. jun. Warwick-lane, carcass-butcher.
 Sandwell, J. Hoxton, victualler.
 Sarell, P. Cophthall-court, merchant.
 Seldon, D. and W. Hinde, Liverpool, merchants.
 Shiers, E. Manchester, cotton-merchant.
 Smith, J. Ludgate-hill, woollen-factor.
 Stevens, J. Norwich, yarn-factor.
 Still, A. St Saviour's Church-yard, Southwark.
 Storey, J. Blandford, St Mary, Dorset, maltster.
 Tukeit, P. D. Gloucester, grocer.
 Walduck, H. High-street, Shadwell, potatoe-mer-
 chant.
 Walker, W. Knarborough, York, butcher.
 Walker, G. Wollaston, Northampton, butcher.
 Walsh, P. Bristol, linen-draper.
 Watkins, R. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, tai-
 lor.
 Wheelhouse, W. Norwich, linen-draper.
 White, J. jun. Bishop-Wearmouth, iron-founder.
 Williams, D. Deptford, slate-merchant.
 Williams, E. Southampton, shoe-seller.
 Wilson, W. Manchester, wine-merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st August
 and 30th of September, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Aitkin, Alexander, merchant in Dundee.
 Anderson & Co., merchants, agents, and ac-
 countants in Glasgow.
 Ballingall, David, brewer, Leven.
 Begbie, James, coach-proprietor, merchant, and
 inn-keeper, Kilmarnock.
 Bone, James, merchant and trader in Ayr.
 Donald, David, spade-manufacturer, Carmyle.
 Duncan, William, machine-maker, Path-head.
 Forrester, Alex. lithographic printer, Edinburgh.
 Gemmel, Archibald, ironmonger in Paisley.
 Gledhill, John, manufacturer in Galashiels.
 Kemp, John, merchant in Perth.
 McCall, James, wright in Pollockshaws.
 Manuel, John, & Co., distillers at Stobbs.
 McLaren, John, distiller in Comrie.
 Watson, James, merchant, agent, and accountant
 in Glasgow.
 Wilson, John, sen. grocer in Glasgow.
 Park, Robert & Co., commission agents in Glas-
 gow.
 Steven, Robert, horse hirer and horse-dealer in
 Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

- Brown, Thomas, baker and inkkeeper in Gala-
 shiels; a dividend on 25th October.
 Carswell, Walter and George, manufacturers in
 Paisley; an equalizing dividend of 6d. per

- pound to those creditors who have received
 only 2s. per pound on account of the first divi-
 sion, on 25d August.
 Gardner, John, sometime corn merchant, North
 Leith; a dividend 4th October.
 Darling, James, manufacturer, Cumledge Waulk-
 mill; a dividend 2d September.
 Gibbs & Co. late nursery and seedsmen, Inver-
 ness; a second dividend on 1st October.
 McColl, James, & Co., masons and builders in
 Ayr; a dividend 7th October.
 McDonald, John, late merchant in Perth; a 2d
 and final dividend on 1st October.
 McMillan, Daniel, jun. late merchant in Glasgow;
 a dividend on 5th October.
 McNab, John and Patrick, late tacksmen of
 Arrivein, Argyleshire; a dividend on 1st October.
 Martin, James, & Co., merchants in Paisley; a
 dividend on 28th October.
 Scott and Balmanno, late merchants in Glasgow;
 a dividend on 18th October.
 Stephens, John, jun. cabinet-maker, &c. in Dun-
 dee; a dividend 9th October.
 Spence, George, draper in Edinburgh; a dividend
 on 6th October.
 West and Eckford, coach-makers in Edinburgh;
 a dividend on 13th October.
 Williamson, James, merchant in Leith; a divi-
 dend 3d September.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 12. At Buxar, in the East Indies, the Lady of Francis Siewwright, Esq. assistant-surgeon to his Majesty's 59th regiment, of a son.

28. At Madras, the Lady of David Hill, Esq. chief secretary to the Government, of a daughter.

Aug. 1. At Beddington, Surrey, Lady Helen Wedderburn, of a son.

— At Bonaw House, Argyllshire, Mrs Burns, of Reidston, of a son.

4. Mrs Scott, No. 50, Queen Street, of a daughter.

5. At No. 2, Lynedoch Place, Mrs Wilson, of a son.

— At Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, Mrs G. G. Hill, of a son.

— At Fasque, Lady Ramsay, of a daughter.

6. At Drummond Place, Mrs Balfour of Elwick, of a daughter.

— At No. 3, Miln Square, Mrs Grieve, of a son.

8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Abercromby of Birkenbog and Netherlaw, of a son.

— At Broughton Place, Mrs Graham Bell, of a daughter.

9. At Sound, near Lerwick, the Lady of James Yorston, Esq. Purser, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

— At Meadowbank House, Mrs Maconochie, of a daughter.

10. Mrs Grant of Mount Cyrus, of a daughter.

11. At Salisbury Road, Newington, Mrs J. R. Skinner, of a son.

— At Hermitage Place, Leith Links, Mrs Menzies, of a daughter.

12. In Upper Grosvenor Street, London, the Lady of Sir George Ouseley, Bart. of a son and heir.

14. At Cruister, the Lady of Thomas Gifford, Esq. of a daughter.

15. At Gray Street, Newington, Mrs Captain Fraser, of a son.

17. At Terregles House, Mrs Alex. Gordon, of a daughter.

— Mrs Anderson, Shandwick Place, of a son.

18. At No. 17, Scotland Street, Mrs Swan, of a daughter.

— At Abercromby Place, Mrs Watson, of a daughter, who survived its birth only a short time.

20. At Novar House, the Lady of Hugh Rose, Esq. of a son.

— Mrs A. Waugh, Northumberland Street, of a son.

23. At Birgham Cottage, Berwickshire, Mrs Douglas, 15, Drummond Place, of a daughter.

24. At St Clement's Wells, Mrs James Aitchison, of a daughter.

— At Laurence Park, the Lady of Thomas Learmonth, Esq. of a son.

— At Invermoriston, Mrs Grant, of Glenmoriston, of a daughter.

— At Ballytruckle, in the liberties of Waterford, a poor woman, named Duggan, who earns a livelihood by washing, was delivered of four children—two of whom were born at six o'clock in the morning, and two at eleven.

— At Lausanne, Switzerland, the Lady of A. Scott Broomfield, Esq. of a daughter.

25. At Ormiston Manse, Mrs Ramsay, of a son.

— At Muthill, near Crieff, Mrs Nicolson, of a son.

26. At Gumley Hall, Leicestershire, the Lady of Major Grey, Royal Scots Greys, of a daughter.

27. At Dalguise House, Mrs Meredith, Pentrebychan, of a son.

— At Kirkwall, Mrs John Bakie, of a son.

29. At Camis-Eskan, the Lady of James Deniston of Colgrain, Esq. of a daughter.

30. At Skelf-hill, Mrs Grieve, of a son.

31. At Gloucester Place, Mrs John Tait, of a son.

Sept. 2. At Gulane Lodge, the Lady of Dr Macwhirter, of a son.

— At Middleton House, Linlithgowshire, the Lady of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq. of a son.

— At Heriot Row, the Lady of D. Horne, Esq. of a daughter.

4. At Hamburg, Mrs Thomas W. Mathews, of a son.

5. At Pitt Street, the Lady of Colonel William Stewart, 3d Foot, or Buffs, of a son.

7. Mrs Chancellor of Shieldhill, of a son.

8. At Dunse Castle, the Lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, of a daughter.

9. The Lady of Major Sands Harvey, of Castle Semple, of a daughter.

— At Portland Place, London, the Lady of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart. of a daughter.

10. At Elgin, Mrs Colonel Gordon, Inverloch, of a son.

12. At Morningside, Mrs Crawford, of a daughter.

— At Barcaldine, the Lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, of a son.

13. At Hill Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Dr William Gairdner, Bolton Street, London, of a son.

15. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, of a daughter.

— At his house in Broughton Place, the Lady of Patrick Boyle, Esq. surgeon, Royal Navy, of a son.

— At Powfoulis, the Lady of James Bruce, Esq. of a son.

16. At Darnhall, the Lady of Captain Loch, Royal Navy, of a son.

— At Drumpellier, Mrs Buchanan, of a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Moir of Leckie, of a son.

— At the College of Glasgow, the Lady of D. K. Sandford, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Duncan Street, Drummond Place, Mrs William Maxwell Little, of a son.

18. Mrs Elliot of Redhaugh and Cooms, of a son.

19. At Bridge Castle, Mrs Watson, of a daughter.

— At Morton Cottage, Portobello, Mrs Henry Steel, of a daughter.

— At the manse of Greenlaw, Mrs Home, of a daughter.

— At No. 4, St Patrick Square, Mrs Alexander Fyfe, of a daughter.

— At Bellevue, near Lausanne, the Lady of Captain Wynne Baird, R. N. of a son.

20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Richard Mackenzie, of a daughter.

21. Mrs Mackenzie, No. 5, Forth Street, of a daughter.

22. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Cubitt, Royal Artillery, of a daughter, who survived but a short time.

— At 78, George Street, Mrs Robert Nasmyth, of a son.

23. At Edinburgh, the Lady of John Hamilton Colt, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Tarvit House, Mrs Home Rigg, of a daughter.

— At Rink, Mrs Arras, of a son.

27. At East Fortune, Mrs Crawford, of a son.

28. At Denham-Green, the Countess of Caithness, of a son.

29. At Garscube, Mrs Grant of Congalton, of a daughter.

30. At New Laverock Bank, Mrs William Swinton Maclean, of a son.

Lately. Mrs T. Weir, Nelson Street, of a son.

— At Woodend Cottage, Fifeshire, Mrs Fulton, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 22. At Brussels, the Rev. E. Jenkins, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Jay, Esq. formerly of Lixmont, near Edinburgh.

26. At Belvue, the Rev. William Gillespie, minister of Kells, to Charlotte, third daughter of the late George Hogan, Esq. of Waterside.

— At Flaws, Erie, Orkney, Mr William Turner, merchant, Edinburgh, to Anne, eldest daughter of Hugh Spence, Esq. of Flaws.

28. At London, Alex. Robert Stewart, Esq. M.P. for the county of Londonderry, to Lady Caroline Anne Pratt, youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness Camden.

Aug. 1. At Perth, Major Todd, of Castle Bank, to Marjory, eldest daughter of Mr Bisset of Marshall Place.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Gilkie, surveyor, to Eliza, daughter of the late Rev. Dr Young, minister of Fouldon, Berwickshire.

Aug. 2. George Kinnear, Esq. of Gower Street, London, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr Barclay of Leicester Square.

1. At Glasgow, Humphrey Ewing Crum, Esq. to Helen, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Dick.
— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Webster, to Eliza Mahala, youngest daughter of Robert Banner, Esq. Howe Street.

— At Newton, Thomas Abercrombie Duff, Esq. advocate, youngest son of R. W. Duff, Esq. of Fetteresso, to Mary, only daughter of the late Alex. Gordon, Esq. of Newton.

9. At London, William Sandford, Esq. of Chesington Lodge, to Agnes, third daughter of John Ewart, Esq. of Edinburgh.

— At Leith, Mr John Saunders, merchant, London, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr Jas. Miller, merchant, Leith.

— At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, John Rennie, Esq. of Linton-House, East Lothian, eldest son of Geo. Rennie, Esq. of Phantassie, to Sarah Elizabeth Amelia, daughter of Edward Hall Campbell, Esq. of Newcastle-upon Tyne.

13. At the house of the Duke of Clarence, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, Mr Philip Sidney, of the 1st regiment, Life Guards, son of Sir John Sidney, Penshurst, to Miss Fitzclarence. The Duke of York gave away the bride.

15. At St Andrews, Mr Robert Wilson, writer, Cupar, to Jane, only daughter of Henry Gibson, sen. Esq. St Andrews.

— At St George's, Bloomsbury, London, James Bradshaw, Esq. son of Lady Peyton, to Miss M. Tree, late of the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

16. At St Cuthbert's Church, Wells, Somerset, the Rev. John Sandford, of Baliol College, Oxford, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Richard Jenkins Poole, Esq. of Sherborne, Dorset.

— At Great Baddow, Alexander Finlay, Esq. of Castlemaims, Lanarkshire, to Lucy Ann, only child of James Jones, Esq. of Great Baddow, Essex, and of Twickenham Park, Jamaica.

17. At Borrodale, Colin Chisholm, Esq. solicitor in Inverness, to Margaret, third daughter of John Macdonald, Esq. of Glenaladale.

— At London, William Gordon, Esq. W. S. to Agnes Marian, third daughter of John Hyslop, Esq. of Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square.

18. At the New Church, St Pancras, John, eldest son of Lord John Townshend, of Balls Park, Hertfordshire, to Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of Lord George Stuart. The bride was given away by the Marquis of Bute.

— At Cairdminnes, East Lothian, Mr William Yule Gibson, merchant, Leith, to Catharine, only daughter of the late Mr Peter Sheriff.

— At Paris, the Rev. W. H. Bury, B.D. to Mary Anne, daughter of the late John Maclean, Esq.

At St Peter's Church, Dorchester, Walter Jolie, Esq. W.S. to Hannah Lyeette, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Avarne of Rugely, in the county of Stafford.

20. At Ancrum House, the Rev. Gilbert Elliot, son of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, to Williamina, youngest daughter of the late Patrick Brydone, Esq.

22. At Edinburgh, Andrew Gillies, Esq. Advocate, to Elizabeth Harvie, only daughter of the late James Brown, Esq. of Craigow.

— Roger Black, Esq. writer in Kirkaldy, to Rachel, daughter of the Rev. James Law, Kirkaldy.

— At Edinburgh, James Anderson, Esq. cashier to the Scottish Union Insurance Company, to Ann, only daughter of Mr George Bruce, James's Court.

— At Gloucester Place, the Rev. John Croker, rector of Radcliffe, Buckinghamshire, to Charlotte Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Dewar.

— At Ellingham, county of Northumberland, James Morrison, Esq. junior, of Milbank, Alloa, to Jane Ann, only daughter of the late James Maidment, Esq.

23. At Rankellor Street, John Romanes, Esq. writer, Lauder, to Isabella, daughter of the late John Mason, Esq. of Heriot's Hall.

— At Yetbyre, William Grierson, Esq. second son of Sir Robert Grierson, of Lag, Bart. to Jane, daughter of Thomas Beattie, Esq. of Crieve.

24. At Craigie House, the Rev. Wm. Currie, of Boughton Hall, Cheshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of Richard Campbell, Esq. of Craigie.

25. At Glasgow, William Macturk, Esq. M. D.

of Bradford, Yorkshire, to Catherine, only daughter of the late Dr John Rutherford, of Craigow, Kinross-shire.

29. At Stockbridge, George Crichton, Esq. Viewforth, to Catharine, second daughter of the late William Forester, Esq. of Culmore, Stirlingshire.

— At Canaan House, Dr James Pitcairn, to Cecilia, youngest daughter of David Thomson, Esq. W. S.

30. At Leith, Mr Robert Schaw, merchant, Leith, to Margaret, daughter of Mr William Auld, merchant there.

— At Culross, the Rev. John Smyth, of St. George's Church, Glasgow, to Margaret, daughter of Samuel Davidson, Esq. surgeon, Culross.

31. At London, Ernest, Comte de Gersdorff, to the Hon. Maria Elizabeth Twisleton Fiennes, only daughter of Lord Saye and Sele.

— At Kelso, Arthur Campbell, Esq. W. S. to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Barstow, Esq.

51. At Muirtown, Captain W. E. Sutherland, 33d Regiment, to Miss S. G. Duff, eldest daughter of H. R. Duff, Esq. of Muirtown.

Sept. 1. At Stirling, Mr Edward Carritt of Brigg, Lincolnshire, to Harriet, second daughter of Robert Peacock, Esq. of Solsgirth-House, Perthshire.

3. At London, the Right Hon. Stratford Canning, his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, to Eliza Charlotte, eldest daughter of James Alexander, Esq. of Sommerhill, Kent, M. P.

5. At Kirkby Stephen, the Rev. Edward Heelis, A.M. Rector of Brougham and Dufton, in the County of Westmoreland, to Anne, only daughter of William Hopes, Esq. of Duckintree, in the same county.

— At Thames Ditton, Surrey, Captain G. F. Lyon, R. N. to Lucy Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

— At New Scoone, near Perth, the Rev. William Murray, Muchalls, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr Allan Stewart, Shuna, Appin.

6. At Bonington, John Haig, Esq. of Dublin, to Jane, daughter of the late John Haig, Esq. Bonington.

— At St Pancras New Church, London, the Rev. Robert Watson, of Stayley Bridge, Lancashire, to Matilda, youngest daughter of the late John Collison, Esq. of Blackheath.

7. At St James's Chapel, Mr John Ronald, writer, Broughton Place, to Catharine, second daughter of Mr James Lorimer, York Place.

9. At Edinburgh, Roger Duke, Esq. to Eliza, only daughter of the late Captain L. Oliphant of Kinnedder.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Turnbull, merchant, Leith, to Christian, fifth daughter of Mr James Thomson, of the Cess Office, James Street.

— At Aikenhead, Mungo Campbell, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Isabella Craigie, eldest daughter of John Gordon of Aikenhead, Esq.

12. At New Monkland Manse, Robert M'Culloch, Esq. writer, Airdrie, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr James Begg.

13. At Stirling, Francis William Clarke, Esq. writer, Stirling, to Agnes, eldest daughter of James Wright, Esq. writer there.

— Mr David Croal, printer, Edinburgh, to Anne, daughter of Mr John Bell, King's Street, Dundee.

14. At Gosford, Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, Esq. to Lady Charlotte Charteris, fourth daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

15. At Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire, Sir John Forbes, Bart. of Craigievar, to the Hon. Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Forbes.

— At Montrose, Robert Rickart Hepburn, Esq. of Rickarton, to Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of Thomas Bruce, Esq. of Arnot.

16. At Blythswood Hill, the Rev. Laurence Lockhart, minister of Inchinnan, to Louisa, daughter of the deceased David Blair, Esq.

19. At Calderbank, James Finlay, Esq. eldest son of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward, to Janet, eldest daughter of Hugh Bogle, Esq. of Calderbank.

20. At Huntington, county of Haddington, A. P. Robertson, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Christina, eldest daughter of William Ainslie, Esq. of Huntington.

21. At No. 30, Castle Street, Watkin William Watkins, Esq. younger of Shotton, in the county of Salop, to Christiana, daughter of the late Thomas Watkins, Esq. Linlithgow.

24. At Doncaster, Lieut.-General Sharpe of Hoddam, to Jane, daughter of Godfrey Higgins, Esq. of Skellow Grange, in the county of York.

27. At Edinburgh, Capt. Stewart, 94th Regt. to Ann, only daughter of Charles Stewart, Esq. of Ardsheal.

— At Camnethan House, John Piercy Henderson, Esq. of Foswell Bank, to Miss Eliza Ann Lockhart, second daughter of Robert Lockhart, Esq. of Castlehill.

28. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander B. Mackay, merchant, Leith, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Brown of Newhall, Esq.

— At Rosemount, Aberdeen, Charles Fraser, Esq. of Williamston, Aberdeenshire, to Margaret Eleanor, youngest daughter of Charles Mitchell, Esq. of Forcethall, Yorkshire.

29. At Gilmerton House, Charles Kinnear, of Kinnear, Esq. to Christiana Jane, daughter of John Boyd Greenshields of Drum, Esq. advocate.

DEATHS.

Oct. 31, 1824. In Camp, at Charwah, south of the Nerbuddah, Captain P. H. Dewaal, 60th Regiment Native Infantry.

Feb. 19, 1825. At Bombay, Lieut. Archibald David Græme, 5d Native Cavalry, aged 22, youngest son of the late John Græme, Esq. of Eskbank.

21. At Broach, Bombay, Lieutenant James Hay of the 10th regiment Native Infantry.

June 12. At George Town, Demerara, Mr James Macgregor, merchant, only son of Mr Macgregor, St Andrew's Square.

27. At Bencoolen, Mrs Christiana Nicolson, wife of William Scott, Esq. of Penang.

July 26. At Bath, Lady Leslie, widow of Sir Edward Leslie, of Tarbert, Bart.

11. At Sierra Leone, Thomas Inglis, Esq. Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, son of the Rev. William Inglis, Dumfries.

29. At Hillside, parish of St David's, Jamaica, John Weir Thomson, youngest son of the late William Thomson of Birkenhead, Esq. Lesmahagow.

30. At Newton Manse, the Rev. Thomas Scott, minister of the parish of Newton.

Aug. 1. At Eastertyre, Robert Macglashan, Esq. of Eastertyre, writer to the signet.

— At Canterbury, Lieut.-General, Disborough, of the Royal Marines.

3. At 10, St Anthony's Place, Mr John Stirling, writer.

6. The Rev. Henry Muschet, minister of the Gospel at Shettleston.

— At Dundee, Mr George Baxter, merchant, aged 79 years. He has left 5 children, 35 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren, 25 nephews and nieces, 100 grand ditto, 61 great grand ditto.

7. At Madeira, Robert Young, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

8. At Ramsgate, Sir John Sutton, K.C.B. Admiral of the White.

9. At Raeburn Place, Stockbridge, Robert Morrison, Esq. architect.

— At the Marsh, near Shirehampton, Mr Edward Painter, aged 77. His death was caused by the stinging of a wasp, which was unobserved in a cup of beer of which he was drinking, and although after very considerable effort he succeeded in throwing the insect out of his mouth, he died of suffocation in consequence of the swelling of the throat, within half an hour.

9. At Maravillas, Madeira, Lady Jardine, widow of Sir Alexander Jardine, Bart. of Applegarth, Dumfries-shire.

10. At Thurso, Captain James Henderson, of the Ross, &c. militia.

— At Glasgow, Miss Jean Govane, of Park of Drumquhassie.

— Suddenly at Landeck, in Silesia, Count Bulow, an eminent Prussian statesman.

11. At Irvine, Mrs Barbara Bannatyne, widow

of the Rev. Dr James Steven, late minister of Kilwinning.

13. At Cranshaws, Berwickshire, Mr John Bertram, farmer there, in his 79th year.

— At Barnhill, Perthshire, Mr David Rintoul, late writer in Edinburgh.

14. At West Maitland Street, Mrs Mary Campbell, wife of Lieut. John Eddington.

— At No. 3, Roxburgh Place, Edinburgh, Captain William Black, of the 22d Regiment of Native Infantry, late Assistant Quartermaster-General, and secretary to the Military Fund at Bombay.

— At Piershill Barracks, Samuel Scott, Esq. surgeon to the Carabineers.

16. At his house, No. 6, Charlotte Square, Mr Charles Oman.

17. At Monkwearmouth Shore, Margaret Nicholl, aged 104.

— At Heskett, Newmarket, Mr John Seville, aged 102.

18. At Edinburgh, Catharine Dutchfield, relict of Dr George Chapman.

— At Aberdeen, James Brand, Esq. cashier to the Banking Company in Aberdeen.

19. At Primerose Bank, Christian, second daughter of the late James Frisby Leitch, Esq. merchant in London, aged fifteen years.

— At Elliestown, Mrs Tulloch, relict of Thomas Tulloch, Esq. of Elliestown.

— At Capuch Manse, Mrs Catharine Dalmahoy, wife of the Rev. William Innerarity.

20. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. John Francis, Earl of Mar.

20. At Manse of Cairney, the Rev. John Finlay, minister of that parish.

21. At Clackmannan Manse, John, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Moodie, aged 21.

— At Glasgow, John Hamilton, Esq. writer.

— At his house, No. 6, Drummond Street, Mr John Ewart, stabler.

21. At Edinburgh, Miss Mackenzie of Applecross.

— At Clackmannan Manse, John, eldest son of the Rev. Dr Moodie, aged twenty-one.

22. At the house of his brother, Lord Hutchinson, Bulstrode Street, Manchester Square, London, the Earl of Donachmore. His titles and estates devolve upon his next brother, Lord Hutchinson, K.G.C.C.B. &c.

23. At London, Lady Elphinstone, widow of John, thirteenth Lord Elphinstone, and mother of the present Lord.

— At Edinburgh, Jane Montague, the infant daughter of John Cockburn, Esq.

— At Portland Place, London, of Apoplexy, Admiral Lord Radstock, G.C.B. in his 73d year.

25. At the Manse of Abbotshall, the Rev. William Anderson, minister of that parish.

26. At Duddingston House, Miss Charlotte Grant, daughter of the late William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

26. At Paisley, Mr Henry Wilson, writer.

27. At London, Mrs Core, wife of Mr Charles Henry Core, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Coldstream, Mrs Isabella Walker, relict of Robert Hay, Esq. of Harlaw, parish of Eccles.

— At Dundee, Ann, and on the 17th inst. Margaret, daughters of the Rev. David Russell.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Mitchell, late Deacon of the Incorporation of Fleshers, Edinburgh.

— At Mountainhall, William Brand, Esq. of Mountainhall, aged 100 years.

— At his house, Broughton Place, after a long and painful illness, Alexander Manners, Esq. bookseller.

28. At Allonby, Walter, third son of Richard Mackenzie, writer to the signet.

— At Kinloss Manse, John James, second son of the Rev. William Robertson.

28. At Auldeathie, Miss Margaret Liston, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Liston, minister of Aberdeen.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Wight, relict of Alex. Wight, Esq. Advocate, formerly Solicitor-General of Scotland.

30. At his house, in the Isle of Man, aged 71 years, Lieut.-Colonel William Cuninghame, formerly of the 58th Regiment of Foot, and for

many years past a member of the Hon. House of Keys of that Island.

31. At Portobello, Major James Davidson, late in the service of the Hon. East India Company.

— At the Manse of Ormiston, Mrs Mary Johnston, wife of the Rev. John Ramsay.

Sept. 1. Thomas Lyels, Esq. of Barrow, Suffolk. He was taking the diversion of shooting, and whilst directing his servant's attention to a covey of birds he was following, fell suddenly, and life was instantaneously gone.

— At Harehead, East Lothian, Eliza Dods, youngest daughter of Mr John M'Gregor, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Glasgow, Jean, daughter of Mr Andrew Duncan, printer to the University.

2. At North Lunenham House, Rutland, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Noel, sixth daughter and last surviving child of the late Baptist Earl of Gainsborough. Her Ladyship had attained the venerable age of 87 years.

— At Cupar, Catherine, third daughter of Mr Horsburgh.

4. At his seat, Castle Howard, in the county of York, Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Howard, Baron Dacres of Gillesland, K.G. &c. His Lordship was born May 28, 1758, and consequently was in the 78th year of his age.

— At her house, Melville Street, Mrs Mary Stuart, relict of Charles Stuart, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Hall, builder, Thistle Street.

— At his house in Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, Sir T. Stepney. This polished gentleman of the old school was seen, in his usual attire, perambulating St James's Street, from club-house to club-house, (his daily practice,) so recently as the preceding day. His dress had been the same for half a century, namely, a blue coat, with a broad back and long waist, and he commonly wore a remarkably short spencer; nankeen was his constant wear in small-clothes; and his blue broad, striped silk stockings produced a remarkable contrast; added to these, was a hat not deeper in the crown than an inch and a half, but with a rim of greater proportion, and a black ribbon tied round it. Sir Thomas, in his 70th year, on the coldest day in winter, was clad the same as in the dog-days; he was a great card-player, but not a gambler, and was an amiable character and accomplished gentleman.

5. Mrs Philadelphia Barbara M'Murdo, wife of Norman Lockhart, Esq. of Tarbrax.

6. At London, General Stevens, in the 83d year of his age.

— At Rinns, Robert Montgomerie, Esq. of Barnhill.

7. At his seat, Weston, Staffordshire, in the 64th year of his age, the Right Hon. Orlando Earl of Bradford, after a painful and lingering illness of nearly two years.

9. At Jersey, Thomas Dumaesq, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General.

— At New Street, Canongate, Clementina, daughter of Mr John Ruthven.

— At Albro', of the cholera morbus, the lady of John Tempest, Esq. and only surviving sister of Henry late Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K.G. &c.

10. At 7, Stafford Street, Mrs Elizabeth Forster, widow of Thomas Gregson, Esq. of Blackburn.

11. At Edinburgh, W. M. Greig, second son of the Rev. C. Greig, St Ninian's.

— At Stirling, Mr Henry Redpath, watchmaker.

12. At Richmond, Mrs Wellesley Pole Long Wellesley.

13. At Cardoness, in the 89th year of his age, Sir David Maxwell, Bart.

— At 121, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Miss Catharine Gibson, daughter of the late Thomas Gibson, Esq. of Muirton.

— At Cooper's Hill, Surrey, Lord Langford,

14. At Banff, Patrick Duff, Esq. of Carnousie, Banffshire.

— At 53, Nicolson Street, Mrs Mary Lookup, spouse of Mr John Ainslie.

— At Raeden, near Aberdeen, Miss Jean Stratton, of Kirkside, parish of St Cyrus.

15. At Edinburgh, Robert, son of Robert Whigham, Esq. advocate.

— At Campie, near Musselburgh, James Johnstone, youngest son of North Dalrymple, Esq. aged 15 months.

— At Drumtochty Castle, James Gammell, Esq. of Countesswells and Drumtochty.

16. At Bellfield, near Musselburgh, Mrs Ann Lindesay, relict of Andrew M'Kerras, Esq. merchant in Leith.

— Mrs Elizabeth Hogg, aged 55, wife of Mr John Stevenson, bookseller, Prince's Street.

17. At his house, 8, Roxburgh Street, Mr Andrew Wilson, leather merchant.

19. At Falkirk, Robert Walker, Esq. of Murrills.

20. At Mayfield, near the Grange Toll, aged 64 years, Mr William Waugh.

22. At Lauriston Place, William, youngest son, and, on the 20th inst. Agnes, eldest daughter, of Mr James M'Naught, merchant.

23. At Duddingston, Mr William Scott, of the Bill Chamber.

24. At Peebles, Mr Adam Russell, ironmonger.

— At Makerstoun Manse, George, only son of of the Rev. David Hogarth.

25. At Camis Eskan, Katherine, infant daughter of James Dennistoun, Esq. of Colgrain.

26. At Springfield, Leith Walk, Mrs Alison Oliver, aged 74, relict of the late Mr Niel Sinclair, Edinburgh.

Oct. 1. At his house, Castlehill, Edinburgh, John Nicol, mariner. He was found dead in his bed in the morning. A narrative of the life and adventures of this veteran sailor was published by Mr Blackwood several years ago, from which it appears, that he twice circumnavigated the globe, was three times in China, and had run down more than once the whole landboard of America, from Nootka Sound to Cape Horn. He was also in the memorable naval engagement fought off Cape St Vincent, and in the battle of the Nile. He was born in the parish of Currie in 1755, and consequently must have been about seventy when he died.

3. At Glasgow, in the 31st year of his age, John Morrison Duncan, Esq. printer to the University.

Lately, At Bath, Lord Henry Seymour Moore, second son of the late Marquis of Drogheda.

— Mr Birkbeck, secretary of the state of Illinois, America. He was drowned in crossing a stream in his way home from a visit to Mr Owen at Harmony.

— At Winchester, Mr George Harding, aged 116 years. He survived five wives, two of whom he married after he was 100 years of age.

— At Monkwearmouth Shore, Margaret Nicholl, aged 104.

— In Portugal, in the Convent of the Nuns of St Benito d'Ave Maria, a domestic, aged 128 years. She had been 100 years in the service of the monastery.

— On board the ship Albion, on his return from Bengal to his native country, the Hon. John Adam. He had resided in India more than 30 years, having filled the important office of Governor-General from the period of the Marquis of Hastings's departure to the arrival of Lord Amherst.

— At Cambridge, James Gordon. He died in a hayloft at the Hoop Hotel, in his 65th year. He was formerly an attorney of some eminence. His convivial talents, his wit and elegance, at one time rendered him the delight of the social board. Severe disappointment crossed his path, destroyed the repose of his youth, and the bottle became unfortunately his fatal resource.

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VISITS TO THE HARAM, BY MEERZA AHMED TUBEEB.

Translated from the Persian.

VISIT FOURTH.

I WAS one day sitting in my Dewan Khoneh, (public room,) surrounded by a number of young men, to whom I daily taught physic, after the manner of Ahu Allee Ebu Senna, when, in the middle of an interesting discussion on the effect of water-melon juice in the cure of palsy, my servant, Ghoolam Reza, entered the room.

Ghoolam Reza was a simple creature, without guile, but I don't know how it happened that his face, though sufficiently good-humoured, always seemed prepared to announce something disagreeable. I imagine the other servants sent him to me with every message which they believed would irritate or annoy me, when it was necessary that such should be delivered, and that there thus arose in my mind some association between the sight of his message-bearing face (for it bore a peculiar expression on such occasions), and the irritation which usually followed his monotonous delivery of the matter which had been put into him at the further side of the court. Certain it is, though I could not say that Ghoolam Reza was a bad servant, or that he was disrespectful,

or that there was anything naturally offensive in his appearance, still his presence was painful to me, and I should have been glad at any time, during the many years he remained with me, to have found him guilty of some offence which would have justified me in putting his feet into the noose of the fulluk.*

Such being the state of my feelings toward Ghoolam Reza, and such my occupation at the moment, it was not without more emotion than I can venture to express, that I heard the slow regular clink-clank of his iron-heeled slippers on the brick-paved court, approaching the door of the apartment. He slowly raised the door-curtain, and though I eyed him (as I continued my discourse) with a look of as much bitterness as I could command, he stood unmoved, with his hands folded before him, resting on the hilt of the khunjeer, (curved dagger,) which he wore in his waist-shawl, waiting with composure for some moment, when a pause in my lecture should enable him, without interrupting me, to empty himself of his message, and retire. Most men, in

* The fulluk is a beam to which the feet of criminals are bound by a noose when they are undergoing the punishment of the bastinado.

such circumstances, would have taken some interest in what they heard, and would have required a pause of considerable length, to enable them to reflect for what purpose they had entered the room; but, had Ghoolam Reza stood for a year listening to the most interesting discourse that ever was delivered, the most trifling message would at any one moment have been as near his lips as when he first crossed the threshold. I called for a Kalleon, in hopes that he would himself go for it, but he called to another man who stood without, to bring it me, and seized this opportunity to inform me, that a person was waiting to see me. I asked who it was. He told me it was a man. I requested to be informed whether it was a gentleman or a servant. He said, he had not asked him the question. At this time I heard some one conversing with my people with a freedom of manner, and loudness of voice, which indicated that he considered himself of some consequence amongst servants, and I therefore imagined it was one of the higher domestics of the prime minister, Hajee Ibrahim, or of Meerza Sheffee, and concluding that I might get rid of him speedily, I desired that he might be ushered in.

He entered the room with an air of great freedom, and in a loud voice announced to me, that his master had sent him to bring me immediately. The young men were all present, and I felt the blood mount to my cheek with anger, at finding myself so unceremoniously treated before them. I commanded myself, however, and asked, "Who is your master?"—"The Khan," replied he. "What Khan?" demanded I.—"Do you not know the Khan?" said the fellow, with a look of mingled surprise and pity.—"I know a score of Khans," said I, "but cannot say whether or not I am acquainted with your master, till you are kind enough to tell me his name."

By this time the young men had begun to show symptoms of mirth at the absurdity of the man's manner, and though I was allglowing, I thought it best to join them in a hearty laugh at his expense. He stood, however, half grinning, as if he thought he might perhaps have said something witty, and half suspicious that he was laughed at, till the young men began in a body to question him about the

name of his master; and it was discovered, after a long and noisy cross-examination, that his lord was no other than the Shah's chief eunuch. The young men passed some jokes about on the respectability of the chief eunuch's domestics, and ended by serious complaints, and even abuse, of the master, who could employ such a wild beast from the jungle as his messenger, so that I was forced to interfere.

"Whatever the messenger may be," said I, "or whatever may be the terms of the message, I recommend to you, young men, never to quarrel with it when it comes from such a quarter. These eunuchs have the king's ear at all times, when there is no one by to contradict their statements. They are, in fact, a portion of the king's private society. A king, when he comes into public as ours does, to show himself, feels that he is all the while acting a part, and he knows that every one who approaches him is, to a certain extent, doing the same; he therefore looks for a hidden motive in everything that is said to him, and holds himself on his guard against receiving any impression from what he hears, until it has been corroborated. But when he retires into his underoon, he returns to his private character and existence. He is surrounded by objects which stand in the same relation to him that others do to other men. He throws off his restraint of mind with his restraint of manner, and is willing to believe that those who approach him are speaking and acting in their natural characters; he is therefore more ready to receive impressions, and more ready to act upon them, than when in public. These eunuchs are eternally with him in the Haram, and have an habitual influence over his mind, as well directly, as through the women. He knows that they are entirely dependent upon him, and, like everybody else, is glad to persuade himself that those with whom he is confidential, are sincere. In short, they have a thousand advantages, and if you are wise, you will avoid all words with the chief eunuch, or even his servants, for the prime minister is hardly more dangerous. These gentry, too, have so much of woman in their natures, that they cannot forgive even the appearance of a slight of any kind. They are as ca-

precious as girls, and as vindictive as old women."

Having given my pupils this wholesome piece of advice, I took my leave of them to proceed to the Haram. The Khan's man led the way to the house of the *Khan* himself, where I was thrust into a private apartment to wait for further intelligence.

On looking round, I saw a number of combs and pincers for plucking hair, and small mirrors and little bags of shawl stuff, and boxes covered with embossed plates of silver, and antimony * bags and bottles, and shawl wrist-bands, and bits of gold and silver lace, and spangles, and so forth, lying on the niches of the small neatly-carpeted room into which I had been shown. I could not imagine how all these indications of a female establishment could have found their way into the habitation of the eunuch, but imagined they might, perhaps, belong to some sister, or other female relation, and from my being shown what now appeared to be her room, I concluded, that this female, whoever she might be, was to become my patient.

I was calculating whether she was likely to be old or young; when I heard slippers in the stairs, and presently entered a young person in male attire, but in face and even in figure much more resembling a woman. There was much beauty in the countenance. The figure, if not good, was yet set off to the greatest advantage by a magnificent velvet dress in the Georgian fashion, trimmed round at every seam with the richest lace. The locks falling behind the ear were glossy black, and resembled those of a woman rather than of a man. The voice was feminine, without any of the husky shrillness common in the voices of eunuchs; and having made up my mind to having a woman for my patient, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in the presence of a female in disguise.

My attention was so much engrossed by the figure before me, that I was, perhaps, not so prompt in rising as I ought to have been, and one of the

servants thought it requisite to intimate to me, that the person who was then advancing was Aga Allee Akber, the Georgian eunuch, who was then in the highest favour with his Majesty. It may be believed that I rose somewhat hurriedly on receiving this intimation, and the Aga, who seemed to divine what had caused this sudden exertion to get on my legs, appeared rather to be gratified by that circumstance, than annoyed by my previous want of attention.

When the Aga had seated himself, I took my place directly opposite to him, and we commenced the usual interchange of polite inquiries. When these had passed, and I was preparing to break the silence which ensued, by some compliments to his person, he anticipated me, and began so pretty a speech in praise of my skill, that I conceived a favourable opinion of his intellect. In return, I praised his person, and showed him that I was not deficient in knowledge of the neatest compliments to beauty which can be found in the poets. He affected to think I treated him as a woman, in attaching so much importance to his external appearance; but I was not so much without perception as to permit the little adjustment of his curls, with which this remark was accompanied, to escape my notice; and I, accordingly, became more and more lavish of my praises, till he ceased to oppose them, by which time he was so well satisfied with me and with himself, that I believe there were few people who then stood higher in his favour than I did.

It is curious that a person so much accustomed to be complimented on his appearance as the Aga had been, should have derived so much satisfaction from any praises which I could bestow, but I have observed, that a new manner of lauding beauty, and a certain address in employing it, may be made to have as good an effect as if a new charm were discovered, and to this I attributed the satisfaction which my remarks had afforded.

We were smoking our first kal-leon, and these reflections were pass-

* The Persian women blacken the edges of their eye-lids with a preparation of antimony, which is kept in a small bag, or in a bottle of china-ware. The effect is good, and the practice recommended to ladies with dark eyes, who are deficient in eye-lashes.

ing over my mind, when we heard a considerable shuffling in the court below. It was the sound of many feet approaching, and presently we heard some orders given in a shrill voice, which seemed to be straining itself to assume something of manly hoarseness and strength. A clatter of slippers on the stairs announced the approach of some one, and Aga Allee Akber, whispering that it was the chief eunuch, slowly got up before that personage was yet visible. I followed his example, and having stood for half a minute, (during which time the great man was giving some directions on the stairs,) he at last entered, and advancing with a measured step of assumed dignity and importance, took his seat in the very corner of honour, the highest spot in the room.

He was a slender man, of rather low stature, with thin pale cheeks deeply wrinkled, though he could not be above thirty-five years of age. His nose was high and aquiline, and his eyes dark, small, and piercing, with so contracted a space between them that they almost seemed to be joined under the bridge of the nose, and gave to his countenance a cunning, and somewhat sinister expression. He was dressed with much care, but without display, and his long, lean, skinny fingers and curved nails, were very slightly dyed with hennah. He spoke slowly, with much attention to the choice of his words; made painful efforts to give manliness to the tones of his voice, and distorted his thin lips and withered beardless cheeks, in his endeavours to articulate with the most pointed accuracy and distinctness. His manner was studied at first, and formal and pompous, but after a few minutes he entered on conversation with much liveliness and politeness, and having recounted to Aga Allee Akber some occurrences of the harem, which I did not exactly comprehend, he turned to me and said,

"We have not met, I think, since the day on which you rescued the Armenian girl who had been condemned. You did a great work that day, Meerza. I should, myself, have used my best endeavours to save the poor girl, had not the evidence of her

guilt appeared so full, and you know that it would be difficult for me to interest myself, under such circumstances, in behalf of an Armenian, lest I might be suspected of an undue leaning towards my own people. My object in sending for you now, Meerza, is to consult you regarding the health of the Aga here, in whom the king takes a great interest, and his Majesty has ordered that I should be present at the interview, and report to him, this evening, your opinion of the case. His majesty has the greatest anxiety on account of the Aga, and promises a handsome reward and many favours, if you succeed in fully re-establishing his constitution before his Majesty leaves Tehran for the camp. I am much occupied at present, and shall leave you to converse with your patient. I shall come back presently to hear the Meerza's decision, and you will not leave this, Meerza, till I return."

With this he rose and departed; but not content with the injunction he had laid upon me, he gave instructions to the servants at the foot of the stairs, which made me, in fact, a prisoner till he should find leisure to release me.

When the chief eunuch was fairly out of sight, we again seated ourselves, and being relieved from the restraint imposed by the presence of a superior, we drew closer together, with looks of greater familiarity. The Aga called in a more determined tone for another kalleon, and we commenced a more free and confidential conversation.

"You have been ailing," said I to the Aga. "God forbid that you should continue to suffer from any indisposition which it may be in the power of medicine to remove."

"Yes," replied he; "I have long suffered from a pain in my heart; I have become a mere stick." Then seizing the loose part of his sleeve in his hand, he added, "You see how thin my arms are; I was formerly strong and fat, but now I have no strength, no appetite; I cannot eat above twice a-day—formerly, I used to eat four times; my sleep is broken—and, if I taste water melon, or most,* or butter-milk, or, in short, anything cooling,

* Most, a preparation of milk.

it makes me worse. Warm things agree with me better. Several people have advised me to drink wine, but it is sinful, and I would not do it. I do not know what you may choose to order. But I shall abide by your directions, whatever they may be. I am quite sure that nobody else can cure me. In short, I put myself entirely into your hands."

I felt his pulse in both wrists, examined his tongue, and having put a few questions regarding other matters, I pronounced it to be quite necessary that he should drink wine.

"How is that to be managed?" said he; "It is a difficult matter. Is it not possible to cure me by any other medicine? You know, Meerza, how people talk. They will say a thousand things. Certainly your orders must be attended to. If you think it is the only medicine that can be of use to me, of course, you know, it becomes a matter of necessity. What can I do? Life is precious, and the preservation of the body is enjoined in the book. It rests entirely with you, Meerza; whatever you determine must be right. Then addressing one of his servants, he said, "This has happened unfortunately. What a bad thing is illness! But you know how thin I have become: tell the Meerza how thin I am, compared with what I was."

The servant confirmed more than his master had ventured to assert, by the most solemn assurances, and even oaths; and when he had finished, the Aga turn-

ed to me, and demanded what I ordered. "Whatever you order shall be done; no one will venture to dispute its propriety. You can just say what you have already said, when the chief eunuch asks you about my illness. I shall mention it to the King. I am much concerned about it; but what can be done? The choice is not in my hands, but in yours, Meerza."—I assured him that nothing but wine could be of any use to him, and that when the chief eunuch came, I should satisfy him of the necessity of administering that valuable medicine.

This matter having been arranged very much to our mutual satisfaction, we discoursed of other things. I gave him some account of my travels, and he, in return, agreed to tell me his story. There is nothing more agreeable than to hear the history of these people, who have passed from hand to hand like any other saleable commodity. They are often acquainted with the most private actions, and even feelings, of those with whom they have lived. They are mere spectators, little interested in what is occurring, and feel no responsibility for the conduct or characters of those masters from whose hands they have passed. I was therefore much gratified when the Aga agreed to tell me his story, and I pressed him to proceed, but he made various excuses; and it was not till after I had been acquainted with him for a long time, that I was able to prevail with him to relate to me what follows.

THE STORY OF AGA ALLEE AKBER.*

"I was born in Kakhet of Georgia, and my father was, I believe, a beg-zadeh (gentleman). I remember one day being sent for from a place where

I was playing with the other boys of the village, and finding a strange man sitting smoking with my father at the door of the house. My mother was in tears,

* The story of Aga Allee Akber, or at least so much of it as relates to the proceedings between the Afshar and Meekree tribes, is historically correct. About two years ago, I saw a gentleman who had met Boodah Khan himself in Persia, from whom he received an account of the manner in which he had been blinded, corresponding, in almost all essential particulars, with the narrative of Meerza Ahmed.

This gentleman, however, stated, that Boodah Khan had been invited to Oroomeah, ostensibly, for the purpose of uniting the families of the chiefs more intimately by further intermarriages. This may be true, without invalidating the accuracy of the Meerza's account of the matter; and as Aga Allee Akber related the story a short time only after the occurrence of the facts which he details, and as he had no particular personal object to contend for, I do not see any good reason why we should not consider his account of the transactions at Oroomeah and Sowj Bolak as credible as that of any other narrator, whoever he may be.

and there was some unusual bustle amongst the women. When I came to where they were, my father said to the man, 'That is the boy.' I was then allowed to return to play. At night, the stranger came again, and my father and he disputed a long time about money, and at last the stranger gave him money, and he counted it, and put it in a bag, and locked it up in his chest. Next morning, when I got up, I found my mother in great distress, and my father scolding and abusing her; and presently the strange man came, and my father took me by the hand and led me to the stranger, who gave me sugar to eat. We then went out of the house, and my father told me the stranger would give me a ride upon his horse, and he mounted and took me up before him, and rode away.

"When we had ridden a long time I was tired, and cried, and wished to get back to my mother; but the man told me we should soon reach his house, and that he would give me a horse for myself, and fine clothes, and plenty of sweetmeats; and though I cried to get home he did not pay any attention to what I said, but rode on. In the evening we came to a village, and in the morning we again mounted, and rode on, and so for many days, till we came to Erivan.

"We remained a long time at Erivan, and many people came to the man's house to look at me, and some sent for me to their own houses. Every morning I was dressed out to the best advantage, and shown to those who wanted to buy me, but none of them could agree with the man about the price; some said I was too young, and some that I was too dear, and some that I did not understand their language. At length, there came one morning a man, who seemed to be a stranger. He asked for wine, and they got it, he and the man who had brought me, and they drank and bargained about me; and after much dispute, it was agreed that I should be sold for a gun mounted in silver, and a shawl and a horse. These things were delivered, and I was handed over to him who had bought me. That night I slept at his house, and next morning we set out. He put me on a mule which carried part of his baggage, and so we travelled to Oroomeah, where I was sent into the Haram of Mahomed

Kooly Khan, the chief of the Afshars of Oroomeah, whose servant I found I had become.

"It was here my duty to attend upon the Khan's women, but more particularly on one of his sisters, who, not being yet married, resided in his family. She was most kind to me; and, for some years, I was very happy, till my mistress, on one occasion when returning from a visit to some friends at a distance, was taken prisoner by a party of Meekree Koords, who had long been at enmity with the Afshars. I was inconsolable for the loss, and when I found that she was actually married to Booda Khan, the chief of the Koords, I wished much to go to reside with her. But my master was much enraged at her having married his deadly enemy, (for there was blood between the families,) and he would not permit me to go to her, but ordered me to attend on one of his women, a Georgian like myself, who was then high in his favour.

"I was kindly treated by my country-woman for some years—too kindly for me and for us both. Those who were envious of her influence, found means to poison the Khan's ear, and excite in his mind doubts of her fidelity. I was the person fixed upon to be accused with her, and though my youth alone might have refuted the accusation, a plan was laid which succeeded but too well.

"She had ever been kind to me, and I loved her, and for her sake loved her child. He was continually in my arms, and often when at night he cried, she called to me to take him, for I could sometimes soothe him even when his mother failed. When she spoke to me, it was always in our native language, and she often spoke to me when no one else was by. From these things they sought to draw some signs of guilt, and that was easy, for when jealousy is once awakened, men seek for confirmation to justify revenge. They told the Khan that I visited his wife by night, and that if he chose to watch us that evening, he should himself be witness of the intercourse. He did watch, and saw me go to her bedside without having heard her call to me. This was enough—he rushed along the house-top to where she lay, I heard him coming, thundering execrations, and

fled for fear of him, for his anger was terrible. The poor girl knew not what to think—she started naked to her feet, with her infant in her arms—he tore the child from her, and stabbed her to the heart. I heard her last faint scream, but I knew not what it was—it was all I heard of her. Next morning I saw her child in the arms of a slave. Her name was never again mentioned in my hearing save once—it was the day after her murder, when I was seized and mutilated, and made what I am now.

“But I have lived to see that night’s villainy revenged. There is not one of all the perpetrators of that deed alive but one. The knife and cord have done their work with all but him—and he is hourly praying for death, but it keeps far from his dungeon. I have seen much in that dwelling that I dare not tell, for fear of implicating those whom vengeance has not yet overtaken. But what is all that to me—I have suffered my own shame—from which of them have I seen kindness, that I should lament their misfortunes? which of them wept for me, that I should wail for them?”

The Aga paused for a few moments to recover himself, for he was strongly affected, and I was astonished to find feeling so deep under an exterior so gay, and in a person seemingly occupied with nothing but his appearance. After calling for another kalleon, he continued:—

“It is true I have suffered; but many are in the same situation with me, without the same comforts or consolation. I have sometimes tormenting feelings—I often hate the world, and curse the father who brought this evil upon me—I think of what I might have been—I envy the joys of others—I feel that there is a gulf between me and other men, which separates me from them in their feelings as well as in my own—I feel that even those who flatter me, despise me or pity me, and many who court my favour and protection, have in their hearts a contempt for my situation. But no matter. Perhaps there are misfortunes even greater than ours. While the Shah lives I am well, and should I lose him I shall pitch my tent near his grave, and spend the remainder of my life in religious duties at his tomb.

“You must excuse me, Meerza, for troubling you with my feelings. It was involuntary—I seldom dwell upon them. By appearing gay to others, I often succeed in making myself what I began by seeming, and to divert my own thoughts as well as yours from the channel into which I unintentionally led them, I shall go back again to Oroomeah, and relate to you some adventures in which I was myself engaged.

“After the night which I mentioned to you, as the commencement of my misfortunes, I was long confined to the house, and for some time it was thought that I was dying. One day, when I was yet in bed, I was much astonished to hear that the Khan intended to see me in my own room. I was fearful of some further violence, but I believe I should not have been much distressed to have found that he had come to have me put to death. He came, however, and treated me with much kindness, and ordered many arrangements to be made for my comfort. When he was gone, I made inquiries of a negro slave, who sometimes came to my room, from whom I found, that, in consequence of a quarrel between his principal wives, the Khan had discovered the villainy which had been practised by them against her whom he had murdered, and against me—that he had given offence to the Meekree Koords, and that he had some idea of sending me in a present to his sister as a peace-offering, and was desirous to be on good terms with me before I went, that I might not make known his iniquities.

“As soon as I was able to go about, he treated me with marked attention, and had I not known him to be incapable of such a feeling, I should have believed, that having discovered his error, he was desirous to make me some amends.

“About this time several messengers passed between him and Boodah Khan, in rapid succession; and at last (shortly after a Koord had been dispatched with answers to his chief,) horsemen were sent out in every direction, and the Khan announced his intention to set out next day on a hunting excursion. He directed that I should accompany him, and ordered

his Jillowdar,* Abdoollah Beg, to give me a quiet and manageable horse.

"This sudden determination occasioned considerable confusion. The mules were at pasture at some distance—the tents were in the store-room, and many of their cords were missing—the tent pegs had been burnt by the Feroshes†—the racksaddles wanted repairs—many of the horses required shoeing—some of the servants had no boots, some were without overalls—many had pawned their arms at the wine shops; it was therefore determined, in a general meeting of the domestics, to put the Khan from his intention of setting out the next morning.

"The Jillowdar was selected to make the attack, and he approached his master with an air of confidence, which his long services had given him a sort of title to assume. 'What do you want?' said the Khan. 'I want a great many things,' said Abdoollah. 'What are they?' demanded his master. 'I want,' replied he, 'blacksmiths to shoe the horses and mules; I want cloth to make nose-bags for them; I want cords for their halters; I want heel-ropes; the Feroshes want tent-cords and pegs.'—'Why,' interrupted his master, 'do you not set about these things without troubling me? What are you good for, if you must come to pester me with everything?'—'You want to set out tomorrow morning,' said Abdoollah, 'and there are a thousand things to do, but nobody to do them. Allee Mahamed is gone for the mules, with all the muleteers that were here—your peishkhidmuts‡ are gone to the bazaar to get things for the journey—the Feroshes are looking after the carpets and the tents, and I must get everything ready by myself—all the people want some advance of wages—the Meerzas have gone to look after their own preparations, and there is no

one to attend to us.'—'Everything is difficulty to you,' said the Khan, angrily; 'cannot you send some of the boys to bring these people who are wanted?'—'I may send the boys,' rejoined the undaunted Jillowdar, 'but God knows in what infernal places they may be; and, at all events, it will be night before they are collected.'—'At what time, then, are the preparations for the journey to be made?'—'It is impossible to get away in the morning; but towards evening I shall have everything ready to start, as soon as you choose.'—'Go about it then,' cried the Khan, glad to get rid of him on any terms. But Abdoollah was not quite done.—'Will you not give me an order for the amount of the wages,' said he?—'How much do they want,' demanded the Khan?—'It will be about a hundred tomans. You can give me an order for that sum, and I shall make an account with the Meerza.'—'Go,' said the Khan, 'and get everything ready. You shall have the money tomorrow morning; and I shall set out before the sun goes down.'

"The Jillowdar made his bow, and hastened to the stable-yard, where the whole of the domestics were assembled. As soon as he was perceived, they collected round him; and after keeping them for some minutes in suspense, he at last announced that the Khan was not to set out until 'tomorrow evening,' and raising his voice, added, 'if I see a single face amongst you here before to-morrow morning, his father shall be burnt, for the Khan believes you all to have been scattered over the town two hours ago. Now, therefore, off with you—run—vanish.'

"The whole party scampered off, nothing loath, and all attempt at preparation was suspended until the morning.

"I have often thought of the Jillow-

* A Jillowdar is a servant who has charge of horses, and whose duty it is to carry the saddle-cloth before his master's horse in towns, and to ride in advance upon the road.

† A Ferosh is a menial servant, who sweeps the carpets in the house, and pitches the tents in the field.

‡ Peishkhidmut is a servant who attends at meals, brings the kalleoon, &c.; from *peish*—before, and *khidmut*—service. One who serves in the presence of his master.

dar's success on this occasion, and lamented over the miserably dependent situation of the great—of those who imagine themselves to be absolute and all-powerful. But the truth is, Meerza, that nobody can be considered independent who wants any assistance from others; and therefore, of all men, the most dependent is the great man, who wants the assistance of hundreds—who can, in fact, do nothing for himself—who is always ignorant of what is going on in his own house, and while he fancies he is directing and commanding everything and everybody, never, by any accident, gets his own way in anything.

"Next day the Khan made many inquiries regarding the progress of the preparations, and again avowed his determination to set out before sun-set. Abdoollah Beg promised to keep his word, and to acquaint his master when everything was ready.

"In the evening, when the Khan was sitting down to eat, it was intimated that everything was packed up, and that the people were waiting for orders to load. I was astonished at this message, for I knew that it must be false; but I shortly began to perceive the meaning of it. The Khan liked to drink as well as to eat, and this Abdoollah well knew. He, therefore, thought he might safely profess to have kept his word regarding the preparations, and lay whatever further delay might occur to the score of the Khan's drunkenness. One hour passed, and still he did not come out; and then another, and it was dark, and the Khan was drunk. But the Jilowdar, on his own responsibility, (as he said) sent the baggage in advance, with an escort, and everything was arranged for a start before day-break in the morning.

I remember I slept little, for there was a continual noise of mule and camel bells, and muleteers, and others; and I was rather relieved than disturbed by the summons to rise.

When I got up, I found the Khan already dressed, and seated on a small felt out-side the gate, and giving very short and disagreeable answers to those of his domestics who had occasion to address him. He appeared occupied with his own thoughts, and allowed the remaining part of the baggage to move off without proposing to mount. There remained, therefore, only his

mounted servants, who, holding their horses in a group, were smoking their pipes at a little distance. I had taken possession of the horse I was to ride, and had mounted him immediately, so that we were all waiting for the Khan. He took no notice of an intimation that everything had been sent off; and it was not thought prudent to repeat it. He continued to sit for some time in deep thought, until, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he started to his feet, called for his horse, and mounted, without saying another word. The servants followed his example, and we set out, a party of about fifty persons.

"Abdoollah Beg, mounted on a large dun horse, which he usually rode, led the way—he was followed by two other Jilowdars, leading the Khan's yedducks (led-horses). Then came the Khan; and I followed close on the flank of his horse. The rest of the people were in a dense body behind. The morning was dark and misty, and we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves from amongst the endless gardens which surround the town. We had ridden at least two hours before the day dawned, during the whole of which time the Khan had not spoken to any one; and when I reflected on what I had observed, and on some obscure expressions which I had heard drop from some of the people, and observed the Khan's thoughtfulness, I began to suspect that there was something more than a hunting excursion in view.

"'You are sleepy, Allee Akber,' said he at length, observing that I was nodding in my saddle. 'What will you do if you are out to-morrow night also?'—'We may perhaps,' said I, 'have something to keep us awake.'—'How!' said the Khan hurriedly; 'What should we have to keep us awake?'—'I hope we shall have star-light,' said I, 'or conversation, or a song, or something.'—'Or suppose,' said he, 'in place of star-light, we should march by the light of Koord villages burning; and instead of conversation or a song, should be kept awake by the bleating of their flocks—Would that be bad?' At the same time looking over his shoulder to see who was within hearing.

"At this signal, the whole train of domestics vociferated their approbation, and each had his particular term

of abuse for the Koords, whom one would have imagined, from their account, to have been, not only the most detestable, but also the most contemptible people upon earth.

"The gloom was now dispelled from the Khan's brow; the half-sleeping domestics roused themselves, and for the remainder of the march the elders amused their young comrades with accounts of the various chup-pows (forays) they had made in the Meekree country, each giving himself a full share of credit for the success of each adventure; and the young warriors gave vent to their high spirit, in threats of destruction to their enemies, and in terms of the most ineffable contempt.

"We were now fast approaching the camp, where a large body of people was collected, and several parties of Afshars, headed by their petty chiefs, came out to welcome the head of their tribe. They accompanied us to the tents, which were already pitched for our reception, and having seen us fairly lodged, they took their leave.

"After having breakfasted, we all retired to rest, and in the afternoon persons were sent to the principal people to require their presence at the tent of the Khan.

"After some discussion, it was determined that we who were in camp should move in one body into the Meekree country, and that Ismael Khan, (a man esteemed in the tribe,) with a party of his own followers, who had not yet joined, should make a detour to the westward, and having alarmed the inhabitants of that part of the country, should retire upon his own frontier, without attempting anything further,—that the principal disposable force of the Koords having thus been drawn off in that direction, we should, in all probability, find the villages in our route prepared to offer little resistance, and should have nothing to fear in our retreat, even should we be encumbered, as we hoped to be, by large flocks and a heavy booty.

"This matter having been arranged, Ismael Khan received orders to set out immediately that he might enter the Meekree country before morning, and it was determined that we should remain on our present ground until the

next evening, that the enemy might have time to collect his forces towards the point threatened by Ismael Khan.

"Next day arrangements were made for moving, and though a strong party was left to defend the camp, I think the body of Afshar horse, which was selected to accompany us, could not have been less than a thousand, and there were besides about two hundred horsemen mounted and armed by the Khan himself, whom he called his Ghoolams.*

"We left our camp about three hours before sunset, and about an hour after the sun had gone down, we dismounted by the side of a stream, said our evening prayers, and ate something. We then mounted, and had ridden for some hours, when a scout, who had been sent in advance, returned to say that he saw fires on a rising ground at no great distance, and from their number, believed that it was an extensive encampment of Koords.

"This was an unexpected event, for it had been supposed that there were no encampments between us and the villages, which were still distant; and as the flocks would, in all probability, be lying on the adjacent hills, it would be more difficult to sweep the country than if they had been collected in the villages, as it had been supposed we should have found them.

"A halt was called, and some old hands were sent out to ascertain the nature and extent of the encampment, and to endeavour to discover where the cattle lay, that no time might be lost in seeking for them after the attack was made. We waited in impatience and anxiety for their return, and some of the principal people having gathered round the Khan, the mode of proceeding, under a variety of possible and impossible circumstances, was debated. Before anything had been decided, some of the scouts returned, and gratified every one by an assurance that the cattle and sheep were all collected about the tents, which were twenty in number, and pitched in so small a space, that they might easily be surrounded. That the Koords seemed to have had no intimation of the movement of the Afshars, as there was no appearance of a watch or vigilance of any kind.

* Ghoolam—a soldier of the body-guard. The word also signifies a slave.

“ Every one now mounted, and we could already hear the dogs barking when a shot was fired from the camp. Presently figures were seen hurriedly passing and repassing the fires. After a little, the voices of the Koords were distinctly heard, and it was obvious they had been alarmed, and were preparing either to retreat or defend themselves.

“ Fearing that the cattle might be driven away, and everything of value secreted, the Afshars could be restrained no longer, and the whole body putting itself in motion, the greater part was soon in full gallop for the Koordish camp, each taking the road that suited him best, and all shouting, with the full force of their lungs, and firing their pieces and their pistols, that the enemy might be sufficiently intimidated before they came in contact with them.

“ I remained with the Khan in the rear of the attacking party, and a considerable body remained with us. As the Afshars approached the tents, they were received by a smart fire from the Koords which checked their impetuosity, and the foremost pulled up to allow their companions to join them. When a considerable body had collected, they commenced a rapid fire, which was answered with great spirit by the Koords, and the ground between the parties being broken and intersected, the horsemen were unable to charge their opponents. The Khan seeing his men thus at bay, ordered a party round to attack the Koords in the rear. The women and children who were making their escape with the cattle, finding themselves intercepted by this movement, set up a dreadful cry, and ran back to the tents they had just quitted. The men, abandoning the contest they had been maintaining, hurried to the assistance of their families who were attacked, and scattering amongst the tents, each to seek his own, were no longer able to offer an effectual resistance. Then they were all mixed up together, and we could distinguish nothing but the flashes of the musketry. A wild and tumultuous cry rose from the midst of that dark multitude, at times a scream of distress might be heard above the general uproar, and occasionally we could see two or three horsemen darting out in pursuit of some one who had escaped from the mass of confusion which rolled about the tents.

“ By degrees the noise diminished, and now the voices of individuals might be heard, but still the shouts of the victors prevailed over the wailing of the vanquished, the wounded, and the dying; and, at intervals, a louder shout was raised as some poor wretch was dragged from the dark recesses of the tents, to be spared or slaughtered as might suit the caprice of that band of plunderers.

“ As the resistance of the Koords diminished, the desire of our men for plunder seemed to increase; and when we drew near, we found the greater part occupied in collecting the cattle, or dragging out of the tents the property they had found, and which they were desirous to examine by the light of the fires. I dismounted, and went with some of the Khan's personal servants to look for plunder; but, though only a few minutes had elapsed since our men got to the tents, we found every one of them completely rifled; grain and flour were scattered about in the search for money which it was supposed might be concealed amongst them, and even the dead and wounded had been stripped. At every step we stumbled over a body, or were warned by the groans of some expiring wretch that we were approaching him or her—for men and women had suffered alike in that dark indiscriminate massacre. Even children had not escaped: I found a young girl lying near a tent, and as at first I could see no marks of violence upon her, I thought she might perhaps be feigning, in the hope of not being molested. I touched her, and found that she was warm, and I observed her more narrowly, but I could not discover that she breathed. It occurred to me that she must have swooned from fear, and I put my hand under her head to raise her, but my fingers slipped into a gaping gash, and grated on the edges of the broken skull. I was horror-struck, and hastened back to my horse to contemplate from a distance the scene in which I could no longer induce myself to take a part.

“ The people continued to search for plunder till even the most worthless things had been picked up. A sort of council was then held, when it was agreed that the cattle should be sent off under a sufficient escort, with some prisoners who had been taken, and that the Khan, with the main body, should pursue his course to the villages as had originally been intended. In

about an hour, the cattle and prisoners were dispatched towards our camp, and we took our departure in the opposite direction.

"After leaving the desolated camp of the Koords, we pursued our march through an open country, in which we perceived no traces of habitation or inhabitants; but the success of the first assay had so much elevated and excited the Afshars, that we were kept awake by continual recitals of the part which each had taken in the fray, and in calculating the probable amount of plunder which had already been taken, and of that much larger portion which we had not yet seen.

"Just as day dawned we entered a narrow ravine of great depth, shaded on both sides by lofty walnut trees and sycamores. The path led along one side midway between the top of the bank and the torrent, which was brawling down the rocky channel at its base. The morning was calm, but cool and refreshing—thousands of tulips, and narcissuses, and hyacinths, and the Imperial Lala Sernegoon, thickly set in the greensward, covered the ground, as with a beautiful carpet of many colours. The continual rolling of the stream rose on the ear, like the voice of a mighty multitude far off. The clouds, which had all night slept in the bosom of the valley, had risen to meet the dawn, and spreading their wings to the early breeze, were skimming over the tops of the hills, and one by one growing purple in the light of the morning. The first rays of the sun had edged with a line of liquid fire the outline of the eastern hills, and the distant mountains behind us showed their peaks still covered with snow, sparkling high above a mass of cloud which seemed to be a portion of the sky.

"The scene I had witnessed in the night, with a long gloomy train of thoughts which followed it, passed away like a dream which had changed, and I could have fancied that all around me was but a more delightful vision, which, like the more fearful, was to be chased by another; or to be swept away like the clouds before us, whenever the dawn of reality should break upon me.

"Though I had long been imprisoned within the walls of my master's dwelling, and had suffered pain and sorrow, and witnessed vice and crime

enough to have deadened my heart, and frozen up the springs of every tender feeling in my bosom; yet I was young, and the visions of my own fair land, which rose to my mind, and all the remembrance of it which dwelt with me, was of something such as this—the trees, the vines, the flowers, the stream, the snowy hills, were all in both. My heart began to swell when first the likeness appeared before me, and though I had little cause to regret the home which had cast me from its bosom, still the image of my mother, ever kind and full of love, was there, and a deep, perhaps a childish sorrow, stole upon me.

"I was young when I entered the Haram of the Khan—young, friendless, and hopeless, my native country was far off; I had been sold by my father, and there was no one to offer me protection. My whole mind was therefore bounded by the walls of the place in which I lived. All my hopes and fears were confined to the praise or blame I might receive from those whom I was serving. If the idea of home ever came into my mind, it was only as the remembrance of a place which I had seen, but which I should never see again, which was no longer anything to me, with which I had no more anything in common, a place which had no claim upon me, and to which I was bound by no ties. I had received kindness from the women in the Haram; and I had been not unhappy till the night when the Khan committed that murder which led to my own misfortune.

"My only feeling to the Khan had at all times been fear—unmixed, undiluted fear—I had seen him always fearful, sometimes terrible. He seemed to rule the destinies of all whom I had known for years; I had feared him too much to dare to hate him. The fear of him had checked even my inward thoughts, and the only feeling his deeds of horror moved in me was fear.

"But when I left the house and mixed in the host of those who were successful, when I felt myself one of those who were using power, not enduring it, my thoughts began to range more freely. The thought of home, and the wish to range free, and far from the force which I could not hope ever to be able to repel—the consciousness that I was not by nature fitted to rise

above those amongst whom my lot was cast—that a world of violence was not a world for me to thrive in, and that I could not hope to see any other where I was—first awakened in me the idea of attempting my escape.

“I fled the thought when first it came; but again and again it rose within me, and made my heart flutter as it poured into my mind, filling it all. I strove to keep it down, but it gained upon me; and then the crimes I had witnessed, the injuries I had suffered, the slavery to which I was subjected, came to my aid, justified my thoughts, and fixed my purpose.

“My fear became less as my hatred grew. The possibility that I could take the life of any man, had never come into my mind, but now I had seen men without power, and menials like myself spilling the life-blood of men with scarce an effort. My pistol was in my girdle, and when I raised my head and saw before me him whom I had all my life looked upon with so much awe and dread, I felt that his life was even then in my hands, and that at any instant I could annihilate the whole fabric of his power. My head grew giddy with agitation, and a single angry word, a look of scorn, would at that moment have made me—I know not what—but something else than what I am. But, as a mountain-stream which runs a clear and slender rill, when storms are raging at its source comes tumbling down a troubled torrent, covering all traces of its natural bed, then passes by, and is again the same small, tiny brook; so these bold thoughts of mine, excited for a moment, passed away, and left me to myself to be what I had been.

“While I was thus occupied, we were climbing slowly the regular ascent which led us through the ravine over the range of hills which we must pass; but the valley had quite changed from what it was when we first entered it. There was no water here, for we had risen above the springs which fed the torrent. There was no longer any verdure, not a tree nor a bush. All was brown rock and arid clay. The clouds were gone, the sun had risen high,—the air had lost its fragrance and its freshness, and the wearied horses, in a long scattered train, were winding up the hill with listless steps, or toiling up some more abrupt ascent, stop-

ping at times to breathe, and kick the gad-flies from their flanks. The measured tinkling of the camel-bells, and the loud whooping of the muleteers, came up the hill from the deep shady glen below. The horsemen nodded on their saddles, and not a voice was raised amongst us till those who were in front called out, ‘The village is in sight.’

“The word was passed along the broken line. The very horses seemed to know that something interesting was in prospect. The sleepers raised their heads to ask what had occurred, then pushed towards the front. As our men collected at the summit of the pass, each made some remark on the village which lay in the valley below, and, from the height at which we stood, seemed scarcely larger than a single dwelling.

“When those who had fallen behind joined us again, we commenced the descent, and as soon as we were discovered from the village, several shots were fired towards us, and there was much running to and fro, and some who were outside the walls retreated through the gateway, and many who were on the ramparts either hid themselves behind the parapet, or went down into the body of the place. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep which had been grazing in the vicinity, were hurriedly driven in, and we could hear a drum beating the alarm.

“Our men pushed down the hill as rapidly as they could, and when we came to the level ground, about five hundred yards from the village, we were received by a general discharge of firelocks from the walls, which was returned by our people without the slightest effect, I believe, on either side. Some of the boldest of our party now rode their horses closer to the place, and after once or twice galloping them up and down, and firing their pieces, they returned to the main body much satisfied with the exploit. Others followed their example, and went even closer to the walls, wheeling their horses and galloping them about, and calling to the Koords to send out some of their jewans, (youths,) that they might have the pleasure of seeing their throats cut.

“After this manner many ^{parties} were interchanged, till at length the gates opened, and, amidst loud cheers

from the villagers, a body of about an hundred well-mounted Koords issued forth into the plain, and chased our gasconading heroes almost to their own line, then retired under protection of the walls, whence they were again loudly cheered by their friends.

"After some delay, during which the Koords were ringing their horses, and performing many feats of horsemanship which extorted praises even from our people, and after much blustering and confusion, a body of about fifty picked men of the Afshars advanced about an hundred yards in front of the teep, (brigade,) and took up their ground directly fronting the Koordish horsemen. They kept up an irregular fire for some time, which was returned by their opponents, and the fifty men gradually grew to about two hundred, as some of those who had remained with the main body summoned courage enough to figure in the advance.

"Several single horsemen advanced from either side into the space between, and one or two skirmishes with individuals took place, which ended in nothing. At length a Koord rode so close up to the Afshars as to be able to make himself heard, and challenged any Afshar in the army to meet him on the plain. A young man, a relation of Mahomed Kooly Khan, desirous to distinguish himself, started from the ranks, and rode full career at his antagonist, shaking his spear over his head and shouting with all his force. The Koord retreated for a little way, and when the young man was approaching him at full speed, dexterously turned his horse rapidly round in a small circle, and gained the advantage of being the pursuer instead of the pursued. The young Khan tried to avoid him, but in attempting to turn his horse he checked his speed and allowed the Koord to close. We saw the young man drop his spear and draw his sword, but a cloud of dust covered both the combatants at that instant, and we could see no more of them. Three or four of our men pushed out to support their young master; but they had scarcely put themselves in motion when the horse of the young Khan emerged from the cloud of dust without his rider, and with his bridle broken came prancing and neighing towards our line. The Afshars raised a cry of lamentation, which was answered by loud shouts

from the Koords—several parties advanced from both sides, and about twenty combatants of each tribe moved to engage; but the success of the first encounter had emboldened the Koords and dispirited the Afshars. They did not even stand the assault of the enemy, but retreated in confusion to their comrades. The whole body of the Koords, excited by the success of their party, charged the advance of the Afshars and drove them back on the main body in tumultuous confusion. Nothing could withstand the mad impetuosity of their attack—the Afshars gave way in every direction, and were slaughtered unresisting by the Koords. The Khan made an attempt with his Ghoolams whom he had kept as a reserve to check their progress, but these were already hesitating whether to support him or to fly—the moment when they might have been of use was lost, the attempt failed, and the flight became general.

"The village poured out its whole armed population upon us, and a strong party having occupied the road by which we had come, effectually cut off our retreat. The army spread over the country, each individual seeking his own safety—our baggage and followers fell into the hands of the enemy, and there was not anywhere to be seen a party of Afshars who seemed to have slackened their pace, or to have any idea of rallying round their chief, or attempting again to face the enemy—all were exclusively occupied in flying from the danger, and even when the Koords had pulled up, the Khan's endeavours to check his flying troops were equally ineffectual. A few were awed by his presence and remained with him; but on the first alarm that the Koords were coming, they broke away without waiting to ascertain whether it was true or false. All this time we were flying farther and farther into the Koordish territory, and the best that could be hoped was, that as evening was near, the scattered troops might gradually draw together, or succeed in effecting their escape by some mountain paths to their own country. The Khan was desirous to collect such a body of men as would enable him to protect the rear of the Afshars on their retreat, should they be pursued; and, by unwearied exertion, about one hundred men were brought together about sunset, but hearing some shots fired at no

great distance in their rear, they were again seized with a panic and they all fled. The Khan, finding himself again almost alone, began to think of his own safety, and one of his servants having offered to conduct him by unfrequented paths, which would not be encumbered by his flying tribe, he came to the resolution of pursuing his route to the most accessible point of his own country. To get into this road, it was necessary to strike still farther into the Meekree possessions, and just as it grew dark, we abandoned the army to its fate, and ourselves to the guidance of the man who had engaged to put us on the road. We reached the spot where we expected to find it—we wandered a long time looking for it—persons were sent out in every direction to seek for it—the guide insisted that we could not be many yards from it; but hours of search were fruitless, and we were forced to content ourselves with moving in a line which we believed to be parallel to its direction. We got entangled in ravines, and amongst bushes and rocks and stones, and were at last glad to dismount near some water, to which we were guided by the croaking of frogs, and to allow our horses to feed until morning on the grass which grew near it.

“We were now only about a dozen persons, and wearied as we all were, I believe that not one of us closed an eye during the several hours we remained at this spring. Few words were spoken, and I did not hear the Khan even open his lips. He gave his horse into the hand of Abdoollah Beg when he alighted, and moving to a few paces distant from where the servants were collected, he threw himself on the grass. No one ventured to speak to him. One man carried him a pipe several times during the night; he took it, smoked it, and returned it without saying a word—another offered him bread, he put it aside with his hand and said nothing. At length we could see some light in the east, and presently rose the morning star. Then the true dawn of the morning broke, and we mounted. We searched for the road, but still we could discover no trace of it, and only when it was broad daylight did we discover that we had wandered far from our course, and that we had to cross a tract of rugged country before we could hope to find any accessible pass, by

which we could cross the range of mountains that lay between us and our homes. We set out to make our way as well as we might, and after some hours of fatigue and harassing exertion, we at length found ourselves on a good road, which Abdoollah Beg remembered to have travelled. We followed it for some time at a moderate pace, for our horses were much exhausted, and being on a fair track, with our horses' heads homewards, we were not without some feelings of satisfaction, in spite of all we had endured.

“For my own part, I was scarcely sorry for what had happened, and feeling that if I did fall into the hands of the Koords, it would be but a change of masters, probably for the better, I had none of that painful anxiety, or remorse, or fear of future evil, which closed the lips, and kept unclosed the eyes, of all around me. As soon, therefore, as we were fairly on the road, my mind was at ease, and I became drowsy, and nodded along, to the imminent peril of my neck. Those who have not known what it is to struggle with overpowering sleep on horseback, can have no conception of the mental agony and bodily torture which is sometimes endured in this situation. Your head is ever within a span of some post or pillar, every nod precipitates you into some dark and fathomless abyss. There is a hand of lead upon your chest, and if your horse stumbles, you wake amidst undefined perceptions of some awful occurrence, more appalling than the most formidable of real horrors. After passing some time in this state of distress and suffering, I was relieved by actually tumbling off my horse, and that without sustaining any injury beyond the shock which my mind received, and which extorted from me a scream loud enough to attract the attention of every one. I was, however, completely awakened, and rode on gaily to the head of the party.

“We now came to where the road divided into two branches, and it was necessary to decide which of the two was to be adopted. The one was the more direct, the more rugged, and the more likely to throw us into the way of the Meekree Koords, who were pasturing their flocks in that range. The other had the advantage of being smoother and more safe, but then it was much longer. A trifling circum-

stance decided the matter. One of the servants had taken the shorter road, not perceiving that there was another, and those who came up after him concluding that he was doing right, followed his example. The Khan, who had come to no decision, struck into the same path, and we were again on our way homewards.

“As we got amongst the hills, the sun became intensely hot; all around was calm, breathless, sultry stillness—every stone sparkled, and even the banks of brown clay glistened with luminous particles. The waving stream of heated vapour rising from the ground was visible to the eye, and not a living thing could be seen save three or four dark vultures, whose broad shadows passed and repassed over us, as they sailed round and round their wide circles in the heavens, in an atmosphere too dazzling to be looked upon. The horses hung their heads almost to the ground, and crawled along, the riders were too much overcome with the heat to press them to a brisker pace, and too indolent and weary to hold much communication. We were moving along in this plight, with our caps pulled almost over our eyes to defend them from the sun, when we were roused by a loud shout at some little distance on the right, and presently we heard the report of a gun or pistol. It rolled among the rocks like distant thunder, and when we turned to the spot from which both seemed to have proceeded, we saw nothing but a small cloud of smoke, which was borne away in a little dense body by the light breeze, and might have seemed to be a thing of life rising and winging its way gently to the blue sky. The Khan turned half round upon his saddle and looked towards his followers, who were coming up at a brisk pace, having been roused by the shot from the state of lethargic oppression into which the heat had thrown them.

“‘Did you hear that shot?’ said the Khan to Abdoollah Beg, his Jilloowdar, who was the first to join him.

“‘Yes,’ said the Jilloowdar, ‘and we shall hear more before this sun sets.’—‘Had they been numerous,’ said the Khan, ‘they would not have given us this intimation of their being near.’—‘It was but a signal,’ replied the domestic; ‘there is one of them behind every stone or bush on the hill.’—‘What is to be done then?’

said Mahomed Kooly Khan, casting his eye along the side of the hill, without regarding the person whom he was addressing. ‘We cannot turn back,’ replied Abdoollah Beg; ‘we must mend our pace, and push on for the pass.’—‘Bismilla,’ said the Khan, goring with his stirrups the flanks of his jaded steed, which with difficulty struck into a limping trot over the loose stones; ‘Punna bur Khoda, this is foolish work,’ added he with affected levity. ‘Stop till we have seen the end of it, master,’ said the collected Abdoollah, nothing loath to augment his master’s concern, that he might appear the more necessary and useful to him.

“This last remark put an end to the conversation; and we were pushing on for the pass with what speed we might, on steeds so sorely wearied, when the turban of a Koord was seen behind a mass of large stones and rocks on the hill, a little way in front. I was the person who saw it, and I called out to the Khan, ‘There is a Koord!’ But no one else had seen him; and, though I was confident I could not have been mistaken, it was declared that I must have imagined it. They were all inclined to be merry at my expense, when they saw me hang back as we approached the spot. But when the Khan had got within about fifty yards of it, the discharge of half a dozen muskets but too well testified the accuracy of my statement. Two of the servants fell, and all the others, except Abdoollah Beg and two Gheolams, turned their horses’ heads and fled. I stood motionless with astonishment. The Khan drew his sword, and calling to his men to follow, pressed his horse towards the point from which the fire had been directed. His people called to him for God’s sake not to attempt it, but he still pressed on. A single shot, fired at the instant he commenced the ascent, brought himself and his horse to the ground. The Jilloowdar rushed forward, and calling out, ‘Aman! aman!’ told the Koords they knew not what they had done; that they had killed Mahomed Kooly Khan. On receiving this intelligence, and seeing no prospect of further resistance, the Koords, to the number of nine, sallied from their concealment, and reached the fallen Khan just as he had disengaged himself from his horse, and started to his feet, with his sword still in his hand. His cap

had fallen off, his shaven head and his face were covered with dust, and with blood from a deep wound on his temple. He saw the Koords in a body close upon him. He knew himself to be alone. He expected no mercy from those whom he had made it the business of his life to harass and to pillage. He might have retreated towards us, but he turned towards the enemy, and, as if anxious to have the end speedily accomplished, rushed amongst them, and cut down the leading man with the first blow of his sabre. The Koords fell back from this unexpected assault, and another turban was cleft before they recovered themselves. But in making a desperate effort to follow up his astonished antagonists, his foot slipped, and he fell upon his knee. A young Koord seized the opportunity, and struck him a tremendous blow on the head with his musket. The Khan rolled lifeless down, and the young man had drawn his knife to dispatch him, when Abdoollah Beg called out, 'It is Mahomed Kooly Khan—you will have a thousand tomanes for his ransom!' The lad looked hastily up, and seeing Abdoollah to be a man likely to know the value of the prisoner, and to make good his promise, he arrested his uplifted hand, and loosing his sash from his waist, secured the hands of the unconscious Khan behind his back. The Jillowdar made terms for himself and the Ghoolams, and the Khan, having by degrees recovered from the effects of the blow, was placed on one of the servants' horses, with his hands still tied—a ceremony with which the Koords would not dispense in favour of any one, even of myself. The servants, who had fled on the first firing, came to join their master, and finding us all prisoners, at the same time fearing a greater evil in the event of their falling into other hands, they surrendered, and having been dismounted, and their hands tied, they proceeded, with much lamentation, towards Sowj Bolak.

"We presented a curious groupe. The Khan, instead of his cap, had a handkerchief tied round his head, and being still weak, was supported on horseback by Abdoollah Beg, who rode behind him on the same horse, which was led by a Koord. Several of the others were not only shackled, but were tied one to another, and marched in a string like so many mules. When we arrived at Sowj Bolak, we

were detained for some time in the street, exposed to the gaze of the women and children, the idle and the curious, and were forced to be most patient and mild, under the most galling taunts and bitter execrations. The Khan tried to hide himself, by pulling the handkerchief further over his face, and might have succeeded, for he was covered with dust; the blood from his wound had trickled down his cheek, and clotted over his beard, and his whole appearance and his situation favoured his wish to remain unknown. But his victors were too proud of their success, and too much elated by having taken such a prize, to allow their friends to be ignorant of the rank or identity of their captive, and we had not stood many minutes before it was known to all the gazing multitude that it was Mahomed Kooly Khan who had been taken. This information procured us some relief at his expense, for all eyes were directed towards him, and all the curiosity of the crowd seemed to be engrossed by his single person. All of them had heard of him as an object of terror, and the influence which his name had held over their minds showed itself even here. Their clamorous exultation was hushed into a murmuring whisper, and the children clung closer to their mothers, as they asked which was the Khan, and seemed unable to comprehend how a man so powerful should be to their eyes so little different from those about him. At length we moved on, and when we were again in motion, the clamour and exultation, the taunts and gibings, were again cast from every mouth.

"We were conducted to an apartment in the small inner fort occupied by Boodah Khan, the chief of the Meekree Koords. Mahomed Kooly Khan was put into a separate chamber, and the others were collected into a stable, where they were guarded by a party of Koords, who did not yet think proper to unbind them. Abdoollah Beg alone had his hands at liberty; and though his companions urged him much and often to loose the cords which had stiffened and benumbed their arms, he only replied by desiring them to hold their tongues, and asked whether they wished to get him put to death, by proposing such a measure. At length a person of some consequence made his appearance, and we all with one accord supplicated him

to interfere in our behalf; he said something in the Koordish tongue to his attendants, and smiling at their reply, ordered them to unbind us, which was done.

"After a time, an old man brought us some bread and cheese, and some water, and presently a large dowree (round dish) of pelau. There was some discussion amongst us about the propriety of eating of this smoking and most tempting part of our repast, for it was suggested that it might contain poison. Abdoollah Beg made no remark; but having washed his hands, buried his great fist deep into the rice, and having fished out a piece of mutton, set to work with much alacrity. All the warnings and entreaties of his friends were quite ineffectual, and not until he had undermined the fabric by boring into it from the side next to him, and extracted from it almost all the mutton it had contained, did he deign to give his reasons for thus setting at naught all the strong arguments which had been used to show that he was now little better than a dead man. After the keen edge of his appetite had been blunted by about a fourth part of the rice, and three fourths of the mutton, he found time between the mouthfuls, while with more deliberation he kneaded the rice in his hand, to state, that if the Koords wished to take our lives there was no occasion to resort to poison, and that, for his further certification, he had been assured by the old man who brought it, that it was sent to the Afshars by the Khanum (lady), who pitied their situation, and would endeavour to make it as comfortable as possible. For his own part, he thought she was keeping her promise, but those who doubted her attachment to her tribe might avoid the pelau, as he conceived there was no obligation on any one to take what he did not like.

"Many were the curses lavished on the Jillowdar for having concealed the information he had obtained, and most of us profited (as far as Abdoollah's exertions had left us the means) by this most grateful intelligence.

"Abdoollah, who had been very quiet before his repast, and apparently indifferent to his own comfort and that of those about him, having now recovered wonderfully, longed for a pipe; and by the aid of much flattering and a few words of Koordish which he had picked up in his travels, succeeded in procuring the chebook of one of our

guard; then pulling from a corner a horsecloth which he had discovered, he spread it on the ground, and setting himself down upon it, after a few whiffs began to think it very hard that we were so scurvily treated; and before he had finished his pipe, had exhausted his abundant store of abuse on the Koords, and everything belonging to them. Even the Khanum had been spoiled by her residence amongst them; for a boy of ten years old could have eaten all the mutton she had put in the pelau, and there was not as much roghan (clarified butter) in it as would grease his fingers. He had stretched himself at full length, while making this last observation, and in five minutes he was snoring.

"We were sitting talking of our misfortunes, and wondering how they would end, when the old man again made his appearance; and after eyeing us all carefully, told me that the Khanum had sent for me. I jumped up, and was following him to the door, when he stopped short, and asked me my name. I told him, and he then proceeded, leading me through a private passage to the underoon. When I came to the door, he told me to go into the room to the left, and wait till his mistress should come to me.

"I had sat there about five minutes, when a woman raised the door curtain, and as she stood still holding it up, I expected to see the Khanum enter; but, to my surprise and terror, a man of gigantic stature, in a Koordish dress, walked into the room, and striding up to the musnud (principal felt), set himself down without taking any notice of me. At length, looking stedfastly, but mildly, upon me, and perceiving, I suppose, some symptoms of uneasiness in my appearance, he bade me take comfort, said he presumed I was Aga Allee Akber, and added, that the Khanum took much interest in my welfare.

"He then desired me to relate to him how Mahomed Kooly Khan had come into his country, how he had been taken, and everything that had happened since we left Oroomea.

"When I gave an account of our attack on the Koordish tents, and of the fate of his people, a dark cloud gathered on his brow, and his countenance, which till then had appeared to me most mild, though manly, became the most terrible I had ever beheld. I stopped in my narrative, and

thought I saw the doom of my master decided. He beckoned to me to go on, and when I gave him an account of our defeat, his face brightened; and when I told him how we had fled, and how the force had been dispersed, his eye glistened, and he exclaimed, "I knew Khosroe Beg to be a brave man! but, by heavens, I did not hope for this from any one." I then told him how we had been taken and brought to Sowj Bolak, and I thought he named my master without bitterness, when he asked me whether he was badly wounded.

"I could not help believing, that had we fallen into this man's hands after our first success, instead of after our defeat, Mahomed Kooly Khan's life would not have been worth many days. But now I hoped he might be released for a reasonable ransom, and I trusted to my acquaintance with the Khanum to make my situation comfortable.

"Next day, I was informed by the people of the underoon, where the Khanum had assigned me quarters, that an interview had taken place between the two Khans, and that after a good deal of altercation, Boodah Khan had been calmed, and that matters were likely to terminate amicably. The day following, Boodah Khan asked me if I was very impatient to get back to Oroomea. I replied that I had no love for Oroomea, nor for its people; I had suffered much there, and would be much better pleased to remain where I was. He said no more, but I found afterwards that he had spoken to the Afshar Khan about me, and that it had been arranged that I should remain some time at Sowj Bolak after my master returned home, which he was to do in a few days, having agreed to enter into a treaty of amity with the Meekree Koords, and to cede some small pastures as a ransom for himself and his people.

"Boodah Khan agreed to consider the Khan's sojourn with him in the light of a visit, which he would return shortly, and further arrangements to strengthen the league were to be entered on at Oroomea.

"When the day came on which my master was to depart, he sent for me and said, 'Aga, you are to remain here with my sister, and that savage her husband, until he comes to Oroomea. Have your ears open. You understand,' said he, looking archly.—I bowed, and smiled.—'I perceive,'

said he, 'you are not without intelligence. You know how I reward those who render me a service. Who knows what you may rise to yet? You may have great expectations from me.'—I made a low obeisance, and took my leave.

"The Afshars were preparing to mount their horses, when I went to say, Khoda-hafiz, (God be your protection.) Abdoollah Beg had got his old dun, and his own saddle, and was busied in adjusting it on the beast's back when I came up to him.—'You are going,' said I, 'to leave me alone here, Abdoollah Beg.'—'Ah!' said he, 'is this you, Aga? Curse these Koords, they have knocked my saddle all to pieces, and as for poor Jeiran, he is as thin as a charwadar's yaboo (muleteer's pack-horse). He has not had a handful of barley from these merciless people since his evil stars led him amongst them. But, Aga, if they catch me on this side of the border again, I give them leave to cut my ears off. I must labour, and run all risks and bear my own misfortunes, and half those of my companions, and when any of them can get their own tails out of the trap, they care no more for Abdoollah. It is very well,' said the Jillowdar, still adjusting his saddle with sundry angry jerks and tugs, and occasional curses—'it is very well—every one applies to me when they are in difficulty, and when they get comfortable quarters, and a belly-full, I may rot in a cow-house for aught that they care.—I felt the reproach, and that it was just. I had certainly neglected my companions since I had been in the underoon, not that I was indifferent to their situation, but I had never considered myself a person who could be actively useful to them, and I thought no more of interfering in their behalf, than I should have done of interfering in behalf of my master, but I felt that this was scarcely an admissible excuse, and thought that I could offer one much more acceptable, in the shape of a Bajoklee (Dutch ducat) which I had in my pocket.

"'You have been very kind to me,' said I, 'and I wish I had it in my power to make any adequate return for your services; but what can I do? I can scarcely take care of myself. I am to be left here, and perhaps we may not soon meet again. I hope you will think kindly of me, and forgive any—'

thing I have done amiss.'—With this I moved towards him, and would have put the money into his hand, but he chanced to pass from me at that moment, and not perceiving my intention, probably because he expected nothing from me, he replied—'I have nothing to complain of in you, Aga; you have always behaved discreetly. You are a good boy, be of good cheer; I will speak to the Khan to get you from amongst these demons as soon as possible. Khoda-hafiz, do not be afraid, I shall arrange matters for you.'

"He mounted as he uttered his adieus, and rode off, leaving me standing with the bajoklee still in my hand. When he was out of sight, I put it back again into my pocket, and returned home. I thought I had done a clever thing, and began to imagine that I had played off the irritable Abdoollah with considerable address. It was a lesson by which I determined to profit; and since that day I have never offered money until I was certain my object could not be effected by smooth words, which go farther than is generally imagined.

"Having seated myself in the room which I inhabited, I felt a kind of loneliness and desertion in the remembrance that I was the only one of those who had come from Oroomea who now remained; that they had all returned to their homes, and to their friends; and this led to a reflection still more painful, that I had no friends to whom it would make my heart glad to know that I was returning. The tears stole down my cheek, and I was unable to conceal my sorrow from the Khanum, who entered suddenly and found me weeping.

"She demanded the cause of my grief, and having no other excuse ready, I was obliged to tell her what was really the case, but I felt that it was a dangerous disclosure, and that she was not unlikely to be offended. It happened fortunately, however, that she had occasion for my services at the moment, and she took pains to soothe me, and even rallied me, playfully, on my weakness. It was her wish to prevent her husband from visiting her brother, whose character she knew too well, to think that he could ever forgive the humiliation he had endured from the Koords, and she thought that if I hinted suspicions of her brother's intentions, it might possibly

induce Boodah Khan to suppose that I had heard something suspicious amongst the Afshars. I of course agreed to do as she bade me, and she went away well pleased. In the evening I was sent for, and the Khan spoke kindly to me. He had a tone of conversation, and a manner which was winning beyond anything I had ever seen, and I became insensibly attached to him, and loved him.

"I was not without some real fears for his safety if he went to Oroomea, and when his journey was mentioned, I said, I wished he was well back from it. He smiled, and replied, that he was too old now to be made of use in my situation, and that he would be cautious not to give my master any cause to be jealous of him. Then added, that the days in which he could have anything to fear were passed, and that no one was more convinced of the advantages of the new arrangements than my master.

"Thus the conversation ended, and the time passed quietly until the day fixed for our journey.

"We set out with a considerable number of attendants; and when we arrived within a few miles of Oroomea, we were met by a body of the principal inhabitants of the town, who were sent out to welcome the guest, and who conducted us, with many fine speeches on the pleasure they derived from the alliance, and the uniting of the two tribes, to the dwelling of their chief. There everything had been arranged with as much ostentation as possible, and I had never seen the place look so magnificent. Mahomed Kooly Khan was all smiles and kindness, and even Abdoollah Beg took a pride in displaying the superior courtesy of the Afshars.

"Amongst the attendants of Boodah Khan was Ahmed Arab, an attached and faithful servant, who, with much apparent carelessness and gaiety of manner, united much shrewdness and penetration, and more judgment than usually falls to the share of persons in his situation. I had hinted my fears to Ahmed, and though he pretended to laugh at them, he sometimes appeared to me to be more thoughtful than usual; and on the evening of the second day, he was evidently concerned and agitated. I told him I perceived a change in his manner, and he admitted it. He said I was as one of the Afshars, and a servant of Ma-

homed Kooly Khan's, otherwise he would have opened his mind to me. I assured him that my heart was with Boodah Khan, and that, in return for his kindness, I would lay down my life to serve him. 'Well,' said he, 'my master has been invited to an entertainment in the underoon, whither his people cannot accompany him, and I fear some evil may be intended. I have tried to dissuade him from it; but he is so strict an observer of the laws of hospitality, that he can suspect no one else; and Mahomed Kooly Khan has acquired so great an influence over him, that he believes everything he is told by him. I wish you to attend in the Haram; and if anything happens, to let me know immediately, that we may come to his rescue.' I promised to do so, and went directly to the inner apartments, that I might be sure to be there during the entertainment.

"The dinner was served with great magnificence, and a profusion of every delicacy was spread before the guests. Mahomed Kooly Khan paid Boodah Khan the most marked attention, and delighted every one with the variety of his anecdotes, the extent of his information, and the depth of his judgment. His manners were so dignified, lively, and affable, and his compliments so delicate, his mention of himself so modest, and his professions of regard had so much appearance of sincerity, that Boodah Khan could not refrain from exclaiming, that had he known Mahomed Kooly Khan as well before as he did now, he would have made any sacrifice to obtain his friendship.

"Mahomed Kooly Khan at length called for the dancers. This was an appointed signal. The dancers did enter, and along with them a body of Afshars.

"A voice from the door of the apartment called out, 'Khan, look to yourself.' Boodah Khan started to his feet, and in an instant was surrounded. His dagger was plucked from his girdle before he had time to draw it, and he was left unarmed amidst his enemies. Still he stood towering in the midst of them, and, like the lion surrounded by the huntsman's dogs, wherever he turned, his assailants fell back, but only to renew their attacks from behind. They gradually closed upon him, and hung on the skirts of his garments. Wherever his hand fell,

an Afshar fell beneath it; but, hemmed in on every side, exhausted and unarmed, the host around him at length succeeded in hurling him to the ground.

"A wild shout of triumph announced his fall. I tried to reach the outer court, and alarm his people, but every door was closed and guarded. They bound him hand and foot, and scoffed at him, and mocked him: and amidst the din of voices, I heard the dreadful order given by Mahomed Kooly Khan himself to blind him.

"There was a moment's silence, a moment of cold horror, of chilled frenzy, in which the heated blood ran freezing to the heart.

"I heard one deep, heart-rending groan. One angry appeal to justice and to mercy, a half-upbraiding prayer to Heaven, was drowned by a repeated cry to blind him.

"Another shout was raised, another sound of many tongues. They threw themselves upon him, and with a dagger's point they dug his eye-balls from their sockets, and held them up to view with noisy exultation. They then unbound him, and left him to grope his way in darkness; but he rose not from the floor; he complained not; I only heard him say, 'My light is turned to darkness;' and when Mahomed Kooly Khan exulted over him, he turned himself to where the voice came from, and cried, 'May God darken the light of your soul as you have put out the light of my body.'

"There was something in his appearance, in his voice, and in the tone of bitter earnestness with which he uttered these words, which went to the heart of his oppressor. He bit his lip and would have spoken, but the words did not come. Boodah Khan still sat upon the floor, his sunken eye-lids streaming blood. There was something terrible in the expression of his countenance; his mind no longer looked out upon those around him; his thoughts seemed to have retired deep within himself, and his soul to hold communion with other beings.

"After a time they carried him away, and chained him in a dungeon. I went to the house-top to calm myself, for I was too much agitated to go to rest. I was leaning over the wall of the fort, and thinking of the scene which I had witnessed, when I heard some one whisper my name from below. I answered, and found it to be Ahmed. The Koords, suspecting from the

noise that their master was attacked, had attempted to get to his assistance, and finding that impracticable, had fled. He asked me whether their master was alive. I said he was, but blinded. Ahmed was silent, and I thought he wept. After a time he asked me whether he was to be murdered. I told him I knew not, but that he was chained in a cell. 'He must be saved,' said Ahmed; 'and you must do it. You said you loved him, and would die for him; you only can save him.' I asked him how?—He had already formed his plan. He said I must meet him at the same spot on the following night, when he would return with a party of Boodah Khan's followers, and rescue him or remain with him; and that I must conduct them to their master's place of confinement. That as soon as all was quiet within the fort, I was to drop a handkerchief over the wall, which they would consider a signal to make the attempt, and that I must watch until they arrived, and meet them on the terrace, that they might not find it necessary to wander about in search of me. He concluded by saying, that I knew Boodah Khan well enough to trust to his generosity for my reward, and that if I chose to leave Oromea, I should find a welcome asylum at Sowj Bolak, where I should be treated as a friend, not as a slave. I readily agreed to his proposal, and he set out instantly to make his arrangements. I retired to rest, to think and dream of what my mind was filled with.

"The next day I remained in my room, and slept more than I had done during the night. At the appointed time I was on the terrace.

"I waited for the arrival of the party with impatience and agitation. I kept my eye fixed on the spot from which I knew they must appear, and every cloud which passed over the face of the bright moon made me fancy that I saw some one mounting the wall. Every breeze that stirred the dried leaves in the court-yard, made me think I heard footsteps.

"I feared to draw my breath, lest I should lose a sound of intimation, and as my eyes grew watery and dim with straining, I scarcely dared to draw my hand over them, lest those I longed for should appear at that moment. At length a dog barked in the court, and, fearing that he might arouse

some of the sleeping domestics, I turned towards him, and was endeavouring in whispers to attract his attention and to quiet him, when I heard something heavy ring on the pavement beneath.

"I turned to see what it might be, and saw emerging from the shade of the wall into the full moonlight, a man in armour. The terrace close to me was covered by his companions, who were preparing to follow him.

"Two or three only had descended, when the man who kept watch in the gateway came to ascertain from whence the sound proceeded. He demanded who was there, and receiving no reply, advanced to satisfy himself. The man in armour stepped back again into the shade. The keeper of the gate, seeing strangers, sought to give the alarm, but the first sound had scarcely escaped from him before that mailed hand had smote him on the breast, and he fell. After he had fallen I saw the stranger wipe his dagger on the dead man's clothes, and put it back to his girdle.

"I could have wished that this blood might have been spared. I knew the man who had been massacred, and I knew no ill of him. He had done me no wrong. He was a quiet and a faithful servant; but I had engaged too far, and had too much at stake to retract now.

"I descended, and came forward to where the party was collecting. The man in armour advanced to meet me. I felt a sort of chill come over me as this unknown person approached. I had seen him only a few moments, and in that time I had seen much to fear in him. His hand moved towards his girdle as he drew near to me, and I found the necessity of making myself known.

"'Where is Ahmed Arab?' demanded I.

"'Is it you, Aga?' said Ahmed, (for it was he who had sheathed himself in mail,) with a smile of recognition as unconcerned, as if we had met on some ordinary occasion.

"'I am glad you spoke,' continued he, 'for truly I did not recognize you, and thought it was as well to have no idlers prying about us at such a time.'—'So you were on the point of putting me to death,' said I. 'I saw you feeling for your dagger.'—'I don't know that I should have put you to death,' replied Ahmed; 'but I was not

sure of you, and one's hand naturally moves to his girdle when he meets a stranger in the dark.—'You would have laid me beside the door-keeper, Ahmed.'—'Ah!' demanded he, 'did you see that? The fellow frightened me out of my wits; he was on the point of calling out and alarming the household. Did you ever hear of such a thing? How could I spare him? His blood be on his own head. If he had held his tongue, as anybody but an ass would have done in such circumstances, we should not have troubled him. But let us lose no time. Where is the Khan?'—'In the next court,' replied I; 'but the door between is open; there is the passage, and you will find Boodah Khan in the cell directly opposite.'

"Ahmed beckoned to his men, and led on. I returned to the house-top, that I might witness their proceedings without joining in them. The door between the two courts was open; but the sound of footsteps approaching it induced the leaders of the party to step into the shade. I heard the sound of slippers coming. I knew that, whoever it was, must encounter Ahmed and his companions. I would have given much to have had it in my power to prevent what I felt assured would follow. I stopped and turned back to interpose. The fear of causing a discovery, and consequent failure, arrested me. I was conscious that I knew not how to effect what I wished, and that moment of indecision put it out of my power for ever. I heard a shrill short scream, and looking to the passage, I saw that same mailed hand, stretched into the moonlight, descend upon its victim. It was spectre-like, for nothing but the hand was visible. Next moment I heard a heavy plash far off, and it sounded dismally, echoing through the court. I knew what it was, for I knew that there was a deep well in that dark corner; and I knew it had been a tomb before now. I hurried along the house-tops, and watched them as they entered the court in which the Khan was confined. I heard some heavy groans and pious ejaculations. They heard them too, and hurried to the cell from which they proceeded. The door was guarded by two men. I saw them lying asleep. They never rose. The door of the cell was forced; and I heard the voice of Boodah Khan demanding who was there; and with curses and upbraidings calling to the

intruders to put an end to a life, which they had left him only that his punishment might be the greater. The voice of Ahmed answered him in whispers, which I could not distinctly hear. I heard the clanking of iron, then I heard the Khan call for his sword; and then I heard him break out in lamentations and in curses. They led him forth. He raised his head and turned his face to Heaven, and asked if it was day. Ahmed told him it was not day, but moon-light. 'There is no more day for me, Ahmed,' replied the Khan, in a tone of deep melancholy, which told that his bold spirit was half subdued. 'The moon and the stars light not my world now, Ahmed. It was a foolish question for me to ask if it was day. What is the sun to me now? He rises and sets for other men, but not for me. Let those who have closed their eyes, and can open them, ask if it is day. For me there remains nothing but an endless night, on which no moon rises. A night which is followed by no morning. Why,' continued he, 'have you exposed your lives to save mine, which now is useless to you and to myself? What can I do for you now? Why should you think of me? Go, go, and leave me here to die. What have I to live for? I should not know my own horse if he were before me. The land in which I have spent my life would be to me as a country which I have never travelled. When my friends come round me, I must ask another who they are. But why should I speak of friends? What can I do now to make men my friends? Why should any one come to me?'—'For the love of God,' said Ahmed, 'let us hasten to leave this cursed place. Some one may be stirring. It is within an hour of morning. We may be discovered if we tarry longer. We are only twenty men, and the Afshars are hundreds.'

"'Oh God,' cried Boodah Khan, 'for an hour of the light I have lost for ever—for one short hour, kind Heaven! I feel that all my former deeds are but the acts of boys and children to what I could do now. One hour of light, and I should leave a deathless name, and take revenge so ample, that this cursed race should ever after learn to fear Heaven's wrath for cruelties like these.'

"They led him through the passage and across the court. I joined them there, and kissed the Khan's hand.

'Who is that?' demanded he.—'It is Aga Allee Akber,' said some one, 'to whom we are indebted for this night's success. He has renounced the service of this detested tribe, and goes with us.'—'Why should he follow a fallen man?' said the Khan. 'Let him stay where he is. Let him serve the strong, and rise; for we are falling, and he will fall with us.'—'I will serve my old mistress,' said I; 'and I can lead you. I have nothing greater to offer, but I will not serve the Afshars. If I am useless, at least send me to my own country, that I may be far from Oroomea.'—'It is well,' said the Khan; 'we can do no less.'

"We moved along the house-top to where the ladder was placed, and one by one descended. The Khan's horse was speedily brought. He said something as he put his foot into the stirrup; I could not hear what it was, but I heard Ahmed reply, 'Please God, you shall hear of it before many days. We have five hundred men already collected.'—'God is great!' said the Khan, and mounted. He was led about a mile to where we found a man holding two horses. Ahmed and another mounted

and set off with the Khan at full gallop. We proceeded another mile, and found horses waiting for us all, and a strong party to cover our retreat, in case of pursuit. This, however, proved unnecessary, and we all reached Sowj Bolak in safety on the next morning.

"Two days had elapsed after our arrival at Sowj Bolak, when a large body of Koords entered the place in triumph, bringing with them many prisoners, and much booty, cattle and goods, and money and jewels. From the house-top I saw them enter the town, and I asked where they had come from, but no one could tell me. At length a Koord came riding furiously to the gate of our dwelling. It was Ahmed who had returned with the choice men of Meekree from the plunder of Oroomea. Mahomed Kooly Khan had escaped their fury.

"His fort was too strong to be taken in an hour, and they were all on horseback, and dared not attempt it; but fire had been spread, and plunder had been taken, and blood enough had been spilt in Oroomea. The inhabitants had fled from their burning dwellings, and the swords of the Koords had smote them in their flight."

HORÆ HISPANICÆ.

No. XII.

Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas; by Lope de Vega.

LOPE DE VEGA DE CARPIO, the immediate predecessor of Calderon in the annals of Spanish literature, is one of the most celebrated dramatic writers of his country; and, if he must be acknowledged inferior to his distinguished successor in poetical genius, he assuredly has no competitor in point of facility and fertility. He had hardly numbered eleven summers, ere he commenced writing for the stage, and he thenceforward laboured so diligently in his vocation, that in the sixty-two years which intervened between that period and the moment when death arrested his career at the age of 73, he produced 1800 *Famosas Comedias*, and 400 *Autos Sacramentales*; these last are a sort of sacred drama performed upon church festivals, in honour, sometimes of particular saints, sometimes of the highest and holiest mysteries of the Christian faith. English readers, like English

critics or authors, will probably deem this amply sufficient for any, however actively indefatigable, votary of the muses; but it constitutes only a portion of the works of this most copious of poets. He published, in addition to these theatrical pieces, poems—epic, pastoral, didactic, and what not—in such profusion, that a calculation has been made by some of his admirers, which estimates the number of verses flowing from his inexhaustible brain at upwards of 20,000,000,000. From this unimaginable quantity we have selected for analysis the *Famosa Comedia*—a title to be, upon the present occasion, translated tragedy—of *SANCHO ORTIZ DE LAS ROELAS, O LA ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA*, the Star of Seville. In elucidation of the second title it must be observed, that Estrella, the name of the heroine, is Spanish for star. This piece bears considerable resemblance to *Le Cid* of Corneille,

whilst its catastrophe is in better harmony with our modern feelings and opinions, than is the marriage of Chimene with the man who had—however justifiably—killed her father, in the far-famed *chef d'œuvre* of the first of French tragic writers. We have no disposition to censure upon this account an author of such deservedly high renown as Pierre Corneille. Not only he had for his authority two Spanish plays by old dramatists of well established reputation in their own country,—*EL HONRADOR DE SU PADRE*, the Reverer of his father, by Diamante, and *EL CID* by Guillen de Castro, but the fact was strictly historical, consequently unalterable, and the tragedian has done everything to soften it. He has, indeed, done so much, that there are, perhaps, anti-Gallican critics who may think he has, according to French theatrical custom, converted the rude old Gothic warriors of Castille and Leon into the amply-peruked and etiquette-trammelled courtiers of *le grand Monarque*. It is certain, that, by these adaptations of an incident of ruder times to the *exigeante* delicacy of a more civilized—or, should we say, more polished—era, he has injured the graphical truth of the picture of the age and country, and the moral truth of the representation of the characters and sentiments of personages then and there living, and amongst whom only such an incident could naturally occur. It should seem, that to man, either in a savage condition, or even merely in a state of less highly refined civilization than that which Europe, for the last two, or, perhaps, three centuries has boasted, such a connexion offers nothing repugnant to right and proper feeling. In days yet more ancient, the beautiful widow or orphan became the lawful and undisputed prey of the victor who had rendered her such.—When Teutonic tenderness and reverence for woman gradually introduced more chivalrous notions, it appears to have long been deemed incumbent upon him who had robbed a virtuous and helpless female of her natural protector, to supply her with another. An idea which we still see acted upon, although after a different fashion, amongst the North American Indians, where, mean as is their opinion of a *Squaw*, the bereaved mother frequently has her choice whether she will adopt a captive in the place of her lost son, or gratify her desire of vengeance

by feasting her eyes upon his tortures. We merely meant, therefore, without imputing any blame to the French Master for his management of his subject, to observe, that the Spanish theatre affords a tragedy founded upon a story of a similar kind, equally interesting, peculiarly illustrative of the national character, and more consonant with our notions of natural affection, and the duties arising therefrom.

The scene of *SANCHO ORTIZ DE LAS ROELAS* is laid in Seville, and the time of action is towards the close of the thirteenth century.

The tragedy opens with a conversation between the King, Don Sancho the Brave, and his confidant Don Arias. In this the King laments the hopelessness of his passion for the beautiful Estrella de Tabera, whilst Don Arias encourages the royal lover to persevere in his pursuit, since a sovereign must needs triumph in the end over all obstacles. His majesty observes, in reply, that he has hitherto very unsuccessfully followed Arias's counsels ; having found it alike impossible to soften the obdurate chastity of Estrella by his flatteries, or, by the most lavish offers of favour and high offices, to seduce her brother, Bustos de Tabera, into any relaxation of his watchfulness over the honour of his house. He proceeds to relate, that, when the very last night, in despair of succeeding by fairer means, he had, at Arias's suggestion, obtained admission into Tabera's mansion by corrupting a female slave, Don Bustos had encountered him before he could reach the apartment containing the fair object of his wishes, and had attacked him with a drawn sword ; that the royal intruder's confession of his name and dignity had proved unavailing, as the incensed noble, boldly taxing the declaration with falsehood, and asserting that a king could not be guilty of so base an action, had forcibly expelled the invader of his domestic sanctuary, although his subsequent conduct, in placing at the palace-gate the dead body of the faithless slave, whom he had apparently sacrificed to his resentment, seemed to indicate that his professed incredulity had been merely a subterfuge, to justify his drawing his sword upon his sovereign. Don Arias remarks upon this story, that Don Bustos is a very dangerous man, who may, not improbably, murder his sister

in order to secure her honour. The enamoured monarch is terribly agitated by this idea ; and his confident adds, that were the jealous and irascible brother put to death, Estrella's life would be safe, and her honour unprotected. The King is shocked at the nefarious proposal, expresses some regret for the lengths into which his unbridled passion has already betrayed him, and professes his reluctance to commit an act of such downright tyranny. At this point of the discussion, whilst the princely lover's virtue is still in some measure counterbalancing his lawless desires, Don Bustos himself solicits an audience, which is immediately granted. Tabera, upon his entrance, respectfully informs his Majesty, as if wholly unsuspecting of who the nocturnal visitant had really been, that the extraordinary beauty of his sister Estrella exposes her, notwithstanding her perfect virtue, to such incessant assaults and dangers, that he is desirous of placing her under the more efficient guardianship of a husband ; and therefore requests the royal sanction to the celebration of her nuptials upon this very day. Without even inquiring the name of the intended bridegroom, the King consents ; and having dismissed this troublesome brother, tells Arias that he is now determined to prevent so obnoxious a measure, by acting upon his advice without further loss of time ; and therefore desires him to send instantly for Don Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas, a warrior of such distinguished prowess as to have acquired the title of the *Cid* of Seville. Don Sancho presently appears, and the King, after sundry high-flown compliments upon his valour and military fame, informs him that there is in Seville a person whom he wishes him privately to destroy. The gallant soldier naturally dislikes such a commission, and entreats that the offender may, if possible, be pardoned. The King, somewhat disconcerted at this opposition to his will, answers, that the person in question has attempted his life with a drawn sword ; whereupon Ortiz, declaring that such an outrage ought neither to pass unpunished, nor, in prudence, to be made public, pledges his word and hand to kill the traitor, but openly, in a duel, not, as his Majesty wishes, by assassination. The King then gives Don Sancho a signed paper, in which he

was bound himself to bear him harmless through the consequences of the deed. This the champion indignantly tears, calling it an unworthy precaution, and asserting that he prefers trusting for his safety to the Monarch's verbal promise. He now solicits as his recompense, the King's consent to his marriage with the lady whom he shall select, be she whom she may. This is readily granted ; and then, presenting him with another paper, in which he is to find the name of the purposed victim, the King leaves him, with the false assurance that no third person whatsoever is acquainted with this dreadful and important secret. It should have been said, that Don Arias had been dismissed upon Ortiz's entrance.

Don Sancho, left to himself, is about to open the paper ; but ere he has time to do so, his servant joins him, bringing him a billet from Estrella, in which she imparts the glad tidings—anticipated probably by the reader—that her brother has appointed this day for uniting her in wedlock to her beloved Ortiz. Intoxicated with joy, he issues orders for the most splendid festal preparations in his own mansion, and dispatches his servant to see them put in execution. He is then hastening to his bride, but reflects that he ought to serve his King before he seeks his own felicity, opens the fatal paper, and there finds the name of his intended brother-in-law. Overwhelmed with horror, he exclaims,

Fall, Heav'n, upon my head ! Oh, I am lost !

What should I do ? Mine honour to the King

Is plighted, and I'm noble ! Must I then, After such long and deep anxieties, Forfeit Estrella ? No ! Impossible !

Bustos shall live. What, Bustos, to his King

A traitor, for my pleasure live ?—Die, Bustos !—

How fierce a conflict, Bustos, does thy name

Within me wake ! I cannot satisfy Mine honour, to my love if I attend, And who 'gainst genuine love can even strive

To make resistance ? Better 'twere to die, Or at the least absent myself, that Bustos May thus remain uninjured by my hand. And shall I thus deceive my sovereign's trust ?

Again let's read.—(Reads.)—"The man whom I enjoy you,

Sancho, to slay, is Bustos de Tabera."
 How if 'twere for Estrella's sake the
 King
 Desired his death, seeking to gain her
 love ?
 'Tis so—for that he dooms him ! Never,
 never
 Shall Bustos thus, for her destruction, fall !
 To injure him were injuring her. Who,
 thou,
 Bustos, against thy Monarch raise thy
 weapon ?
 Thou seek his life ?—May not the King
 in this
 Deceive me ?—No ! Impossible to doubt
 him !
 He is the image of the Deity,
 And, Bustos, thou must die !—no law
 compels
 To such atrocity.—Silence, fond passion !
 I know not if the King commit injustice,
 But know that to obey him is my duty.
 If he command unjustly,—God chastise
 him !
 And thou, my beautiful Estrella, pardon !
 'Tis for my deed sufficient punishment
 To lose thee, and of my long-worship'd
 bride
 Perforce thus to become the enemy.

Don Bustos now returns in search
 of his appointed murderer, for the pur-
 pose of announcing to him the imme-
 diate gratification of his wishes in his
 marriage with Estrella. Don Sancho
 rejects the offered bride, affronts, and
 studiously picks a quarrel with his
 friend, to settle which by duel, they
 quit the palace.

The scene then changes to Tabera's
 house, where Estrella appears, in bri-
 dal splendour, rejoicing in her happy
 prospects, and impatiently expecting
 the arrival of her bridegroom. She
 hears a trampling of feet, and has only
 time to exclaim, rapturously,

They come ! they come ! My Sancho
 hither leads
 The bridal train !

when Don Pedro Guzman, the *Alcalde
 Mayor*, or Spanish Lord Chief Justice,
 and his train of subordinate ministers
 of the law, enter, and she proceeds, in
 an altered tone,—

How ! Ministers of justice
 Within my house ?

Guzman. The ministers of justice,
 Lady, reluctantly within your house,
 Visit you.

Estrella. What means this, Don Pedro
 Guzman ?

Guzman. Grievances and misfortunes are
 the characters

That mark humanity ; this mortal life
 Is one vast sea of tears. Your noble
 brother,

Don Bustos de Tabera, is no more.

Estrella. Great God ! So suddenly ?

Guzman. Pierced by a sword—

Estrella. Oh, woe is me ! I see't—I
 see his wound !—

That cruel, recent wound my lips shall
 close.—

Give way, ye impious, ye inhuman men,
 And suffer me to vivify with mine
 His frozen blood !—Illustrious blood,
 thus shed

To bear forth on thy stream a mighty
 spirit,

With fury mine thou fillest ! Here I
 swear

By Heaven above, that I a potent hand,
 A hand resistless, will raise up, t' avenge
 thee

Upon that cruel, reckless, impious hand,
 Which in thy breast opened this horrid
 door

To mine eternal misery ! Oh, thou
 Friend of my brother, of his sorrowing
 sister

Only support, thou, who must in his stead
 Govern his house, thine arm invincible
 Raise up in alleviation of my woes !

Friends, call Don Sancho Ortiz ; bid him
 hasten

With vengeance to console me.

Guzman. Sancho Ortiz ?—

Why, he's the murderer, and upon him
 This very day shall justice be fulfilled.

Estrella. Whom said you ?

Guzman. Sancho Ortiz.

Estrella. Lo, has grief

Confused my senses, that I wrongly hear ?

Guzman. Lady, Don Sancho Ortiz de
 las Roelas

Is of this horrid deed the perpetrator.

He is our prisoner, and has confessed.

Estrella. Begone ! Hence, race inimical,
 who bear

The blackest rage of hell upon your lips !

My brother dead, by Sancho Ortiz slain !

What further tortures or calamities,

Oh holy Heaven, can human soul endure ?

By Sancho Ortiz ?—And Estrella lives ?

Of marble is my frame if I survive.—

Don Pedro Guzman, dost thou not deceive
 me ?

Guzman. You shall yourself behold
 him. In the presence

Of the still-bleeding body, we must now
 Receive his solemn declaration.

Estrella. I ?—

What, I behold him ? Impious fate ! If
 pity

Be harboured in your bosoms, kill me !

Guzman. Grief

Bewilders her, and not unreasonably.

Estrella. Assist me, Theodora, for my strength
Exhausted fails—uphold me yet a while.
I faint. Oh, most unfortunate *Estrella* !
By heav'n deprived of all, defenceless,
lost !

My brother dead, by *Sancho Ortiz* slain !
He, who of helpless innocence should
prove
The stay, 'tis he, barbarian, who destroys
it—

Alas, my brother ! My unhappy brother !
Awaken *Bustos*, oh, awaken quickly
From this last fearful lethargy ! This last ?
How froze it not, the fratricidal hand,
When thus in thee two lives at once de-
stroying ?

When rending with a single blow one
soul

In three sad hearts ? My choking voice
denies

To speak my griefs—My hair stands hor-
ror-stiffened—

Away, ye idle trappings ! Far away
From my misfortunes ! Oh ! how recently,
In pomp and happiness I looked upon you
As trophies of the dearest victory !
Don Sancho Ortiz de las *Roelas*—Die,
Inhuman fratricide ! Ye failing powers,
Desert me not, and I myself will deal
His punishment !

(*She attempts to rise. They prevent her.*)

Enter DON FARFAN DE RIBERA, (the second Alcalde Mayor) and his Attendants, with DON SANCHE ORTIZ prisoner.

Oh, cruel, cruel heavens ! (*faints.*)

Ortiz. Are there yet more calamities
reserved

For *Sancho Ortiz* ? *Bustos* and *Estrella* !
Souls of my soul, far dearer than mine
own,

Both slain by me ! Oh promise dire and
impious !

Promise ill plighted, and for my destruc-
tion

Fulfilled ! *Estrella* ! Oh, *Estrella* !

(*Going towards her.*)

Ribera. Stay !

Don Sancho Ortiz, stay !

Ortiz. Let justice speak,
And *Ortiz* shall implicitly obey.

Enter DON ARIAS.

Arias. What may this mean ?

Ortiz. My hopeless misery.

Arias. Hitherward by the gathering
crowd

Directed, and by clamours loud,
I reach his mansion but to see
Bustos Tabera in his shroud !

Say, what has chanced ? How should this
be ?

Ortiz. 'Tis that my task I have fulfilled,
With mine own hand my life have slain ;

My brother I myself have killed :
I am *Seville's* detested *Cain* !

Arias. Woe inconceivable ! explain.

Ortiz. Fiercely and cruelly I slew
The friend most cherished, and most true.
Lifeless through me behold him lie—
Beside him let me instant die !

For that sole favour do I sue ;

With pangs so horribly severe

Do honour's laws my bosom wring.

Mine honour have I thus proved clear,

Redeemed my word. *Don Arias*, hear,

And bear this message to the King.

Seville's proud sons unfalt'ringly

Fulfil a promise, rashly given,

With bosoms constant, though grief-riven,

Though trampling on the stars of heaven,

And on each dear fraternal tie.

Say this, and leave me to my fate,

Bustos Tabera I destroyed,

And with my death would expiate

A deed of cruelty so great

As e'en brute natures would avoid.

By honour doomed my friend expires,

Love, now, my proper death requires.

Let none for me a pardon seek,

Since hopeless love that doom desires

Which 'tis the Monarch's part to speak.

The two judges naturally, and *Don*

Arias something hypocritically, express

great astonishment at this language,

and long urge the accused, unsucces-

fully, to explain his meaning. *Don*

Sancho terminates the Courtier's share

of the discussion, by saying,

I slew him, that I'll ne'er deny ;

But wherefore, never will confess.

Another must reveal the why,

Since I all, save the deed, suppress.

This to the King, *Don Arias*, bear.

Arias. I will, and every alleviation

Will ask. Your wishes then declare.

Ortiz. Death is my wish, and only con-
solation.

Don Arias departs, and the two *Al-*

caldes Mayores proceed to interrogate

Don Sancho in form. They, however,

cannot extract from him any farther

explanation, or apology for his crime,

which he still frankly avows—only as-

serting that he killed his friend fairly,

in single combat ; and earnestly en-

treats to be speedily executed. *Estrel-*

la, who had continued insensible du-

ring the whole of these two scenes,

now revives, and desires to speak with

Ortiz, ere he be removed to prison.

Her request is of course complied with,

and she says,

Support me for a little, *Theodora*,

I'm powerless—support and guide my

steps

Nearer to that unhappy wretch, the foe

Of my repose, as marble who was hard,
And is as marble cold.—I cannot stand,
Replace me on the couch.—Weepest
thou, Sancho?

Harbours a breast so fierce, so cased in
stone,

Compassion for my sorrow? For the sor-
row

Thou wilfully hast wrought me? Pray
you, sirs,

Let him approach—My very accents faint.

Ortiz. Great God! what torments can
with this compare?

Estrella. Thou heart of stone, for my
misfortune born,

Sancho, of love and hatred, wondrous
mixture,

Source of mine agonies, tell me in what
My brother ever wronged thee, or Es-
trella?

Thence, whence I hoped support, has de-
solation

Upon me fallen—and must I never learn
What cause, what motive, brought despair
and anguish,

Whence I for consolation fondly looked?

Ortiz. What need you question further,
when you see

The heart, which you term hard and
stony, weep?

Oh, read mine inmost bosom! Let these
tears

Tell you, what words reveal not. The
deep sorrow

They publish, of my seeming guiltiness,
Might haply be esteemed a palliative,

If I were worthier; but I renounce
All claim to worth, content to know my-
self.

Estrella. I understand you not.

Ortiz. Alas! Estrella,

Scarcely I understand myself.

Estrella. Wast thou

Yet unacquainted with the happiness

My dearest brother had for thee designed?

Ortiz. Bustos himself announced my
promised joys.

Estrella. Ingrate! his kindness could'st
thou recompense with death?

Ortiz. If, then, I slew him, judge thy-
self,

How powerful the cause.

Estrella. Did he offend thee?

Ortiz. He did not.

Estrella. Or did I?

Ortiz. Art thou insane?

Is't possible thou should'st offend thy
lover?

Estrella. If we provoked thee not, who
could possess

Such influence over thee, as headlong
thus

To hurl thee down th' abyss? Was it the
King?

Ortiz. Alas! Estrella, 'twas my des-
tiny.

After a good deal more of a sort of
antithetical play upon his action and
his fate, which to British feelings
seems not very suitable from a lover
in such real despair—but of the true
language of passion there is little in
Spanish dramas—Don Sancho is car-
ried off to prison; Estrella bitterly
deplores her lot, and for a moment
appears to dread the King's taking ad-
vantage of her defenceless condition;
but, vigorously recalling her resolu-
tion, she determines to show herself
worthy of her birth, and fully equal to
her trials, and to her own protection.

We now return to the palace, where
the King receives from the two *Alcal-
des Mayores* and Don Arias an ac-
count of the crime, examination, and
confession of Don Sancho Ortiz. His
majesty is sadly perplexed how to save
the criminal, according to his promise,
without acknowledging himself to have
been the instigator of the crime; an
acknowledgment which, as he was a
sort of legitimate half-usurper, a re-
bel against his father, and not very
firmly seated upon his throne, he fears
might occasion an insurrection. He
highly approves, therefore, of Don
Sancho's conduct in concealing the
name of his royal accomplice, but is
vexed and provoked with him for not
devising some other exculpation or
palliation of his homicide. He sends
the prisoner word, through Don Arias,
that if he can afford him any pretext
for his clemency, he will pardon him,
but must sanction his immediate exe-
cution, if he persists in his silence;
whilst Don Arias, whose pernicious
advice had led the King into his diffi-
culties, and who even now would fain
have advantage taken of Estrella's help-
lessness, would have her seized and
brought to the palace, insists strong-
ly, nevertheless, upon the necessity of
the monarch's keeping his word, and
releasing Don Sancho Ortiz at all ha-
zards. In the midst of the discussion
between the King and his favourite,
Estrella arrives, clad in deep mourn-
ing, and with half Seville at her heels,
to demand that the prisoner should be
given up to her disposal. The impas-
sioned prince naturally cannot resist
the tears and supplications of the god-
dess of his idolatry, but entreats her
to be merciful. She rejects his entrea-

ties, saying, such is not the language proper to a sovereign, from whom it is equivalent to a denial of justice, and that he had better give her a direct refusal at once. He then presents her with his ring, and a written order to the governor of the prison, complimenting her, at the same time, upon her beauty, and her well-known cruelty. To this she answers, that could her beauty endanger her honour, she would herself destroy it; for that if one Tabera be dead, there is still a Tabera alive; and then departs with her attendants. The King, actually in despair at what he has now done, hurries away Don Arias to see if he cannot extort some kind of excuse from Don Sancho before Estrella shall reach the prison; and should that prove impossible, he authorizes his confidant to prevent her wreaking her vengeance upon her intended victim, even at the expense of committing a fresh act of violence, by seizing upon Estrella's own person.

We now leave the absolute King amidst his faults, his remorse, and his embarrassments, to visit the hero of the piece in confinement. He is discovered with the two *Alcaldes Mayores*, who are labouring, as unsuccessfully as before, to prevail upon him to make some sort of defence. They can obtain only answers similar to those he gave upon his former examination, together with reiterated assurances of his wish for immediate death. This scene is interrupted by the entrance of Don Arias, who, according to his instructions, informs the prisoner, that the King entreats him, as a friend, to disclose his motive for killing Tabera; to say, whether he struck the fatal blow for the sake of friends, of honour, of a lady, or of kindred, or at the instigation of any grandee of the realm, including the sovereign himself; to name somebody; and finally, if he have any written authority, to transmit it to him by Don Arias. To this message Don Sancho repeats his former answers, adding, with some indignation, that he is surprised at being asked for papers, he who knows how to destroy papers. He concludes by saying, that he has done his duty; that he continues to do it by remaining silent; and that whatever there may be farther to do, is the duty of another. The visitors depart with many expressions of regret, and Ortiz,

left to himself, wonders at the conduct of the King,—which, it must be confessed, is neither kingly nor manly, and little in unison with the loftily punctilious honour of the other characters. Moreover, if his majesty judged of others by himself, he might deem it rather hazardous to trust, as meanly and cruelly as he does, to his victim's devoted loyalty. Don Sancho says—

Let *im* deliver me if he can do it;
And if he cannot, if perchance 'twould wound

His sacred character to set me free,
His reputation be his chiefest care!
And little matters it that I should die,
If by my death I serve him. Gracious God!

That thus a mighty monarch should be found

Unable to observe his plighted word!
Of my affronting him should run such risk!

To paltry subterfuges and evasions
Should condescend! Surely some weighty cause

Provokes his conduct; for that such a King

Should in a passing minute thus forget
His solemn promises—The thought were treason,

And never in the breast of Sancho Ortiz
May find admittance. Past dispute, my death

To his security is necessary.

He finds comfort in this idea, and yet more in the conviction, that Bustos now sees his heart, forgives him his death, and knows that he could not have acted otherwise. Whilst dwelling upon this soothing persuasion, and upon their past friendship, the intended connexion occurs to his mind, and in renewed anguish he bursts forth,—

Estrella!—Mighty God! Not yet, Estrella,

Thy heav'n inhabiting, can read the soul.
Estrella's eye sees but a criminal
In duty's hero; an atrocity
Sees in an action of immortal worth.
Alas, what pangs I cause her! And in her

What pangs I suffer! She beholds in me—
In me her tender, her devoted lover,—
A bitter enemy! Alas, her wrath,
Exasperated by her fevered blood,
By duty, kindred, and a sister's love,
How passionately must she wish to see
My life laid down, a sacrifice to vengeance!

Unable to support the idea of the needlessly augmented anguish Estrella is enduring, Ortiz feels grievously tempted to break the loyal silence whence it flows. He subdues the temptation, however, and consoles himself with contemplations of his approaching interview with his slaughtered friend in heaven. Whilst he is impatiently longing for that ministry of the executioner, which is to expedite a consummation so devoutly to be wished, Estrella enters, closely veiled, and conducted by the governor of the prison, who delivers over to her his captive, and withdraws. We translate the scene which ensues between the lovers.—

Estrella. You are at liberty, Don Sancho Ortiz ;

Depart, and God be with you. No delay ;—

Go presently. Misuse not the compassion

I come to practise. You're at liberty. Wherefore remain you? Why that anxious gaze ? [Unveiling.

Why hesitate? Who needlessly thus loiters,

Unprofitably wastes important minutes.

Go! Horses to facilitate escape

Await you at the gate—with necessities

Your servant is provided. Pray you go! Superfluous are all words of gratitude.

Go, Sancho Ortiz. Speak not, but depart.

Ortiz. Lady.—Oh most unhappy Sancho Ortiz!

Estrella of my soul!

Estrella. Go, and henceforth

Be thou more fortunate! and oh! may I, Discharging, thus, conflicting duties, be To thee a star, whose clear and steady light

May guide thy frailty! Go, and if for thee My love can thus subdue a lawful anger, Go thou, preserving, undecayed, the love Thou to Estrella owest.

Ortiz. Merciful

As beautiful art thou! and even towards Thy greatest enemy. Oh be not so To me! Treat me with cruelty; for mercy

Is there unreasonable, where punishment

Itself is mercy. Hasten thou my death-stroke.

Seek not, thus generously, by indulgence To torture me, whose solace is in suffering.

'Twere most unfitting he should live who slew

His brother.

Estrella. Knew I not my brother's loss As painful to thy bosom as to mine, Perchance I had not freed thee. But to me,

Ortiz, thou art known, my love can penetrate

The mysteries of thy lot. A criminal I should not save. I save th' unfortunate.

Ortiz. My wretched fate sentences me to death ;

For only death, that fate's severity Which overwhelms me, howsoever strong,

Can soften.

Estrella. Live! Life is my gift; accept it.

Ortiz. That death, from which thou would'st deliver me,

I seek. For if thou act but like thyself, Freeing me, I too like myself must act.

Estrella. Why seek'st thou death?

Ortiz. That thou may'st be avenged.

Estrella. Avenged of what?

Ortiz. Of me and of my treachery.

Estrella. Believed I thou wert capable of guilt

So foul, I had not dreamed of saving thee. But well I know thy conduct, just and upright,

Passion misleads me not. When Ortiz slew

Bustos Tabera, a resistless force

Compelled him.

Ortiz. Never had I injured Bustos, Had it been possible to shun the deed.

Estrella. And never had I sought to rescue thee,

Had I imagined that in other guise

Ortiz could act. Thou wert constrained to kill him.

I know it, and require not that thy secret Thou should'st betray. I also can be silent,

And know thy secret, though I speak it not.

Then, live, by mine own life do I adjure thee!

Ortiz. Think not I will go hence.

Estrella. Oh cruelty!

Ortiz. 'Tis magnanimity that makes me worthy

To love thee, which, a fugitive, I were not.

Estrella. Preserve thyself for thy sad consort's sake.

Ortiz. Lady, another must preserve my life,

Or I must die. Despite thy love I killed, And for thy love shall I not die?

Estrella. Unhappy!

Yet better so than guilty. At my prayer, Conquer this desperate bravery, and live.

Ortiz. From thee far distant, of all hope bereft,

And forfeiting my faith, to whom should I
My remnant of existence dedicate?
Since I, perforce, became a homicide,
Life is my worst affliction. To my fate
Abandon me. To live is my chief torture,

And I am scarce the shadow of myself.

Estrella. Then stay, barbarian as thou
art, and die!

Whilst I to die go hence.

Ortiz. O cruel duty!

Estrella. Honour and love, most sad,
most tyrannous!

Ortiz. Dost thou depart?

Estrella. Alas! dost thou remain?

Ortiz. Farewell! I wait for death.

Estrella. I go to seek it.

Farewell!

Ortiz. So beautiful, how could I grieve
her!

Estrella. A hero to be thus unfortunate!

Ortiz. Unhappy, but inevitable crime!

Estrella. Farewell, farewell, may'st
thou forget *Estrella*!

Ortiz. Farewell, and ne'er may'st thou
remember *Ortiz*!

The lovers part, and the scene returns to the palace, and the King's perplexities. His majesty, in the first place, receives from the commandant of the prison an account of the use made by *Estrella* of the power intrusted to her, and of the captive's rejection of the liberty offered him by his fair enemy. He exclaims that every creature in *Seville* is a hero, inconceivably admirable, but most annoyingly unmanageable, and desires this gentleman gaoler to bring *Ortiz* privately to the palace. When the governor of the tower, has withdrawn to execute his orders, the King resolves that he must and will, at all events, save *Don Sancho's* life, but that the best way of effecting his purpose will be to prevail with the two *Alcaldes Mayores* to deviate a little from the strict letter of the law. He accordingly sends for them, although he observes that he hardly knows how to tamper with men who look so dignified in their grey locks.

The King first assails the two judges together, simply by recommending it to them to temper justice with mercy. Upon which they observe, that it rests with his majesty to show mercy—that they can only do justice—and, if they have lost his royal confidence, are ready to resign their office. The King

then sends them to prepare their verdict, and recalls each separately, hoping thus to find them singly more tractable. To each he represents the high value to the state of such a man as *Sancho Ortiz*, and intimates his own desire that the *Cid* of *Seville* should rather be doomed to banishment,—when, even as an exile, he might still serve his country against the *Moors*,—than to death. Each *Alcalde Mayor* vaguely professes his individual friendship for *Don Sancho Ortiz*, and his wish that it may prove practicable to save him without detriment to justice. The monarch, well satisfied with his own exertions, again dismisses them to draw up this more lenient sentence; and, when left alone, exults in the omnipotence of royal rhetoric, and in the fallibility of his austere judges, who had inspired him with such unnecessary reverence. These pleasing lucubrations are disagreeably interrupted by the return of the two *Alcaldes Mayores*, who present him a sentence of death to sign. His majesty vehemently reproaches them with their breach of promise; when they respectfully explain, that their promise was to favour the offender as far as was compatible with justice, which, after the maturest investigation and deliberation, they had found clearly to require his death. They are proceeding with justifications and professions of loyalty, but the King cuts them short with the impatient exclamation, Enough! enough! Now, by the living God,

There's not a soul with whom on this affair

I've spoken, but o'erpowers me with shame!

At this crisis *Don Arias* enters, bringing with him *Estrella*, whom, according to his conditional commission, he has seized, and the governor of the prison at the same moment arrives, escorting *Ortiz*, for whom, it will be remembered, the King had sent him. The monarch, in person, then urges *Don Sancho* to justify his conduct; but he is as unsuccessful as his messenger had been. The persecuted prisoner calmly replies, that if his majesty sees no means of saving him, assuredly there can be none; and, when farther importuned, says,

I know but this, that whom I dearest
loved

I slaughter'd, being thereto promise-plighted ;

And that an act well-nigh heroical,
So great is my misfortune, seems a crime.

The royal dissembler, defeated in this project, has recourse to Estrella—his passion for whom, by the by, appears to have been thoroughly cured by the difficulties and distresses in which it had involved him. He first informs the afflicted mourner, whose woes he has himself caused, that he has provided an honourable husband to protect her, and then proceeds to say, that he knows she has in private shown herself merciful, and, in consequence, earnestly entreats that she would pursue a similar line of conduct in public, and solicit the pardon of her enemy. Estrella humbly thanks his majesty for his paternal care of her, but declines to profit by it, declaring herself already married. She then readily complies with his desire—that she should solicit the pardon of Don Sancho Ortiz. The King breathes more freely, and, flattering himself that he is at length extricated from his embarrassments, hastens to pronounce the pardon of the loyal offender, to whom he is proceeding to issue his commands, that he should forthwith repair to the Moorish frontier, when the inflexible *Alcaldes Mayores* interpose, with the remark, that the magnanimous forgiveness of the prosecutrix is no sufficient ground for pardoning a convicted murderer ; and that justice would be violated by such clemency. The eternally baffled monarch—whose disappointments and worries the reader will perhaps think have by this time sufficed for a sort of purgatorial punishment of his crime—thus beaten from his last strong-hold, and finally despairing of fulfilling his plighted word without revealing his guilt, exclaims—

No more ! In this most fortunate of lands
All, all, except myself, are heroes. I,
Emulous of their greatness, will by speaking

Rival the heroism of his silence.
Put me to death, Sevillians ! I alone
Was of this bloody accident the cause—
By my command did Ortiz slay Tabera.

Those personal dangers, the anticipation of which had so long repressed the royal wish of doing justice to Don Sancho Ortiz, do not appear likely to
VOL. XVIII.

ensue upon this generous avowal, for one of the *Alcaldes Mayores* says—

Full compensation thus Seville receives ;
For if our sovereign willed Tabera's death,
Beyond dispute his fate was merited.

The King, now relieved from his fears and anxieties, and quite at his ease, first banishes Don Arias for having, by his pernicious flatteries and evil counsels, occasioned so much mischief, and implicated his confiding master in so many troubles. He next desires Don Sancho Ortiz to repair to the frontiers of Granada, no longer as a banished criminal, but in order to assume the chief command of the troops employed against the misbelieving Moors. He then suddenly recollects that Ortiz had requested the royal permission to marry, and adverting to this matter, learns that Estrella was his intended bride. Persevering in his present virtuous course, the penitent monarch requests the object of his illicit attachment to redeem his promise by giving her hand to Don Sancho. Estrella replies—

My liege, 'tis not mine office to redeem
That word, which, only for my house'-ruin,

Your highness pledged. When other bridals offer,

Repute me Sancho Ortiz's wedded wife.
But give me leave, forgotten, solitary,
For life within a convent's cheerless gloom

Secluded, to endeavour painfully
By penances to expiate the crime
Of loving him, by whom my brother died.

Ortiz. Lady, from his pledged promise
I release

Our sovereign, and to you restore your freedom.

'Twere an eternal torture to inhabit
That mansion, where my cruel hand on you

Inflicted pangs so dreadful. Love itself
Could but enhance this torture's agony,
Converting ev'n the sweetest happiness
To bitterness. Then live, and live in peace,

Forgetting him who wronged you.

Estrella. Sancho Ortiz,
Never shall I forget you.

Ortiz. My misfortune
Will be the heavier. My gracious lord,
'Gainst the ferocious Moors grant me permission

Instantly to set forward.

King. In God's name
Depart, and leave me leisure to admire

Your mighty deeds—so many in one day
Have overpower'd me.—Oh fatal passion!

Oh guilty counsel!

Farfar de Ribere. If as such your highness

Acknowledge it, no more can be desired.

All. Ev'n from the point where weakness terminates,

Does heroism its glorious course begin.

With this flattering unction laid to the King's soul, the *Famosa Comedia*, DON SANCHE ORTIZ DE LAS ROELAS, concludes; and we will detain our readers no longer than whilst we point out the whimsical anomaly arising from the poet's endeavour to represent such an equal administration of justice, even in opposition to the royal will or interest, as we enjoy in this free and happy land, as compatible with the licence of arbitrary power. Those very austere judges, whose inexorable virtue not only pertinaciously resisted the King's commands to soften the severity of the law, but even attempted to control the exercise of the most unquestioned, and perhaps most enviable

of royal prerogatives, the right of extending mercy to all criminals—those very judges no sooner learn that the murder has been perpetrated at the King's desire, than they dutifully conclude that the victim deserved his fate, and suffer the flagitious deed to pass as the execution of a lawful sentence, into which all farther inquiry is inadmissible. It is far from our purpose, in making this remark, to attempt convincing the contented slaves of an *absolute king* of the superior blessings of a limited and constitutional monarchy, such as ours. We value liberty too highly to cram it like a nauseous potion down the throat of any *Despotomaniac* patient, or even to bestow it as an alms upon a heartless and helpless mendicant. We merely meant to indulge an inclination which we sometimes could not bridle if we would, and oftener would not if we could—the inclination to enforce upon the hearts and minds of our readers the inestimable advantages enjoyed by them as Britons.

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

When the blue lightnings gleam athwart the sky—

The madden'd waves drive mountains high—

When absent every grace and beauty—

When the whizzing ball around him flies,

And his bosom-friend before him dies,

The storm and the fight he must both despise,

For Jack must do his duty!—

FAVOUR'D as she was with a crackling breeze, the Tottumfog speedily gained the latitude in which her Commander was at liberty to open his sealed orders, which he had the mortification to find, condemned him to a three months' cruize in the stormy circle of from Santeroe to Christiansand, thence across to the Murray Frith, and thence by Shetland to Santeroe; a station at all times disagreeable—but one which, at the close of the year, requires a skill, a vigilance, an equality of temper, and a coolness of judgment, rarely the lot of any single individual. It is hardly possible, indeed, to convey to our readers anything like a *good* idea of the privations, the hardships, and the complete absence of every comfort, which the luckless crew of a small war vessel

must endure in this region of clouds, and sleets, and storms. These of themselves are evils enough; but when to these is added, the vigilance peculiar to a cruiser—the absolute necessity of examining, if possible, every sail that peers on the horizon around them—thus constantly driving away at full stretch, shortening and making sail at every sudden change of weather—a faint, but a very inadequate notion may be formed of their uncomfortable situation.

Such as it was, however, the Tottumfog continued for nearly two weeks to knock about these inclement seas, in still more inclement weather, without meeting with any incident worthy of record, if we except an almost continued chasing or being chased by one or other of our cruisers, with which

the North Sea at that time abounded. At the end of that short period, a troubled Sabbath had passed away, amid the most unceasing and irksome contentions with wind, rain, and sleet, when Edward and his companions of the watch, sad, wet, and weary, were allowed to retire from the deck, for an uncertain and precarious repose during the first watch. They retired indeed, but not to sleep; for the day, which had been uncommonly fitful and lowering, towards evening assumed such a gloomy appearance to windward, as made even the most experienced veterans quake, while they shook their heads, and announced a coming gale of wind.

"Oh, and the devil fly away with this cursed, cowl'd, illnated quarter of the world say I," cried Dennis Mahoney, wringing the water from his long black hair, "and bad luck to the ould gentleman who sent us here, when we were all so comfortable and merry. By the powers, now, if my hair isn't as full of the drench as a sponge, and the never an inch of me but's as wet and wheezy as thof I'd been at work all day in a gutter. Och, och, in faith, Mahoney, you're in for it now, boy!—Whew, whew!—ay, my darlings, there it comes again, and bad luck to it—a fresh hand at the bellows, I declare!—Och, och, darlings, you may all stand clear, for, soul of me, but we'll have a night on't I'm afraid.—But, ubbaboo, what's the use of grumbling, honeys—troth we must face it, blow as it likes, and that's certain. Cheer up then, and never say die, for the devil a morsel of good it will do."

"And belike 'twill do as little harm," growled a stern voice from a corner.

"I do not see you, honey, or fait and troth, but I could answer you without snivelling," replied the indignant Dennis; "ay could I, the devil a doubt's on't.—But why, if you're all determined to sing dumb at once, 'tis all one to Mahoney. By the powers, now, and you all may sit there with your hands in your beackets, as dull and melancholy as oysters, for ever and a day, so it likes you; but for my part I'll e'en go and prepare for the worst, that if so be as the ould hooker is determined to go down with us, I may go to the bottom comfortably, like a good son of the Church, as Father Daniel says."

Thus soliloquized the lively and loquacious Dennis, without any one deigning him a word of answer; all were so completely crest-fallen and spiritless, partly through their wet and uncomfortable situation, partly through fatigue, and doubtless not a few there were whose hearts were full of inquietude and terror, and a fearful looking-for of coming evil. The most determined sullen silence, therefore, universally prevailed, only partially interrupted by the few who were following Mahoney's example, and who were busily shifting their clothes in order to meet the coming storm with a small portion of more personal comfort. Of these our hero was one; and having made himself as comfortable as his stunted wardrobe would admit of, he had thrown aside his wet jacket, and lay stretched on the top of his hammock, where, despite of the noise on deck, he was just sinking into a doze, when he was roused by his inexhaustible friend, Dennis, bawling all along the deck, "Davis, Davis!—I say, Ned Davis, where are you?"

"Where should I be but in my hammock," cried our hero, a little chagrined;—"why, what want you now?"

"Oh, the devil a ha'porth," cried Mahoney, approaching him, "just lie fast, my darling, and I'll be with you in a moment.—Have you douced your wet gear, Ned?"

"Of course, as far as I'm able, Denny, certainly I have."

"Well, well, that's just being after so far right, honey," continued his lively friend. "Now you see, Ned, I know you are rather shortish in the rigging way; and having a somewhat to spare for the use of a pell, I have brought it with me, if you'll not take it amiss."

"Oh, never fear, Denny; but what have you brought with you?"

"Why, Ned, the never a thing more nor less than a tolerable goodish pair of trowsers, and dry drawers to put under them, that's all, dear. But mind me, matey, they are made of devilish good seal-skin, and will cover you, short legs and all, ay, up to the breast-bone, honey;—so without any more palavering, jump out, on with them, and welcome.—Come, Ned, jump out, and on with them in a twinkling, for I expect we'll be called every moment. They've already furl-

ed the foresail, after a terrible battle, and are now busy doing the same with the foretopsail—so there's morsels of comfort to ye, dear.—Come, come, bubbaboo, jump out, you lazy rogue you, sure this is not a time for slapeing and prating—jump out, there's a jewel now, and clap them on in a minute—they will keep your back as dry and comfortable as a daisy; and in troth I can tell you from experience, dear, that nothing in the world flattens a fellow's courage sooner than being in a soak of water from the small ribs downwards. D'ye hear me, Ned; come make haste, there's a darling.—Stop now, and I'll lend you a hand—there now—brace tighter up, my dear fellow—there now, you're ready for it blow as it will; I'll be bound to say you'll feel lighter in these than in your own pair of wet heavy woollens, with the never a dry morsel under them, at all, at all.”

“Thank you, thank you, matey,” answered our hero; “I do indeed feel a great difference—but I hope I haven't robbed you?”

“Oh, by the powers of Moll Kelly, let Paddy alone for that, gragh!” cried Dennis.—“Just feel me, darling;—why, lad, I'm skin to the mast head—trowsers, frock-jacket, hooded and booted and everything, all as one as thof I were going a harpooning again. Had I had another frock-jacket you should have had it also, and welcome; but that I had not—yet a little is better than nothing at all you know.”

“Thank you again, my heart,” cried Edward, shaking his friend warmly by the hand, “and I hope I shall live to repay you—”

“Bah, bah!” cried Dennis, interrupting our hero, by clapping his hands on his mouth, “spake not of that I beseech you; for hang me if I can tell you how it is, but I may fairly say I'm compelled to it—for, somehow or other, I love you as thof you were my own dear self, and that's my ould mother's son, dear.—But avast, Ned, avast; hear you how dreadfully it roars.—Och, murder and wounds, but we'll have the devil's own watch of it, that's certain, dear!—Hark now! listen a moment or so—there it is, just as I said—there it is with a vengeance!—Eh—what—soul of me if they're not singing out for Tom Bird, and we haven't been an hour below yet.—Och, och, stand by, my dear

boy, for both a jolly tug and a cruel swate with old Mother Shiver-the-mizen.”

Dennis, though a rapid speaker, had hardly concluded, when the pipe sounded *All hands ahoy!* and the whole hurrying on deck, a scene presented itself to the eyes of our hero, so sublime, so terrifically grand and awful, that he stood fixed and gazing on it with a mixture of admiration and fear.

When he had left the deck to turn in for repose the sky to windward had assumed a very ugly aspect, the clouds in that quarter gradually getting darker and darker, while ever and anon a small black portion would be detached from the gathering mass, producing as it passed a brief but pithy squall, generally accompanied with hail, sleet, or snow. Now, again on deck, though the same grim and threatening appearance continued to windward, yet the sky overhead was serene, of the darkest blue, studded with innumerable stars, shining and twinkling with the most brilliant lustre, while the clear full moon marched her glorious way in all the beauty of a frosty night. It was, indeed, a bitter breathing frost; but as most of the watch were in some measure prepared, it was unheeded and unfelt in the almost general notice the appearance of the moon attracted. Round her outer edge was a halo of the most brilliant colours, every way similar, if not superior, to the brightest tints of the summer's rainbow, which, gradually enlarging, shed a lustre around her sublimely beautiful. She appeared to be, as it were, set in a divinely magnificent frame; and shone with an effulgence so bright and so lovely, that our hero could not help ejaculating, as with admiration and awe he gazed on the beautiful appearance—“How great art thou, and how wonderful in all thy works, O God!”—Very different were the sentiments of his seniors of the watch. Experience had taught them to look on all this beauty only as the smile before the coming storm; and of course to brace up their hearts and hands to meet it with firmness and with courage.

“Why, I knew it,” cried old Bill Lyson; “I was certain we should catch it; and mind me, my mates, for you'll see it, that the moment she douces that flashy fall-lall of a ring of hers, and becomes like herself again, that moment the gale will commence,

you may take my word on't.—But what's our officer about?—oh, twigg-ing her through his glass—Bah, bah, stupid!—I'd wish you'd commence making snug, instead of standing there gazing up at her like a rat in a corner."

"Why, don't you think we're snug, Bill?"

"Snug, be d—d!—no, not half enough snug; and that you will shortly see to your cost, my lad," said Lyson, gruffly.

Just at this moment Captain Switch-em, awakened by the turning up of the hands, came on deck in his night-gown:—"Well, Doeboy, what do you think of the weather now?" said he.

"'Tis rather unsettled, sir," answered the second Lieutenant, "and has a surly and threatening appearance. I doubt me much if we shan't have a gale, and a stiff one too—at least the moon says as much."

"Yes, it indeed looks rather roughly," said the Captain, gazing around him. "I think you had better take advantage of all the people being on deck, and make everything as snug as possible. I do not like that moon at all, nor indeed the whole appearance of the heavens; for I was once in a most disastrous hurricane in the West Indies, and I think they had pretty much the same aspect. Do furl the main topsail also, and commence operations without delay."

"There spoke a seaman," cried Bill Lyson, in an under tone, to those about him: "faith, I shall love him better now than ever I did.—Stand by, good topsail sheets."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a fresh squall, which had blown for some time, now became so furious, that the weather main topsail-sheet gave way, and the sail was in ribbons in a moment. After a fight of equal fatigue and danger, by as many hands as could get crowded on the yard, the tattered sail was at length secured, firmly tied together by the reef-points, and lowered to the deck. The topmen had now to wait amid a most tremendous blast, accompanied by hail and sleet, until another was brought on deck and hoisted to the top, when, reeving fresh sheets, it was speedily hauled out and made fast to the yard; then, favoured by a momentary lull, it was quickly close-reefed

and furled. Rolling tackles, and preventer sheets and braces, were next clapped on the yards—the stormtry-sail, main stay-sail, and storm-jib, got up and set—the yards were lowered to the cap—topgallant-masts sent down, and topmasts struck—jib-boom hauled in, and spritsail yard fore and aft—the guns and boats doubly secured—and the fore hatchway tarpaulin battened down. In short, every precaution the Captain and first Lieutenant (who was now on deck) could think of, was taken to make the vessel snug and easy.

The uproar of the elements now became tremendous, and blew a perfect hurricane. The main hatchway was therefore also battened down; and measures were actually in preparation for hurling the guns overboard, when the Captain, observing that the wind kept steady to a point, and that the Tot-tumfog, being an excellent sea-boat, made tolerable good weather of it, shipping very little water, he countermanded the order, ordering all the watch to go aft on the quarter-deck. There, huddled close together abaft the wheel, a scene presented itself to our hero and his shivering companions, at once appalling, terrible, and horrific. The lovely moon and stars had retired, and given place to the most pitchy darkness—the sea, absolutely on fire, and lashed into sparkling foam as far as the eye could reach, ran roaring and flying before the screaming wind in the tremendous form of Alpine mountains—the whole rendered still more dreadful and appalling by the light blue lightning, which ever and anon would shoot athwart the gloomy expanse in a zig-zag career; while the "poor devoted bark," uncommonly hard beset, quivered at every plunge of her bows, and groaned at every stroke she received from the maddened ocean. Now would she topple to the very gates of heaven on the summit of a wave crowned with white foam, which hissed, and swirled, and sputtered, as if rejoicing over her certain destruction; and now was she hurled downward, with amazing velocity, into a deep watery valley, where the next coming wave seemed hurrying onward to bury her in its turmoil-ed bosom. The scene was awful—the silence complete—and nothing was more earnestly wished for than the blessed light of day.

The day at length did dawn, but the dull grey light only brought with it an accumulation of horrors—nothing being now to be seen from the summit of the highest wave, but another still more majestically dreadful advancing to the charge. The situation of the crew at this period can be more easily imagined than described. Awestruck and spiritless, worn out with fatigue, and rendered stiff and uncomfortable from a freezing blast of hail and snow, those on deck kept huddled together in the most complete silence, except an occasional whisper, gazing with various emotions on the awful scene before them; while those below, though less exposed to the fierce conflicting elements, had to encounter superstition in all its various forms of terror. One fellow swore, that during the night he had twice seen, by aid of the lightning, the flying Dutchman, dashing away, as usual, in the face of the tempest's loudest roar; another, that he was sure the vessel had sprung a leak, as he could hear the rush of the water into the hold quite distinctly; and a third still more confidently asserted, that, while at the wheel, he heard the Captain and first Lieutenant say, that they thought she would never be able to weather it in her present crippled state, and was sure of foundering if the gale continued much longer; but they both agreed that it was best to keep this secret to themselves. Now, besides all these omens and prognostics of evils to come, there were others of actual existence, which were enough, of themselves, to render their present situation utterly disheartening and melancholy. By the seas which had struck her, and by her often running a considerable space with her nose under water, the vessel's lower deck was completely swamped, and clothes-bags, culinary utensils, wash-tubs, in fact everything movable, floated to and fro with the rolling vessel, at the discretion of the water contained in her. If, therefore, the upper deck was cold and uncomfortable, the lower was equally so, from the absence of all light but the miserable twinklings of the purser's candles through a horn-glazed lantern—the deck all afloat and hourly accumulating—and, above all, the absence of fire, and of course the now utter impossibility of shifting their wet clothes,

or even drying themselves. Add to this, a continual state of alarm, which effected a complete banishment of all sleep, with a grievous irregularity in the supply of every article of food, and the picture of the Tottumfog's crew's misery is filled up, for the long and dreary period of five days and six nights, during which the storm raged with unabated fury. During all this time no observation could be taken—the reckoning itself was even doubtful—and the Captain and his officers were in the highest perplexity. At length on Saturday, the wind moderating a little, Captain Switchem was enabled to make some additional sail; when the same afternoon brought him in sight of the small island of Anholt; from thence he speedily gained Wingo Sound, and anchored under the lee of the British Admiral, whose flag waved over the proud poop of the far-famed Victory.

Here they naturally expected a season of repose; but such had been the ravages of the storm in the loss of ships and men, that their services were immediately put in requisition; and the sails were hardly furled, when Captain Switchem was given to understand, by notice from the Admiral, that he must prepare to take the rear of a convoy in waiting to proceed up the Little Belt without delay. Passive obedience is the order of the day in the fleet, so grumbling was out of the question. He returned directly on board; and the astonishment of both officers and men may be guessed, when the first order he gave was, "Mr Fyke, up topgallant-masts, and cross the yards as quick as possible, if you please. Tell Fireball to get four guns ready as fast as he can; and as soon as you get the masts up, tell Marlin to pipe all hands up anchor. We must retrace our steps, Fyke, as the rear-guard of that convoy there awaiting us; it seems there is no other vessel fit for the duty in the Sound. I am going below to write a few lines; do keep a sharp eye on the Admiral; for the old fellow is all impatience, and no doubt will be inquiring what is the matter, if we don't look sharp. I told him I would hoist the union at the mast-head the moment I was ready, and fire a gun. I'll tell you more hereafter;— meantime, for Heaven's sake, be active, my dear fellow, and get on."

"I'll do my best endeavour, sir," said Lieutenant Fyke, as the Captain retired.

The hurly-burly now commenced with all that vigour, bustle, and alacrity, so peculiar to the naval service. The masts rose, and the yards were crossed, with uncommon dispatch; the foretopsail was dropped, and the union flew at the mast-head to the sound of a gun, with the anchor atrip, long before the Admiral could reasonably have expected it. The gun was immediately answered by the Admiral's signal for the convoy to get under weigh directly—an order which was gladly obeyed by the impatient merchantmen; and after seeing them all pass, headed by a frigate as commodore, and flanked on each side by a gun-brig, the *Tottumfog* took her station in the rear, and her crew partaking of a hasty supper, once more got under weigh, after a few hours' leisure in the Sound of Wingo.

"Now may I be hanged, lads," cried one of the Adamants, impatiently, "but this fairly beats cock-fighting. Zounds! no sooner in than out again!—By the Royal George, but 'tis enough to make a fellow jump overboard. Why, here it is now, I've only been on board of this here hooker but a very few weeks, and I'll be sworn my Bible oath, as I've had more of short commons, and gone through more fatigue, than I've done, ay, for the last ten years at least. Why, mates, you ain't allowed time here even to swallow a morsel of victuals; and as for sleep, or anything like a comfortable rest, why, that there is completely out of the question. If this here is to be the way on't, I wish from my soul I were once more on board the old Adamant again."

"I don't doubt but you do, shipmate," cried Jack Sykes, sarcastically, "seeing as how you know there's a main difference between a guardo and a sea-goer. You had a snug billet enough of it yonder;—loblollying it away, day after day, from your hammock to the galley, and from the galley to your hammock again. No wonder you growls. Why, you were all as one as little officers, i'faith; but here, my lad, you'll learn to know what duty actually is."

"Why, as to duty, shipmate," retorted the Adamant, surlily, "I believe as how there's ne'er a one in your hooker—ay, from the highest to

the lowest on ye—can teach me anything I doesn't know already; and as to your snug billet you so scoff about, I doesn't say but what it is well enough, thof this I will say, that 'tis little enough as a reward for a fellow who has been knocking about over all the world for the last fifteen years, and made some ducks for his napper be-like the ne'er a one you ever did."

"Ay, matey," cried Jack Sykes, on whom the words *fifteen years* acted like magic; "fifteen years did you say? Why after running such a gauntlet I *will* say they cannot make too much on ye.—But where wert all that time, old ship? Always in the sea-going way, eh?—My eye, fifteen years! Zounds, you must have made vast sights of prize-money, my old blade."

"More kicks than ha'pence, my lad," replied the Adamant, somewhat mollified. "Zounds, I were hardly warm in the service, when I was wrecked on the French coast, athreshing a large hooker as brought your soldier-gear over to Ireland, and that was my first kicking—howsomdever, she were wrecked herself, and that was some satisfaction. Then I was a prisoner among the *parlevous* a good long while, when a parcel of us contrived to cut our sticks to the water's edge, where we had another kicking, and a hearty one too, ere we succeeded in taking an old lousy boat from a mob of your fishing chaps, as wouldn't allow us to shove off to sea peaceably; and last of all, d'ye see, to mend the matter, the Ardent took us up in the Channel, when we were all nearly ready to eat one another, and bundled us off with her up the Mediterranean, where we were kept at it night and day, and soundly kicked to boot, for the best part of a couple of years. From the Ardent I were chucked into the Audacious, and then followed another kicking on the first of August——"

"The Nile business you mean, old ship?" interrupted Sykes.

"Undoubtedly," replied the veteran. "Well, as I was saying, I got a hearty kicking in that there job—then we came home, and I were chucked with some thirty more from the Audacious into Haslar, where the doctors, d—n them, gave me the worst kicking of all.—But avast, for what is the use of prating any more about it?—it's over, and thank God we can still do our duty. All I shall say is this, my good fellows, that if none on

you ever get a better birth than a guardo after such a length of service, I'll be sworn you'll think yourselves scurvily dealt with, that's all."—So saying the veteran turned on his heel, and with considerable dignity walked slowly away.

For several days after this the convoy was slowly making its way up the Cattegat, and had got as far as the island of Samsøe, when the troubles and vexations attending a convoy began. The instructions of the commanders of the vessels of war compelled them at all hazards to see the merchantmen safely beyond the Danish territory, when they might leave them at liberty to pursue their respective routes, whether to Dantzic, Memel, Riga, over to Stockholm, or up to St Petersburg. They considerably exceeded in number two hundred sail, of all shapes and sizes; and, among such a diversity, it may easily be imagined that the number was not small, who, compared with the rest, were, for every purpose of sailing, no better than mere washing-tubs, which could neither keep the pace nor the wind with their companions, but were continually wambling to leeward, or lagging far behind in the rear. These hog-troughs, when any way numerous, were ever a bone of contention in a convoy—and not without good reason. The anxiety, and even impatience, of shipmasters generally to reach their destined port is well known; when, therefore, they found themselves retarded in their voyage by the impotent efforts of such slow crawling craft, and kept in complete restraint by the conducting vessels of war, who did not hesitate to keep them in due subordination by sending over them a shot now and then, their anger and vexation was often very apparent. It may be easily imagined, then, what a series of petty squabbling went on daily between the commanders of the war vessels and merchantmen during this their slow progress into the Baltic. In fact, we do not know a more vexatious or teasing employment a British naval officer can be put to than the conduct of a large and ill-assorted convoy. He stands for a time between two fires; for while, for his own honour and the safety of the underwriters, he must strictly enforce his instructions, the shipmasters, on the other hand, irked and soured in their tempers by the sluggish crawling of a number of their

companions, and by the stern discipline which compels them to await their progress, knowing their cargo to be insured, and eager to be at an end of their journey, rather choose to run all risks alone, by embracing the first opportunity of lazy or stormy weather, and thus take what is called a French leave of their guardians. This is well known to naval commanders, and they occasionally were put to no small share of trouble and vigilance to prevent it; accordingly it was the regular custom, in large convoys, while the van ship of war kept the swift vessels and front of the convoy in check and together, the rear one brought up the stragglers, sometimes by forcing them to make more sail, and sometimes by taking them in tow, which system was commonly persevered in until the signal was made by the Commodore to close for the night. We have thought it necessary to be thus particular, as explanatory to some of our readers of what we are immediately to narrate.

We have already said that the convoy had got up as far as the island of Samsøe. As they were now approaching the enemy's coast, the Commodore thought it advisable, after ordering the convoy to close, to hang out the signal for the shipmasters to come on board his frigate, when, after giving them every necessary instruction as to his future signals, &c. by day and night, and the strongest injunctions, and even threats, to obey them promptly and implicitly, he dismissed the meeting. They were hardly on board of their vessels again, when he hoisted the signal to make all sail, and being favoured with a fine breeze, they stretched away, and held on cheerily till dusk, when he fired his usual gun to close for the night, which being repeated by the other vessels of war, the whole fleet came to an anchor at the mouth of the Little Belt.

"I say, Mahoney," cried Tom Bird, "wert ever up the Little Belt, my hearty?"

"No, Tom, never," replied Dennis; "but soul of me but I've been up the Sound and the Great Belt, as they call it—and I'll not forget the sound great belting I caught in the pair of them, in a hurry, dear. Och, but they're a cowardly set of spalpeens them there Danske's after all, gragh—though troth I will say it, they fought fairly enough, and in open daylight in the Sound—but in the Great Belt as they call it,

by St Patrick they had neither honour nor conscience. The never the like on't ever you saw. There would we belying awaiting and awaiting on 'em, and doing nothing at all at all, for the whole blessed day—for d'ye see they'd never show face; but halt a little—as soon as the sun went down, and their cursed fogs began to spring up, and to darken everything around us, why then out they came in these cursed row-boats of theirs, and would keep every soul of us, boats and all, as lively and busily employed as the devil in a gale of wind. Now who, d'ye think, but a coward loves to fight in the dark—where you don't know what you're about, swating and firing away mayhap at nothing at all at all—unless, to be sure, you should happen to come bolt against one of their row-boats—when there is nothing to be had but murder and broken heads, just as thof 'twere all in the way of good-humour, as we say in Ireland, dear—it being so thundering dark all the time that you can't, so save me, know your friends from your foes! Och, by St Patrick, and bad luck to them, their belts, and their beltings in darkness too, say I;—If they'd give us fair daylight for it, I'd have never the single objection to make one at any time. Indeed, Tom, I may say it is my nature, sure; for, soul of me, but I've loved never a thing better than a good smart quilting match ever since I was the size of a sodger's ramrod, my darling."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, matey," cried Bird, laughing, "you may stand clear once more to have a quilting or two in the dark, for we're just entering the very place to receive it, I can tell you. Why, my lad, I remember as well as 'twere yesterday, of being up here, some two or three years gone now, in the old Bounty of Lynne.—She were a regular whaler, you know, but somehow or other she missed the ice that year by being in dock—so we were going to Memel for wood, by way of keeping her hand in.—Well, going to Memel for wood, as I were saying, we were in ballast, you knows, and had never a thing for any one to steal, as you'll guess, but our grub, and that we couldn't and wouldn't part with neither to Danes nor devils, mind me. All this, however, wouldn't hinder your Danskes from paying us a nightly visit, ay, and sometimes two, no doubt to see what they could pick

up, seeing as how we were just in a convoy the same as we have now in company. Well, we had only two muskets in the hooker, and d—d bad ones they were; but what did that argulfy, my lad, when we had all our harpoons, fish-knives, and other gear of that there sort on board, and were to the full as well accustomed to business in the dark as they were; so we got all them there things on deck, and held ourselves always in readiness, d'ye see, in case they should attempt to harm the old Bounty. 'Twas devilish lucky we did so; for one night they made a most desperate attempt at boarding on us; so we up knives and handled them so 'lustily, that I'll be hanged now, Mahoney, if I doesn't think we did more execution with them than we could have done with gunpowder.—Why, man, old Bluff, our skipper, got a power of money from the owners for that there job; and they also gave us all, man and boy, a jolly good dinner, with grog to the mast-head, my boy, and a whole silver crown a-head to boot—so that it wasn't such a bad night's work—wasn't it, eh?"

"Oh, in faith and it was pretty fairish, Tom," cried Dennis; "'twill be long, however, before you make such a good night's work here, honey.—Ay, darling, so I'm in for this same night-fighting again?—well, by the hookey, I never liked it, gragh, for I always thought it were something like blind-folding a fellow, and then giving him the challenge for the first tip of a shillelah.—Soul of me, (*scratching his head*,) but after all, I've always my own blessed luck—I mane, sure, I'm never out of a good thing, if there's anything to do at all at all.—Well, well, Dennis, you can go down but once; so the devil fly away with all cowardly considerations; for, as old Slushyfists sings, when he's malty,—

A fig for thinking, boys, when you're drinking, boys,

And all coward melancholy!—

Stick to drinking, boys, when you're sinking, boys,

Then you'll go down blithe and jolly!"

And with this very objectionable, though truly characteristic stave, we shall close the conversation.

The convoy soon found that Bird's remarks were true to a letter; but such was the care and vigilance of the Commodore and other commanders, in ma-

king the convoy lie very close together, and keeping their whole boats rowing guard around them during the night, that though the Danes made generally a nightly desperate sweep or two athwart channel, yet they always found the convoy so compactly formed and so vigilantly guarded, that for many nights nothing occurred, if we except the alarm necessarily created among the merchantmen as the desperadoes pushed their way through the fleet in four or five places at once. In this irksome manner, however, they continued to be nightly harassed by a vigilant and intrepid enemy; but still nothing worthy of notice occurred until they had passed the island of Alsen, and lay between those of Arroe and Slesvig, which may be called the mouth of the Baltic. Here the channel widening considerably, neither persuasions nor threats could induce the merchantmen to lie so close together as they had hitherto done, and the guard-boats having thus a much larger circle to describe, and to row against a current which ran here at the rate of from two and a half to three miles an hour, were necessarily farther separated from one another. This the watchful Dane speedily observed, and resolved to avail himself of. Making choice, therefore, of an exceeding dark and foggy night, and choosing the hour of midnight when he knew the crews of the guard-boats were getting their relief, he made a desperate dash into the fleet with a numerous flotilla of open boats from both sides of the channel, when such an uproar commenced amongst the merchantmen as beggars all description. Guns, muskets, pistols, flash-pans, blue-lights, and devils, were roaring and blazing amongst them as far as could be seen in all directions, whilst the air resounded with the shouts and cries of turmoil and desperation.

Captain Switchem and his officers were immediately on deck, and for a space were exceedingly puzzled in what manner to act. This irresolution, however, was only for a moment; for with his usual decision, Captain Switchem, addressing his second in command, said, "I really think, *Fyke*, we should weigh directly. The alarm appears to be so general, that I'm certain the attack must be more than usually formidable—besides you'll remark the hour is exceedingly well chosen. Of

course to man the boats is absurd, since they could be of no effective use. Get in the boats, therefore, as fast as you can, and let us have the anchor up without a moment's delay. I'm certain some of the convoy must be adrift ere now, and will need our assistance. Don't you think so?"

"I agree with you entirely, sir," replied Lieutenant *Fyke*, "and shall fly to execute your orders." Then coming forward, he cried, "Boatswain's-mate, turn up every soul on deck directly. Hook on the boat tackle-falls. Forward there, bring to the small bower cable!—Come, jump, my lads, and man the capstan;—cheerily, now, and away with her!—D—n that piping blockhead—we want no whiffing at midnight—put your life in your bosom, you scoundrel, and clap your arms to the bars. Fore and maintops there, cast loose the topsails! Fore-castle there, is the jib ready?—Haul off all! Well done, my lads, very well done indeed; come, cheerily, my hearts, another tug and away she goes. That will do, my boys, belay, belay! By my honour, Captain, (*coming aft*.) we've just been fifteen minutes.—Now, sir, pray how d'ye mean to steer?"

"Thwart and thwart channel, most undoubtedly, *Fyke*," replied the Captain; "because it strikes me that if they've succeeded in boarding any of the convoy, which, however, I have very small doubts of, the current will carry her down a considerable way, I should think, ere they can overcome the crew and make sail. If we fail in this, we can then stand up along shore on both sides as close in as our own safety will admit of. By that time I think it will be about day break, when, if nothing has happened, we can easily resume our station, you know."

"We'll require a good hand in both chains in that case," said Lieutenant *Fyke*.

"Oh, of course, you know, *Fyke*; and particularly when we stand in," replied Captain Switchem. "Order two of our best to hold themselves in readiness."

"I shall, sir.—Boatswain's-mate, send the Captain of the foretop this way."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried Bird. "Captain of the foretop! d'ye hear there, you Sinclair? you're wanted on the quarter-deck."

"Oh, Sinclair," said Lieutenant

Fyke, "pick out two of your best leadsmen, and let them be ready when called for. Harkye, Sinclair, you had better have four—'twill be a relief, you know, for 'tis a cursed cold morning." "Ay, ay, sir," replied Sinclair, going forward.

The Tottumfog now continued to pursue the track pointed out by her Captain, without meeting anything worthy of notice; but as soon as daylight appeared, a large brig was discovered to be on shore, a little to the northward of Slesvig, which the Danes were pillaging with infinite alacrity. Captain Switchem immediately stood away to her assistance, but soon discovered by the depth of water, that he could only near her enough to bring her within the range of his guns. He therefore lost not a moment in placing the Tottumfog's broadside to the shore, and immediately gave the marauders such repeated volleys of round and grape as speedily made them fly in all directions, at the same time telegraphing the Commodore for further orders. This was answered by the arrival of the frigate's launch, and all her larger boats, crowded with men, and headed by a junior Lieutenant, with the Commodore's orders to desist firing, as the vessel might be injured by the shot, and as he was determined to try to pull her off. Captain Switchem immediately manned his large and small cutters, and being joined by the largest boats of the gun-brigs, the whole advanced to the captured brig with the utmost swiftness and intrepidity, covered by the fire of the Tottumfog.

As, for the sake of connexion, we have here allowed one part of our narrative to run a little a-head, we must turn back for a moment to see what was going on ashore, since it may easily be imagined that the Danes, during all this time, were not idle. The beach on which they had stranded the vessel, was a fine, open, white, sandy plain, which rising gradually from the water's edge, terminated in a little knoll, beautifully verdant, and variegated here and there with patches of dwarf birch and sweet-scented brushwood. A windmill in full action occupied a conspicuous place in front, and a little farther to the southward, the leaden-coloured wooden steeple of Slesvig showed its vane above a grove

of lofty fir and pine-trees. On such an unsheltered and whitened beach, it was easy for the Tottumfog's ship's company, now stationed at quarters, to observe, whilst the boats were collecting, the armed inhabitants coming pouring down in hundreds to the water's edge, and the four-horse field-artillery making for the same quarter in full gallop. These latter speedily chose stations for their six-pounders; and long before the boats left the Tottumfog, stood ready to give them a warm reception.

"By mine honour, I can assure you, Fyke," exclaimed Captain Switchem, attentively examining the proceedings on shore, "this affair is assuming a more formidable appearance than I had the smallest idea of. Gracious heaven, what a quantity of people, and all armed too! Oh, they'll never tow her off in the face of such a force in this world. I think we must haul farther in if possible, Fyke, else these fellows will dash the boats into splinters in a twinkling.—Chains, there, what water have we, my lads?"

"Deep eight half nine, sir, and the flood setting in," answered the leadsmen.

"Ah, well said, my good fellow, that is excellent," said the Captain; "but pray, how d'ye know the flood is making?"

"Please your honour," answered the leadsmen, touching his long bushy forelocks, "because about ten minutes gone I hove—"

"Ah, well," interrupted the Captain eagerly, "and what had you then, my lad?"

"The mark seven, please your honour," cried the leadsmen.

"Oh, a very good reason indeed, my lad," said the Captain. "D'ye hear what he says, Fyke—By the by, d'ye recollect how many feet we draw?"

"Eighteen, sir," answered the first Lieutenant; "but I don't think it would be prudent to work her guns under at least twenty-four."

"Well, supposing you say thirty, still that would near us considerably, and bring these fellows completely within our range. Come, my dear Fyke, you must see about it directly, for I see the boats are nearly ready to push off; and harkye, don't you think it would be as well, in case of accidents, to clap a spring on her?"

"I'm certain it would—and I will see it done directly, sir," answered the first Lieutenant.

The Tottumfog was accordingly hauled in until the leadsman sung out, "*By the mark five*,"—when she was immediately hove round on her broadside, and the boats pushed off, as we have already said, and made for the stranded brig with all the dispatch the rowers could exert, covered by the guns of the Tottumfog, now solely directed on the artillery on shore.

Though the shot from the Tottumfog produced a wonderful confusion on the beach amongst the people, yet excepting now and then a single gun, the Danes took no farther notice of her, evidently reserving themselves for the approaching boats;—which had no sooner reached a given length, than they opened a most galling and tremendous fire upon them, of round and cannister, aided by a powerful and unceasing fire of musketry. Though the fight was evidently notoriously unequal, and not a single hope could be expressed as to its successful issue, yet did our gallant tars push on despite of all opposition—gain the brig—set all the sails the rapacity of the enemy had left on the yards—made fast the tow-ropes—and while the shot showered around him, the Commodore's Lieutenant gallantly seized the tiller, kept a few hands by him to trim her sails aback, and sent the main body in the boats to strain every nerve to drag her once more afloat. Their zeal, their courage, their strength, all was unavailing—in fact, to keep men at such a hopeless undertaking was complete butchery; the unfortunate Lieutenant was speedily seen to drop dead from the tiller, whilst in the act of cheering the rowers—many shots had struck the boats, the crews of which, from their exposed situation, were evidently thinning fast in their numbers—when at last a signal from the Commodore gave the recal. This the people in the boats gladly availed themselves of; and without bestowing a single thought on their comrades left on board the stranded vessel, they anxiously and eagerly sought shelter under the lee of the Tottumfog, which still continued to blaze away upon the shore and its inhabitants. The Commodore now hoisted the signal to burn and destroy with shot the object of contention, himself standing in with

the two gun-brigs to aid in the work of destruction. The conduct of this affair was committed at his own desire to Lieutenant Fyke, who having chosen five volunteers, (amongst whom were our hero and his inseparable friend Dennis,) out of as many score who were willing to follow him, and loaded the gig with pitch, tar, rosin, oakum, gunpowder, and other combustibles, gallantly pushed off towards the devoted vessel, which they instantly boarded in the midst of a heavy fire of cannon and musketry from the shore. Not an instant was lost in preparing her for destruction both fore and aft; and having seen her properly kindled into flame in all her divisions, they once more embarked, taking with them three of their deserted companions who still survived, and pushing through a very heavy shower of all descriptions of shot, which killed two of the very men whom they had just relieved, they once more gained the lee side of the Tottumfog. To save or utterly destroy the object of their quarrel became now the primary object of the contending parties. The Tottumfog had by this time made herself so completely obnoxious to the enemy, that against her, in the first instance, they levelled their whole artillery, and in fact got her so completely under their eye that their every shot told; so that after sustaining numerous shots betwixt wind and water, and having her rigging and sails most terribly cut up, not to mention a respectable number of killed and wounded, she was compelled to sheer off,—not, however, before she had levelled the wind-mill, (which fell to the music of a British cheer,) and repeatedly forced the enemy to fly their guns. The gun-brigs were soon compelled to follow her example, and the Commodore was now left to finish what had been so gallantly begun. He made his long eighteens tell so smartly about their ears, while, as he lay at a greater distance, they could make little or nothing of him, that at last discovering the flames making their appearance in various parts of the object of their wishes, they desisted from farther hostility. The Commodore followed their example, but still kept his station; and it was only after darkness had covered the earth, and when the flickering flames showed the enemy in their boats vainly attempting to

get the fire under, that he fired another shot. At length, about seven o'clock in the evening, the flames got the complete ascendant, and arose to the heavens in a grand, a vivid, and an elevated column—the sails and rigging went to nothing in a moment—the masts staggered and sank into the devouring element for ever—when, to finish the whole in superb style, the fire at length caught what appeared to be gunpowder—for a tremendous explosion took place, which, rending the remaining portion of the vessel in pieces, sent the flaming fragments into the air with the velocity of rockets, where, fizzing, and sparkling, and flaming, at an immense height, like so many beautiful fireworks, they at length fell into the water, and all was sudden darkness.

As soon as the vessels of war had in some measure repaired their rigging, and consigned their dead to the deep, the convoy once more got under way, and proceeded without further molestation to the point of separation, which the Commodore announced by signal. It seemed to have a joyful sound that thrice-repeated gun; for it was truly astonishing to see, no longer restrained by naval discipline, how zealously they improved the hour of their emancipation—how smartly this final signal was obeyed—and in how short a time this crowded multitude of vessels dispersed themselves.

Now fairly rid of his troublesome charge, the Commodore, after waiting until they were all fairly out of sight, bethought him of his companions of the guard, and therefore hove out another signal, requiring them to repair without delay on board the frigate. He then thanked them generally in very polite terms for the able assistance they had rendered him, and declared that their duty was now at an end, and that he was empowered to say they were all at liberty to return to their respective stations.—Then addressing himself particularly to Captain Switchem, he said, “As for you, Captain, I want words to express my admiration of your masterly conduct; for I solemnly declare to you, that while I’ve been in the service, and I’m not a man of yesterday, I never saw a vessel better worked, or

keep up a steadier or closer fire. I beg you will convey my thanks to your officers and whole ship’s company—I have noted them down very particularly in my letter to the Admiral, I assure you—for it is but truth to say that they are truly excellent.—I am now going to ask you a favour which I hope you will grant me. I cruize in the Baltic here until I am relieved by a vessel of the same or a superior force. Now as in the present unhappy state of our squadron, two of whom have gone down under peculiarly distressing circumstances,* this may be for an indefinite period; and as I am certain, from the crippled state of your vessel, you will be ordered for England, I would feel obliged if you would be so good as take charge of our letter-bag, which shall be made up for you before you go, and also that you will be the bearer of this my dispatch to the Admiral in Wingo Sound, which, I assure you all, gentlemen, contains nothing but what I was bound in honour, as a gentleman and an officer, to say, and which, if properly forwarded, will be no hinderance, I am certain; to your future speedy advancement.”

—The Commodore then regaled his friends in the handsomest manner, delivered his letters and dispatch to Captain Switchem, and after shaking them all heartily by the hand, and wishing them a prosperous cruize and good health, the meeting broke up.

As soon as Captain Switchem came on board, he summoned all hands on the quarter-deck, and addressed them in a very short but sweet little speech, which, for the first time since he came on board, Edward observed, was adorned with the imitation of a smile. For the first time, also, he gave all hands the highest praise; and declaring, that he was determined to show them how well he was pleased, he gave them the rest of the day to themselves, ordered a double allowance of grog, and with his usual show of teeth while he pronounced his *Be merry, but be wise*, he retired to his cabin. We need hardly add, that in the jollities that immediately afterwards followed was a powerful salvo for every previous sore.

Next morning after breakfast the Tottumfog got under way for Wingo Sound, where after a stay of a few days

*The St George, 98, and Defence, 74, lost in the same gale off Jutland.—B. T.

refitting and watering, she was ordered for England; and after a tedious passage, occasioned by her crippled state, she arrived all safe at Sheerness, from whence she was ordered up the Medway to Chatham, and finally lashed alongside the hulk Vanderkleister,

directly in front of the Dock Yard stairs. Captain Switchem immediately set off for London, leaving his ship's company in a state of temporary repose which had long been unknown to them, and during the continuance of which we shall conclude this chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Farewell to the North, and its loud roaring seas!
 Farewell to the North, and its ice and its snow!
 For, bless'd with a steady and stiff-blowing breeze,
 To the Emerald Isle through the waters I go!—
 But where I go next, why it's more than I know;
 To the word that is pass'd, zounds, I mustn't say nay;
 But with heart, hand, and soul, must still cheerily bow,
 For 'tis his to command, and 'tis mine to obey.

MANY days had not elapsed after the departure of their Commander, before the powder-boat came alongside, accompanied by a lighter to carry off their ammunition, guns, and gunner's stores; this was followed by an order from the Dock Yard, to carry ashore their sails, rigging, and cables; and by another from the Victualling Office for the Purser's stores;—the water casks and tonnage followed; and some days before Captain Switchem's return, the Tottumfog's flag had been hauled down, and herself reduced to a complete sheer-hulk. Assembling his late ship's company on the quarter-deck of the hulk, he acquainted them that the Tottumfog was going into dock to be completely overhauled, and that, of course, it would be a very long time ere she was again ready for sea;—that it had pleased the Lords of Admiralty, to grant him the command of a frigate on a new station; and that as they could not expect that their King and Country was to keep them in the river doing nothing, when hands were so much wanted, he had come from London with the power to say, that those who still wished to go along with him might do so, while the remainder would be sent down in the tender, to the guard-ship at the Nore, there to be disposed of as the Admiral should see proper. He rather expected, however, that this last alternative might be spared, for he earnestly wished and hoped, that man and boy they would all go along with him.

We need hardly add, that his speech was received with three cheers, and that the whole volunteered.

"I thank you, my lads," said the Captain, apparently highly gratified, "for the frankness and unanimity of your choice, for with me it is an unequivocal mark of your confidence and esteem—and depend upon it, I shall be more studious than ever, in consulting your best interests and individual welfare. We all know something now of one another, and it would have been a very great pity indeed had we had to part. The frigate, I understand, goes alongside of the mast-hulk to-day, and if that is really the case, you may expect her down this afternoon; meantime you can employ yourselves very efficiently in making and preparing a number of little matters, that will be of great use to us in rigging her out—all of which Mr Marlin can explain to you better than I can. I am now done; I will see you all again to-morrow; when it shall be my pride, as it is my duty, to hoist the Tottumfog's well-worn standard on board of our new vessel, in the eyes of all my old ship's company.—Boatswain's-mate, pipe down."

Then calling Mr Marlin to him, and giving him some instructions, he stepped over the side, accompanied by his first Lieutenant, to the music of reiterated cheering.

The hulk now presented a picture of naval industry, as pleasant as it was highly unique. On going down to her main deck, cleared as it was of guns and all other incumbrances, one might have supposed they were entering an immense workshop, crowded with workmen in full employ, while

the hum of tongues and the long loud laugh, which here and there saluted the ear, gave an animation to the scene wholly indescribable;—for on this deck all those whose services were not required in the Dock Yard were busily at work, doing something or other, according to their respective abilities. In one part, might be seen joiners and carpenters at their benches, with armourers repairing and cleaning fire-arms;—in another, sail-makers and tailors busily driving the needle; in a third, sat a numerous and happy knot of topmen, stroping and sizing blocks, working reef-points, gaskets, mats, and sennet;—in a fourth, were the gunner's crew similarly employed, and also making wads, and cheesing them;—while here and there over all the deck, sat numerous circles of landsmen variously employed—making brooms, knotting yarns, spinning foxes, or smuggling a game at cards. All were apparently busy, and while the joke and the jeer was bandied from one to the other, peals of laughter and the merry chant resounded from every corner. The most prominent subject of conversation, however, turned on the news of the morning—the volunteering, and the new frigate.

“I'll be hanged, boys,” cried Dick Brown, the gunner's mate, “but the skipper's gone a-shore to-day as proud's he'd got a pea in his ——; and no wonder, i' faith, after all, for it aint every one that can boast of their whole ship's company going cheerily along with them. But, I say, wasn't it vastly funny to see how comically he twisted his ill-coloured mug, when he saw old Lyson there, waving his little Queen Anne in the air, and bawling for all the world as thof he d been crazy? D—n me, but I never heard the old 'un make such a noise before—a Congreve rocket was nothing to it. It pleased the skipper, though, to a nicety; and I'll warrant, mates, he meant yon queer faces he made for a very hearty laugh; and no doubt 'twas because he saw the old blade so rampagious and merry.”

“Belay, belay, if you please, Dick,” growled Bill Lyson, “you're carrying the rig rather a little too far, my hearty.”

“What, Bill,” interrogated the laughter-loving Brown, “wilt deny, lad, the making on a most thundering noise when you volunteered, whilst

your little barber's bason of a hat all the while spun round your head like a whirligig?”

“No, I don't deny it, Dick, nor have I any occasion,” cried Bill Lyson; “but I do deny making such a bawling goose of myself as you would have me. I cheered, to be sure, and you did the same—what then?—I thought 'twas no more than time, when every puppy-whelp on board was yowling.”

“Oho!—kegg'd—kegg'd already, by all that's marvellous,” cried Brown, in a roar;—“why, dang it, I'd no idea I'd struck fire out of the old flint so smartly.”

“Bah, bah! truce with your ragging, Dick,” said Lyson, peevishly, “I'm not in the humour at all, at present;” and so saying the old man arose, and to the infinite triumph of Brown, went slowly on deck.

“Now, soul of me, Brown, but you're a most provoking, teasing rascal,” cried Dennis, “to go for to tear the poor old man's good-nature in pieces, in that there lousy manner. By the powers, now, but there isn't a better truer heart in this ould hulk than he is; I'm certain, Brown, you knows that—and 'tis a shame on you to tease him so cruelly. But I knows the reason as why you makes choice of he for your wit to slap at—shall I out with it?—faith and troth will I—why, then, you knows he's as ould as your father—so you've nothing to fear, spake what you will—and then you knows he's a little hot in the temper, and liable to show off at times, ridiculous and laughable enough, I must own—and that makes you laugh of course—and that there's all you want, so you gets your laugh out. Och, och, shame on you, I say, darling.—Now, what although the old boy did roar, dear, ay, and roar like a bull as you say, what the devil was it yours or any one's business?—Soul of me, Dick, to my ear, you were playing a pretty good stick at that there roaring-match yourself, honey; and thof, thinking mayhap 'twas the way to promotion, I gave all the mouth to it I could, hang me if the ever a nearer I got to you. Why, my darling, you bawled and roared all as one as thof 'twere one of your own guns; and it's a truth I spake, mates, that d—n me, but Mr Fyke was glad to plug up his ears as soon as Brown's sheevoy began.”

"Come, come, Mahoney, we wants none of your cheek," said Brown, surily, "we've had far too much on't already. You had better sing dumb, lad, or——"

"Or what now, Dick?" cried the lively Dennis, interrupting him.

"Why, something," said Brown, doggedly, "you'll probably not relish very well."

"Not from you, Dick Brown, not from you, my lad," cried Dennis; "you're not the boy so able as all that comes to."

"Say you are not sure," said Brown.

"Soul of me, but I am though," cried Dennis; "and I'll convince you of that just now, or to-morrow, or any time, or any place you like, my darling. When does it please you, honey?"

"Get out, mate, get out, I want nothing to say to you," said Brown; "you know well how I'm situated—you know I'd gain nothing by it, but the loss of my rating—else you wouldn't prate so boldly, my saucy Jack."

"Hen! hen!" bawled the listeners, with shouts of laughter.

Brown, like many other wits, did not relish being laughed at; he therefore growled out a few indistinct expressions, and withdrew to the other end of the deck. The conversation then took a more amicable turn.

"I wonder what they calls this here frigate as comes down, Sykes—have you heard yet?" said a topman.

"Not I, matey," replied Jack;—"but it's likely we'll hear all the news, as soon as the Dock-Yarders come on board to dinner."

"Dang it," continued the other, "I hopes she'll have a better un than the old hooker as lies outside there—for I were always ashamed to hail for her."

"As why, my lad?" inquired Sykes, smiling.

"Why really, Jack, I doesn't know rightly;—but—but there was a some'at so cursedly silly about her name, that somehow or other I were always ashamed on't."

"I'm sure, old ship," said Sykes, "if you were ashamed of hailing for her, it's more than I ever was. She's a glorious sea-boat there where she lies; and has more than once shown, that she can breast a gale with any hooker of her size in the fleet. I wish

for my part we may have as good luck in this same frigate they talks on."

"Dear, dear, how you mistakes I, Sykes," cried the topman; "why, man, I wern't saying a word as to the hooker herself—she's all well enough. 'Twas her name I were talking of, mate—'tis such a rum one, you can't think."

"Oh, I understand you now, my lad," said Sykes;—" 'tis the calling on her the Tottumfog you mean, you wag. Why, 'tis a queer oddish enough name, that's certain; and I recollect I laughed and jeered at it as hearty as any one when I first heard it.—But I don't know, somehow or other the fun of it soon went to bed, and my ears got quite accustomed to it."

"Well, Sykes, that's more than ever I could say, and I came on board with Ned Davies, there—By the by, Ned, how long is't since we came on board the Tott—Tottum—d—n such a name—the what-d'ye-callum of a hooker as lies outside there? You remember there were forty of us drafted from the Namur that morning."

"Why, Jem," cried our hero, "'twill be two years come the month of June or July."

"Well, old ship," cried the topman, resuming, "I thought her name a foolish one at that time, and hang me if I don't think it so yet. D'ye know what it means, Sykes? or is it, like all other names, with never a meaning at all?"

"I suppose so, matey," replied Sykes; "but there's your own name, for instance, can you tell me what it means?"

"Handlane, Handlane—no, not I, i'faith," cried the topman, laughing; "and I'll tell you what, I'll bet you a pint of grog, you can't tell me the meaning of your own."

"Not I, 'pon my soul, matey," said Sykes, "I wouldn't attempt it. If it ever had any meaning in it, other than that they called my dad the same before I were born, 'tis more, I must say, than I ever heard on."

They were here interrupted by an unusual shouting, accompanied by the report of a musket or two; and this was enough to bring busier men than the Tottumfog's on deck in a twinkling. Edward and Dennis were amongst the first that gained that end of the hulk whence the shouting proceeded, and the curiosity of all hands was not

a little excited, when they beheld a young fellow swimming in the river, at whom the marine sentries of a convict-hulk, a little below them, were firing as fast as they could load their pieces. To elude their shot, the swimmer dived like a duck, but still rose and made for the opposite bank of the river. On any other ground, he would undoubtedly have cost his jailors a run for it at the least, having all the appearance of a stout, muscular, agile young man; but, in his hurry to gain a footing, he took the ground rather too soon, sunk in the mud, and there he stuck fast. He made every effort that despair or desperation could suggest in vain—every struggle only tended to rivet his limbs the faster, and sink him the deeper. Turning his face, therefore, to his old prison, and brandishing his clenched fists in the air, he cried, “Fire away now, you red-backed rascals; fire away now as long as you like, and be d—d to you!—Here I stand like a target for you, you villains, with a stouter pair of darbies on me than you have in all your possession. Fire away, I tell you, scoundrels—fire away, and let me die!”—This was a mode of going out of the world, however, to which apparently he had no claim, as no attention was paid to his request. The convict-hulk’s boat had indeed been hauled up to the gangway, and six or eight grim-looking fellows had already leapt into her, for the purpose of following him; but when they saw he was fast, they very coolly left the boat at the command of an elderly gentleman, and left the poor wretch standing there, although the tide was running down, and leaving him fast. In truth, it was a singular, but a very severe punishment. When the tide left him, there stood the poor convict, completely exhausted, and firmly imbedded beyond the middle in the thick strong mud; and there he was allowed to stand, seemingly perfectly unnoticed, until the returning tide was rippling against his

outstretched neck, when the boat was sent out, and took him on board again.

“By the bright eye of Ireland,” cried Dennis, “if I think, Ned, that there fellow will cut his stick in a hurry again. Soul of me, but he has this day got a bathing-bout, sure, might last him out and out for a twelvemonth to come at the least, honey.”

“Oh, never fear, Denny,” said Edward, “that he’ll have the least chance, even although he were willing to make another trial:—they’ll prevent that, matey. I’ve little doubt on’t, but ere an hour goes by, he’ll have the double-deckers* gracing his ancles as well as the darbies; and I don’t see how he could leap with them, far less swim.”

“Ay, as you say, honey,” cried Dennis; “but, och! isn’t it a pity, after all now, but the poor fellow could have tipped them the double, Ned? Soul of me, boy, but I’d gloried in’t; for I’ve never a doubt at all at all, but them there overseer-chaps they’ve got—I mane these ugly monsters you see with them in the Dockyard, armed with huge shilelahs—are a mean, lousy, rascally set. Then he was such a fine, spirited, clean-heeled sort of a joker—By St Patrick! boy, but I’ll be bound to say that yon fellow was steel to the back-bone, and had excellent pluck.—But, ubbaboo, if here isn’t our new customer, Ned, coming down the river, as brave and saucy as a new doubloon. By the powers, now, but she’s a good-looking hooker; I wonder what her name is, or where the devil she’s to carry us. I’ll go anywhere with pleasure, but the cursed cowl, disagreeable station we came from.”

“Cursed, or not cursed, Denny,” said Edward, “you must just go back again if you’re ordered.—But, zounds, lad, you’re certainly crazy; that never can be the hooker meant for us, man; she’s far too large—I’ll warrant that’s a sixty gun ship.”

“And I’ll bet you my ears, Ned, she’s ne’er such a thing,” cried Dennis. “Crazy, honey!—faith and troth,

* A most excellent invention for rubbing down the skittish or the refractory spirits of this enlightened age. The *double-deckers* may be administered in many ways. The best, and by far the most efficient we have seen, consists of two square billets of good old oak, each weighing 10 or 12 lbs., to both of which is fastened a stout quarter-inch chain, ending in the usual ring for the ancles. They are put on at discretion, either with rivet or padlock. The chain must be of a sufficient length to enable the culprit, in going or returning from labour, to take up his *double-deckers* under each elbow, and so walk on with them.—BILL TRUCK.

darling; and if it weren't, you might think it unkind, I could chuck back your words on you in a jiffey!—And so you think that can't be her?—Now, I'll tell you what it is, Ned, if that isn't her, then my daylights have got into my pocket, dear, that's all; for look you, honey, to say the never a lucky word more on the subject, doesn't see the sharp cut-water of the skipper standing on the quarter-deck yonder, sure, and my own darling of an officer, Lieutenant Fyke, cheek for jowl beside him?—Doesn't see that, darling?—Aha, Ned, you're completely in the basket, that's all, boy!”

“In truth, Denny,” cried Edward, “I was so taken up with that desperate fellow that leaped from the prison-hulk, that I never thought of looking to her quarter-deck; I see both the Captain and Mr Fyke—she certainly is a beautiful vessel. Zounds, we'll have plenty of room to lark now, my heart.”

“The devil a bit,” cried Dennis; “no, honey, not one half so much as you'd imagine. Recollect what a devilish sight of more hands we'll need; and then you will always remember, that if there is any great matteration of room, after all that is set aside, why, the officers and sodgers will keep it all to themselves. But here she comes, good luck to her!—Soul of me, but she comes on just like a beautiful water-bird, as thof she were saying, Dennis, my jewel, just look at me!—But where the blazes are they going to bring her up?—Och, by the powers, Ned, let us jump below; for here they both come in that there boat, and will board us directly.”

They were hardly below, when they heard the first Lieutenant bawl out for the boatswain's-mate, and saw Tom Bird scamper on deck. He soon came below again, and bawled out, “D'ye hear there, fore and aft? if any on ye have anything on board the old hooker you wouldn't wish to lose, go on board directly and bring it with you. Half an hour will be allowed you for this purpose; after which you will be too late, as the old un's to be then cast loose for going into dock, and to surrender her place to the gallant frigate Bounce, Henry Switchem, squire, Captain. Amen—Oyes, oyes!—God save the King! and all that.—Come, d'ye hear there, all on ye? jump, my hearts, and let's see how many mouldy dollars

you'll knife out of her seams.—Lord, Lord! what a pity 'tis we've lost old Gibby—how I'd gloried in seeing him disclose his trap-holes. Zounds, now I think on't, does any on ye know his birth? By the foreyard, I'll have a dig at it myself this very minute; for the devil a moment he had for anything of the kind that time's we landed him in Norway.”

But Tom, like many other speculators, was disappointed; and though he was followed by numbers into the Tottumfog, yet it was more for the half hour's recreation than anything they had left behind them. This scrutiny over, the Tottumfog was cast loose, and consigned into the hands of the Dockyard-men, and the frigate made fast in her place. She was what is now called an old-fashioned oak frigate, had undergone a thorough repair, was to be newly rigged and masted, and though rated only a 32-gun ship, was intended to carry 44 guns, with a complement of 260 men. As soon as she was fast, the Captain ordered old Jerry the signalman to bend the Tottumfog's standard on her staff; then assembling all his crew on her quarter-deck, and ordering a flaggon of wine to be placed on the capstan, he filled a glass, and, doffing his Russian cap, exclaimed, “Success to the Bounce! and success to her present ship's company! May she wear the standard about to be unfurled, with as much honour, and as many years, as her crippled predecessor, our old Tottumfog! Signalman, hoist away!”—Up went the standard, bolt went the wine, the drum rolled, the fife and boatswain's pipe screamed, the marines presented arms, and the whole ship's company joined heartily in repeated cheers. After the wine had gone round all the officers, the Captain ordered all hands to knock off for a day; ordered also the main-brace to be spliced, that they might all have it in their power to drink healths also; and went over the side, followed by his second in command, amidst the thundering plaudits of the whole crew.

It is hardly necessary to remind our intelligent readers, that about this time the disputes with the United States of America, founded upon our Orders in Council, were driven to a crisis, and that although these orders were rescinded, so far as America was

concerned, yet it did not hinder Congress from declaring war. To meet this unexpected new enemy on fair ground, was a matter of no small difficulty to a country already engaged, heart and hand, in a mortal grapple with the combined forces of the despot of Europe in the Peninsula, in the Mediterranean, and in Flanders. As America was a maritime state of no trifling importance, both in point of strength and enterprise, the safety of our foreign commerce imperiously called on the legislature of this country for protection, nor did they call in vain; for although, it is true, the Americans appeared first on the ground of warfare, and both their ships of war and privateers obtained a temporary triumph over an unsuspecting and inferior force, yet it was notoriously the presumption of a petulant, thoughtless, forward boy, who vengefully raises his arm against his parent, and is severely punished and whipped for his impertinence. Britain rose with redoubled energy as her perils increased; and such was her industry and activity, that in an astonishing short period of time, she swept the American cruizers from the seas, and blockaded all their principal ports. Of course, it need not be doubted, that the greatest bustle pervaded every Dockyard in the kingdom; the workmen were at it night and day; a small armament, hastily provided for the defence of our commerce, was as hastily dispatched across the Atlantic, to stem the torrent, till a more efficient force could be got ready; and amongst others which were hurrying for that station, may be mentioned his Majesty's frigate *Bounce*.

Compelled now to be on the alert, therefore, we will not stop to narrate the minutiae of fitting out, nor attempt to describe how smartly and sedulously all hands were employed from dawn until dusk—how the *Tottumfog's* crew went to the Dockyard in a body, and got every farthing paid them that was due; and how, of course, the frigate and hulk for several days was a scene of disorder, riot, and misrule; how, order being restored, her complement of men was completed, partly by drafts from the Guard-ship at the Nore, and partly by sweeping the river and jails of the metropolis; how, by the end of a fortnight, her masts stood on end, “bolt upright,” fully rigged and arrayed; how, in three weeks, after re-

ceiving two months' wages in advance, she fell down to the Nore, where having received her instructions, she almost immediately got under way. All this we humbly beg our readers to suppose in their mind's eye; meaning to skip athwart Channel at once, and to land them and the *Bounce*, at one wide leap, safely and soundly into the snug anchorage of the *Emerald Isle* called *Bearhaven*, where they were to await the assemblage of a small fleet of fruit vessels from various quarters, and convoy them to the *Azores*.

Nothing could exceed the joy of Dennis at the sight once more of his native land; he was all mirth and spirit, and full of the very loquacity of praise. Though his extravagant panegyric was frequently unbounded, and our hero heard him with a patient smile, he still silently thought that much more favourable specimens might have been exhibited of the *Emerald Isle* than the meagre mountainous district which lay before him. In truth, if we except the frequency of military stations and signal-posts, which on every summit met the eye, there was nothing either around *Bearhaven*, or on *Bear Island*, that could strike any person, who was at all familiar with the north of Scotland, or indeed any northern country whatever. The country all around had a wild, rocky, mossy, rude appearance, with here and there patches of turf-covered cottages, whose inside was filthy in the extreme; and cultivation just sufficient to mark that the country was inhabited. The inhabitants, old and young, were both rude and ragged; but of what little they had, they freely and good-humouredly gave a share. Indeed, they are naturally a frank, open-hearted, spirited people; with a ready wit peculiar to the country, and an unconquerable tenacity of opinion, which interference perhaps may bend, but we are confident will never subdue. In short, they are warm friends; and if they are as warm enemies, it is possibly because they have too little to do, and too much leisure to sit and brood over their poverty and misery. It was astonishing to see what vast numbers of idle, dirty, ragged wretches, used to come down the haven in their miserable boats, for no other purpose apparently than to gaze at the frigate. A few of them had a single bottle of whisky for sale, which was

gladly exchanged for flour, biscuit, or old clothes; and it was singular to hear, in the haggling that ensued on these bargain-inakings, how victoriously the Irish would beat off all attempts at superiority; for though many were the attempts to put Paddy down, it was quite unavailing, as he never failed to beat them to silence amidst shouts of involuntary laughter. One fellow inquired of a boatman, whether he had any game-cocks for sale? "No, my dare," replied Pat, "none for sale; but I have a most excellent game pig here."—"What's the price of him?" cried the other.—"Oh! honey, and he isn't for sale either. He was fat, you see, and getting monstraciously discontinued, I just brought him out along with me, to have a stare at you, and take warning."

In a few days, the fruit vessels having all made their appearance, the Bounce got under way, and, leaving Cape Clear behind them, they weresoon in the Atlantic Ocean. It was now that Captain Switchem began sedulously to drill all hands to a familiar and dexterous use of the gun, musket, and cutlass. Of the last he was particularly anxious to have them made adepts, and for that express purpose had been at some pains to procure an expert swordsman, to serve both for the instruction of his officers and crew. As, under this man, we think his scheme of teaching both systematic and simple, and might possibly furnish a hint or two to young commanders, we shall briefly explain it. On any day of the week, when wind and weather permitted, any two men, by going to this teacher, and telling him they wanted a bout of skill at single-stick, (the same as cutlass-play,) upon permission asked and obtained, were immediately furnished with two cane rattans, stuck in wicker handles, and also accommodated with the use of the lee-side of the quarter-deck, where they might thrash away at each other until one or other of them gave in. This was signified in few words, and by delivering up his arms to his conqueror, who now stood champion on the quarter-deck, while his crest-fallen antagonist, by the laws of the game, had immediately to leave the deck; a regulation which pointed out the individual to all hands, and was often found to be the bitterest part of the pill. Besides, as the champion for the time was always particu-

larly noticed by the Captain and his officers, and conferred a sort of minor dignity on the birth where he messed, there were constantly a number of spirited individuals emulous for the office. To be beat out of it was, of course, felt as a personal affront by the whole mess; and it was therefore nothing uncommon for the discomfited wight, as soon as he reached his mess-table, to be questioned as to who had foiled him. To this he would reply, sometimes sulky enough, by giving the champion's name.

"What! Rowley, did you say, matey?" would the interrogator exclaim; "did Rowley make you give in?—My eye, what a shame! to allow a fellow that can't tie a reef-knot to take the shine out of our mess! Hang me, however, if I'll stand that, for one; you may all do as likes you best. I say, matey, does he walk the deck?"

"I believe he does," would be the disconsolate reply.

"Why, then, cheer up, my heart, for I'll have at him, and that in a minute. It's nonsense to swagger, mates—I know well enough that Rowley has a pretty sharp eye, and a smartish turn of his wrists; but what then?—this here I'se be bold to say before the all on ye, that d—n me but he must quilt me also before I will bolt such an affront. So here goes, my mates.

So saying, amid the plaudits of his messmates, away he would march to the main hatchway, on the grating of which lay the captive weapon of his companion. Here he would find the champion pacing backwards and forwards, who, the instant he made his appearance above the deck, tapped him on the head with his weapon. If at this moment his courage failed him, he had only to return to his mess-table, accompanied with a roar of derisive laughter, interlarded with a few elegant epithets which we shall not name; but if otherwise, he had only to say, "Here I come, my lad!" when his opponent would directly walk off to the lee side of the quarter-deck, and there quietly await the onset. This gave the officers time to assemble to windward, when the two would immediately assault each other, and thrash away without intermission; and often, when there existed a secret grudge, without mercy. At these practisings the teacher was generally present, and by his remarks often guided the Cap-

tain or his first Lieutenant in putting a stop to the game. In fact, taken altogether, this method of cutlass-exercise, however harsh it may appear, possessed many advantages; for while it exhibited individual skill and spirit to the officers, it *feelingly* taught the individuals themselves where they were faulty or inferior—gave them a practical knowledge of new feints and cuts—habituated them to coolness, and a watchful eye—and, above all, gave them an excellent opportunity of getting rid of any spleen or secret grudge they might entertain against one another.

In a few weeks, favoured with a fine breeze, they made the island of Fayal, at the entrance of the spacious roadstead of which the Bounce stood off and on, while part of her convoy went in and anchored. It has always been our opinion, that the inmate of a man-of-war must be by necessity a very poor land-traveller, even when possessed of every advantage; and, of course, we decline saying a word of this otherwise delightful island—its beautiful harbour—the gaudiness and imposing appearance of its numerous religious white-painted wooden houses, or the striking contrast afforded by the rich and clustering verdure of the foliage which commonly embowers the also white-washed villas and cottages of the town—all this may be found, in all its minutiae, in the pages of any of our numerous voyage-mongers—so let it pass. After seeing a part of her convoy safely disposed of, the Bounce now bore away for the neighbouring island of St Michaels, and let go her anchor under the town, all well. This island the British consul had made choice of for his residence, and as it was on that account the principal wine and fruit mart of the Azores, the duty of the Bounce, regarding the remainder of her convoy, was at an end. Whatever supplies she wanted, therefore, were readily complied with, but Mr Reed complained grievously of the havoc which had been made amongst the vessels frequenting the island, by the active vigilance of the American privateers. Of two, he spoke with peculiar virulence for their effrontery and boldness—roundly expressed his fears for the homeward-bound Indiamen—and minutely described the more prominent shapes and various disguises they commonly assumed. Captain Switchem

assured him he would certainly run down the islands in quest of them, and after a mutual interchange of civilities took place they parted. The Bounce accordingly sailed next morning, and stood in for the coast of Africa. They made Madeira on the evening of a beautiful day, and as the sun had gone down while they were approaching the place of anchorage, they were suddenly saluted with a shot from an old crazy fort in front of the town of Funchal, which, however, was not paid the smallest attention to. Immediately, however, this shot was followed by several others, one of which whizzed so closely over the masts of the Bounce, as completely to arouse the captain's choler. Ordering a boat to be lowered and manned, he bawled out to Lieutenant Doeboy from the gangway, "Tell the commandant of the fort from me, Mr Doeboy, that it is not customary for British officers to be fired at with impunity, and if he dares to send me another shot, I will lay my ship alongside of him, and bring his fort about his ears in a trice." The boat speedily returned with a note for the captain, who, after seeing his vessel safely at anchor, went immediately on shore himself.

Next morning, as soon as duty would permit, a numerous party of land-gazers assembled on the fore-castle.

"I say, matey," asked a simpleton, "aint that there the place where all the vine we drinks comes from?"

"To be sure and it is," was the answer; "by the hookey, boy, wert snug ashore there, thee'd get a skinful, almost for the drinking on't."

"That be d——d for a fudge," echoed a third; "at least I must say 'twas never my good luck to get such a blow-out as you speaks on in that there way, and I've been ashore here often and often. On the contrary, mates, I always found it quite the reverse, and whenever I'd occasion to freshen hawse in that there town as lies under the hill yonder, I knows devilish well I'd obliged to table my shiners all as one as in England. Bless your souls, lads, 'tis allowed by every one who knows anything of the matter to be a monstrous dear hole, and it's so full of Jews, and your d——d Scotch and Irish sharking rascals, as you can't think. These fellows are sure to pick up their crumbs wherever they go, and

where the devil won't you find 'em? For my part, I think the old saying as true as the Prayer Book, when it says, that your Scotch and Newcastle grindstones——"

"Now just haud ye there, Joseph Aitkins," cried a Scotch smacksman, interrupting the last speaker, "for my certy ye're just far enough. Hae you the cheek to stand up before me and say, that a' the Scotch folk are sharking rascals, sir?"

"Mayhap I have, mate—and what then?"

"What then, sir—what then did ye say?" cried the kindling Scot, "why just that ye're a liar, a muckle foul-mouthed liar, wha's filthy tongue wad be nane the waur o' a gude scraping. That's just what then, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha! d'ye hear that now, mates?" cried the seaman, laughing; "may I die but I did but barely mention the Scotch, and here is Watty Nettlestang like a red-hot shot ready to skuttle me. Come, come, my red-cheeked canny laddie, don't go to be foolish now; for if I did hook in the careful folks of your calf country, I at least knew that you were out on't."

"Out on't or in on't, sir, ye suld aye speak the truth," cried the Scotsman, with animation, "and no be gaun to compare ane's kith and kin wi' the only creatures wha are under the ban o' the Almighty."

"Oh, ho!" rejoined the smiling Atkins, "then if I understand you aright, mate, the Jews and the Irish are sent to Coventry.—D—n me, but that's something new, however."

"I did not say so, Joseph," answered Nettlestang; "so ye needna tak me up before I fa'. It's weel kent the Irish are our ain folk, and just as good, if no better, than ony o' us—and it's as weel kent by the hail o' us what the Jews are—a parcel o' cheating neer-do-weels."

"Glory, my heart of oak, and give us your flipper," shoved in a turbulent Irishman named Barney Donelly, coming forward and shaking Nettlestang heartily by the hand. "By the powers of war, but I honour you now, and the country that bore you! As for Joe Atkins, honey, you need not mind him, nor the never a morsel he spakes—I know him of old, dear—he's real Sussex bang you must know, of the real stockfish kidney I mane—that is good for the devil a cross at all at

all, until it gets a hearty drubbing. So if your so minded, boy, and he goes on to be after comparing any longer our ould fathers, and brothers, and cousins, and all that, to your rascally Jews and other ugly creatures, why up fist and down with him. As sure as my name's Donelly I'll back you with all my soul—for I loves the good people at home as well as yourself, ay and ould Ireland to boot, honey—I think it will be devilish funny, indeed, if the one or other of us can't take the English conceit out on him in a brace of shakes."

"You hear now, mates, how unmercifully I'm abused, for a mere nothing," cried Atkins, addressing those around him. "I'm a liar—I'm Sussex bang—and I'm the devil knows how many other hard names, and all for saying, what we all knows to be true, that your Scotch and Irish are to be found in every hole and corner of this here world, humbugging and picking up their crumbs, as plentiful almost as the Jews themselves. Now to all this here nonsense I'd scorn to return a wag of my tongue, were't not, d'ye see, that I am where I am; any-where else, believe me, mates, Joe Atkins would think d——d little of himself if he wan't able to say, that, for a single pint of grog, he has the conceit to think himself bang enough to thrash the pair of 'em, one after t'other, in the twirling of a mop-stick."

"Would you faith, Joseph Aitkins?" cried Nettlestang, with a grin of defiance. "Od, I'd like to see you try it, lad. I'm unco doubtfae you'd find it a dourer job than ye're aware o', ye gibble-gabbling niger that ye're."

"Well said, Scotchman," cried a mischievous listener, encouraging the broil—"Why hang me, Joe, but that's a complete nailer to ye, my lad."

"I'd rather consider it a direct challenge, mate," chimed a second.

"I'm a little inclined to think that way myself," cried Atkins coolly, "and so without any more palaver, for I won't eat up my words, I don't care although I should make them good. What say the pair on ye? Wilt go down to the galley now—or would'st rather make it a lantern business?—it's all one to I—I cheerfully giv' you your choice."

"I'm ready for you momentarily, Joseph," cried Nettlestang eagerly, "for let the consequence be what it will,

I'll no stand by and hear auld Scotland bamboozled, it will I no."

"Well behaved again, Watty," cried his former encourager, rubbing his hands together with delight. "Come, mates, let's down to the galley instantly and let them have it out."

"Och, and we'll do no such a thing, honey," cried Barney, in evident wrath; "so do be so good as shut up your potato-trap if you please, for the devil a one here wishes a word of advice from a spalpeen like you."

"I'll be hang'd now if Barney's not beginning to hen," cried a looker-on.

"Why that's nothing uncommon," said a second; "every one knows Donnelly's a wheeling cock."

"No, honey," cried the Irishman with animation, "I'm neither beginning to hen nor to wheel either, though troth on me, I rather wish to keep my trotters clear of the darbies. However, I don't care a skirrach, so faith just come along with you all, mates, and the devil fly away with the hindermost."

So saying, the daring fellow darted from the fore-castle and disappeared down the fore-hatchway. He was immediately followed by Atkins and Nettlestang, with a crowd of curious amateurs.

We think it quite unnecessary to describe the battle which followed, such affairs being quite common in newly congregated ships' companies, until the various grades of skill, from the champion downwards, are properly fixed, when all goes on smoothly. We will only shortly observe, that it was a hard, a desperate, and a keenly contested conflict—that the utmost order and silence, as far as possible, was maintained—and that fortunately for the credit of Atkins, who was in great distress, and while every faculty of the numerous auditors was wound up to the highest pitch as to its final issue, Captain Switchem came suddenly on board—his ears were attracted by the bustle—the parties were all instantly seized, and immediately put in irons.

Whether the Captain had received any farther intelligence when on shore or not, is not known, but certain it is that he was not long on board ere the Bounce was once more under way, with her head directed in the course of the Canaries. She thus carried on under easy sail for the first two days,

without anything happening worthy of notice; but on the third, about nearly the meridian, the look-out hailing the deck, first sung out, *Land ahead!* and immediately after backed his intimation with the triumphant bawl of *Two sail on the lee-bow!*

"Bravo, my brave fellow!" cried the captain, snatching up his glass, and leaping on the fore-castle, "point to them, my lad."

"I have them, sir," said Lieutenant Fyke, who had eagerly followed him; "I see them quite distinctly—they appear to me to be square-rigged."

"The very description, Fyke," cried the captain exultingly—"the very description, by my honour.—Oh ay, I have them now—yes, as you say, they are square-rigged.—Oh, to a certainty, it must be them, for you'll remark, my good sir, how much they loom like war vessels, and I heard of none of ours being on this station at present. Zounds, Fyke, pipe make sail directly, and let's down upon them before they are aware—they never could be better placed than they are now. But stop, stop a little, my good sir—ha, ha, ha! just put your glass to your eye, Fyke—ha, ha, ha! as I wish to be saved if they're not making sail to give us chase."

"I see what they're about, sir," replied Lieutenant Fyke, drily; "but why not make sail to run away?"

"Oh, bless your soul, not at all," cried Captain Switchem, "they bear not the smallest indication of that, Fyke, which besides you know to be impossible in our present situation, unless we all turn in. No, no, my good sir, look you again, and you'll be quite of my opinion. Now, by mine honour, Mr Columbia, but you're a fine fellow, and mean to save us a deal of trouble; come on, old slyboots, come on—even though you should catch a tartar.—Ha, ha, ha!—D'ye think I'm right now, Fyke?"

"Quite so, sir," replied the first Lieutenant, with a smile; "'pon my honour, Jonathan doesn't seem to be aware what he is about."

"So much the better, Fyke; so much the better," continued the Captain. "However, we mustn't allow honest Jonathan to smoke us either, so dispatch a messenger down to our junior Lieutenant, Mr Plush, and tell him by all means to make his fellows

get their guns ready, but to keep the main deck ports fast until further orders. You may also tell your own division of boarders to stand ready, Fyke, for if we are right in our conjectures at all, my plan is this,—I think I'll first astonish the foremost with a broadside or two, and then throw you on board of her to make her your own—as for the second, you know we can pepper her at our leisure. What think ye, Fyke?"

"I think your scheme excellent, sir," said the first Lieutenant, "and shall feel myself honoured in the execution of your orders."

"Come, come, Fyke, no flattery, I beseech you; 'tis not such a pleasant service I'm putting you on, I assure you; but you know, as our friend Nailparing sings, and he's a cool calculating sprig of the old school, '*Promotion lies through a thorny path.*'—So come now, my good Fyke, let me see you exert yourself, and get all things in order as smartly as you can. Meantime I'll watch their motions."

"You may depend upon me, sir," said the first Lieutenant, retiring.

The utmost bustle now prevailed in clearing away for action, and no long time elapsed ere all was ready—the guns being manned and double shotted, and the lighted matches secured in their tubs. The utmost silence now prevailed—the Bounce jogging slowly onwards towards the land, and the two vessels bearing up to her under a heavy press of sail. Hardly had a quarter of an hour elapsed, when a shot from the headmost vessel whistled over the Bounce's bowsprit.

"Oh, you blockhead," cried Captain Switchem, smiling and showing his teeth, "I see what you take me for now—an outward-bound India-man. However, I'll convince you of your mistake in a very few minutes. Gracious Heavens, Fyke," continued he, addressing his second in command, who had now joined him, "do go forward and keep those fellows close under the gunnel—they're so impatient, they'll completely spoil the joke altogether. Steady, my brave fellows, be steady, I beseech you—you'll get plenty of Jonathan in a very few minutes—but for God's sake let him near us a little more."

Another shot from the same vessel again whizzed athwart the bowsprit.

"Steady, steady, my gallant lads,"

cried Captain Switchem, observing with secret satisfaction the impatient fidgets of his gunners, "just a very few moments longer, upon my honour. Quartermaster, keep her away—there now, steady, and keep her so. Are you all ready below, Fyke?"

"All ready, sir," replied his first Lieutenant.

"Then you may fly to your command as soon as you please, for I mean to speak to this skirmisher directly—he'll do us damage else. Mr Doeboy, are you all ready forward?"

"All ready, sir, and out of all patience."

"Ah well, that's all just as it should be. But for God's sake, Doeboy, caution your people to be cool and steady, and be sure to take a good aim—they have every advantage."

A third shot now flew over the Bounce's forecassle from the foremost brig, which was now nearly within pistol-shot to leeward. This also being paid no attention to, she at last commenced a regular sort of running fire, at the same time hoisting the American colours.

"Now, my good friend Jonathan," cried the Captain, unsheathing his splendid sabre, "I'll coquette with you no longer, for you've at last done exactly what I wanted. Quartermaster, the moment I give the word, be sure that you luff her up—Signalman, are you ready? Mr Doeboy, look out there—ready, ready, oh!"

"All ready, sir," was the response.

"Then *Fire!—Hoist away!*" bawled the Captain, and the brig that moment was completely undeceived by a broadside that made her stagger again, while the British cross fluttered its defiance in the breeze. The Captain now ordered the main deck ports to be hoisted, and immediately another and more heavy broadside was poured into the brig which created the most manifold confusion.

"Away there, boarders, away!" bawled the captain.

The drum rolled, the boats were lowered, when Lieutenant Fyke and his boarders (among whom was our hero and his steady friend Dennis) started on deck, leaped into the boats, and gallantly boarded the brig, cutlass in hand. This was a service of uncommon danger; for the brig was full of men of the most daring resolution, and though the unexpected broadsides

they had received had done considerable execution, yet were they more astonished than defeated. Roused from their stupor at the sight of the boarders pouring in upon them, they seized their arms, and a most sanguinary fight ensued. The Bounce had now receded so far astern, for the purpose of attacking the second brig, that no assistance could be expected from her in anything like time—Lieutenant Fyke and his boarders therefore fought for their lives. Twice had they gained the quarter deck of the brig, and twice were they driven back with great loss on both sides to her bows; on a third desperately, however, they once more fought their way to her after-quarter, and Lieutenant Fyke, assisted by Edward and Dennis, who never left him, was in the very act of pulling down the Fifteen Stars, when he was felled to the deck by the butt end of a musket of a colossal man of colour. He fell on his face, and lay there completely senseless; and the tall dingy monster, uttering a loud howl of triumph, was in the very act of repeating his blow, when it was successfully parried by Edward, while Dennis at a single stroke of his cutlass stretched his huge carcase on the deck. They now once more flew aft and hauled down the colours, instantly hoisting the union in its place. Then cheering their comrades once more to action, they each took a gangway, which they charged with such determined courage, that after a short but severe conflict, they succeeded in forcing the crew from the deck, and immediately battened down the hatches upon them. In the very act of doing this Edward received his last and most serious wound; a pistol being fired through the hatches at him, the ball of which lodging in his right arm rendered it useless in a moment. He had already received different strokes of the cutlass, and other missiles, on various parts of his body, and the point of a pike had been driven through the fleshy part of his thigh; but circumstanced as he knew they all were, he had hitherto persevered with astonishing resolution, determined to conquer or die along with his companions. Finding that, on account of his disabled arm, he could be of no farther service, he thought he would now go aft, and look after the remains of Lieutenant Fyke, a gentleman who had been uniformly favourable to him, and

whose deeds of kindness he had often experienced. On reaching the quarter-deck he found him still lying on his face, and the blood flowing profusely from a large wound in his head. Unacquainted with surgery, he knew not how to proceed, and was pondering in his own mind what to do, when he thought he observed a slight convulsive shudder come over the extremities of his officer. He eagerly renewed his attentions, and his joy was complete when he discovered that he still breathed. Disregarding himself for a moment, although he bled from various parts, he succeeded in turning Lieutenant Fyke round on his back, untied his collar, and sitting down and placing the wounded head on his unharmed thigh, he resolved to wait with patience the arrival of Dennis, who, with the others, was still forward securing more effectually the turbulent and desperate prisoners of the brig.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Dennis, who had luckily received no serious injury, when he came aft and beheld the officer he most respected, and the friend he most loved, in such a miserable plight. Edward by this time had become so exceedingly weak through loss of blood, as to be nearly in a state of complete stupor, and was found by Dennis leaning over his officer, whom he had meant to support, in a state almost bordering on insensibility, the blood which flowed from their united wounds mingling and moving slowly away to leeward. Dennis stood for a moment looking at the unfortunate pair, then throwing from him his deep-dyed cutlass, he sprang forward, and was on his knees before Edward in a moment. Taking him kindly round the middle, he gazed earnestly for some time on his now pallid countenance, repeatedly wiped away the blood which trickled down his temples, then burst into tears, and exclaimed—

“Och, och, my dear fellow, and has it indeed come thus hard upon you!—och, by the powers now, and I’m sorry for it—indeed, darling, I am!—Now what shall I do for you, honey?—speak if you can, dear—tell your Mahoney what he can do for you, and he’ll fly like the devil in a gale of wind. Och, och, how pale you grow, Ned!—By the powers now, if he’s not going, that’s flat—I, Lord, Lord, what shall I do!—what *can* I do!”

"Water, water!" faintly articulated Edward.

"Water, honey," cried the desponding Dennis, suddenly springing to his feet, "by the powers but you shall have that in the twinkling of a sunbeam," and away he ran to the tank, and for want of a better utensil came back with his leathern hat full of that precious liquid.

Edward drank greedily, and felt somewhat revived; and as many others had now flocked round him, he was in no want of such immediate assistance as could be had. Among these, Bill Lyson and Jack Sykes took the lead—their age and experience suggesting expedients which rarer wit could never have thought of. The neck kerchiefs were freely volunteered as bandages for the heads of their officer and comrade; another was employed as a tourniquet on Edward's thigh; and Dennis Mahoney's joy was unbounded when Bill Lyson and Jack Sykes both assured him that the bone of Edward's arm was still quite sound. Making a couch of old sails, jackets, &c. &c. beaft the wheel, they carefully placed the two invalids side by side—disposed of the dead and dying *sans ceremonie*—placed a strong guard on the two hatchways, well armed—and there-mainer taking their station round the companion-ladder hatch, they steered directly after the Bounce, who was standing in for the land, with the other brig as a prize in her wake. Continuing their course with a fair wind, they all went into Teneriffe that same afternoon, and let go their anchors before the town of Santa Cruz.

As Captain Switchem meant to wood and water at this island, which would detain him for a few days, he lost no time in applying to the governor for permission to land his sick and wounded during the period of his stay. His request was immediately granted, together with a voluntary offer from the governor of the use of his hospitals—an offer which was gladly accepted. Lieutenant Fyke and Edward, together with a number of others, were therefore immediately sent on shore, and conveyed with the utmost carefulness

to the government hospital—where, it is almost needless to add, their wounds being strictly examined and properly dressed, they met with every attention which an intelligent, a humane, and a generous people could bestow.

In the hospital of Santa Cruz, Edward and his companions enjoyed every comfort they could possibly want or wish for—the inhabitants of the town, in whom the natural grave dignity of the Spaniard is happily blended with the airy vivacity of France, frequently visiting them, and vying with each other in their tokens of kindness and hospitality. But this was too good a life to last long, and the hour of their departure at last arrived. The captain, with the governor's assent, having permitted the best half of the Americans to go on shore, had now got the Bounce and her two prizes ready for sea—and Doctor Cawdle having reported all his patients out of danger, they were, with much regret on Edward's part, conveyed from the hospital to the frigate, which immediately after sailed for Halifax, Nova Scotia. Lieutenant Fyke, now convalescent, showed Edward the utmost attention and kindness during the passage, frequently visiting him personally in his hammock in sick bay, and often sending him any little delicacy he thought he would like from the ward-room table. All this goodness, however, was completely counteracted by the bad air, the salt provisions, the unceasing noise, and the stinted allowance of necessary cordials, universally to be found in a vessel of war. It was not therefore without a feeling of much satisfaction, weak and emaciated as he was, that at the end of six weeks of severe suffering, he found himself going over the Bounce's side in his hammock, for the purpose of being conveyed to Halifax hospital. He afterwards learnt, that through the mediation of Lieutenant Fyke, who had also taken lodgings ashore, he had been accompanied by his steady friends Mahoney, Lyson, and Sykes—who, after seeing him safely moored, and having taken an affectionate farewell, left the hospital in a very gloomy frame of mind.

S.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

WHAT do you think the gay, sprightly, tasteful, light-minded French have been talking of for the last six months? A new opera, you will say, or poem, two rival fashions, D'Arlincourt's last romance, or Talleyrand's dry bon-mot—all wrong, quiet astray, it is neither on wit, literature, the arts, the mode, nor any other of its proverbial occupations, that the French mind is bent at present. No, no, our neighbours have become men of business, quite above such trifling; and the sole object of thought and word amongst them is, and has been, nothing other than the stocks, M. de Villele, and his three per cents. Enter their salons, peruse their journals, pamphlets,* read even their long faces, and no other subject will you find interesting or occupying them. Hear them—why, you would think this Villele was a Mazarin, a Dubois, a Sejanus, a minister carrying into effect the worst whims of a rapacious despot, so desperate, clamorous, and unceasing is the outcry against him—and why, simply that he is determined to save the state some millions, and because he refuses to pay five per cent to the public creditor, when he can borrow at four per cent to pay off the debt. It is the simplest question in finance, one that even here the yelling hounds of the opposition press would be almost ashamed to bay at. Yet their heaven, and earth, and logic, are subverted to convert so salutary an act into a state crime of diabolical turpitude.

There can be no doubt of the general advantages to be derived from this measure, especially to such a country as France, where the rage for metropolitan and city-life has ever been such as to leave the country desert—desert, at least, of all those inhabitants whose comfortable incomes would enrich it. Since the conversion of the *rentes*, however, all the small fundholders have been compelled to seek the usual interest for their limited capitals, in land or active speculation. And the whole kingdom is at this moment covered with Parisians in search of little landed *propriétés*, in lieu of

the curtailed income which the finance minister now offers them. Nor is this movement confined to the middling ranks; it has extended higher. And more nobles have established themselves in their country-seats this summer, than has been known since fifteen.

But you have enough of politics and political economy at home, without importing any; so I pass to subjects of literature. You have read that eloquent, graphic, noble work of Segur's, on the Russian Campaign, full of descriptive exaggeration and grandiloquence, however impartial and fair in its view of persons and politics. He has sadly enraged the Buonapartists, between whom and him the question is, whether the modern Cæsar was sick or mad, when he committed not only the grand imprudence of the Russian campaign, but also the minor strategic blunders which marked it. There was one passage in the work, that very much amused me. The general is describing the terrible and unheard-of privations of the French soldier; amongst the chief misfortunes he enumerates, is the dreadful transition from the countries where the *eau-de-vie* is made from wine, to those where it is distilled from grain. This latter stuff, a beverage neither more nor less than whisky, the general exclaims against as the most pernicious of poisons, which when the unfortunate Frenchman chanced to taste, he was straight subdued, a dizziness and lethargy came over him, and he sunk by the road-side to rise no more. I cannot say, that those effects of whisky are extremely uncommon, except so far as the never waking after it; but if the plenty of such poisonous stuff formed one of the aggravations of the soldier's fate, methinks I am acquainted with troops of more than one country, who would have volunteered enthusiastically for such a campaign. Murat is unaccountably the hero of Segur's first volume, unaccountably, I say, for even in the description of the battle of the Moskwa, Ney, the hero of the day, the Prince of the Moskwa,

* Nay, their poems. See the clever *Epître en vers à M. Villele par Méry*.

is scarcely mentioned. Whilst, however, the work was so far in progress, he must have submitted it to some friend, who remarked the neglect to the author; and he appears, in consequence, to have endeavoured, towards the conclusion of the work, to do more justice to the indomitable hardihood of Ney.

As far as we may judge from sale, no bad criterion certainly, the publication that has rivalled Segur's in popularity, is the work of the Abbé de la Mennais, "Sur l'Indifférence en Religion," &c. Know ye, that the French have become arrant polemics. Ye have no idea of this on the other side of the water, where, no doubt, ye still suppose the French to be the same infidel, careless race as ever. Far from it. The Jesuits are springing up in influence, in wealth, and learning—no longer, indeed, to do them justice, the Jesuits of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, but just such Jesuits as are calculated to advance the cause of their religion in the nineteenth century. There is no greater proof of the hereditary, or, rather, corporate sagacity of that establishment, than that its sons have always suited their thoughts, arguments, and behaviour, to the age in which they lived. In the reign of Henry III. and IV., they made use of the dagger of the assassin; and they were not singular. Later, they ruled mildly by keeping possession of the royal confessional, and did not root out the Jansenists, till they condescended to reason with them. Now, they do not make use of the strong and flagrant hand of power, which is, nevertheless, at their disposal; but whilst they proceed quietly to regain the wealth, establishments, and other sinews of their strength, their authority over the public is not fulminated, but preached, and preached, moreover, in all humility, by such plausible reasoners as De la Mennais, Xavier Le Maystre, and others.

In opposition to these Jesuits, you will, no doubt, in your own mind, oppose a band of liberals and infidels, casting forth jests and mockeries on their opponents, charging them with bigotry and hypocrisy, while they declare themselves above the folly and restraint of all religion. No such thing—even Deism has passed away, and hath ceased to be the mode; and instead of the profane scoffing of Vol-

taire and his disciples, we find M. Constant supporting religion vaguely, but with good will, and M. Keratry, another liberal member, gravely and seriously proposing, in the midst of the utmost zeal for the Christian faith, a reform and emendation, if not in the principles of religion, at least in the forms and ceremonies of public worship. Keratry, a French legislator, priding himself in his Catholicism, calls for prayers in the national tongue, for an election of bishops independent of Rome, and, in short, for a complete reform in church government. As a proof how much these disputes occupy and interest the public mind of France, it is but necessary to state, that a Periodical of talent and popularity is devoted solely to these discussions. It is called the *Memorial Catholique*, and is supported by De la Mennais and his *confrères*.

Between the rival religionists, Jesuits and reformers, stands, but entrenched on liberal ground, a journal entitled *Le Globe*. It is the first purely literary paper ever established in France; and the spirit with which it is conducted, the eminent talent that from time to time is conspicuous in its pages, and above all, the impartial tone of its politics and morals, so far as a literary journal can meddle in such considerations, entitle it to that attention amongst us, which it has already attained in its own country. Its spirit is, moreover, something new, and altogether different from the impious, joking, hackneyed cant, which Messieurs Jouy, &c., those wretched dregs of the Voltaire school, still kept up for the entertainment of the good Parisians, until of late. The *Globe* has put an end to that set,—a success that deserves our gratitude and admiration, even if it did not otherwise command both. During the reign of the *Miroir* and the *Pandore*, it was held as an axiom, that French readers would tolerate nothing serious, unless what was downright political. The *Globe*, however, commenced its career in the very teeth of this prejudice. It was grave, sensible, dignified, flattering nought, nor royalty nor revolution, uttering no jokes, and disdaining to convert itself, like its predecessors, into a mere play-bill, in order to gain popularity with a play-going people. And in despite of inauspicious prophecy, it has succeeded, forming itself the most fla-

grant proof of the serious character, in which the proverbial gaiety, the ancient mercuriality and lightness of the French people, is merging fast.

The editor is Dubois, a young Breton, an ex-professor of some of the Parisian colleges, a man of great information, coolness, and sagacity. It is amusing to peruse his excellent articles on the religious warfare carried on, the shrewdness he displays, the impartiality he exercises, now demanding fair play for the maligned Jesuits, and now answering the expostulations of the reform and anti-Jesuit party, who accuse him as the ally of superstition. To us English, who are so far removed in principle and feeling from the field of such a controversy, it is interesting to contemplate these struggles of the thinking men of a nation, without a creed, in want of one, and in dubiety where to fix. France presents in this respect a primitive kind of society, without precedents, without prejudices, without a *past*, I may almost say,—such a blank, such a *tabula rasa* of principle has been handed down to the present generation.

The most remarkable articles in the paper are certainly those of Jouffroy, a disciple of Cousin, but far more a man, or rather a philosopher, of the world, than the late captive to the Prussians. A paper of his, entitled, *De la Sorbonne, et des Philosophes*, is considered the manifesto of the very powerful party to which it belongs; it professes an equal contempt for Voltaire and for the Sorbonne. No essay could at once have been more audacious, more just, or more useful. I wish you would allow me to translate carefully for you this, and his essay on the extinction of *Dogmes*; they would be worthy of one or two pages, which Balaam might otherwise occupy. The criticism on the arts, especially the musical criticism, is original and first-rate, an opinion not to be predicated possibly of any such thing in this country. As to light writing, and poetical criticism, that is average, and *romantique*, of course, from the youth of its writers. In short, it is one of those periodicals, whose establishment forms an era in the literature of an age, and which, in its short career, has had a most manifest influence on the tone and style of criticism, polemics, and periodical writing in France.

You have seen the clever letters of young De Stael upon England. It contains many *naïve* remarks: one is the utter astonishment of the author, that during the debates and difficulties of the late marriage-act, no member could have thought of proposing to make marriage a civil contract. The good Baron attributes the non-appearance of this *liberal* proposition to its not having occurred, forsooth, to any of our legislators. Alas! how little he knows Henry Brougham and his friends! Ten times over did the sublime thought occur to them, we may inform M. De Stael, although, thank Heaven, they stood in too much dread of the sound religious principles of the English people to dare to put forward any such opinion. Do not impute this to their ignorance, as you do most *naïvely*, M. Le Baron, but to their fears and caution. Another of the Baron's targets for declaiming at, is the *Droit d'Aînesse*, against which he brings all the old principles of the Revolution to combat it. There is one thing we may learn from modern France at present, and it is this, viz. That prejudices but a quarter of a century old are firmer, more obstinate, and more difficult to be overturned, than those which have endured for ages. Opinions so very old are questioned at times by those who hold them, whilst those of yesterday, such as the minor points of the Revolutionary code, are the offspring of yesterday's reign of reason, and are looked on as utterly unquestionable. Such are the existing French prejudices against hallowing the union of the sexes by a religious ceremony, and against supporting the gentility and aristocracy of a country, by allowing eldest sons a superior claim to landed property. Those institutions of ours they look upon as Gothic; nor do they admit any reasoning on the subject, deeming, *in limine*, the supporter of any such argument too illiberal to be hearkened to.

The most popular employment of the learned in France at present seems to be history. It is the mine in which almost every man of talent hath set himself to work. M. De Barante's excellent and picturesque History of the Duke of Burgundy you have heard of at least, and Mignet's celebrated abridgement of Revolutionary Effects and Causes. These, however, have

been some time published. And in the historic mine, to continue my metaphor, revolution is the vein of metal most prized and followed. Vertot seems to reanimate each pen. Mazure has written our Revolution of 1688, and Guigot is busy upon our anterior one; whilst Thierry has attained the highest success, by his History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, to compose which, he is said to have secluded himself from all society for ten years. What he found so peculiarly to interest him in the period he has chosen, is quite beyond my conceptions. With us, who have been now a long time wearied with the middle ages, and all that relates to them, such a work would not have the smallest chance of being read. But in France, where the mania of research and historic retrospect is altogether new, not long since, indeed, awakened, for the first time, by the volumes of Sismondi, works on this subject and æra are most greedily perused and spoken of. The exhaustion, too, of memoirs, which have of late been rare of appearance, and scant in information, has necessitated this zeal for more elaborate and more finished narration. Not only has this general propensity towards history been productive of the many works of the first class I have enumerated, but its influence has been felt in the very lowest department of historic writing. Abridgement upon abridgement of the histories of all nations under the sun issue in duodecimo from the press. They are called *Resumés*, and have been multiplied beyond number. Felix Bodin, who originated the idea in his *Resumé de l'Histoire de la France*, and who has written some dozen more perhaps, is styled, in consequence, either *le Pere* or *le Prince des Resumés*, I forget which. And apropos to Bodin, know, that this *Prince des Resumés* has laid hold on poor Bentham, who is here cooling his hot brain with shower-baths, and guards him from the too vulgar adoration of the veteran's French worshippers, by constituting himself his Cerberus, and thus enhancing highly the honour and value of the juris-consult, by the difficulty or utter impossibility of obtaining a sight of his benign countenance. In truth, the old gentleman's character is rising fast beneath the rigid gentleman-ushership of Felix.

The acting drama seems at a very low ebb indeed. Jouy has written a play, *Belisarie*, I believe, and Vernet another, neither worth mentioning. The theatrical attractions of Paris at present are first and principally, Jocko, a man-ape, who rivals Talma, and whom the King of Prussia went to see the first night of his Majesty's arrival here, as a token, I suppose, of Prussian taste. Pasta, Fodor, both at war; and the Crociato, with its splendid choruses, fill the Italian Opera to overflowing. Whilst Perlet, the French Mathews, but a very inferior mime indeed to our Highgate friend, brings visitors to the Gymnase. However, although the stage offers nothing remarkable, the press has sent forth a volume of dramas, which has made a noise; I mean the *Theatre de Clara Gazul*, dramas, Spanish by pretence, but written by a young Frenchman of the name of Merimé. They have not much spirit, and with us would perhaps be insipid; but for France, they are audaciously original, and therefore were presented not to an audience, but to the reading world, which has received them most favourably.

The poets have been scribbling, as usual, more respectably than remarkably. Lamartine has turned laureat, and written a *Chant du Sacre*, as execrable as the Vision of Judgment, also more Last Words of poor Byron, in the shape of another Canto of Childe Harold. His latest publication consists of a few pretty letters in verse, one of them addressed to his brother poet, Delavigne. To gratify any stray admirer of French poesy and Lamartine, I shall copy the best passage of these epîtres; it concludes one of them:—

“ Notre âme est une source errante
Qui, dans son onde transparente,
S’empreint de la couleur des lieux;
De la nature elle est l’image:
Tantôt sombre comme un nuage,
Tantôt pure comme les cieux!
Si quittant ses rives fleuries,
Ses flots, par leur pente emportés,
Vont laver ces plages flétries
Par l’ombre obscure des cités,
Elle perd sa teinte azurée,
Et, ne conservant que son nom,
Elle traîne une onde altérée
Que souille un orageux limon,
Et le pasteur qui la vit naître
S’étonne, et ne peut reconnaître
L’eau murmurante du vallon.

Mais, dès qu' abandonnant ces plages,
Et retrouvant son lit natal,
Sa pente, sous de verts ombrages,
Ramène son flot de crystal,
Sur le sable d'or qu'elle arrose,
En murmurant elle dépose
L'ombre qui ternit ses couleurs,
Et dans son sein que le ciel dore,
Limpide, elle retrace encore
L'azur du soir ou de l'aurore,
Les bois, les astres, et les fleurs!"

Delavigne has either been idle, or is else brooding o'er a drama, and Beranger now and then improvises a *chanson*, too bold for the press, which he commits, however, to the kind echoes of his friends, through whom it soon reaches every ear, that a *chanson* of Beranger could delight. There are minor poets, of whom gallantry obliges me to notice Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, the Sappho of the Parisians. She very sillily improvises an Ode to Gros, who was then painting the Cupola of St Genevieve, which provoked much laughter. There is, however, much prettiness in her verse at times, as she has lately besought Christians for the Greeks in very spirited couplets for so young a lady. I must not forget a Frenchman, M. Eugene de Pradel, who has attempted to rival the Italian *improvisatori* in delivering himself of rhymes on any given subject extempore. He gathered a very respectable audience, which, as well as himself, he put into tortures indescribable. Not one returned from the improvisations with a whole nail or a sound head, so quickly contagious was the biting and scratching, by which the poet sought in vain to facilitate

his delivery. There are several other works, Xavier Le Maistre's *Tales*, for example, and Marchangy's *Tristan Le Voyageur*, that I wished to have spoken of, but further I shall not trespass for the present.

P. S. You have seen in the papers some notice of a discovery made by an Irish physician in Paris, Dr Barry. His doctrine is, that the reflux of blood to the heart is occasioned by the pressure of the atmosphere. Consequently the cupping-glass, or exhausted receiver, is the remedy to be applied to a bite by a rabid or poisonous animal. The Doctor tried a great many experiments with success, and latterly with a viper, provided for him by the French government with great difficulty. It was made to bite two rabbits; the one was abandoned to its fate, and died in a few minutes; the wound of the other was covered with the glass, and it survived free of poison or disease. Cavillers impeach the originality of this momentous discovery, by saying, that the system of sucking poisonous wounds practised of old, was a remedy on the same principle; but sucking was an obvious remedy, not made use of on any scientific principle, as is the glass. In the common and unavoidable event of hydrophobia, this is a discovery of the greatest utility and importance. Dr Barry held a high surgical rank in the Portuguese service, and was lately honoured by the sovereign of that kingdom with the order of the Tower and Sword.

ON THE USE OF METAPHORS.

"We must speak by the Card, or Equivocation will undo us."

It is said to have been a boast of Swift, or some of his friends, "that he had hardly a metaphor in all his works." This, if true, was but a foolish boast. It is, however, not true; but is not therefore the less foolish—as shall be made to appear by and by. It is not easy to conceive why a man should think his style improved by the entire absence, were such a thing possible, of Metaphor. There is, to be sure, a vulgar idea, that a style not metaphorical is necessarily a plain style. In one sense of the word this is true, or rather this is a truism. If, however,

by the term "plain," is to be understood a style more intelligible than other styles, the assertion is unfounded. There can be no doubt, that men ambitious of metaphorical expression, are very liable to fail in their attempt to express themselves metaphorically, and thus darken and confuse their language. But this is not the fault of metaphor. It is the fault of the writer. That a happily written figurative style is not less easy to be comprehended than any other, it needs only a consideration of the nature of Metaphor to show. It is less easy of

attainment than a plainer method ; but when attained, just as obvious to the comprehension of the reader.

A Metaphor may be defined to be the appellation of something by the name of some other thing, to which it has some similitude, or with which it has some quality in common. Dr Johnson well describes it as " a simile in one word." Now what has been the original reason of authors, whether of prose or poetry, adopting this expedient ? Surely not the desire of being unintelligible ! If we only ask the question why are metaphors made use of, the plain answer is this—to render more striking some unusual or abstract expression, by joining to it another idea which is less common, or less abstract, to illustrate the first. Thus we say " striking effect," adding to the abstract general idea of effect, the visible idea of a blow ; and this we do to give additional force and meaning to the phrase, and for no other reason. What is the reason of poets being so wedded to the employment of metaphors ? Not for the sake of being obscure—that they can be easily enough, God knows, without metaphors ; but for the sake of that force and intensity of meaning, which is the pith and marrow of poetry, and which is best attainable by the employment, where it is possible, of vivid and distinct imagery. It is for this reason that an original metaphor is better than one that is not original. It attracts the attention more strongly, and stamps the impression more forcibly upon the mind. Trite metaphors in time cease to be metaphors ; even as Addison's lady was described by him, to have become of no sex after a few anniversaries of the honey-moon. We employ them without knowing that we do so ; and this accounts for the boast of Swift or his friends, with his books before them and their eyes open. It is perhaps almost impossible to construct a language which shall be divested of metaphor. Whether or not Bishop Wilkins's philosophical language admitted them, I do not know ; but I dare swear every other known language does. There are few truly *abstract* words. Horne Tooke has made verbs of the prepositions and conjunctions ; and if he be right, nine in ten of them are metaphors, like the rest of their more pompous brethren. Your matter-of-fact people may find that they stand but upon hollow ground

after all. If metaphor be a sin, we may say with Falstaff, " God help the wicked." Even the sciences that pretend to be the most abstracted, are over-run with them like Scotch thistles. The very term *Metaphysic* carries a metaphor in its tail. So does the term *Abstract*. Each of them has a figurative root. That the word Metaphor should be itself metaphorical, is only in keeping. As for the disclaimer of Swift, it reminds one of the worthy from a little north of the Tweed, who complacently demanded of some south country friend, if he could have " kent him to be a Scotsman by his deecalact." It needs only to turn over a page or two of his writings to prove that he has these " similes in one word " " as plenty as blackberries." The formal long-winded similitudes, in which he sometimes indulges, he would probably except out of the definition. Be it so. Only read a few paragraphs, taken almost at random from his works, and we shall go near to find a metaphor, or something very like one, in almost every sentence. To be sure, like hares, they are so like the ground they sit on, that it requires a sharp eye now and then to make them out : but what is that to the purpose ? All sports, we know, require practice, and so does metaphor hunting. Now—" hear the cry."

" However, their opposition was to no purpose. They *wrestled* with too great a power, and were soon *crushed* under it. For those in possession finding they could never be quiet in their usurpations, whilst others had any credit who were at least upon an equal *foot* of merit, began to make overtures to the *discarded* whigs. Thus commenced this solemn League and Covenant, which has ever since been cultivated with so much application. The great traders in money were devoted to the whigs who had first *raised* them.—The army—the court, and the treasury, continued under the old despotic administration. The whigs were received into employment, left to manage the Parliament, *cry down* the landed interest, and *worry* the church."

Conduct of the Allies.

Again,—

" Thus it plainly appears that there was a conspiracy, on all sides, to go on with those *measures* which must perpetuate the war—and a conspiracy *founded* upon the interest and ambition of each party, which *begat* so firm a union, that instead of wondering why it lasted so

long, I am astonished to think how it came to be *broken*. The prudence, courage, and firmness of her Majesty in all the *steps* of that great change, make a very *shining* part of her story; nor is her judgment less to be admired, which directed her in the choice of perhaps the only persons who have skill, credit, and resolution enough to be her *instruments* in *overthrowing* so many difficulties.”—

Conduct of the Allies.

The following sentences occur in the “Conduct of the Allies,” and the “Barrier Treaty,” two of Swift’s gravest and plainest pamphlets.

“The General and Ministry, were forced to take in a set of men, with a previous bargain to *screen* them from the consequences of their miscarriage.”—
 “Nothing is so apt to *break* even the bravest spirits as a continual *chain* of oppressions.” “A new incident *grafted* upon the original quarrel.” “Such a *wild* bargain could never have been made for us.” “Our trade is *clogged* with duties.” “Here is a *flourishing* kingdom brought to the brink of ruin.”

Let us next take an instance or two of the long-winded metaphor or similitude, in which he sometimes systematically indulges. They are excellent, no doubt, of their kind; but that is not the question here. The particularity to be noted is, not that these comparisons rarely fill up less than a sentence, and sometimes run through a long paragraph, but that in the construction of the language in which they are couched, will be found included other subordinate minor metaphors of one word, of which Swift, when he wrote them, was probably not in the slightest degree aware.

The following occurs in No. 14, of the “Examiner.”

“A political lie is sometimes born out of a discarded statesman’s head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandied by the rabble. Sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape: at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it, and often it *sees the light* in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the *spawn* of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the opening of the womb, and there it is delivered with a breath. I know a lie that now disturbs half the kingdom with its noise, which, although too proud and great at present to

own its parents, I can remember its whisperhood!”

Again,

“Few lies carry the inventor’s mark; and the most *prostitute* enemy to truth may *spread* a thousand without being known for the author.”

Once more,

“Those *legions* hovering every afternoon in Change Alley, enow to darken the air; or over a *club* of discontented grandees, and thence sent down in *cargoes* to be scattered at elections.”

So much for the unmetaphorical Swift. We now come to the second part of the dispute, not whether he and others have, or have not, used certain metaphors, but why they might not do so.

There is a class of persons, who, like certain secondary animals, live and are fed upon those of greater importance than themselves. Certain of this class, yeleft critics and grammarians, have been at infinite pains to lay down divers rules and laws, which they have attempted to enforce and exemplify by quotations taken from one or other of their primary authors. Amongst other distinctions is the well-known and notable one of “mixed” and “unmixed,” or “broken” and “unbroken” metaphors, of which it has been their pleasure to put the first, as an Otahetan would say, “under Taboo.”

It is forbidden diet. In prose writers, unclean; in poets, abominable. “The reason why,” is another matter;—for their laws, like those of the comets, are inscrutable to common intellect. Special pleader-like, they deal in argument as little as they can, and as much in precedent—where it makes for them. It is easy to call Addison’s well-known couplet,

“I bridle in my straggling muse with pain,
 That longs to launch into a nobler strain,”
 a string of broken metaphor. But what then? What anathema of Nature’s is there against changing a metaphor as often as a man pleases? Why is it of necessity to fill up a sentence or a period, or a paragraph, or any assignable space—neither more nor less, like Shylock’s pound of flesh, on peril of cancelling the bond? What jurisdiction has Matthews or Hoyle to compel us to play out the suit thus before we try another? Are we bound to run down the first similitude we start, like beagles, or be lashed by some whipper-in of a peda-

gogue for taking up a cross scent? What law is there to compel us to let our first metaphor, like our first wife, die a natural death before we take a second?—or what canon is there thus coupling metaphor and matrimony, and insisting that our comparisons, like our wives, if we will have them, shall be pure, and only by one at a time? Has any critic shown the existence of such laws, either in reason or out of it? The forbiddance of broken metaphor is founded then upon assertion. Let us look at the common sense of the thing.

What is the *use* of a metaphor? To attract and fix and assist the attention by the aid of another idea analogous to that which is wished to be expressed. We are more readily induced to take in that which is unusual, by having it mixed with something we know. So children swallow physic without wincing in the tid-bit of a gingerbread nut, or a bolus of raspberry jam—a simple philosophy. The more novel the metaphor, provided it be plain and clear, the greater the effect produced. When Shakspeare said “yeasty waves,” he succeeded in impressing upon the auditor a stronger and more vivid idea of the appearance of the surge when frothing and working during a storm, than has ever been given, before or since. If this be the use of a metaphor, and the process by which it assists the apprehension, it follows that the oftener the metaphor is changed, that is to say, the more of them that can be comprised in a period, the stronger must be the effect. It will be argued that obscurity will be thus produced, and that obscurity ought to be avoided. Doubtless, the answer to this, however, is, that obscurity arises out of the unskilful employment of metaphor, whether broken or unbroken. It may be more difficult to use broken than unbroken metaphor, without the production of obscurity. It may be more dangerous to moderate intellects than to attempt broken metaphor. But this is the fault of the intellect, not of the metaphor; of the artificer, not of the tool. It is altogether an affair of cleverness; and a man of genius shall pour out half a dozen fine metaphors in a sentence, combined with as little obscurity as a blunderer shall produce in drawingling one over the same space.

If this be admitted—if it once be

granted that the effect of metaphors is increased by their frequency, “the rest is all but leather and prunella.” Provided they be skilfully managed—provided each be continued long enough to give it all the force of which it is capable, and the more change the better. There seems to be no reason to the contrary left. A man might as well pride himself upon having only one A, or B, or C, in a sentence, as only one metaphor in a sentence. Broken metaphors have another recommendation. Being more abrupt, they appear to be less artful. Nothing can be more nauseous than a long drawn-out simile, crawling upon as many legs as a centipede. One absurdity always involves another. The sticklers for unbroken metaphor appear to have forgotten that the bulk of our common expressions is metaphorical. Having been once striking, they have now become common and idiomatic. The greater part of language is made up of old cast-off metaphors, just as the greater part of any gay assemblage is made up of waning beauties, age-tarnished beaux, and dandies out of date, and precisely for the same reason—having been fashionable, though less admired, they are still admitted. We in time cease to remember that they are metaphorical, and once forgetting this, mix them in all sorts of ways, without let, hinderance, or remorse. We talk of “branches of learning,” “solid judgments,” “grounds of apprehension,” “meretricious ornaments,” “strait-laced notions,” of “flourishing finances,” “corrupt administrations,” “currents of opinion,” “fall of stocks,” “doors opened to abuses,” or “errors exploded,” all in a breath! And how comes this to happen? Not because these are not metaphors, but because being old they do not pass for such; so that, after all, this precious rule ends in saying, “You may mix old metaphors as you will, but of young ones beware.” To tamper with them, is as perilous as putting new wine into old bottles, according to these canons of criticism. What are the points of the notable cavil on Addison’s couplet, which, instead of being one of the worst, is one of the best he ever wrote? that the muse is “first a horse, then a woman, and then a ship.” They cannot, forsooth, hear the word *bridle* without broadly referring it to a horse; nor *launch*,

without adverting directly to a ship! Yet the odds are that these self-same critics would talk with the utmost unconcern about "the duty of bridling our desires, which are too apt to launch beyond the limits of moderation." But then these are common expressions. Do we not perpetually read and hear such phrases as "*resting upon the soundness of people's views*,"—"flying with hasty feet,"—"flying in the face of public opinion,"—"rebutting unfounded calumnies," and "bolstering up corrupt systems? Do we not talk of a man's "*rising*" solely by the *weight* of his character, and of "arguments being too deep for minds of a certain calibre,"—and no fault found? No doubt metaphors may be so broken as to be intensely ludicrous, and this certain "sage, grave men," erect into a sweeping argument against broken metaphors. Like most bad logicians, they prove too much. Every figure of speech may be, and has been, by management, made ridiculous. If ridicule, therefore, is to be the test of propriety, we may reject figurative expression altogether. The dilemma is obvious enough.

The best *practical* proofs of the utter folly of attempting to impose shackles upon the use of figurative expression, are to be found in the *variorum notes* on Shakspeare's Plays. In the "Emendations," by a wise dispensation, we are permitted to see the effect, together with the cause;

"For this effect defective, comes by cause,"

as remarks a sage critic of the strait-laced school—Polonius.

By way of conclusion, let us take one example. Let us see what Shakspeare *might have written*, had he been lucky enough to have lived *after* the times of Warburton and Pope, and been happily converted from his sinful flirtations with first one metaphor and then another, to the blessed communion of "one at a time, for better for worse." Having seen this, let us compare it with what he did write, and then, like Audry and Touchstone, "thank the Gods for his foulness."

The following shining example of "the comment ruining the text," is from the notes on Hamlet:—

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"

"I once imagined, that to preserve the uniformity of metaphor, and as it is

a word our author is fond of using elsewhere, he might have wrote,
——— '*siege of troubles.*'

But perhaps any correction whatever may be unnecessary, considering the great licentiousness of our poet in joining heterogeneous metaphors, and considering too, that it is used, not only to signify the ocean, but likewise a vast quantity, multitude, or confluence of anything else."—THEOBALD.

"Instead of 'a sea of troubles,' perhaps Shakspeare wrote,

——— '*Assailing troubles,*'

which would preserve a propriety of the metaphor."—HAMMER.

"Without question (hear ye, Doctor Pedro Positive!) Shakspeare wrote,

——— '*against assail of troubles.*'

i. e. assault."—WARBURTON.

"Mr Pope proposed *siege*. I know not why there should be so much solicitude about this metaphor. Shakspeare breaks his metaphors often, and in this desultory speech there was less need of preserving them."—JOHNSON.

Poor Shakspeare!—The best of the joke is, that Johnson, who seems here to have deserted for a moment *the old mumpsimus*, contradicts himself in the very next page, and having laughed at "broken" metaphors in one breath, attempts, in the next, to "reduce" one, after a manner of surgery almost as awful as that of Warburton himself.

It is asserted, and no doubt with truth, that no animal, however preposterous, has been created without a view to utility. Yet, if a man were demanded, after reading the pedantry that has been endited under the name of Rules for Composition, of what use were the writers of such stuff, he would be puzzled not a little what to do with the critics. They are, in truth, an equivocal generation. One thinks one has hit upon the solution, by supposing that they may have been intended as one of Mr Malthus' checks, together with vice and misery, to the over propagation of poets. But then, when one considers that, for every good poet they have marred, they must have made a brace, at least, of bad ones, the hypothesis falls through. In fact, the case, like that of Elizabeth Canning, or the disappearance of Mr Harrison in the Harleian Miscellanies, seems to be altogether inexplicable.

LETTER FROM SENEX, ON SWIFT, SIR WALTER SCOTT, &c.

boastful youth and narrative old age.

POPE.

THE favour with which my late communication has been received, justifies, you think, a hope that other early recollections may not be unacceptable to your readers. I am afraid your encouraging anticipations will not be verified by the event, conscious as I am, that however interesting to myself, there can be but little in a life, like mine, calculated to produce the effect you contemplate, or to engage the notice of any material number of respectable readers. Yet there appears to be no small portion of public curiosity directed to details of this nature, even when proceeding from persons of as little importance as myself, if we may be allowed to judge from the several *recordationes præteriti ævi*, now exhibited in the catalogues of new publications. It is true, the number of these announcements is not decisive of their authors' success, and may be accounted for on other grounds. They may have arisen from a dearth of better matter in an age when almost every subject has been already handled and rehandled, until the exhaustion of public themes has compelled writers to seek variety in the opinions and occurrences of private and even obscure life. Perhaps, however, and I am inclined to think it the case, the present reminiscent fashion may be more justly ascribed to the avidity with which certain reminiscences of distinguished individuals have been received; that is to say, to a cause which ought to have operated in a contrary manner; for it was an example which they only were justified in imitating, who could bring to their aid characters of equal importance, or talents of equal celebrity. This, however, was an objection easily overruled by the fond suggestions of that universal flatterer, Human Vanity. Every man is of importance to himself, and this is a very natural step to the easy and pleasant conclusion, that he deserves to find favour in the eyes of others; and how can he do this so well as by making himself, indirectly at least, the hero of his own story. All these considerations may have had their own weight in bringing forward so many publica-

tions of the reminiscent kind, and setting up a fashion, which, like other fashions, will probably soon give place to some more favourite novelty. I must only beg of you to remember, that, in suffering myself to be drawn within its pale, I am doing what I never should have thought of doing, but to comply with your desire; and that you have only to blame yourself for the probable misemployment of a few columns that might be better filled.

There is indeed one satisfactory reason for the pleasure so frequently derived from memoirs or recollections of past days, when related with modesty, and untarnished by egotism. Besides inducing us to look back to what is usually the most agreeable period of our lives, they enable us to make an amusing as well as instructive comparison between the days that are passing, and the days that are long past; and show the graduality of those changes which has reconciled us to new habits of life, and unforeseen states of things. From sources of this kind, the curious historian will often collect much useful information, for which he would have vainly looked in many a studied composition, professing to treat on men and manners. Professed authors are fonder of drawing from imaginary than from real sources; and in painting what they call the manners of the time, frequently pass over, or at most but incidentally allude to those minute but not unimportant occurrences which really mark the character of their transient day. How much more, for instance, do we learn of men and things as they then were, from the amusing gossip of your excellent countryman James Boswell, than from all the papers of his great friend's celebrated Rambler?—where, indeed, we find moral precepts clothed in pomp of language, but seldom, as I conceive, drawn from views of real life, or more applicable to one period than another. To another most agreeable writer of the same day, we are still less indebted for any entertaining or instructive picture of the times in which he lived—I mean that

curious compound of weakness and genius, of envy and good-nature, the eccentric Oliver Goldsmith. There is a charm in his style, in prose as well as poetry, which makes us unwilling to quit his literary banquet, though the food presented to our palates is often as unsubstantial as whipped syllabub. I speak particularly of his "Essays," and "Citizen of the World," of which the latter title afforded so fair an opportunity of drawing a just and lively description of public virtues and public vices, general manners, and national peculiarities. Yet what of this nature is to be learned from either of those works?—Absolutely nothing. The most amusing of his letters or essays, are perhaps those which have no reference to any of them. I hardly know of anything which could even mark the era in which he lived, though certainly not one of the least distinguished in British annals. Would it be believed, if we had not been otherwise apprized of the fact, that the writer of those letters lived in the metropolis of Great Britain, and in the beginning of George the Third's reign? That he was contemporary with William Pitt the elder, (which was the greater, it is not easy to say;) with Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, Lord Thurlow, Lord North, Lord G. Sackville, Charles Fox, and others, as orators and statesmen; with Lowth, Warburton, Hurd, &c. as theologians; with Hume and Robertson, as historians; with Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Sterne, as novelists; with the gigantic moralist Samuel Johnson; and with the theatrical delight of his age, the unequalled and inimitable David Garrick?—One would think that such characters as these, such a people as the English, and such a constitution as that of Great Britain, might have afforded the *soidisant* Mandarin noble materials for the amusement and edification of his Chinese friend. Had they been employed as they might have been, with what pleasure should we now have recourse to a production, which, as it is written, records nothing worth knowing, and, of the little that it does record, hardly anything authentic, or drawn from the real situation of things. Yet it was not through want of discrimination, but of judgment, that he so egregiously erred. Of the former, he has left

us a specimen in his little poem called "Retaliation," one of the most agreeable he has written, and marked with very sufficient ability to discern and describe peculiar characters. Even in this, however, his great foible, that enviousness of disposition which recoiled both from praising, and hearing praised, the merits of others, is sufficiently apparent; for though a mere *jeu d'esprit* for the amusement of particular friends and intimates, it is rather unnecessarily severe, both on them and on others. The general nature of the intelligence he thinks proper to convey to Chinese nobles, is such as would more appropriately come from the pen of the philosophic traveller's valet, writing to his fellow-servants, than from that of his sage master.

Even the periodical papers of Johnson, though perhaps more highly commended, are, I believe, much less frequently read than the "Spectators." The reason is, that the latter, besides great merit in other respects, present us with many pictures of real life. They are drawn from acute and faithful observation of men and manners, whereas the others are mere works of the closet. The authors of the "Spectator" take in a larger field, nor do they disdain to touch upon any subject of general interest, from a fastidious notion that such matters are beneath the notice of a sententious moralist. Their appropriate motto would be, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" Of these excellent papers, I need not say how large a proportion of merit belongs to the celebrated Joseph Addison.

Of all private or domestic journals, one of the most singular, as well as most interesting to English readers, is a diary not only undesigned for public eyes, but strictly forbidden to be seen by any but the persons, or rather person, to whom it was addressed—I mean Swift's Journal to Stella. On this remarkable document, full of curious reminiscences, it would be impertinent to say anything, after the excellent observations of his last and best editor. Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift is a masterpiece of biography; intelligent, able, candid, critical, and just. I could wish that his admiration of the author had leaned less to the profits of the booksellers, and been more considerate of the purses of their

customers. It does not seem quite fair to take advantage of a popular name for the purpose of imposing a heavy tax on the reader of his works. As far as letters go, it is very well, because the correspondence would be tame without a view of both sides; but why, under the name of Swift's Works, we should be compelled to purchase a quantity of trash which he did not write, I am utterly at a loss to conceive. I could wish also, that instead of admitting (as for the mere purpose of bibliopolical profit had been done before) any of Pope's compositions, duplicates of which are in his own volumes, his last editor had set the liberal example of excluding them—*Sum cuique tribuito*. Instead of this, Sir Walter has out-Heroded Herod in the way of cumbrous accumulation, foisting in a farrago of the saturnalian extravagance of some giddy college boys, which, be the authors who they may, were wholly unworthy of being drawn from their mouldy recesses. The juvenile authors, who could only have regarded them as the sport of a day, would no doubt, had they lived to the age of discretion, have been shocked themselves at the idea of their seeing the light. Yet every purchaser of Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift, must load his shelves with these ridiculous effusions—and for a most admirable reason—because, truly, Jacky Barrett, S. F. T. C. D., thought, that as Swift was in college at that time, some lines in these precious compositions *might have been* written by him! Longinus, I remember, advises an author, when about to compose, to consider how such or such a writer, of established reputation, would be likely to treat a similar subject. This, he thought, might elevate his genius, and make it produce something worthy of the prototype. It would, I think, become a respectable editor to ask himself, not only whether what he is committing to the press be the genuine composition of the author whose works he has undertaken to publish, but also whether they are worthy of his reputation, and ought to be given to the world; whether they are such as he would himself have been willing to own. It would have sounded a little odd to have notified, in the prefacing advertisement,—“The Works of Jonathan Swift, &c.; to which are added, se-

veral pieces in prose and verse, some of which were written by others whose names are known, and a considerable part by persons whose names are only guessed at, and with which it almost amounts to an impossibility that the Dean of St Patrick's could have had any concern!” Yet, is not this exactly the case?

Sir Walter Scott concurs, with every other reader of Johnson's Critical Biography, in expressing his astonishment at the latter's dislike of Swift, and unaccountable injustice to his fame and character. His just and judicious comments on Milton would add much to our surprise, did we not remark an equal portion of unjust severity displayed in his Life of Gray, whose sublime and beautiful Odes, in spite of Johnson's perverse, and I had almost said puerile criticism, will maintain their fame with the duration of our language. Where, indeed, shall we find them equalled, save only by John Dryden? “Great wits,” says Pope, though with a different application, “sometimes may gloriously offend.” I believe they often do, but there is a great difference between opinions sported in conversation, or the ephemeral essays of a party writer, and the sober meditations of impartial criticism, written for the instructive information of present and future generations. In the latter, we have a right to expect the utmost candour, with the fairest judgment; a careful abstinence from anything that may mislead the reader, and a cautious avoidance of conclusions, not fully justified by the premises. Offences against these requisites are not of the glorious kind, and ultimately prove more injurious to the commentator than the person commented on. Swift disliked Dryden; for which many reasons may be assigned besides his observation, that Swift would never be a poet, and that he occasionally exhibited him as an object of ridicule; but if he had undertaken a sober critique on his works, under such an engagement as that of Johnson's, he would hardly have represented him in the ludicrous light in which he appears in the preface to the Tale of a Tub, and the Battle of the Books. These are the sportive sallies of a wit, not the serious compositions of a critic. As such they are very amusing, but without doing any injury to the real character

of the great poet. Your celebrated countryman, Sir Walter Scott, has done such ample justice to the Dean's character as a writer, a patriot, and a man, that it would be wrong to say another word on the subject.

One loves to dwell on great names and illustrious characters; it brings them nearer to view, and infuses a flattering idea of something like personal acquaintance. Sir Walter Scott has lately paid this country a visit, and though I had not the good fortune to meet him, yet the very circumstance of his having been so lately among us, justifies, or rather, I think, calls upon me to say something in acknowledgment of the honour thus conferred. I must, however, be candid enough to tell you, that many of those who did see, or might have seen him, were disappointed. Now, don't let your Caledonian pride rise with indignation at Paddy's want of respect for so high a name, or his inability to appreciate so amiable a character; it is capable of being explained to the satisfaction of all parties. You must know, then, that, Hibernically speaking, we have but one mode of complimentary reverence for the great—and that is by fulsome addresses, sumptuous banquets, and wordy revellings; cramming them with flattery before dinner, with forty different kinds of meat at dinner, and with as many different sorts of intoxicating liquors after dinner. He must also join in the stunning discord of three-times-three, Heaven knows how often; he must not only make speeches, always an unpleasant task enough, but he must also, which is still worse, listen to the half-tipsy speeches of others; he must surrender his sense of hearing to a noisy band of wind-instruments, and he must undergo the vociferations of those who call themselves singers! An opportunity of enduring all this for five or six hours, is considered to be the highest compliment that can be paid to eminent worth by its civilised and refined admirers; and an actual endurance of it is, of course, thought to be the highest gratification that the said eminent worth can possibly enjoy. The compliment is not new in its nature, though the embellishments are modern. Homer's heroes complimented each other with feasts, and, literally speaking, killed their own beef and mutton; the occupations of

cook and butcher were not beneath the dignity of the hero, who killed, skinned, and roasted the animal on the spot. Wine was not wanting after the appetite had been satisfied with substantial, but I cannot find any traces upon record, of wind-instruments, speeching bumpers, or three-times-three. For such additions as these we are indebted to the superior elegance of modern manners. Now, these, it seems, did not exactly suit the modern notions of Sir Walter Scott, whose taste lies in the feasts of literature, from which, as he has drawn largely himself, so has he been equally generous in feasting others. Hence the surprise of my kind-hearted countrymen, who naturally thought that the describer of heroes should be a hero himself. Sir Walter travelled here as he would have done at home, not to be seen, but to see, and therefore thought proper to decline the annoying parade of public exhibition.

I shall certainly be glad to know what opinion he has formed of Killarney. To me, and I have seen many romantic scenes of like character, it is one of the most singularly delightful pictures that the sportive hand of nature ever pourtrayed. In other places will be found higher mountains, larger lakes, woods, islands, &c. But at Killarney all these objects are so happily grouped, so curiously contrasted, and yet altogether so harmoniously combined, that the first view of it, from an eminence near Turk Mountain, struck me more as a scene of enchantment than of reality. It was on a summer evening, without a cloud in the sky or a breeze on the lake. Our eyes, for there were three in company, were rivetted to the view, and hungry and tired as we were, it was a long time before we could prevail on ourselves to move. Yet the thousand details of it, in treading its shores and visiting its islands, are no less worthy of regard and admiration. Many, I am sure, participate with me in a desire to know what impression it has made on a mind so peculiarly susceptible of, as well as so inconceivably happy in describing all the varied beauties of natural landscape.

You see, sir, the danger of encouraging an old gentleman's garrulity. You expected anecdotes of early days, and I am writing about two of those subjects which most engage the admi-

ration of the present age, Sir Walter Scott and the Lake of Killarney. In truth, this desultory kind of writing is very apt to lead the pen astray. A fixed and single subject charms the mind to one train of thought, and refuses admission to all ideas not directly conducive to the part contemplated. A correspondence like ours is more like conversation, where, in consequence of casual and unexpected suggestions, the subjects of discourse are perpetually changing, and they who began with the merry tale of a jolly friar, may end with the piteous story of a midnight ghost. How far this singularity may be acceptable to readers, I don't know, but it is most agreeable, because most easy, to the writer. When one travels for pleasure, it is much more amusing to loiter and diverge occasionally, than to follow the monotonous track of the mail-coach road.

In proof of what I have here said, a word, certainly not contemplated in the beginning of the paragraph, unexpectedly employs its powerful influence to turn me from the present, to recall the memory of the past, when ghosts, and goblins, and fairies formed, as a matter of course, the subject of many an evening's conversation and nocturnal alarm. Yet, I don't know why, my neighbourhood was not peculiarly happy in being the scene of spectral appearances or fairy gambols. Both, indeed, were religiously believed in, but all the stories told were received on credit. Everybody admitted that such things were, but nobody had seen them. They maintain a little of their credit still, but being much more rarely talked of, are fast sinking to oblivion. The notion of ghosts seems confined to a particular class of souls, viz. those of persons murdered, or who have come to some untimely end. Not many years since, a traveller, known to have money in his purse, was murdered by the family of a house where he sought a night's lodging. The room in which the murder was committed was the best bed-chamber in the house, and that in which the family were accustomed to sleep. From the day of the murder, it was deserted by all,—the consciences which were seared to the commission of murder, being unable to brave the fear of meeting the ghost of the murdered. A knowledge of this fact, soon

discovered by their neighbours, gave full confirmation to the suspicions before entertained. Through the subsequent testimony of an accomplice, strengthened by circumstances, they received the just reward of their atrocious cruelty. I remember an instance of similar apprehension, which saved my father the trouble of watching a young plantation he was very fond of. The body of an unfortunate woman, who, in a fit of despair, had committed suicide, was found there. For many years after, and until the memory of the act began to be obliterated, not a creature of the lower class would venture to enter, or even approach very near its precincts, between the dusk of eve and the dawn of morning. They don't seem to have considered that a ghost, if loco-motive at all, might just as easily visit one place as another; or that, if permitted to re-visit this earth at all, the place least likely to be favoured with its company was that which their own fears had selected.

Of witchcraft, once so universally believed, and of which it is hard to say whether the belief was in its results more mischievous and cruel than ridiculous and absurd, I believe not a vestige is now remaining. When it ceased to be an object of judicial inquiry—when malice could no longer be gratified by persecution, nor superstition fed by daily fables, a doctrine engendered by vice and folly soon sunk under the withering power of ridicule and contempt. In my boyish days, however, it still maintained some ground among the vulgar. In this country, suspicion had selected a very curious accomplice for the superannuated sibyl; and it is not easy to conceive by what perversity of intellect two of the most harmless and helpless of all creatures should have been fixed upon as dealers in diabolical acts, a decrepid old woman, and a hare! The hare, it seems, was one of the witch's most favourite transformations, though it should seem to be one of the most dangerous shapes she could assume, being the unfortunate object of universal pursuit. But as hares, by their speed and doubling, sometimes elude the hunters in a wonderful manner, there was no easier way of accounting for the miracle than by pronouncing her a witch. One story I have frequently heard from an old poacher,

who was persuaded that he had often hunted old hags in the shape of old hares. This story, however, he had from a friend, and there could be no doubt of its truth, for it happened in the county of Kerry, a famous place for true stories. It is said, on the authority of Vallancy, or some other almost as good, that that county had been originally colonized from Tyre or Carthage, as you will also find in O'Driscoll's book on Ireland, if it has not yet gone to the trunk-maker. Among their importations, they did not forget the *Punica fides*, a strong, but unfortunately a sole and solitary remnant and memorial of all the splendid arts and sciences they brought. The story is this—One of these bewitched hares had been long closely pursued, and the hunters were determined not to be foiled by her then, as as they had been many times before. It happened that, during the hunt, a dog more fleet than the rest had caught her by the rump, but she escaped from his jaws with no other injury than the loss of a little of her skin. After a very prolonged chase, the hounds came to a check near a few straggling cabins, beyond which they vainly looked or rather stooped for the scent. Puss was nowhere to be found. What was to be done? A bold huntsman exclaimed, 'Though we can't find the hare, we may find the witch.' Accordingly, they commenced a search, and in one of the cabins was found 'a wrinkled hag with age grown double,' sitting on a stool, and 'mumbling to herself.' The test was obvious—the hare had been wounded in a certain part, and an examination of the corresponding place in the old lady would effectually clear up the point. Civil entreaties were first resorted to, for one would not unnecessarily incur the displeasure of so dangerous an enemy, but they were

resorted to in vain. The sibyl, who, though she could run so well on four legs, could not even walk on two, refused to rise from her seat, and peremptorily declared against submitting to the proposed inspection. This opposition on the part of the aged dame, which might naturally enough be accounted for without imputation of sorcery, was to these sapient hunters 'confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ;' for what other motive could she possibly have for refusing to gratify so reasonable a demand? If it was a young woman, indeed, the case would be altered—but, Lord, what signifies an old lady's scruples? In short, as the story goes, they proceeded to violent measures, the result of which was, the complete verification of their well-founded suspicions. But whether the alleged wound had been previously given by the hound, whether it was received in the scuffle, or whether it existed only in the imagination of the inspectors, is a matter that may admit some doubt. Fortunately for the old lady, the days of hanging and drowning were over, by which means she escaped that sentence which no court would have refused to such convincing testimony, and they retired quite delighted with the consciousness of their sagacity in discovering witches.

This story was firmly believed by the old poacher, and, for aught I know, by myself too when I first heard it. Had he lived in the flourishing days of witchcraft, he might have claimed no small bounty from the state; for on his principles, he had probably not only killed, but also devoured, at least half a dozen witches to his own share. I am, sir, &c.

SENEX.

Cork, October 31, 1825.

LINES ADDRESSED TO JOHN BROSTER, F.A.S.E.

Discoverer of the System for the effectual Removing of Impediments of Speech.

BY A PUPIL.

WHEN the full moon is seen to rise
 From her palace in the eastern skies,
 Red and rayless, like the sun
 When through mists his western goal is won
 Or, o'er the southern mountains blue,
 Rises the star of the night to view,
 Then Fancy reigns, and rules the hour,
 While Feeling assumes imperial power.

On such an eve did my pilgrim feet
 Wind to the summit of Arthur's Seat ;
 'Twas a bright, rich, fairy scene around,
 But Admiration's tones were bound,
 And sad was my heart, as the willow bough
 O'erhanging the stream that wails below—
 Or, as wandering birds that fly—and fly—
 Over ocean's waste immensity,
 Yet find no island's green retreat
 For their weary wings and useless feet.

A month hath pass'd, and Arthur's Seat
 Is again, at twilight, my lone retreat,
 And Salisbury's cliffs, engulf'd in mist,
 Assume the tints of the amethyst,
 And, far in the west, the hues of day
 By the demon Darkness, are brush'd away,
 While the eastern ruby-tinted skies,
 Herald the Empress of night's uprising :
 She comes—above a dark red streak,
 Appear the lines of her pallid cheek,
 Pure and bright, as a silver shield
 Found unstain'd on a carnaged battle-field.

It was a beautiful scene—a sight
 That made the heart o'erflow with delight,
 And the stranger gazed on the fairy beam,
 Like one escaped from a painful dream ;—
 The fever had pass'd away ; his tongue
 Was released from the spell that around it clung.
 He call'd upon Echo—I saw him rejoice,
 As Echo replied with unbroken voice.
 And he said to the stream that murmured by,
 " How oft have I envied thy liberty,
 When my tongue was chain'd, and my words a sign
 That the listener's guess could alone divine !"—
 Oh I have feelings few may guess,
 Which words, even words, cannot express,

Due to him who loosed my voice, and brought
 The light of words to my darken'd thought ;
 Not more grateful could Cain have been, I trow,
 Had the curse of Heaven been erased from his brow !

E. D.

CAMBRIDGE, 19th October, 1825.

The writer of these lines, before he became Mr Broster's pupil, had been under the care of several gentlemen who professed to cure impediments of speech. These all failed in their attempts, because they were ignorant whence the impediment proceeded. But Mr Broster discovers, with almost intuitive acuteness, the particular cause of his pupil's impediment ; and this, it will be owned, is a very necessary step towards removing it. To proceed in the first person—When I first became acquainted with the most prominent feature of Mr B.'s system, I was much disappointed in it—I mistook it for a *simple elocutionary* process. But, in fact, this prominent feature is only *simple* in principle ; if rightly and pertinaciously adhered to, it is in practice omnipotent. Moreover, it owes nothing to *elocution* ; but is a perfectly original discovery. Nay, so far from being at all indebted to elocution, the good orator must be in possession of Mr B.'s system : either unconsciously practising it, when it is bestowed on him by nature ; or, consciously, having acquired it from Mr Broster. Persons who say they have weak lungs—who are unable to fill such a church—or make themselves audible in such a court of justice—will, after having attended Mr B., be able to speak for many hours together, without feeling any particular fatigue. I am aware that Mr B. has already instructed several clergymen with great success ; but I hope soon to hear, that he makes it a part of his profession to enable men, intended for the church and law, to speak impressively and audibly, for a great length of time, with comparatively little exertion. I am here only offering a few remarks on the Brosterian system ; for a fuller account of which, I refer the reader to Blackwood's Magazine for January 1825, and to the London Magazine and Review for August 1825, No. 8, Art. 5. But let me add, that Mr B.'s system is often highly conducive to the pupil's health. In many cases, the person troubled with defective utterance is continually impairing his constitution, by using other energies for the production of sound, than those furnished him for that purpose—other energies, which, having also their own individual functions to perform, are seriously injured by this increase of employment. But Mr Broster, by causing the organs of speech to undertake their own duty, relieves those parts of the frame which have been wearied and agitated by unnatural exertion, and prevents the further progress of an evil which has been to the pupil a consuming canker in the bud of life.

Lastly, speaking of Mr Broster's system, I affirm, that such as are afflicted with considerable impediment and distortion of countenance, will be immediately relieved by it—all who are endued with some perseverance, will derive much benefit from it—those who can wrestle vigorously against an old, and firmly adopt a new habit, will be effectually cured by it. Reader, if you have a relation—a friend—the victim of an impediment in speech—who shrinks from observation—who dreads to hear the sound of his own voice—and, if in his welfare you are interested, recommend him to try the efficacy of Mr Broster's system.

PROTESTANT SISTERS OF CHARITY.

My friend C—— is a country clergyman. In his youth he was an officer in the army, and served during several campaigns in the late war in the Peninsula. Having a pleasing figure and countenance, very animated manners, an amiable disposition, and buoyant spirits, he was a great favourite both with men and women in the numerous circle of his acquaintance, and indulged in all that gaiety and dissipation for which the warm southern nations of the continent offer such tempting and boundless opportunities. At the conclusion of the war, he quitted the army, looked round for a profession, and, unsuitable as it may appear, fixed on the church; and having passed the requisite time at —— College, Cambridge, in honest and earnest study, he took orders, married, and obtained a curacy. He is now living in the retired and beautiful village of ——, in the county of ——.

The contemplations and active duties of religion have generated in him a mood of mind adapted to his holy office. He is naturally eloquent; he has a ready command of language—a warm and tender heart, which often trembles in his voice during the more touching and impassioned parts of his sermons. His congregation, of course, think him the most eloquent of preachers. But this is not all: to the distressed he is active in giving and procuring relief—to the sick, or those in sorrow, in offering support and consolation—in short, he is an excellent parish priest. In talking about the contrast between his past and present modes of life, he often declares that he was never happy till now, and that although his income is so narrow as to require the utmost frugality to render it equal to his expenses, he would not exchange the tranquil happiness which he derives from the duties, the contemplations, and the prospects of religion, for all the splendid gaiety, the intoxicating excitement, and the lavish expenses of his youth. He sometimes comes to town and visits me. On one of these occasions he was complaining of the difficulty of procuring medical attendance for the sick poor of his parish, many of whom live far from the town where the parish surgeon resides. The surgeon himself was too busy in visit-

ing his rich patients—his assistant was ignorant and inattentive,—and my friend was convinced that his poor sick flock often suffered a length of illness, and sometimes death, which earlier and better care might have prevented. This gave him great pain, and he was wishing that it was possible to procure a few women of a superior order to the generality of nurses, and taught by a residence in the hospitals to recognize and relieve the most common kinds of illness. “They should be,” he added, “animated with religion. Science and mere humanity cannot be relied on. An order of women such as these, distributed among the country parishes in the kingdom, would be of incalculable value. It was formerly the boast of the Catholics that the Protestants had no missionaries. That boast is silenced, but they may still affirm that Protestantism has not yet produced her Sisters of Charity.”

When I was in Flanders a short time ago, I saw at Bruges and Ghent some of this singular and useful order of Nuns—they are all of a respectable station in society, and I was told, that it is not uncommon for the females of the most wealthy, and even noble families, voluntarily to quit the world and its pleasures, enter this order, and dedicate themselves to the most menial attendance on the sick. I went one morning to the hospital at ——; all the nurses are “*Sœurs de Charité*,” and it was a striking sight to see these women, whose countenances, manners, and a something in the quality, or cleanness of their stiff white hoods, and black russet gowns, are expressive of a station superior to their office, one with a pail in her hand, another down on her knees washing the floor of the chapel. The physician to the hospital spoke in the highest terms of the humility and tenderness with which they nursed his patients. When I fell ill myself, which I did during my stay in this town, I was near having a Sister of Charity for my nurse.

My friend is right. The attendants on the sick, whether professional or menial, are commonly actuated by scientific zeal, by mere natural humanity, or by mercenary motives; but these cannot be trusted to for steady attention—the one subsides with the so-

lution of a question, the other hardens by habit, the last requires jealous inspection—there are long intervals of indifference, and apathy, and inattention—we want an actuating motive of a more steady and enduring nature, which requires neither curiosity, nor emotion, nor avarice to keep it alive, which still burns in the most tranquil states of mind, and out of the reach of human inspection, and this motive is religion.

I have often seen, and still often see (for I must let out the secret that I am a physician,) cases in which the sufferings of illness are much increased, and I have every reason to believe the chances of recovery much diminished, by a want of persevering attention to the sick; but an example occurred to me when I was a young man, which at the time when it happened affected me much, and has left on my mind an indelible impression. Whilst I was a student at the university of —, and during one of the long vacations which I was spending at — on the coast of —, an English frigate captured a French frigate, brought her into the roads, and the sick and wounded were sent on shore to a temporary hospital which was fitted up for the purpose. As the ordinary medical attendants were insufficient to attend upon the sufferers, others were invited to assist them, and I was entrusted with the care of two small wards, one of them full of Frenchmen. They were an orderly and peaceable set of men, received the attentions which I paid them with thankfulness, and when those who were cured were sent from the hospital to the prison, they used to come to me before departing, in a cluster, with a spokesman at their head, who, with an air of courtesy which is seldom seen among English sailors, expressed the general gratitude of the whole party for the humanity with which they had been attended. Among these poor fellows there was one who excited unusual interest in me—his name was Pierre * * * * he was a tall slender young man, about two and twenty years of age, with a sallow countenance, a full dark eye, and hair of the deepest black. You would have been certain that he was a foreigner, and have guessed that he was an Italian—he had received a severe wound in his right leg, which had affected the knee with pain and swelling. The principal surgeons at the hospital, de-

liberated whether or no to remove the limb; a humane desire to save it if possible, led them to postpone the operation for several weeks, but the time at length arrived when it was obviously necessary to sacrifice the limb, in order to save his life, and the operation was performed above the knee. Pierre went through it with admirable firmness—I had the command of the tourniquet. After the removal of the limb the blood-vessels were secured with ligatures—the wound was closed and bandaged, a cotton night-cap was drawn over the stump, and poor Pierre was lifted from the operation-table, and gently placed in a warm, clean, comfortable bed. For several weeks his chief suffering had been pain in the knee. In the evening after the operation I went to see him, and as I entered the ward, I heard him complaining aloud of pain in the knee. I told him it was impossible that he could have pain in that knee, as it had been cut off in the morning, but this did not satisfy him; he still called out loudly about pain in his knee. I lifted up the bed-clothes, and showed him that his knee was gone; he looked at it for a moment, and then raising his eyes, earnestly said, “Then it is the *ghost* of my knee.” The truth is, that he really felt pain; but by an error which surgeons often witness, and metaphysicians have often heard of, referred it to a part which was gone.

The stump healed slowly; at length it did heal, but now we had a new difficulty to encounter. From long lying in bed upon his back, the skin on the loins began to come off, first in little places, which, gradually extending, joined, and formed a large wound; and this began to slough, as surgeons call it, that is, portions of the flesh died and fell away. What was to be done? As long as he continued to lie on his back, the pressure on the flesh, which was able to cause this ulceration, would, of course, be able to prevent its healing. No good was to be hoped for unless we could lift him off his back. I need not relate the difficulties which I encountered in this task, the various contrivances which I employed, and the pains and time which I spent in effecting my object; but I did effect it. I so adjusted his bed and pillows, that one day he lay on one side, another day on the other, and never on his back. The consequence was, that the ulceration

and sloughing stopped ; the wound began to look healthy, filled up with new flesh, then skinned over ; and at the same time Pierre was recovering his health and looks ; he slept well, enjoyed his food, gained flesh, and began to look another man. The wound was nearly healed, when, just at this critical period, the time arrived for my return to the university ; and I took leave of poor Pierre and my other patients. I did not, however, go straight to the university, but went first to spend ten days or a fortnight with my relations. As I write this I feel a pang of self-reproach. On my way to the university I had to go back through the town, and, of course, visited the hospital to see how my patients were going on. That visit was a painful one. I shall never forget it. During my absence Pierre had fallen under the care of a young man, an assistant surgeon, who, although good tempered, and not deficient in sense or in knowledge of his profession, was incorrigibly indolent and inattentive. Pierre was allowed to roll on his back again ; the young skin and flesh soon ulcerated and sloughed ; a hectic fever followed ; he lost his appetite, and wasted to a skeleton. He was in this state when I returned and visited the hospital. As I opened the door of the ward in which Pierre lay, it so happened that his eyes, always large and prominent, but now larger and more prominent from the emaciated appearance of his face, were turned towards the door, and he instantly caught sight of me. Poor fellow ! I think I now see him first lay his left cheek on his pillow, then turn his face toward me again, clasp his hands, burst into tears, and exclaim that he should now die happy. He had been for some days aware of his approaching dissolution, had been writing verses on me in French, and repeatedly expressed a hope that he should live till I returned, that he might see me once more and take leave of me for ever. He had his wish, and that was all. He died that night.

Let the Church, or if not, let that class of Christians in whom, above all others, religion is not a mere Sunday ceremony, but the daily and hourly principle of their thoughts and actions, and of whom I have only to complain for a little error in doctrine, and more than a little cant at least in language, which latter peculiarity is

perpetually preventing the success of their religious appeals, at least to educated minds, and which is as great an obstacle to the first steps in religion as technical jargon to the first steps in science—let all serious Christians, I say, join, and found an order of women like the Sisters of Charity in Catholic countries ; let them be selected for good plain sense, kindness of disposition, indefatigable industry, and deep piety ; let them receive not a technical and scientific, but a practical medical education ; for this purpose, let them be placed both as nurses and pupils in the hospitals of Edinburgh or London, or in the county hospitals ; let their attention be pointed by the attending physician to the particular symptoms by which he distinguishes the disease ; let them be made as familiar with the best remedies, which are always few, as they are with barley-water, gruel, and beef-tea. Let them learn the rules by which these remedies are to be employed ; let them be examined frequently on these subjects, in order to see that they carry these rules clearly in their heads ; let books be framed for them, containing the essential rules of practice, briefly, clearly, and untechnically written ; let such women, thus educated, be distributed among the country parishes of the kingdom, and be maintained by the parish allowance, which now goes to the parish surgeon ; let him be resorted to only in difficult cases ; let them be examined every half year by competent physicians about the state of their medical knowledge ; let this be done, and I fearlessly predict that my friend, and all those who are similarly situated, and zealous with himself, will no longer complain that their sick flock suffer from medical neglect.

It may be objected, that women with such an education would form a bad substitute for a scientific medical attendant. Be it remembered, however, that the choice is not between such women and a profound and perfect physician, or surgeon, but between such women and the ordinary run of country apothecaries ; the latter labouring under the additional disadvantage of wanting time for the application of what skill they have.

Among the various writings of that extraordinary man, John Wesley, there is one entitled "*Primitive Physic.*" Under the heads of the different dis-

eases to which the human body is subject, arranged alphabetically, are directions for their cure in English. This little book has gone through no less than thirty editions, the last dated 1824. This looks as if it was still extensively circulated and read; but if it is really attended to in the treatment of the sick, the patients are sometimes subjected to most whimsical remedies. For an ague, we are directed, at the approach of the fit, to lay pounded and salted wall-flowers to the sutures of the head. In an apoplexy, a pint of salt and water, if it can be got down into the stomach, will *certainly* bring the patient out of the fit. For a violent bleeding from the nose, a piece of white paper is to be put under the tongue; for a cancer in the breast, the patient is to drink an infusion of *warts*, off the legs of a horse, in ale; for a cold in the head, the rind of an orange is to be turned inside out, and to be thrust up the nostrils; for a consump-

tion, the patient is to cut a hole in fresh turf, and breathe into it a quarter of an hour every morning; for a fresh cut, we are to apply toasted cheese; for the gout, we are to lay a beef-steak upon the swelled toe; for a cancer, we are to apply goose's dung; for a speck in the eye, we are to blow into it—what dost thou think, gentle reader?—the dried and fine powder of *zibethum occidentale*? Art thou so ignorant as not to know what this is?—*stercus humanum*—a madman is to be put under, not a pump, but a *large* waterfall (Corra Linn, or Schaffhausen?) I am persuaded that a book might be drawn up for the use of my sisters of charity, which would serve as a far clearer and safer guide than Wesley, or Buchan, or Reece; and I would here put down one article as a specimen of the way in which the work ought to be executed, were I not afraid of tiring my readers.

LONDON, 1st Nov. 1825.

FOR MUSIC.

1.

Is she fair as morning's shine?

One I know is fairer;

Rare as pearls beneath the brine?

She I'm sure is rarer.

Be her eyes like cloudless skies?

Even heaven can naught like hazel boast.

Streams her hair like sunbeams fair?

Dark locks o'er bright brows please me most.

2.

Coral lips are common things,—

But—the breath that parts them!

Starry looks one often sings,

But—the soul that darts them!

I have seen and sigh'd and sung;

Oh! have I ever felt before?

Thought that love lay on the tongue,

And now he stings my bosom's core.

3.

Other smiles must chase away

Thoughts that sting too keenly;

Brightly still shines beauty's ray,

Though no more serenely.

Fill about the brimming glass,

To those we see no more—no more!

Smother Love, nor sigh, alas!

That one sad toast, and then 'tis o'er.

C. M.

THE SILK TRADE.

THE Political Economists are a most unfortunate race of people. They had got Ministers, Parliament, and the press, into their net; they had got, to a great degree, public affairs into their hands; they had removed almost everything calculated to prevent them from sporting at pleasure with the fortunes and bread of his Majesty's subjects, and behold! their first experiments blow them into the air. Without allowing them a moment's respite, the Silk Trade seems resolved to deprive them of any little life that may have been left them by the Combinations.

Our readers may perhaps remember, that Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson repeatedly boasted, during the last Session of Parliament, of the vast benefits which their changes had produced in the Silk Trade. They pointed to the thriving state of this trade, to prove that what they called the principles of free trade were unerring. This seemed to us to be exceedingly incomprehensible. The only change that had then come into operation, was a reduction of the revenue duty upon silk; this was certainly no departure from the old system, and the wearer of silks scarcely felt it at all. Foreign silks were then as strictly prohibited as ever. Well, the period for the *real change*—for the “new system”—to come into operation, is approaching; it is still several months distant, and yet its mere approach has contributed essentially to place the Silk Trade on the brink of ruin. The silk-manufacturers, as our readers know, have declared to the world that their trade is in a state of unexampled stagnation; partly from the illegal introduction of French silks, and partly from the refusal of the retail dealers to buy English ones, on account of the time being so near for the regular admission of those of foreign countries.

We will here observe, that if there be any truth in the doctrines of the Economists, this smuggling of French silks ought to have benefitted the Silk Trade, and our other trades, greatly. The law certainly at present forbids the Frenchman to bring us his silks; but if he get them clandestinely into the country, it gives him full permission to take any of our manufactures

in exchange for them. He has at this moment as much liberty to do this, as he will have when his silks are to be lawfully imported. Instead, however, of increasing the consumption of English silks, he only renders them unsaleable—instead of giving an impulse to our cottons and other articles of manufacture, he only injures them by diminishing the means of the silk-manufacturers for buying them. With all our manufactures spread before him for his choice, he—maliciously in league, as he evidently is, with everything else against the Economists—will take nothing of us but gold coin—the only manufactured article that we cannot part with without injury. He has taken so much of this, that he has given a tremendous shock to almost every interest in the country. Is there any man in his senses, who believes that the case will be different when the market shall be opened for him regularly?

Our soil is fully peopled; the Economists have not yet invented anything for enlarging the island, and extracting corn and pasture land from the ocean, at pleasure. Our population, as a whole, is superabundant; it is rapidly increasing; and the increase has only trade and manufactures, or emigration, to look to for bread. When a man reflects upon this, and then turns to the immense consumption of silks, here and throughout the world, he must be convinced that no sacrifice ought to be spared to protect and cherish the Silk Trade, unless it can be proved that it is a downright impossibility to make it flourish in this country.

The Economists, from some unknown reason, have always regarded this trade with peculiar enmity. Only a few years since, they earnestly exhorted us to abandon it altogether; and their advice at present amounts simply to this, that we ought to plunge it into ruin as soon as possible. They lay it down as a principle, that, if we can buy goods of other nations at a less price than we can produce them at, we ought to cease producing such goods. They call this an infallible principle, and other people have been led to think it infallible likewise. The Chancellor

of the Exchequer has more than once publicly intimated, that the government of this country intends in future to act upon it as far as possible.

On a former occasion, we showed that this principle was grossly false; and we regret that the necessity is imposed upon us of doing it again. If it be true, it is true likewise that a manufacture has not its infancy and maturity, but for ever remains what it is when it is commenced. If this principle had always been acted upon in this country, we should not at this moment have had a manufacture of any description. The Economists might as well tell us, that, because a boy is not equal to the full-grown and experienced workman when he is put apprentice to a trade, he ought not to learn it. It is wise in an individual to give a large sum for a beneficial trade-secret, or to sacrifice many of his early years, and much of his private fortune, in qualifying himself for a lucrative profession; or to pay a considerable amount annually to an insurance-office, to secure a provision for his family, after his decease; and it is most wise in a nation to make heavy sacrifices for a long term of years, for the acquisition of a profitable manufacture. Adam Smith, as far as we remember, to enforce the principle, states, that it would be exceedingly foolish to attempt to make Scotland produce wine. This is no doubt true, and it would be exceedingly foolish to attempt to make England produce sugar. But such reasoning is perfectly idle, because neither individuals, nor governments, will be guilty of the folly which it is intended to combat. Generally speaking, nations endeavour to establish such trades and manufactures only, as may be fairly expected to be reasonably successful. A country, when it commences a manufacture, cannot expect to compete with other countries which are already expert in such manufacture; the want of capital, machinery, skill, and many other things, may cause it to produce at double the cost incurred by its rivals. But still, if there be a probability that in time it may compete with these rivals, it is sound wisdom in it to make the attempt.

With regard, however, to the manufacture of silk in this country, the question is not, whether it shall be commenced, but whether it shall be

continued. Fortunately for the nation, it was begun when other principles prevailed than those which are now the fashion. It has gone on increasing, until the trade is estimated to employ at present FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND SOULS, and TWELVE MILLIONS OF CAPITAL. Our manufacturers have not yet overtaken the French ones, but they are very little behind them.

In respect of price, the government, and some of the manufacturers, believe, that if house-rent, wages, taxes, &c. were as low here as in France, our manufacturers could sell at as low a rate as the French ones. The protecting duty of thirty per cent on foreign silks, is intended merely to subject the foreign manufacturer to the extra charges which would rest upon him if he dwelt in this country. It stands upon the assumption that the English article is equal to the French one, and that the English manufacturer could sell at as low a price as the French one, if placed in the same circumstances.

We believe that some of our fair countrywomen think English silks more serviceable than French ones; they are of opinion that the colours stand better, and that they are not so liable to stain. On the other hand, they say that, in respect of beauty and brightness of colour, the English silks are inferior to the French ones. There may be this inferiority, and it may be sufficient for driving our own silks out of the market, but still it is only to be discovered by the eye of the critic. Every silk article that beauty, or taste, or wealth, may need for its adornment, can be supplied by the English manufacturer, and the general gaze of society will not be able to perceive that it has not been brought from the land of fashion.

To this point of perfection the manufacture of silk has been brought in this country, although it has had to struggle with several disadvantages.

In the first place, our manufacturers have never been able to equal the French ones in machinery.

In the second place, France produces its own raw silk, which it keeps exclusively for the use of its manufacturers; it suffers none to be exported. Our manufacturers can only procure silk, proper for the better kinds of goods in Italy, and even there the best is reserved for the Italian manu-

facturers. The English ones have never been able to obtain silk equal in quality to that used by those of France.

In the third place, the French manufacturers are believed to have better water and a better climate for dyeing their goods than the English ones; in addition to this, the superiority of their raw article gives a superiority in point of brightness and beauty to their colours.

It may now be necessary to inquire whether these disadvantages cannot be got rid of.

With regard to the first point, our manufacturers, as far as probability goes, may be expected in process of time to equal, if not surpass, the French ones in machinery. Everything conspires to render this not only possible, but likely.

With regard to the second point, a company with a capital of a million has just been formed, at the head of which are the Earl of Liverpool, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr Huskisson, &c. &c. for the purpose of establishing the silk worm in this country, Ireland, and certain of our dependencies. We are not competent to put forth any prediction touching the success of this company, but the exalted patronage under which it appears, leads us to hope that it has only been founded upon extensive inquiry, careful calculation, and rational hope. If it succeed, it will by act and example remove altogether the disadvantage in question. Should it fail, the production of silk appears to be rapidly increasing in several foreign countries, and there is almost a certainty that our manufacturers will soon be able to draw from them a raw article equal in quality to that of France.

With regard to the third point, a better raw article would we believe improve the colours of the English manufactured silks. Whether the French manufacturers have or have not an advantage in water and climate, is a disputed matter which we may not settle. The English manufacturers assert that they have. The question, however, stands thus—if the French colours be more beautiful, they are less durable; and the difference is so small that it requires a tolerable judge to discover it. This point touches, in a very trifling degree, quality, and it does not touch, at all, cheapness of production.

Upon the whole, then, here is a ma-

nufacture which is estimated to employ half a million of souls and twelve millions of capital—which has been hitherto constantly improving, and which has improved considerably in late years—which under several disadvantages produces goods very nearly equal to the best produced in other countries—which has a prospect of being soon relieved from these disadvantages, and of being enabled to compete with any rivals whatever—which injures no particular public interest—which yields great benefits to the empire and promises still greater ones—which a few months since was in the most flourishing condition—and which asks nothing at the hands of government except that it may not be interfered with. This manufacture is thrown into stagnation and distress, and threatened with ruin, solely by changes in the laws and the intermeddling of the government.

We will here ask why such changes and intermeddling were resorted to. If we admit that obvious and overpowering necessity might have justified them,—did any such necessity exist? No! The silk trade and the nation at large were perfectly satisfied with matters as they stood. The manufacturers were not getting monopoly prices, or anything beyond fair profits; and the community was content to be supplied exclusively by them. It was confessed that both the Silk Trade and every other interest were flourishing. While the changes and intermeddling sported thus rashly with the fortunes and bread of so large a part of the community, they were perfectly uncalled for and gratuitous. They were obviously a volunteer attempt merely to “make well better.” No specific facts and calculations were adduced to prove that they would operate beneficially; they were resorted to solely upon untried theory, and they were advocated solely by vague generalities. We must now examine the reasoning which has been employed to justify the opening of the Silk Trade.

It is said that the restrictive system gave a monopoly to our manufacturers generally, and that monopoly is a most pernicious thing. Before we proceed farther, we must ascertain, as accurately as we can, what this monopoly was in kind and effect. Foreign manufactures were excluded from the

market, but our manufacturers were scattered about through the three kingdoms; they were unconnected with each other; they acted not in concert; they were in many cases strangers to, and they were constantly the rivals of, each other in both price and quality. Those of one place continually laboured to undersell those of another; and even those of the same place acted towards each other in the same manner. Instead of there being too little competition among them, there was very often far too much. Prices were so far from being monopoly ones, that they were generally the lowest that the manufacturers could afford to take, and they were often so low as to ruin them. It is preposterous in any one to call this a monopoly, according to the common meaning of the term; and it is much worse than preposterous in those who are entrusted with the management of public affairs.

Such is the monopoly which our manufacturers—we speak of them generally—have enjoyed. We pray our readers to keep in mind its real character.

It is asserted that this very monopoly prevents competition, keeps back manufacturing improvements, raises prices above what they ought to be, injures public interests, and does great harm to the manufacturers themselves. According to the public prints, the Marquis of Lansdowne said in Parliament that he could scarcely conceive any state of things in which monopoly—that is, the actual monopoly which we have described—could benefit the manufacturers. Men utter as great absurdities when they are intoxicated with theory, as when they are intoxicated with liquor.

As the question turns in a great degree upon the effects of competition, we will give to these a somewhat detailed examination. We will look at them first as they affect prices.

“If the foreigner be admitted,” exclaim the Economists, “the competition that he will cause will bring down prices, and this will benefit the nation immensely!” It is by wretched generalities like this that measures are advocated which involve the question, whether the empire shall or shall not be plunged into ruin. Every one knows that prices may be too low, that there is a point below which they can-

not fall without producing general distress, and that it is very possible to sink them to this point. The question, therefore, is, have our manufacturers on the average been charging higher prices than they were justly entitled to? Certainly not. Generally speaking, they can barely obtain remunerating prices. They keep the market profusely stocked; they frequently overstock it; there is always a sufficiency, and often more than a sufficiency, of competition to keep prices at the lowest point. No matter what increase of competition the foreigner might create among them; they could not reduce their profits in a degree to be felt by the consumer without ruining themselves. Government distinctly admits this to be the fact, by imposing a protecting duty upon the foreigner, which it expects will compel him to charge quite as much as the Englishman. If the foreigner, by increasing competition, lower prices, he will produce a vast portion of public distress. So far, therefore, as competition affects prices, that of the foreigner cannot possibly produce any benefit; at the best it will be useless, and the probability is, that it will be grievously mischievous.

This refers to the present, and what is the prospect for the future? Is there the least likelihood that our manufacturers would ever charge monopoly, or higher than proper prices? None whatever. We have a superabundance of capital and population, and if the foreigner be rigidly excluded, there is even a certainty that in regard to prices, competition will always be too high rather than too low in this country. There is a certainty, that if any fall in corn, labour, or the raw article, or any discoveries give the ability to our manufacturers to reduce their prices, there will always be sufficient competition among them to cause them to make the reduction.

Looking, therefore, at the present and the future with respect to prices, this competition of the foreigner cannot be of the least value whatever.

Competition cannot possibly endure unless the competitors be placed nearly on an equality. If the one can regularly undersell the other, or produce goods that are decidedly preferred, he must ruin his rival, and, of course, destroy the competition.

If the Englishman and the foreigner

be not placed on a level; if the one can constantly undersell the other, or produce goods that have the preference, he must speedily monopolise the market. This equality must exist at the commencement of the competition; no man can or will carry on a regularly losing trade. If the Englishman be driven out of his home market,—he has no other that can support him in his manufacture,—this manufacture must be wholly lost to the nation.

Our opinion is, that it is perfectly impossible to place the Englishman and the foreigner on a level in our market. The manufacturers who dwell in the same country are placed in the same circumstances, and they are alike affected by the same changes, but the case is wholly different with those who dwell in different countries. Changes are continually taking place in every nation which do not extend to other nations. Bread and wages may fall in one when they rise in another; one may raise its taxes when another is lowering them; one may be distressed when another is prosperous; one may improve its goods much more rapidly than another.* A protecting duty to compel the English and French manufacturers to sell at the same price, ought to be changed almost every month to keep both sides on an equality. It would be impossible thus to change it, for trade could not be carried on under such a system. The present protecting duties must in our judgment, in regard to price, give the trade either to the foreigner or the Englishman, they will make no division of it worth mentioning. In spite of them, the one will be able to undersell the other and engross the market.

This would be the case if the manufactures of different countries were precisely the same in character and quality, but they are not, and no protecting duty, no art of governments, can make them so. The silks of France, for instance, have their peculiar characteristics; a protecting duty can make them as dear as the English ones, if it can be collected, but it can-

not make the latter resemble them exactly in all things. If the manufactures of one country be preferred to those of another, they will be bought in a rich country, if a much higher price be charged for them. If it were possible for a protecting duty to place the Englishman and the foreigner on an exact equality with respect to price, the goods of the one would possess some peculiarity or other which would give him the market. Such differences always have been, and always will be. Nations will get before or fall behind each other in manufactures, but they will never be kept exactly together. It would be just as easy to make all nations produce at the same price, as to make them produce articles of the same kind exactly alike.

Our opinion seems to be justified by experience. The demand for any particular kind of manufactures seems to be chiefly supplied by a single nation in most free national markets. Prices and even the actual worth may be about the same, but still some peculiarity or other in the goods gives the chief part of the trade to a single country. The trade may pass from one nation to another, but it seems to be incapable of any great and lasting division.

If our Government could establish a perfect equality of price between the Englishman and the foreigner, other governments could destroy it in a moment in favour of their own subjects. Our market must now be to the foreigner by far the best foreign one in respect of demand, prices, and quick returns. A trifling bounty from his government would give him a decided advantage, and this might operate for several months—for a period sufficient to plunge the Englishman into distress—before it could be met by an increase of protecting duty. Such things would render trade almost a certain source of ruin.

We will now apply what we have said especially to the silk-trade.

Have our silk manufacturers been charging monopoly prices—have they gained more than fair and adequate

* In proof of this we may cite the fact, that in the short space which has elapsed since the passing of the law for opening the silk trade, wages and many other things have advanced in this country 30 per cent, while in France they have remained nearly stationary.

profits? Have they been unable or unwilling to supply the market?—Is it asserted that there has been no competition among them? No!—They declare that they cannot lower their prices and profits, and this is disproved in no quarter. The government shows that it believes them, when it lays a duty on the foreigner to compel him to charge, at least, as much as they have charged while he has been excluded from the market. They have always kept the market profusely supplied, and they have often greatly overstocked it. Competition has been active among them, it has in late years been extremely active, it is sure to increase, and it is certain that should the prohibitory system be continued, there will always be sufficient competition to keep silk goods at the lowest prices.

So far, therefore, as competition affects prices and profits, there is not the least need of an increase of it in the trade in question. An increase would only produce mischief rather than benefit.

The silk manufacturers say that the protecting duty of thirty per cent cannot be collected; they assert that government admits that it cannot. They state that the French agents at present, for a premium of 10, or even $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, contract to deliver their goods to the purchaser free from duty, and take upon themselves the risk of seizure up to such delivery. They aver, that when the sale of French silks shall be lawful, the seizure of smuggled ones after delivery will be impracticable, and that the market will be chiefly supplied with French goods smuggled on such terms. We believe this to be unquestionable. The Frenchman will bring his goods to market at a price which the Englishman cannot possibly compete with. By some mistake in the laws French silks are at present admitted into Ireland at a low duty, they are from thence sent to this country under the name of Irish ones, and they are sold here at lower prices than our manufacturers can afford to take. If the goods therefore were exactly similar, the foreigner would bring great part of his to market at prices that would ruin the Englishman. We gain the chief part of the trade solely by underselling. The competition which constantly rages among the retail dealers, would cause

the smuggled silks to fix the retail prices, and would prohibit the dealer from buying of the English manufacturer. This is another proof that it is impossible to place the Englishman and the foreigner on an equality. It was boasted that the "new liberal system" would destroy smuggling; it is now proved that, with regard to the silk trade, it will prodigiously increase it.

But if the protecting duty could be collected, and if the Englishman and Frenchman could be placed on an exact equality in regard to price, still their goods are not, and cannot at present be made, exactly similar. The French silks have peculiarities which cause them to be preferred by the more valuable class of consumers. They are French silks—they are brought from a foreign country—and this is no slight recommendation with a vast number of silk-wearers. The adage is not the less true for being stale, that "The far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies." Silks are wanted chiefly for dress, they are chosen by female taste, and the most beautiful and fashionable ones will have the preference. It is acknowledged that the French silks surpass ours in brightness and beauty of colour. We have always been the servile copyists of France in regard to that incomprehensible and omnipotent thing called Fashion. In colour and pattern, the Frenchman will be the decided favourite with the wealthy part of our lovely countrywomen. A rich lady cares not for durability; she does not want the silks for her use; she wants what is beautiful and uncommon. She gives her silk articles to her woman when they are perhaps scarcely soiled; they are then many of them sold; and this one lady thus in reality chooses for a great number of other females nearly all the silks they wear. She is regardless of price, and were a protecting duty to make French silks thirty or forty per cent dearer than the English ones, she would have them, if they should possess the superiority in beauty and fashion. Most females, down to the wives of respectable farmers and tradesmen, choose their silks, as far as their means will permit them, on the same principle.

On this point it is wholly impossible for the government to place the

Englishman and Frenchman on an equality. It might clap an additional ten or twenty per cent upon the Frenchman on account of his colour and fashion, and this would only make his silks more genteel and fashionable, and more the rage. He would gain all the rich consumers, all those, without whose business the manufacture would scarcely be worth carrying on in this country. If he can ever be equalled in other things, we fear that he will always be inimitable in matters of fashion.* We have always followed the French in such matters, and the disposition for it has suffered no abatement. Hues and patterns are continually changing, and they admit of endless diversity; the Englishman and foreigner could not prepare the same for the same moment, and in the rivalry the former would be constantly worsted. Should his actually be the most beautiful, they would be rejected for not being French ones; and should he imitate those of his rival, his imitations could only be produced when too late for the fashion.

In articles of daily consumption, articles bought merely for use, price is a consideration, and intrinsic value is principally looked at. But in articles of dress, ornament, and show, price is not a matter of much moment among the best buyers in this country. These buyers think nothing of a shilling, or eighteen pence per yard—of twenty or thirty per cent additional.

We will now sum up on this point. If the protecting duty were sufficiently high to prevent the Frenchman from underselling the Englishman, it is pretty certain that it cannot be collected. It is pretty certain that great part of the French silks will be brought to the market duty free, and that they will be sold at prices which would ruin the manufactures of this country. Putting this out of sight, the French

silks will be distinct in kind, they will be different in colour, pattern, &c.—in matters of fashion—in those things which are sure to gain them the best part of the trade, even though they should be sold twenty or thirty per cent higher than the English ones. Such is the competition—such is the equality—which Parliament in its wisdom has thought good to establish between the Englishman and the foreigner in the Silk Trade. To the Englishman, they must demonstrably be a competition, and an equality of ruin.

We proceed to the effects of competition, in respect of improvements and discoveries.

It is said that the monopoly which we have described—once more we beg our readers to remember its real character—deprives our manufacturers of exertion, and prevents them from improving their goods. It is asserted, that the admission of the foreigner into the market is essential for compelling them to make brilliant inventions and discoveries, and to carry their goods to the highest point of perfection.

This is advanced by Mr Huskisson, by both sides of Parliament, by the press, and by almost every one. We should perhaps repeat it, if we could follow the multitude and court popularity, instead of looking at duty, common sense, truth, and experience.

In the fabrication of many articles, we excel the whole world; in the fabrication of most others, we are surpassed by no other nation. Our manufacturers—we speak of them as a whole in the widest sense of the term—have made almost superhuman exertions, they have surmounted the most gigantic disadvantages, they have triumphed over what seemed to be actual impossibilities, they have made the most astonishing inventions, their machinery is almost miraculous, they have obtained the chief trade of the

* We are assured, that many of the cotton-printing establishments have at present very little employment for their workmen. The dealers are expecting to draw their chief supplies of printed cottons from France and Switzerland, and refuse to give orders to the Englishman. Here again the latter will have to compete with the foreigner in hue and pattern—in matters of fashion—and in such competition he will not succeed. The rich are now great wearers of prints, and they will very willingly give a high price to procure such as are not common—such as are not worn by the poorer classes. The valuable part of every manufacture that depends upon fancy and caprice—upon fashion—must now in our judgment pass into the hands of the foreigner.

world, and their goods seem to have reached the highest point that human power can carry them to. The manufacturers of most other countries are indebted to their inventions, &c., for the means of carrying on their trade. Now, to what system is all this owing? The question is a biting one. We repeat—*To what system is all this owing?* WHAT HAS BEEN THE SYSTEM UNDER WHICH WE HAVE BECOME UNRIVALLED IN MANUFACTURING EXCELLENCE?

Have our manufacturers been goaded into their toil, and risks, and superiority, by competition with foreigners in our home market? Have our cottons, woollens, hardware, &c., been brought to their present excellence by such competition? Is our iron indebted to such competition for its present goodness? Can any article be named which owes to such competition its perfection? To every question the answer must be, No! The greatest improvements have been made in our manufactures when they have been the most free from such competition. Our cotton manufacturers have made the greatest varieties in their articles, and the greatest reductions in their prices, when it has been perfectly unknown. Our iron and several other articles, which a few years since were greatly inferior to those produced in other countries, have been brought to equal, and in some cases to surpass, those of all other parts, entirely without such competition. Under a system which studiously prevented such competition, which jealousy excluded the foreigner from our home market, we have far outstripped all other nations in manufactures—we have made the most wonderful inventions and improvements—we have rendered ourselves the first manufacturing nation in the universe. "The Restrictive System" leaves us at its death full of trade and prosperity, and unrivalled in manufacturing excellence. Peace be to its ashes! Sacred be the memory of its parents! We, at least, will not be numbered with the ungrateful.

Let us now look at France, which stands the next to us in manufactures. How has she become so expert in them? Has it been by means of competition? No! She has adhered as rigidly to the prohibitory system as ourselves. How has her silk manu-

facture risen to its unrivalled excellence? It has so risen under laws which jealously excluded the manufactured silks of other countries. If our prohibitory system have kept our silk manufacture from improving, it is exceedingly odd that a similar plan should have carried that of France to the highest point of perfection.

Let us now look at other countries. In several of them the competition in question existed long after it was destroyed here and in France. Did then manufactures improve and flourish in them infinitely more than in the countries where the restrictive system spread its baleful influence? Quite the contrary. They languished; they have only improved and flourished since these countries adopted the restrictive system.

These are facts which cannot be annihilated, or changed, by all that may be said by Mr Huskisson, Parliament, the press, and the nation. In spite of all that may be put forth in any quarter, we must look at them in judging of this question. Sophistries will not weigh with us; we care not much for specious reasoning, if we can get at the results of actual and complete experiment. After looking at the present state of our manufactures, and at the system under which they have reached it, it would be as easy to convince us, that this solid globe is a mass of smoke, as that the admission of the foreigner is necessary to spur our manufacturers to exertion, and cause them to make improvements and discoveries. The doctrine is destroyed by the most overwhelming refutation that ever fell upon unfortunate falsehood. How it happens to have been swallowed by the nation we know not; we thank Heaven that this is a matter which we are not called upon to account for.

Having stated the facts; having given the results of the experiments of our fathers, we will not attempt to show why they are what they are.

If the manufacturers of an article live in the same country, they are placed in similar circumstances; some, perhaps, from having more capital and credit, may produce at a cheaper rate than others, but the difference in this must always be small; their goods are alike, and they stand on a precise equality in the market. Competition must always be active among them.

A manufacturer is always anxious to do as much business as possible. He cannot stand in his warehouse to wait for customers; for if he do not seek them, they will not seek him. He must send out an agent to solicit orders; and this agent must continually encounter the rivalry of the agents of other manufacturers, and the customers will only buy of those who will sell the cheapest. This competition must not only be active, but it must endure; it must be perpetual. Prices may be, and often are, sunk until they become ruinous; but then, if they be too low for any considerable number, they are too low for all. All must suffer nearly alike, because all must constantly stand in nearly the same situation. If a portion be ruined, the manufacture is still kept in the country, and the same competition continues.

In a competition like this, a manufacturer has constantly the most powerful stimulants acting upon him to make all possible improvements in his article. He is compelled to produce at the cheapest rate possible, and to make the quality as good as possible for the price. If he can make a discovery that will enable him to produce a better article at less cost than his rivals, it is a certain fortune to him. If he keep his discovery to himself, it does these rivals but little injury; because, do what he will, he can only supply an inconsiderable part of the demand, and the remainder must go to them. If he make his discovery known, his rivals are again placed on an equality with him.

Such a competition has constantly existed amidst our trades and manufactures, and no man can look at them without being convinced, that neither Mr Huskisson, nor any other human being, can make improvements and discoveries travel at a quicker pace in them than they have hitherto travelled at. In truth, divers discoveries and inventions have been made, which are by no means deserving of eulogy. We have discovered how to convert bones and stone into bread, how to change salt into sugar, how to make sloe leaves into tea, how to manufacture new carpets from old rotten ones, &c. &c. Almost everything is adulterated in the most scandalous manner that is capable of it; these discoveries and inventions have, in almost all cases, had

their origin in competition, and in most parts they have been used for bringing down prices. We could name some extensive counties, in which several articles of large consumption, were, for years, almost constantly sold for less than they could lawfully be bought for. They were thus sold from adulteration. It is, we believe, at present the custom of many of the London shopkeepers to sell their low cottons, flannels, &c. at prime cost, and often at less than prime cost; they depend entirely upon their better goods for profit. When competition has come to this, we think it needs no increase. The badness of many of our articles is, no doubt, to be ascribed to excessive competition.

Now for the *new* competition. The manufacturers of two different nations cannot, as we have shown, be placed in similar circumstances. Neither Parliament, nor anything upon earth, can cause them to be alike affected by the same changes, can keep them on the same ground in respect of price, and can make them produce exactly similar articles. They must act in the market as two rival bodies, and the one must inevitably have decided advantages of one kind or another over the other.

If one of our manufacturers possess some secret which enables him to undersell his brethren, or to render his goods the most attractive ones, he, as we have already said, can only supply a contemptible part of the demand; his brethren can still keep in business and obtain fair profits. But the case is totally different with the two bodies. If the one can undersell the other, or give peculiarities to its goods to gain them the preference, it can easily supply the whole demand, and drive the other out of the market and out of business.

If this manufacturer will only divulge his secret, all his brethren will be at once placed on an equality with him. But the advantages of the one body may be perfectly unattainable to the other. In respect of price, the one may find itself totally unable to bring down wages, and the other expenses of production, to the level of those paid by the other. In respect of character of the goods, climates, national character, fancy, fashion, &c. may render it a downright impossibility for the

one to make its goods resemble those of the other.

If a manufacturer can sell his goods at a reasonable profit, he will continue his business even though some rival in his own country have great advantages over him ; he will study to make improvements ; he will expend money in experiments, because he will know that it is possible for him to reach this rival. But if the manufacturers of a nation can scarcely sell their goods at all, and can only sell them at any rate at a heavy loss, if they have no means before them for enabling them to compete with their foreign rivals, they will retire from the contest—they will give up business. They must do it to escape ruin.

If under the old competition, the weaker part of the manufacturers were ruined by it, those who drove them out of the market were Englishmen, and the manufacture was still retained in the country. But if, under the new competition, the English body be ruined by the French one, the manufacture must pass to France. It must exist here no longer, neither for improvements and discoveries, nor for anything else. The competition must end.

The new competition must necessarily operate in the way of stimulus upon the foreigner, as well as upon the Englishman. If it incite the English body to attempt to make improvements and discoveries in order to overtake the French one, it must incite the latter to do the same, in order to retain, or add to, its vantage ground. If the English body be not at the first successful, it must resign ; for a regularly losing trade will, in a year or two, dissipate away capital, and no one will carry on such a trade without well-founded hope. The French body will begin with good profits ; it will make experiments with them and not with capital ; if these fail, its trade will still be a gainful one ; it has the best raw article ; its raw article is perfectly at its mercy, and it has far more control over labour than its rival. Under the new competition, the chances for improvements and discoveries are infinitely in favour of the French body. The English one can only maintain the competition for a moment at a heavy loss ; the French one can maintain it permanently, and gain good profits.

The new system is, in truth, no new

invention. It has been known ever since the beginning of the world ; it has been tried by every country, and it has only been abandoned from necessity. No country could ever prosper under it. The old system is the only one that ever enabled a nation to excel in manufactures.

We will illustrate this farther by referring to the silk trade.

It is believed that, in regard to prices, the English silk-manufacturers could sell as cheaply as the French ones, if they had to pay no more than the same wages, and other expenses of manufacturing. Wages, &c. are, however, much higher here than in France ; and from this alone the English manufacturers are compelled to charge considerably higher prices than the French ones. To remedy this, a duty is imposed upon the latter, but it is discovered that it can be only very partially collected. It is discovered that the Frenchman will supply a large part of the demand at prices which will leave them good profits, but which the Englishmen cannot take without ruining themselves.

Well, what is to be the remedy here ? The only one that can be thought of is,—our manufacturers are instantly to invent something that will enable them, with thirty per cent of additional expenses upon them, to sell as cheaply as the French ones. They say that they cannot. They are abused in the most unsparing manner because they cannot, and the matter remains without remedy.

Now, touching the character of goods. The French silks have peculiarities of colour, &c., which cause them to be preferred to the English ones. What does the government do to produce equality here ? Nothing. It tells the English manufacturers that they are to make improvements and discoveries that will cause their silks to resemble the French ones, but it does not tell them how to do this, neither does it prove that it is possible. The manufacturers declare that they cannot, and the matter remains without any equality.

Under the *old* competition, no considerable number of manufacturers could regularly undersell the rest, and monopolize the trade. Under the *new* competition this is totally reversed. If prices, under the former, were so

low as to cause loss, the effect was nearly the same upon every seller ; and the evil, of course, speedily supplied its own remedy. Under the latter, the French body can at present regularly undersell the English one ; it can get fair profits at prices that would ruin the other. In addition to this, its goods have peculiarities which gain them the preference. The market cannot take off the goods of both, but either of them can singly supply it abundantly.

In this competition, the French body has the monopoly of an excellent home trade to support it ; this home trade will enable it to make great sacrifices in the market of this country ; were it driven out for a moment, it would always be struggling to re-enter it. The English body has the competition in its home trade ; it cannot attack the home trade of its rival ; it has no other trade to support it ; and if it be driven from the market here, it must retire altogether from the business.

This, according to the Ministry and Parliament, is to be the competition to cause our silk manufacturers to make brilliant improvements and discoveries. It contains none of the natural elements of regular competition ; it cannot possibly be a regular competition ; and its only effect will be to ruin the silk manufacture of this country. Such a competition never could, and never can, be established in any nation. While other countries, from the total inability of their own manufactures to supply the demand, have admitted foreign manufactures of better quality, they have been compelled to lay such a duty on the latter, as not only gave a decided advantage to their own manufacturers in price, but prohibited all but the more wealthy from buying the foreign goods. Without this, the admission of the latter, instead of causing improvements and discoveries, only ruined their own manufacturers, and destroyed competition.

If even such a duty were laid upon French silks as should place them beyond the reach of all but the more wealthy, this would do our manufacturers very great injury, but still they would retain a part of the trade ; they would continue in business, and they would compete with each other, and, to a certain degree, with the foreigners. But this is not to be ; they are to be undersold as well as surpassed in quality ; and yet, forsooth ! they are to maintain a competition. If it be possible for them

to raise themselves to an equality with the Frenchmen, the means for doing it are at present unknown, not only to them, but to the government, to Parliament, to the Economists, and, strange to say ! to the newspaper editors. The prospect before them is—if they continue in business, they must be ruined. Instead of wasting their money in wild experiments, they are preparing to abandon the trade. Many of them declare that they will not buy another ounce of raw silk ; that they will work up their present stock, and then retire wholly from the manufacture. Whatever Parliament may think of its omnipotence, we will tell it that here it will not be omnipotent ; we will tell it that it cannot create genius ; that it cannot work miracles. We will tell it, that to place before a manufacturer the alternative of ruin, or the production, with a worse raw article, worse machinery, and far higher wages, &c., of goods equal to those of the foreigner, is as thoroughly at variance with English humanity, as with English wisdom and sanity. Such things are new in this country, they are suitable only for the meridian of Turkey, and we cannot speak of them with common temper. It is monstrous in Parliament to pretend to compel men to make inventions and discoveries in despite of actual impossibilities. If our parliamentary Hohenlohes proceed in this manner, we shall soon have them making laws to compel our physicians to cure consumption and hydrophobia.

Upon the whole, then, the old competition was the only one to produce manufacturing improvements and discoveries ; the new one, instead of doing this, will deprive us altogether of the best part of several manufactures. Under the old system, our manufactures improved in the most astonishing manner ; and everything in experience tends to show, that, if it had been continued, the silk manufacture in this country would, in a few years, have been carried to the highest point of perfection. Under the new system, this manufacture must be plunged into ruin. This is even now matter of proof. The market is full of foreign silks ; our manufacturers are in distress ; and instead of making improvements and discoveries, they are preparing for abandoning the business.

We must now inquire what we are to gain from the destruction of the Silk Trade.

There are few things in the New Political Economy that have a greater effect in causing us to detest it, than the ferocious levity with which it sports with the fortunes and bread of the community. Changes are made in the laws which are totally uncalled for by public necessity, which are believed by very many to be founded on false principles, and which, whether right or wrong, are sure to plunge a vast portion of the community into distress; yet they are made with as much rashness and carelessness as though they were sure to benefit every one. Half a million of people complain that by these changes they will be deprived of the only employment that they are acquainted with, and of bread; and they are only laughed at, and reproached for not doing what they find to be impossible. "If they cannot retain their trade, they must go to some other." Such is the only notice which the Economists deign to take of their impending ruin. We wish heartily that these Economists, high and low, official and unofficial, could be made to taste for a single month the misery which a man feels when he is plunged into bankruptcy, or forced from the only calling that he knows—deprived of bread, and thrown upon the parish. We think the community at large would profit mightily by it. What the Englishman is to be rendered by the new political bubbles, we know not, but changes have already been made in him which render him in feelings half a barbarian. No abstract doctrines, no hope of future benefit, nothing but imperious necessity, could justify the government of this country in making experiments with the fortunes and bread of hundreds of thousands, and even millions of the people; and nothing upon earth could justify the language used by the Economists in speaking of the distress likely to flow from these experiments.

"If the silk-manufacturers cannot stand their ground, they must go to some other trade." So say the Economists. The effect which this would have upon public interests is not to be disregarded, if no commiseration be due to the manufacturers. We will therefore put the latter wholly out of sight, and look at the question as it affects the community at large.

British and India manufactured silks, and our manufactures generally,

are strictly prohibited from entering France. The Frenchman can take nothing for his silks but money. He will not benefit other trades in proportion as he may injure the silk one; he will produce nothing but unmixed evil. He will render English capital and labour idle, and replace them with French capital and labour. Something may be said in favour of the China money trade, on account of the English capital and labour which it employs, but this French money trade will employ only those of France. The Frenchman will be a producer, and, to a very great extent, the carrier too. He will do nothing to increase gold on one hand, in proportion as he may diminish it on the other; he will give the nation nothing for enabling it to buy more money; he will cause it to have less money for the purchase of silks, and not more, and it will merely pay that to him which it would otherwise pay to the Englishman. He will cause a regular unbalanced drain of gold, which will frequently give shocks to the whole interests of the country, like that which has just been experienced.

If the Frenchman could come gradually into the market; if he could only sell a few thousand pounds' worth of goods in the first year, and proceed by little and little, our Silk Trade might go off in a consumption without much suffering. But he comes with the ability to supply the market immediately, when the Englishman has it overstocked already. The market has nearly twice as many goods ready for it as it can take off, and of course the English trade must go at once.

While therefore the Frenchman will throw so much capital and labour idle in the Silk Trade, he will do nothing whatever to enable any other trade to employ a single additional pound or workman. Every other trade must for him remain just as it is in respect of increase. Now, we have in Great Britain and Ireland many millions of capital, and at least a million of labourers totally unable to procure employment; the number of the latter, if not the amount of the former, is very rapidly increasing. What trades then are the silk-manufacturers to look to for employment? None can be named; these manufacturers, as far as probability goes, must remain constantly idle. The Economists speak as though

there never could be a superabundance of capital and labour—as though these could at any time pass from trade to trade without injury—as though the supply of any article could always be profitably increased to any extent without reference to demand—as though we could part with trade after trade, and still never have a redundant population. That legislators should utter such trash is lamentable.

The Frenchman, however, instead of benefitting, will do great injury to various other trades. We purchase the raw article with goods, we employ ships in fetching it, and this must be lost to us without an equivalent. The immense mass of traders, manufacturers, labourers, &c. who directly or remotely depend on the Silk Trade independently of the regular members of it, will suffer most severely. So much labour being thrown upon the market will greatly depress wages in many quarters. When our revenue depends so much upon consumption, a check will be given to the latter, which will seriously affect the former. Every interest in the country will be injured. We shall thus injure and impoverish ourselves to strengthen and enrich the most formidable manufacturing and political rival that we have.

Now, what do the Economists themselves offer the nation to balance all this? We have already said quite enough touching improvements and discoveries. They do not even pretend to give us cheaper silks, for, so far as concerns the government, prices are not to be reduced. They do not pretend to give us better silks for wear, for in respect to use, many people think the English silks superior to the French ones. The only benefit that they offer is, silks of finer colour, and more fashionable. Now we would concede even something on this point, if the English silks were not sufficiently beautiful to decorate the most splendid mansion, and adorn the most lovely person. But they are. The most exalted rank needs none more rich—the most bewitching charms need none more showy. This is to be the only benefit to balance the gigantic evils. May heaven speedily deliver this land from such Political Economy!

If, contrary to this, the Frenchman could supply us with silks at half the

price charged by the Englishman, we maintain, that the latter ought to have the market on the score of public interest alone. The history of all our other manufactures, and every principle of reasoning, tend to prove, that if our silk manufacture had enjoyed its monopoly a few years longer, it would have risen to an equality with that of any other country. We assert, that when these unhappy changes were made, the nation was in a condition to have sacrificed millions for carrying its silk manufacture to perfection, and that it ought to have done this, looking only at ultimate pecuniary profit.

There is something in the way of managing these things, on which we must say a word. A body of men who have been their whole lives in a particular trade—who have studied it profoundly—who are minutely acquainted with all its bearings—wait upon Mr Huskisson and Mr Robinson, and these gentlemen say, “You don’t know your own trade—you are strangers to your own interests.” This is something *new* at any rate. These exalted individuals tell the silk manufacturers that the pouring of an immense mass of foreign silks into the market, when it is already overstocked, and when the number of buyers will be diminished and not increased, will greatly benefit their trade and interests! It is actually astonishing that in straightforward old England such quackery should be tolerated.

Mr Hale, we perceive, and some of the silk-weavers, as well as certain other people, are calling for the admission of foreign corn as a cure for the distress of the silk trade. Now, Mr Hale must know, that wages are much higher here than in other countries, not so much from the difference in the price of food, as from the difference in the manner of living and the Combinations. If corn and animal food were at the same price here as abroad, wages would still be much the highest in this country, unless our labourers should be deprived of many things which they now look upon as necessities. The admission of foreign corn would not lower taxes; it would affect house-rent in towns very little; the present prices of woollens and cottons could not be reduced; it would have very little influence over colonial produce, and, of course, it could only

reduce in a small degree wages. The foreign corn must come from countries which our silk goods, from actual prohibition, or the underselling of the French, cannot enter. The market for silk is overstocked, almost twice the number of manufacturers are in it that it can employ, and does Mr Hale imagine, that to reduce the incomes of the nobility, the country gentlemen, the farmers, husbandry labourers, and workmen generally, would be a remedy—would promote the consumption of silks, and take off the overstock? Let Mr Hale reflect upon these matters. Let him remember that silks, generally speaking, are articles of luxury, and that national poverty is not the thing to promote their consumption. If we reduce prices here, we cannot proportionally reduce them abroad; to reduce, therefore, the prices of what we sell, will be in reality to advance the prices of what we buy; we shall by it raise considerably to ourselves the prices of what we buy of other countries. We shall sell as cheaply as possible, and buy as dearly as possible. A ruinous system, even according to the Economists. Granting that it may somewhat increase the sale of our goods abroad, this will be a wretched compensation for the loss of consumption, revenue, &c. at home. We will say no more on this point at present, as we purpose, on an early occasion, to devote a paper to the consideration of the Agricultural Question.

At present, most of our leading manufacturing interests are in a state of embarrassment. The silk trade, the cotton trade, and the woollen trade, are more or less distressed. Some portions of the iron trade seem to be rapidly approaching to a state of suffering, and certain other trades must inevitably follow. That this is to be ascribed, in a very considerable degree, to the changes that have been made in the laws, cannot be doubted. The retailers dare not buy, from the idea that foreign goods will be the rage; the manufacturers dare not prepare stocks, and all is uncertainty and stagnation. Now, what was the condition of the country when these changes were made? It was in the highest degree flourishing, and not a single alteration was called for. If these changes were likely to be ultimately beneficial, something might be said for them; but what

is the prospect? An immense mass of foreign manufactures is to be poured into our over-stocked market, when not a single additional outlet is to be created for our own, and when the ability of the nation to consume is to be very greatly diminished. Putting miracles out of sight, this can have no other effect than to distress and ruin our manufacturers. It must fill the foreign ones with skill and capital, enable them to carry their goods to the highest point of perfection, and deprive our own, not only of their home, but of their foreign trade.

If any class of our producers be undersold by the foreigner, the Economists cry that it is injuring the community; they speak of it as though it formed no part of the community—as though it merely existed to sell to, and not to buy in return of, the rest of the population. Now, if the landholders, farmers, husbandry labourers, silk-manufacturers, &c. &c. were wholly taken away from the community, we think the community would cut but a very poor figure. We think those, whom they might leave, would be exceedingly anxious to get them back again, on condition of paying them their present prices.

To the good old fashion of commercial treaties we can have no objection. In such treaties, the effects to be produced can be pretty accurately calculated; a loss on one article can be counterpoised by a gain in another. But this rash measure of throwing open every trade without any equivalent—of bringing a mass of foreign manufactures into the market without securing any additional foreign demand for English ones—of employing foreign capital and labour merely to throw out of employment English capital and labour—can only produce public evil.

If there be any Member of the House of Commons who has not been wholly deprived of his sound and honest English understanding by the Economists—who still loves his country—and who is anxious for it to retain its wealth, prosperity, happiness, and greatness, we trust that he will take up these matters on the assembling of Parliament. We confidently hope that the new systems will undergo a very different examination in the next session to that which they underwent in the last one. Instead of having to

receive felicitations on the nation's prosperity, we fear that Parliament, on its meeting, will have to receive petitions praying for the removal of distress. However much to be deplored, this will still, we hope, operate in one way beneficially. It may check the rage for change and innovation, and avert some of the calamities that are hanging over us.

We will conclude with a word touching ourselves. Personal interest in these matters we have none; and we have no party interest in them, for

we are opposing the party that we favour. We revere many of the Ministers, and we ever shall revere them; but they occupy only the second place in our reverence. We must look first at our country. We conscientiously believe what we have written—we conscientiously believe that these changes have been made on false principles, and that they are pregnant with public calamities—therefore we cannot be silent—we cannot praise—we must censure.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

1822.

Though tied by tightest tenderest links man knows—
By me unknown, but not unhonour'd—goes
Thy lovely spirit o'er the lawns of light,
Where heaven's bright habitants drink deep delight
Through each refined sense.—Yet, sainted one,
Fair angel of air's freedom, all unknown
In this frail frame of flesh as once thou wert,
May we not hold the converse of the heart?
May not our unembodied spirits meet
In the mind's melody commingling sweet?
Come, Spirit, on my tranced bosom steal,
Stamping there feelings, such as Thou could'st feel.
Come, Spirit, on my slumbers, in thy bright
And beauteous form, and with thy smile of light—
Such as thou worest here, but more refined
From what of earth (if any) round them twined.
Be thou my messenger in this mortal state,
To cheer desponding, and chastise elate;
To guide to good, and from the wrong to warn,
And fit me for thy side among the fields of morn.

C M.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. XXIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΛΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
" NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
" BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

NORTH, SHEPHERD, TICKLER.

NORTH.

Thank heaven for winter ! Would that it lasted all year long ! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libel Autumn in her gorgeous bounty, and her beautiful decays. But Winter, dear cold-handed, warm-hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom ! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music—thine the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul ! Thine too——

SHEPHERD.

Thine too, skaitin', and curlin', and grewin', and a' sorts o' deevilry amang lads and lasses at rockin's and kirns. Beef and greens ! Beef and greens ! O, Mr North, beef and greens !

NORTH.

Yes, James, I sympathize with your enthusiasm. Now, and now only, do carrots and turnips deserve the name. The season this of rumps and rounds. Now the whole nation sets in for serious eating—serious and substantial eating, James, half leisure, half labour—the table loaded with a lease of life, and each dish a year. In the presence of that Haggis, I feel myself immortal.

SHEPHERD.

Butcher meat, though, and coals, are likely, let me tell you, to sell at a perfec' ransom frae Martinmas to Michaelmas.

NORTH.

Paltry thought. Let beeves and muttons look up, even to the stars, and fuel be precious as at the Pole. Another slice of the stot, James, another slice of the stot—and, Mr Ambrose, smash that half-ton lump of black diamond till the chimney roar and radiate like Mount Vesuvius.—Why so glum, Tickler ?—why so glum ?

TICKLER.

This outrageous merriment grates my spirits. I am not in the mood. 'Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor.

NORTH.

Why the devil think of the poor at this time of day ? Are not wages good, and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue ?

SHEPHERD.

I never heard sic even-doun nonsense, Mr Tickler, in a' my born days. I

met a puir woman ganging along the brigg, wi' a deevil's dizzen o' bairns, ilka ane wi' a daud o' breed in the tae han' and a whang o' cheese i' the tither, while their cheeks were a' blawn out like sac mony Boreases, wi' something better than wun,' and the mither hersell, a weel-faur'd hizzie, tearin' awa at the fleshy shank o' a marrow-bane, mad wi' hunger, but no wi' starvation, for these are twa different things, Mr Tickler. I can assure you that puir folks, mair especially gin they be beggars, are hungry four or five times a-day; but starvation is seen at night sitting by an empty aumry and a cauld hearth-stane. There's little or nae starvation the now, in Scotlan'!

NORTH.

The people are, on the whole, well off.—Take some pickles, Timothy, to your steak. Dickson's mustard is superb.

SHEPHERD.

I canna say that I a'thegither just properly understan' the system o' the puir-laws; but I ken this, that puir folks there will be till the end o' *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, that granted, maun there no be some kind o' provision for them, though it may be kittle to calculate the preceese amount?

NORTH.

Are the English people a dependent, ignorant, grovelling, mean, debased, and brutal people?

SHEPHERD.

Not they, indeed—they're a powerfu' population, second only to the Scotch. The English puir-laws had better be cut down some twa-three millions, but no abolished. Thae Political Economy creatures are a cruel set—greedier theirsells than gaberlunzies—yet grudging a handfu' o' meal to an auld wife's wallet. Charity is in the heart, not in the head, and the open haun should be stretched out o' the sudden, unasked and free, not held back wi' clutched fingers like a meeser, while the Wiseacre shakes his head in cauld rife calculation, and ties a knot on the purse o' him on principle.

NORTH.

Well said, James, although perhaps your tenets are scarcely tenable.

SHEPHERD.

Scarcely tenable? Wha'll take them frae me either by force or reason? Oh! we're fa'en into argument, and that's what I canna thole at meals. Mr Tickler, there's nae occasion, man, to look sae down-in-the-mouth—everybody kens ye're a man o' genius, without your pretending to be melancholy.

TICKLER.

I have no appetite, James.

SHEPHERD.

Nae appetee! how suld ye hae an appetee? a bowl o' Mollygo-tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion—twa codlins, (wi' maist part o' a labster in that sass,) the first gash o' the jigget—stakes—then I'm maist sure, pallets, and finally guse—no to count jeellies and coosturd, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Stilton—better than ony English—a pot o' Draught—twa lang shankers o' ale—noos and thans a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grace a caulker o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you had been lookin' at Mrs Siddons in the sleep-walking scene in Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth—gin ye had an appetee after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your maw would be like that o' Death himsell, and your stomach insatiable as the grave.

TICKLER.

Mr Ambrose, no laughter, if you please, sir.

NORTH.

Come, come, Tickler—had Hogg and Heraclitus been contemporaries, it would have saved the shedding of a world of tears.

SHEPHERD.

Just laugh your fill, Mr Ambrose. A smile is aye becoming that honest face o' yours. But I'll no be sae wutty again, gin I can help it.

(Exit Mr Ambrose with the epergne.)

TICKLER.

Mr Ambrose understands me. It does my heart good to know when his arm is carefully extended over my shoulder, to put down or to remove. None of that

hurry-and-no-speed waiter-like hastiness about our Ambrose ! With an ever-observant eye he watches the goings-on of the board, like an astronomer watching the planetary system. He knows when a plate is emptied to be filled no more, and lo ! it is withdrawn as by an invisible hand. During some " syncope and solemn pause " you may lay down your knife and fork and wipe your brow, nor dread the evanishing of a half-devoured howtowdy ; the moment your eye has decided on a dish, there he stands plate in hand in a twinkling beside tongue or turkey ! No playing at cross-purposes—the sheep's head of Mullion usurping the place of the kidneys of ODoherty. The most perfect confidence reigns round the board. The possibility of mistake is felt to be beyond the fear of the hungriest imagination ; and sooner shall one of Jupiter's satellites forsake his orbit, jostling the stars, and wheeling away into some remoter system, than our Ambrose run against any of the subordinates, or leave the room while North is in his chair.

NORTH.

Hear the Glenlivet !—hear the Glenlivet !

SHEPHERD.

No, Mr North, nane o' your envious attributions o' æ spirit for anither. It's the sowl within him that breaks out, like lightning in the collied night, or in the dwawm-like silence o' a glen the sudden soun' o' a trumpet.

TICKLER.

Give me your hand, James.

SHEPHERD.

There noo—there noo. It's aye me that's said to be sæ fond o' flattery ; and yet only see how by a single word o' my mouth I can add sax inches to your stature, Mr Tickler, and make ye girn like the spirit that saluted De Gama at the Cape o' Storms.

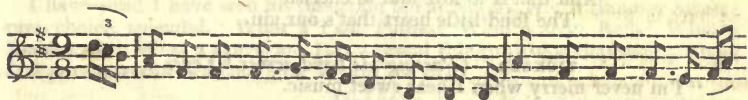
NORTH.

Hear the Glenlivet !—hear the Glenlivet !

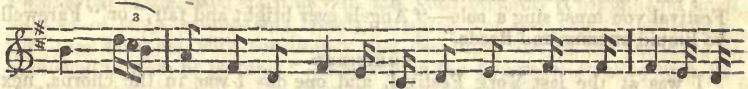
SHEPHERD.

Hush, ye haveril. Give us a speech yourself, Mr North, and then see who'll cry, " Hear the Glenlivet !—hear the Glenlivet ! " then. But haud your tongues, baith o' you—dinna stir a foot. And as for you, Mr Tickler, howk the tow out o' your lug, and hear till a sang.

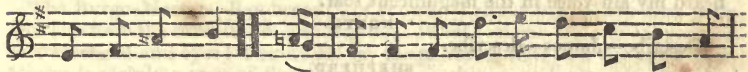
THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

Air—Driving the Steers.

I'LL sing of yon glen o' red heather, An' a dear thing that ca's it her



hame, Wha's a' made o' love-life to - ge - ther, Frae the tie o' the



shoe to the kembe. Love beckons in ev' - ry sweet mo-tion, Com-



manding due homage to gi'e ; But the shrine of my dearest devotion Is the



bend o' her bonny e'e bree.

2.

I fleeced and I prayed the dear lassie
 To gang to the brakens wi' me,
 But though neither lordly nor saucy,
 Her answer was, "Laith will I be.
 Ah, is it nae cruel to press me
 To that which wad breed my heart wae,
 An' try to entice a poor lassie
 The gate she's o'er ready to gae."

3.

"I neither hae father nor mither,
 Good counsel or caution to gie,
 And prudence has whisper'd me never
 To gang to the brakens wi' thee.
 I neither hae tocher nor mailing,
 I hae but ae boast—I am free;
 But a' wad be tint without failing
 Among the green brakens wi' thee."

4.

"Dear lassie, how can ye upbraid me,
 And try your ain love to beguile,
 For ye are the richest young lady,
 That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.
 Your smile that is blither than ony,
 The bend o' your sunny e'e-bree,
 And the love-blinks aneath it sae bonny,
 Are five hunder thousand to me."

5.

There's joy in the blithe blooming feature,
 When love lurks in every young line;
 There's joy in the beauties of nature,
 There's joy in the dance and the wine;
 But there's a delight will ne'er perish
 'Mong pleasures so fleeting and vain,
 And that is to love and to cherish
 The fond little heart that's our ain.

TICKLER. (*Passing his hand across his eyes.*)

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music."

NORTH.

Your voice, James, absolutely gets mellow through years. Next York Festival you must sing a solo—"Angels ever bright and fair," or "Farewell, ye limpid streams and floods."

SHEPHERD.

I was at the last York Festival, and one day I was in the chorus, next to Grundy of Kirk-by-Lonsdale. I kent my mouth was wide open, but I never heard my ain voice in the magnificent roar.

NORTH.

Describe—James—describe.

SHEPHERD.

As weel describe a glorious dream of the seventh Heaven. Thousands upon thousands o' the most beautiful angels sat mute and still in the Cathedral. Weel may I call them angels, although a' the time I knew them to be frail evanescent creatures o' this ever-changing earth. A sort o' paleness was on their faces, ay, even on the faces where the blush-roses o' innocence were blooming like the flowers o' Paradise—for a shadow came ower them frae the awe o' their religious hearts that beat not, but were chained as in the presence of their Great Maker. All eyne were fixed in a solemn, raised gaze, something mournful-like I thocht, but it was only in a happiness great and deep as the calm sea. I saw—I did not see the old massy pillars—now I seemed to behold the roof

o' the Cathedral, and now the sky o' heaven, and a licht—I had maist said a murmuring licht, for there surely was a faint spirit-like soun' in the streams o' splendour that came through the high Gothic window, left shadows here and there throughout the temple, till a' at ance the organ sounded, and I could have fallen down on my knees.

NORTH.

Thank you kindly, James.

SHEPHERD.

I understand the hint, sir. Catch me harpin' ower lang on ae string. Yet music's a subject I could get ga'en tiresome upon.

TICKLER.

So is painting and poetry.

SHEPHERD.

Paintin'! na—that's the warst ava. Gang into an exhibition, and only look at a crowd o' Cockneys, some wi' specs, and some wi' quizzing-glasses, and faces without ae grain o' meaning in them o' any kind whatsoever, a' glowering perhaps at a picture o' ane o' Nature's maist fearfu' or magnificent warks! Mowdiewarts! they micht as weel look at the new-harled gable-end o' a barn. Is't a picture o' a deep dungeon-den o' ruefu' rocks, and the waterfa' its ragin' prisoner, because nae wizard will with his key open but a wicket in the ancient gates of that lonesome penitentiary? Is't a picture o' a lang lang endless glen, wi' miles on miles o' dreary mosses, and hags, and lochs—thae wee black fearsome lochs that afttimes gurgle in their sullen sleep, as if they wanted to grup and drown ye as you gang by them, some lanely hour, takin' care to keep at safe distance along the benty knowes—mountain above mountain far and near, some o' them illuminated wi' a' their woods till the verra pine-trees seem made o' heaven's sunshine, and ithers, wi' a weight o' shadows that drown the sight o' a' their precipices, and gar the mighty mass o' earth gloom like thunder-clouds, wi' nae leevin thing in the solitude but your plaided self, and the eagle like a mote in the firmament—Siccan a scene as Tamson o' Duddingston wad trummel as he daured to paint it—What, I ask, could a Prince's Street maister or missy ken o' sic a wark mair than a red-deer wad ken o' the inside o' George's Street Assembly Rooms, gin he were to be at Gow's ball?

TICKLER.

Or in the vegetable market. North, have you seen that worthy original Martin since he came to town?

NORTH.

I have—and I have seen his collection too at No. 44, North Hanover Street; rare, choice, splendid. What a Paul Potter! What a John Both! What a Rembrandt! What a Corregio! It is a proud thing to know that such pictures find purchasers in Scotland; for we are not rich.

TICKLER.

Neither are we poor. We say that Edinburgh is a city of palaces. This is a somewhat exaggerated spirit of vain talk; but certainly it contains no small number of large commodious houses, in which five, ten, twenty thousand a-year may be spent with consistency and decorum; and of the furniture of each shall no part be pictures? Bare walls in the houses of wealthy men betray a poorness of spirit. Let them go to my friend Martin.

TICKLER.

The Burgo-Master—Rembrandt's of course—I remember to have seen years ago. It is from the collection of Vandergucht. What a solemn and stern expression over forehead and eyes! You do not say the picture speaks; for the old Burgo-Master is plainly a man of few words—but it thinks, and you see embodied there a world of intellect. What did these fellows do with all that powerful mind? One and all of them ought to have left behind them—systems.

NORTH.

They were better employed—fathers, heads of houses, civic rulers. But I see yet before me that Virgin and Child—a study, I believe, for Corregio's famous picture in the Louvre, “the Marriage of St Catharine.” What meek maternal love mingled with a reverential awe of her own divine babe! How beautifully has Mary braided, scarcely braided, folded up as with a single touch, ere yet her child had awoke, that soft silken shining hair—tresses rich

in youthful luxuriance, yet tamed down to a matron simplicity, in sweet accordance with that devout forehead and bliss-breathing eyes!

TICKLER.

Such pictures scarcely bear to be spoken of at all. Let them hang in their silent holiness upon the wall of our most secret room, to be gazed on at times when we feel the emptiness and vanity of all things in this life, and when our imagination, coming to the relief of our hearts, willingly wafts us to the heaven which inspired such creations of genius. Those great painters, North, were great divines.

NORTH.

A mere landscape of this earth is better fitted for ordinary hours. In that Paul Potter, did you ever breathe anything like the transparency of the atmosphere—ever feel such warmth of meridian sunshine! Two quiet human figures, I think, and a couple of cows, that's all; and yet that little bit of canvass is a picture—a poem of the pastoral life.

TICKLER.

Here's Martin's health—a bumper.

SHEPHERD.

Pray, what is this New Military Academy? Is it a gude institution, Mr North?

NORTH.

I think it is. It will not only give young soldiers some useful knowledge, but put spirit and spunk into them before they enter upon service.

TICKLER.

Most happy was I to see Signor Francalanza appointed fencing-master to the Institution. He is a perfect teacher.

NORTH.

And a man of probity.

TICKLER.

And of accomplishments. Could I touch the guitar like the Signor, I would set out for Venice to-morrow, and serenade myself into the love of the fairest dames in Italy.

SHEPHERD.

Fie shame, Mr Tickler! fie shame, and you a married man!

TICKLER.

I had forgot it, James.

SHEPHERD.

That's no true. Nae man ever forgot he was married. As for the gittarre, I wadna niffer the fiddle for that triflin' bit chirpin' tam-thoom o' an instrument. Yet I allow that Mr Frank Alonzo fingers't wi' mickle taste and spirit; and his singing o' outlandish airs makes ane maist think that he understahds French and Italian himsell.

NORTH.

What think you, James, of the projected Fish Company?

SHEPHERD.

Just everything that's gude. I never look at the sea without lamenting the backward state of its agriculture. Were every eatable land animal extinct, the human race could dine and soup out o' the ocean till a' eternity.

TICKLER.

No fish-sauce equal to the following: Ketchup—mustard—cayenne-pepper—butter amalgamated on your plate *proprio manu*, each man according to his own proportions. Yetholm ketchup—made by the gipsies. Mushrooms for ever—damn walnuts.

NORTH.

I care little about what I eat or drink.

SHEPHERD.

Lord have mercy on us—what a lee! There does not, at this blessed moment, breathe on the earth's surface ae human being that does na prefer eating and drinking to all ither pleasures o' body or sowl. This is the rule: Never think about either the ane or the ither, but when you are at the board. Then, eat and drink wi' a your powers—moral, intellectual, and physical.

Say little, but look freendly—tak care chiefly o' yoursell, but no, if you can help it, to the utter oblivion o' a' ithers. This may soun' queer, but it's gude manners, and worth a' Chesterfield. Them at the twa ends o' the table maun just reverse that rule—till ilka body has been twice served—and then aff at a haun-gallop.

NORTH.

What think ye of luncheons?

SHEPHERD.

That they are the disturbers o' a' earthly happiness. I dawrna trust mysell wi' a luncheon. In my hauns it becomes an untimuous denner—for after a hantle o' could meat, muirfowl-pies, or even butter and bread, what reason-able cretur can be ready afore gloamin' for a het denner? So, whene'er I'm betrayed into a luncheon, I mak it a luncheon wi' a vengeance; and then order in the kettle, and finish aff wi' a jug or twa, just the same as gin it had been a regular denner wi' a table-cloth. Bewaur the tray.

NORTH.

A few anchovies, such as I used to enjoy with my dear Davy at the corner, act as a whet, I confess, and nothing more.

SHEPHERD.

I never can eat a few o' onything, even ingans. Ance I begin, I maun proceed; and I devoor them—ilka ane being the last—till my e'en are sae watery that I think it is raining. Break not in upon the integrity o' time atween breakfast and the blessed hour o' denner.

NORTH.

The mid-day hour is always, to my imagination, the most delightful hour of the whole Alphabet.

SHEPHERD.

I understaun. During that hour—and there is nae occasion to allow difference for clocks, for in nature every object is a dial—how many thousand groups are collected a' ower Scotland, and a' ower the face o' the earth—for in every clime wondrously the same are the great leading laws o' man's necessities—under bits o' bonny buddin' or leaf-fu' hedgeraws, some bit fragrant and flutterin' birk-tree, aneath some owerhagin' rock in the desert, or by some diamond well in its mossy cave—breakin' their bread wi' thanksgiving and eat-en't with the clear blood o' health meandering in the heaven-blue veins o' the sweet lasses, while the cool airs are playing amang their haffins-covered bosoms—wi' many a jeist and sang atween, and aiblins kisses too, at ance dew and sunshine to the peasant's or shepherd's soul—then up again wi' lauchter to their wark amang the tedded grass, or the corn rigs sae bonny, scences that Robbie Burns lo'ed sae weel and sang sae gloriously—and the whilk, need I fear to say't, your ain Ettrick Shepherd, my dear fellows, has sung on his auld border harp, a sang or twa that may be remembered when the bard that wauk'd them is i' the mools, and “at his feet the green-grass turf, and at his head a stane.”

TICKLER.

Come, come, James, none of your pathos—none of your pathos, my dear James. (*Looking red about the eyes.*)

NORTH.

We were talking of codlins.

SHEPHERD.

True, Mr North, but folk canna be aye talkin o' codlins, ony mair than aye eatin' them; and the great charm o' conversation is being aff on any wind that blaws. Pleasant conversation between friends is just like walking through a mountainous kintra—at every glen-mouth the wun blaws frae a different airt—the bit bairnies come tripping alang in opposite directions—noo a harebell scents the air—noo sweat-briar—noo heather bank—here is a gruesome quagmire, there a plat o' sheep-nibbled grass smooth as silk, and green as emeralds—here a stony region of cinders and lava—there groves o' the lady-fern embowering the sleeping roe—here the hillside in its own various dyes resplendent as the rainbow, and there woods that the Druids would have worshipped—hark, sound sounding in the awfu' sweetness o' evening wi' the cushat's sang, and the deadened roar o' some great waterfa' far aff in the very centre o' the

untrodden forest. A' the warks o' ootward natur are symbolical o' our ain immortal souls. Mr Tickler, is't not just even sae?

TICKLER.

Sheridan—Sheridan—what was Sheridan's talk to our own Shepherd's, North?

NORTH.

A few quirks and cranks studied at a looking-glass—puns painfully elaborated with pen and ink for extemporaneous reply—bon mots generated in *malise prepense*—witticisms jotted down in short-hand to be extended when he had put on the spur of the occasion—the drudgeries of memory to be palmed off for the ebullitions of imagination—the coinage of the counter passed for currency hot from the mint of fancy—squibs and crackers ignited and exploded by a Merry-Andrew, instead of the lightnings of the soul darting out forked or sheeted from the electrical atmosphere of an inspired genius.

SHEPHERD.

I wish that you but saw my monkey, Mr North. He would make you hop the twig in a guffaw. I hae got a pole erected for him, o' about some 150 feet high, on a knowe ahint Mount Benger; and the way the cretur rins up to the knob, lookin' ower the shouther o' him, and twisting his tail roun' the pole for fear o' playin' thud on the grun' is comical past a' endurance.

NORTH.

Think you, James, that he is a link?

SHEPHERD.

A link in creation? Not he, indeed. He is merely a monkey. Only to see him on his observatory, beholding the sunrise! or weeping, like a Laker, at the beauty o' the moon and stars!

NORTH.

Is he a bit of a poet?

SHEPHERD.

Gin he could but speak and write, there can be nae manner o' doubt that he would be a gran' poet. Safe us! what een in the head o' him! Wee, clear, red, fiery, watery, malignant-lookin' een, fu' o' inspiration.

TICKLER.

You should have him stuffed.

SHEPHERD.

Stuffed, man! say, rather, embalmed. But he's no likely to dee for years to come—indeed, the cretur's engaged to be married; although he's no in the secret himsell yet. The bawns are published.

TICKLER.

Why, really, James, marriage, I think, ought to be simply a civil contract.

SHEPHERD.

A civil contract! I wus it was. But oh! Mr Tickler, to see the cretur sittin' wi' a pen in's hand, and pipe in's mouth, jotting down a sonnet, or odd, or lyrical ballad! Sometimes I put that black velvet cap ye gie'd me on his head, and ane o' the bairns's auld big-coats on his back; and then, sure aneugh, when he takes his stroll in the avenue, he is a heathenish christian.

NORTH.

Why, James, by this time, he must be quite like one of the family?

SHEPHERD.

He's a capital flee-fisher. I never saw a monkey throw a lighter line in my life. But he's greedy o' the gude linns, and canna thole to see onybody else gruppin' great anes but himsell. He accompanied me for twa three days in the season to the Trows, up aboon Kelso yonner; and Kersse allowed that he worked a salmon to a miracle. Then, for rowing a boat!

TICKLER.

Why don't you bring him to Ambrose's?

SHEPHERD.

He's sae bashfu'. He never shines in company; and the least thing in the world will mak him blush.

TICKLER.

Have you seen the Sheffield Iris, containing an account of the feast given to Montgomery the poet, his long-winded speech, and his valedictory address to the world as abdicating editor of a provincial newspaper?

SHEPHERD.

I have the Iris—that means Rainbow—in my pocket, and it made me proud to see sic honours conferred on genius. Lang-wounded speech, Mr Tickler! What, would you have had Montgomery mumble twa-three sentences, and sit down again, before an assemblage o' a hundred o' the most respectable o' his fellow-townsmen, with Lord Milton at their head, a' gathered thegither to honour with heart and hand One of the Sons of Song?

NORTH.

Right, James, right. I love to hear one poet praise another. There is too little of that now-a-days. *Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*

SHEPHERD.

His speech is full of heart and soul—amang the best I hae read; and to them that heard and saw it, it must have been just perfectly delightful.

TICKLER.

Perhaps he spoiled it in the delivery; probably he is no orator.

SHEPHERD.

Gude faith, Mr Tickler, I suspec you're really no very weel the nicht, for you're desperate stupid. Nae orator, aiblins! But think you it was naething to see the man in his glory, and to hear him in his happiness? Yes, glory, sir, for what do poets live for but the sympathy of God's rational creatures? Too often we know not that that sympathy is ours—nor in what degree, nor how widely we have awakened it. But here Montgomery had it flashed back upon his heart by old familiar faces, and a hundred firesides sent their representatives to bless the man whose genius had cheered their light for thirty winters.

TICKLER.

Hear, hear! Forgive me, my dear Shepherd, I merely wished to bring you out, to strike a chord, to kindle a spark, to spring a mine

SHEPHERD.

Hooly and fairly. There's no need o' exaggeration. But my opinion—my feeling o' Montgomery is just that which he himself, in this speech—there's the paper—but dinna tear't—has boldly and modestly expressed. "Success upon success in a few years crowned my labours—not, indeed, with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison of whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus, my little plot of ground is as Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own: it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say, that not an inch which I had once gained here have I ever lost."

NORTH.

On such an occasion, Montgomery was not only entitled, but bound to speak of himself—and by so doing, he "has graced his cause." His poetry will live, for he has *heart and imagination*. The religious spirit of his poetry is affecting and profound. But you know who has promised to give me an "Article on Montgomery;" so meanwhile let us drink his health in a bumper.

SHEPHERD.

Stop, stop, my jug's done. But never mind, I'll drink't in pure speerit. (*Bibunt omnes.*)

TICKLER.

Did we include his politics?

SHEPHERD.

Faith, I believe no. Let's tak another bumper to his politics.

NORTH.

James, do you know what you're saying—The man is a Whig. If we do drink his politics, let it be in empty glasses.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na. I'll drink no man's health, nor yet ony ither thing, out o' an empty glass. My political principles are so well known, that my consistency would not suffer were I to drink the health o' the great Whig-leader, Satan himsell; besides, James Montgomery is, I verily believe, a true patriot. Gin he thinks himsell a Whig, he has nae understanding whatever o' his ain character. I'll undertak to bring out the Toryism that's in him in the course o' a single Noctes. Toryism is an innate principle o' human nature—Whiggism but an evil habit. O, sirs, this is a gran' jug.

TICKLER.

I am beginning to feel rather hungry.

SHEPHERD.

I ha'e been rather sharp-set ever sin' Mr Ambrose took awa' the cheese.

NORTH.

'Tis the night of the 21st of October—The battle of Trafalgar—Nelson's death—the greatest of all England's heroes—

His march was o'er the mountain-wave,

His home was on the deep.

Nelson not only destroyed the naval power of all the enemies of England, but he made our naval power immortal. Thank God, he died at sea.

TICKLER.

A noble creature ; his very failings were ocean-born.

SHEPHERD.

Yes—a cairn to his memory would not be out of place even at the head of the most inland glen. Not a sea-mew floats up into our green solitudes that tells not of Nelson.

NORTH.

His name makes me proud that I am an islander. No continent has such a glory.

SHEPHERD.

Look out o' the window—What a fleet o' stars in Heaven ! Yon is the Victory—a hundred gunship—I see the standard of England flying at the main. The brichtest luminary o' nicht says in that halo, "England expects every man to do his duty."

NORTH.

Why might not the battle of Trafalgar be the subject of a great poem ? It was a consummation of national prowess. Such a poem need not be a narrative one, for that at once becomes a Gazette, yet still it might be graphic. The purport of it would be, England on the Ocean ; and it would be a Song of Glory. In such a poem, the character and feelings of British seamen would have agency ; and very minute expression of the passions with which they fight, would be in place. Indeed, the life of such a poem would be wanting, if it did not contain a record of the nature of the Children of the Ocean—the strugglers in war and storm. The character of sailors, severed from all other life, is poetical.

TICKLER.

Yes—it would be more difficult to ground a poem under the auspices of the Duke of York.

NORTH.

The fleet, too, borne on the ocean, human existence resting immediately on great Elementary Nature ; and connected immediately with her great powers ; and ever to the eye single in the ocean-solitudes.

TICKLER.

True. But military war is much harder to conceive in poetry. Our army is not an independent existence, having for ages a peculiar life of its own. It is merely an arm of the nation, which it stretches forth when need requires. Thus though there are the highest qualities in our soldiery, there is scarcely the individual life which fits a body of men to belong to poetry.

NORTH.

In Schiller's Camp of Wallenstein, there is individual life given to soldiers, and with fine effect. But I do not see that the army of Lord Wellington, all through the war of the Peninsula, though the most like a continued separate life of anything we have had in the military way, comes up to poetry.

TICKLER.

Scarcely, North. I think that if an army can be viewed poetically, it must be merely considering it as the courage of the nation, clothed in shape and acting in visible energy ; and to that tune there might be warlike strains for the late war. But then it could have nothing of peculiar military life, but would merge in the general life of the nation. There could be no camp-life.

SHEPHERD.

I don't know, gentlemen, that I follow you, for I am no great scholar. But allow me to say, in better English than I generally speak, for that beautiful star—Venus, I suspect, or perhaps Mars—in ancient times they shone together—

that if any poet, breathing the spirit of battle, knew intimately the Peninsular war, it would rest entirely with himself to derive poetry from it or not. Every passion that is intense may be made the ground-work of poetry ; and the passion with which the British charge the French is sufficiently intense, I suspect, to ground poetry upon. Not a critic of the French school would deny it.

NORTH.

Nothing can be better, or better expressed, my dear James. That war would furnish some battle-chaunts—but the introduction of our land-fighting into any great poetry would, I conjecture, require the intermingling of interests not warlike.

SHEPHERD.

I think so too. What think you of the Iliad, Mr North ?

NORTH.

The great occupation of the power of man, James, in early society, is to make war. Of course, his great poetry will be that which celebrates war. The mighty races of men, and their mightiest deeds, are represented in such poetry. It contains “ the glory of the world ” in some of its noblest ages. Such is Homer. The whole poem of Homer (the Iliad) is war, yet not much of the whole Iliad is fighting ; and that, with some exceptions, not the most interesting. If we consider warlike poetry purely as breathing the spirit of fighting, the fierce ardour of combat, we fall to a much lower measure of human conception. Homer’s poem is intellectual, and full of affections ; it would go as near to make a philosopher as a soldier. I should say that war appears as the business of Homer’s heroes, not often a matter of pure enjoyment. One would conceive, that if there could be found anywhere, in language, the real breathing spirit of lust for fight, which is in some nations, there would be conceptions, and passion of blood-thirst, which are not in Homer. There are flashes of it in Æschylus.

SHEPHERD.

I wish to heaven I could read Greek. I’ll begin to-morrow.

TICKLER.

The songs of Tyrtæus goading into battle are of that kind, and their class is evidently not a high one. Far above them must have been those poems of the ancient German nations, which were chaunted in the front of battle, reciting the acts of old heroes to exalt their courage. These being breathed out of the heart of passion of a people, must have been good. The spirit of fighting was there involved with all their most ennobling conceptions, and yet was merely pugnacious.

NORTH.

The Iliad is remarkable among military poems in this, that being all about war, it instils no passion for war. None of the high inspiring motives to war are made to kindle the heart. In fact, the cause of war is false on both sides. But there is a glory of war, like the splendour of sunshine, resting upon and enveloping all.

SHEPHERD.

I’m beginning to get a little clearer in the upper story. That last jug was a poser. How feel you, gentlemen—do you think you’re baith quite sober ? Our conversation is rather beginning to get a little heavy. Tak a mouthfu’. (NORTH quaffs.)

TICKLER.

North, you look as if you were taking an observation. Have you discovered any new comet ?

NORTH.

Do you think, Shepherd, as much building has been going on within these dozen years in the moon as in the New Town of Edinburgh ?

SHEPHERD.

Nae doubt, in proportion to the size of the moon’s metropolis. Surely a’ the chimneys devoor their ain smoke yonder, sae pure are a’ the purlieus o’ the planet. Think you there is ony AMBROSE in the orb ? or ony editors ?

NORTH.

Why, James, speaking of editors, I had a strange dream t’other night. I dreamed I saw the editor of the Imaginary Magazine.

SHEPHERD.

Faith, that was comical. But what was’t ?

NORTH.

The moment I saw him, I knew that he was the editor of the Imaginary Magazine—the non-existing Christopher North of a non-existing Maga; and what amused me much, was, that I saw from the expression of his countenance that he was under prosecution for a libel.

SHEPHERD.

Had he advised any man to commit murder?

NORTH.

He entered into a long detail of his Magazine, and all the leading-articles were on subjects I had never before heard of; yet I knew the libellous article instinctively. Indeed, he showed me his last Number; and I thought, that after perusing a few pages, I had put it into my pocket. "In an unknown tongue, he warbled melody."

SHEPHERD.

The stuff that dreams are made of!—What did he offer you per sheet?

NORTH.

Kinga men kulish abatton. These were his very words.

SHEPHERD.

Dang it, you're bamming me.

NORTH.

No; he seemed in a great fright about his January Number, and looked up in my face with such an inexplicable face of his own, that I awoke.

SHEPHERD.

I recollect once dreaming o' an unearthly Hallow-Fair. It was held on a great plain, and it seemed as if a' the sheep in the universe were there in ae flock. Shepherds, too, frae every planet in space. Yet wherever I walked, each nation kent me; and chiefs frae China, apparently, and the lands ayont the Pole, jogged ane anither's shouters, and said, "That's the Ettrick Shepherd." I gaed into the tent o' a Tartar, and selt him a score o' gimmers for a jewel he had stown frae the turban of a Turk that was gettin' fu' wi' Prester John. Sic dancin'!

"It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on a dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora!"

Then what a drove o' camels, and dromedaries, and elephants, "indorsed with towers!" Lions, and tigers, and panthers, and hunting-leopards, in cages like cottages, sold and purchased by kings! And, in another region o' the boundless Bazaar, eagles, vultures, condors, rocs, that nodded their heads far aboon the quadruped quadrillions, and flapped the sultry air into a monsoon with their wings.

TICKLER.

Sleeping or waking, North, the Shepherd is your match.

SHEPHERD.

Ye ken I once thought o' writing a book of dreams. Some o' murders, that would hae made Thurtell appear a man of the utmost tenderness o' disposition—horrible natural events, that were catastrophes frae beginning to end—a' sorts o' night-meers—

TICKLER.

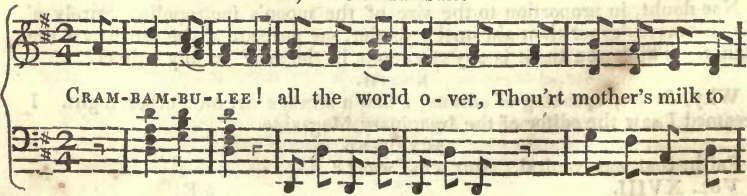
James, North's falling asleep—stir him up with a long pole.

NORTH, (*rubbing his eyes.*)

Well, since you insist upon it, here it goes.

SONG.

Air,—“Crambambulee.”



Germans true, tra li ra. No cure like thee can sage dis-co-ver For
co-lic, love, or de-vils blue, tra li ra. Blow hot or cold, from
morn to night, My dram is still my soul's de-light. Cram-bam-bim-
bam-bu-lee! Cram-bam-bu-lee!

Hungry and chill'd with bivouacking,
We rise ere song of earliest bird—Tra li ra.
Cannon and drums our ears are cracking,
And saddle, boot, and blade's the word—Tra li ra.
"Vite en l'avant," our bugle blows,
A flying gulp and off it goes,
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

Victory's ours, off speed dispatches,
Hourra! The luck for once is mine—Tra li ra.
Food comes by morsels, sleep by snatches,
No time, by Jove, to wash or dine—Tra li ra.
From post to post my pipe I cram,
Full gallop smoke, and suck my dram.
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee!—Crambambulee!

When I'm the peer of kings and kaisers,
An order of my own I'll found—Tra li ra.
Down goes our gage to all despisers,
Our motto through the world shall sound—Tra li ra.
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre de Crambambulee!"
Cram-bam-bim-bam-bu-lee! Crambambulee!

TICKLER.

Bravo! One good turn deserves another.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT. A NEW SONG.

Tune, "Through all the Employments of Life."

Oh ! Learning's a very fine thing,
 As also is wisdom and knowledge,
 For a man is as great as a king,
 If he has but the airs of a college.
 And now-a-days all must admit,
 In LEARNING we're wondrously favour'd,
 For you scarce o'er your window can spit,
 But some learned man is beslaver'd !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

We'll all of us shortly be doom'd
 To part with our plain understanding,
 For INTELLECT now has assumed
 An attitude truly commanding !
 All ranks are so dreadfully wise,
 Common sense is set quite at defiance,
 And the child for its porridge that cries,
 Must cry in the language of SCIENCE.
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The WEAVER it surely becomes,
 To talk of his web's involution,
 For doubtless the hero of thrums
 Is a member of some institution ;
 He speaks of supply and demand,
 With the airs of a great legislator,
 And almost can tell you off-hand,
 That the smaller is less than the greater !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The TAILOR, in cutting his cloth,
 Will speak of the true conic section,
 And no tailor is now such a Goth
 But he talks of his trade's genuflection !
 If you laugh at his bandy-legg'd clan,
 He calls it unhandsome detraction,
 And cocks up his chin like a man,
 Though we know that he's only a fraction !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The BLACKSMITH 'midst cinders and smoke,
 Whose visage is one of the dimmest,
 His furnace profoundly will poke,
 With the air of a practical chemist ;
 Poor Vulcan has recently got
 A lingo that's almost historic,
 And can tell you that iron is hot,
 Because it is fill'd with caloric !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The MASON, in book-learned tone,
 Describes in the very best grammar
 The resistance that dwells in the stone,
 And the power that resides in the hammer ;
 For the son of the trowel and hod
 Looks as big as the Frog in the Fable,
 While he talks in a jargon as odd
 As his brethren the builders of Babel !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

The COBBLER who sits at your gate
 Now pensively points his hog's bristle,
 Though the very same cobbler of late
 O'er his work used to sing and to whistle ;
 But cobbling's a paltry pursuit
 For a man of polite education—
 His works may be trod under foot,
 Yet he's one of the Lords of Creation !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Oh ! learning's a very fine thing !
 It almost is treason to doubt it—
 Yet many of whom I could sing,
 Perhaps might be as well without it !
 And without it my days I will pass,
 For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,
 And I don't wish to look like an ASS
 By trying to talk like a SCHOLAR !
 Sing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

Let schoolmasters bother their brains
 In their dry and their musty vocation ;
 But what can the rest of us gain
 By meddling with such botheration ?
 We cannot be very far wrong,
 If we live like our fathers before us,
 Whose LEARNING went round in the song,
 And whose cares were dispelled in the CHORUS.
 Singing, tol de rol lol, &c. &c.

NORTH (*standing up.*)

Friends—countrymen—and Romans—lend me your ears. You say, James, that that's a gran' jug ; well then, out with the ladle, and push about the jorum. No speech—no speech—for my heart is big. This may be our last meeting in the Blue-Parlour. Our next meeting in

AMBROSE'S HOTEL, PICARDY PLACE !

(NORTH *suddenly sits down, TICKLER and the SHEPHERD in a moment are at his side.*)

TICKLER.

My beloved Christopher, here is my smelling-bottle.—(*Puts the vinegarette to his aquiline nose.*)

SHEPHERD.

My beloved Christopher, here is my smelling-bottle.—(*Puts the stately oblong Glenlivet crystal to his lips.*)

NORTH (*opening his eyes.*)

What flowers are those ? Roses—mignonette, bathed in aromatic dew !

SHEPHERD.

Yes ; in romantic dew—mountain dew, my respected sir, that could give scent to a sibo.

TICKLER.

James let us support him into the open air.

NORTH.

Somewhat too much of this. It is beautiful moon-light. Let us take an arm-in-arm stroll round the ramparts of the Calton-Hill.

(*Enter Mr AMBROSE much affected, with NORTH'S dreadnought ; NORTH whispers in his ear, Subridens olli ; Mr AMBROSE looks cheerful, et exeunt omnes.*)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Hebrew Tale, entitled *Sephora*, is announced as being in a state of considerable forwardness. It will contain a minute Description of Palestine, and of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Israelites.

Shortly will be published, *Court Anecdotes*; with a Portrait of his present Majesty.

A Translation of the Life of *Scipio de Ricci*, will soon appear.

Highland Mary. By the Author of "The Foundling of *Glenthorn*," &c.

Dr Ayre is employed on a work on the Pathology and Treatment of Dropsies.

Dr Southey will shortly publish *Dialogues* on various Subjects.

Bibliotheca Sussexiana: a Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts and Books contained in the Library of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; with Biographical Notices of the most eminent Authors, Editors, Printers, &c. accompanied with Engravings, Illustrations, Fac-Similes, &c. By *T. J. Pettigrew*, Librarian to his Royal Highness.

The Rev. *H. H. Milman* has a new Dramatic Work nearly ready, to be entitled, *Anne Boleyn*.

Mysterious Monk; or, *The Wizard's Tower*. By *C. A. Bolen*. 3 vols.

Miss Landon is engaged in writing a new Poem, which will shortly appear.

Poetic Hours; consisting of Occasional Poems, Translations, Stanzas to Music, &c. By *G. F. Richardson*.

The second volume of *Mr Wiffen's Translation of Tasso*, is on the eve of publication.

Abbot of Montserrat; a Romance. By *William Child Green*, is announced.

A volume of *Essays on the Evidences and Doctrines of Christianity*, is announced, from the pen of *Joseph John Gurney* of Norwich.

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In the press, a Treatise on Diet; with a view to refute several prevailing opinions, and to establish, on practical grounds, a system of rule for the prevention and cure of various diseases. By *A. J. Paris*, M.D. F.R.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.

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	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.		
Wheat, red, old	54	to 68	White pease .	42	to 46	Wheat, per 70 lb.	9	0	to 10	9		Amer. p. 196lb.				
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Superfine ditto	70	to 75	Feed oats . .	23	to 24	Barley, per 60 lbs.						Scotch . . .	30	0	to 32	
Rye	38	to 00	Fine ditto . .	25	to 28	Eng.	4	9	to 6	4		Irish . . .	30	0	to 34	
Barley, . . .	35	to 36	Poland ditto .	21	to 26	Scotch . . .	4	9	to 5	10		Bran, p. 24lb.	—	to	—	
Fine ditto . .	38	to 42	Fine ditto . .	27	to 30	Irish	4	9	to 5	9						
Superfine ditto	43	to 46	Potato ditto .	25	to 27	Foreign . . .	—	to	—	—		Butter, Beef, &c.				
Malt	50	to 60	Fine ditto . .	29	to 31	Oats, per 45 lb.						Butter, p. cwt. s. d.				
Fine	62	to 70	Scotch	32	to 35	Eng.	3	3	to 3	7		Belfast, . .	109	0	to 110	
Hog Pease . .	42	to 44	Flour, per sack	55	to 60	Irish	3	1	to 3	6		Newry . . .	102	0	to 106	
Maple	46	to 48	Ditto, seconds	52	to 54	Scotch . . .	3	3	to 3	7		Waterford	101	0	to 103	
Maple, fine .	—	to	Bran,	00	to 00	For. in bond .	—	to	—	—		Cork, pic. 2d, 106	0	to 107		
						Do. dut. fr. .	—	to	—	—		3d dry . . .	0	to	—	
						Rye, per qr. 38	0	to 44	6			Beef, p. tierce.				
						Malt per b. 8	6	to 10	0			— Mess . . .	95	0	to 105	
						— Middling 7	9	to 9	3			— p. barrel 60	0	to 70	0	
						Beans, per q.						Pork, p. bl.				
						English . . .	46	0	to 50	0		— Mess . . .	80	0	to 88	
						Irish	44	0	to 49	0		— Middl. . .	41	0	to 45	
						Rapeseed . .	24	0	to 26	0		Bacon, p. cwt.				
						Pease, grey	36	0	to 44	0		Short mids.	63	0	to 64	
						— White . .	50	0	to 54	0		Sides . . .	—	0	to	—
						Flour, English,						Hams, dry, .	—	0	to	—
						p. 240lb. fine	52	0	to 55	0		Green . . .	—	0	to	—
						Irish, 2ds	46	0	to 50	0		Lard, rd. p.c.	—	0	to	—

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Tares, per bsh.	0	to 0	Rye Grass, .	20	to 32
Must. White, .	16	to 18	Ribgrass, . .	—	to —
— Brown, new	18	to 20	Clover, red cwt.	50	to 72
Turnips, bsh.	0	to —	— White . . .	45	to 66
— Red & green	9	to 12	Foreign red .	50	to 70
— White, . . .	12	to 15	— White 44	to 60	
Caraway, cwt.	34	to 40	Coriander . .	9	to 12
Canary, per qr.	100	to 105	Trefoil . . .	20	to 28
Cinque Foin .	38	to 40			
Rape Seed, per last, £26, to £28, 10d.					

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Oct. 1825.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	—	—	225½
3 per cent. reduced,	—	—	87½ ½	86½ 7
3 per cent. consols,	87½ 8	88¼ 8	88½	87½ ¾
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	95 ¾	—
New 3 per cent.	—	—	95	94½
New 4 per cent. consols,	102 ¾	103½	103¼ ¾	102¾ 3
India stock,	—	—	—	267
— bonds,	15 p.	—	—	—
Exchequer bills,	1 p. 1 dis.	1 3 p.	4 3 p.	1 2 p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	1 p. 1 dis.	2 3 p.	5 4 p.	2 3 p.
Consols for acc.	88½ 8 ½	88½ ¾ ¼	88½ ¾ ½	87¾ ¾ ¾
Long Annuities,	—	—	21½	21
French 5 per cents.	99f. 50c.	99f. 75 c.	100f.	100f.

Course of Exchange, Nov. 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3. *F. C.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburgh, 36 : 11. *Us.* Altona, 37 : 0. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 30. Bourdeaux, 25 : 25. Frankfort on the Maine, 151. *Ex.* Mon. Petersburg, per rble. 9½ 3 U. Berlin, 7 : 0. Vienna, 9 : 58. Trieste, 9 : 58. Madrid, 37 : *Eff.* Cadiz, 37. Bilboa, 36½. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 31. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 44½. Venice, 27 : 0. Malta, 0 : 0. Naples, 40½. Palermo, per oz. 123. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51. Buenos Ayres, 43½. Rio Janeiro, 49. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6½d. per oz. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 11d¼. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 1½d.

PRICES CURRENT, Nov. 5.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.		
SUGAR, Musc.	70	to 72	70	—	70	—	67	70	—
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	74	78	73 6	75 6	73	80	71	75	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	78	80	80	—	81	—	78	80	—
Fine and very fine, . .	112	120	—	—	—	—	93	100	—
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	—	—	—	—	—	—	97	80	—
Powder ditto, . . .	98	112	92	103	—	—	95	100	—
Single ditto, . . .	96	104	93	96	—	—	86	90	—
Small Lumps, . . .	92	95	—	—	—	—	96	104	—
Large ditto, . . .	40	50	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . . .	35 6	36	35	—	32	35	35s. 0d.	—	—
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	50	—	59	60	30	52	52	54	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	56	60	81	—	61	72	55	66	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	65	80	89	93 6	76	92	76	98	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	65	70	—	—	33	55	—	—	—
Dutch Triage and very ord.	80	—	—	—	58	76	—	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	85	95	—	—	77	90	—	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	—	—	—	—	58	—	56	57	—
St Domingo, . . .	0s 11½	1 0	— 0s	10½d	0 10d	10½d	10½d	11½d	—
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SPIRITS,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 9	—	2s 8d	2s 9d	2s 5d	0s 0d	2s 7d	3s 6d	—
Brandy,	3 5	3 8	—	—	—	—	2 10	3 4	—
Geneva,	2 1	2 2	—	—	—	—	1 9	1 11	—
Grain Whisky, . . .	4 6	4 8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	—	—	—	—	—	—	£18	£58	—
Portugal Red, pipe,	35	46	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spanish White, butt,	36	48	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, pipe,	22	24	—	—	—	—	22	32	—
Madeira, . p 110 gall.	25	60	—	—	—	—	20	25	—
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton,	£7	—	7 0	—	£6 15	7 0	£7 0	7 10	—
Honduras,	7	—	—	—	6 15	7 0	7 0	0 0	—
Campeachy,	8	—	—	—	8 0	8 5	8 0	8 10	—
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	8	0	—	—	7 15	8 5	7 0	8 0	—
Cuba,	10	0	10 0	—	10 0	10 10	10 0	11 0	—
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	11s 6	14s 0	—	—	10s 9	12s 0	13 0	4 6	—
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 10	2 6	—	—	1 11	2 1	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,	3 0	4 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (dut. paid,) .	2 0	2 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 9	2 4	—	—	1 1	1 3	1 1	1 4	—
St Domingo, ditto, . . .	2 0	5 0	2 4½	2 9	2 0	2 8	1 7	1 10	—
TAR, American, . brl.	24	25	—	—	10 0	11 6	15	2 5	—
Archangel,	18	20	—	—	—	—	17	7 0	—
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	9 0	10 0	—	—	—	—	15	8 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	40	41	42	43	39 6	—	41 0	—	—
Home melted,	45	—	—	—	—	—	35	—	—
HEMP, Polish Rhine, ton,	48	—	—	—	—	—	£49 0	50 0	—
Petersburgh, Clean, . . .	45	—	—	—	—	—	45 0	0 0	—
FLAX,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	—	—	—	—	—	—	£50 0	£51	—
Dutch,	—	—	—	—	—	—	52	55	—
Irish,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
BRISTLES,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 0	15 15	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	38	—	—	—	—	—	34	—	—
Montreal, ditto, . . .	36	—	32 0	33	31	31 6	34 0	35	—
Pot,	32	—	30 0	30 6	29	30	31	—	—
OIL, Whale, . . tun,	34	—	36	38	—	—	30 0	31 0	—
Cod,	—	—	36	—	—	—	30 10	31 0	—
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9	11	1	—	0 6	0 8	0 7	0 8	—
Middling,	8	8½	6	8	0 4½	0 5½	0 4½	0 5	—
Inferior,	6	6½	5	5½	0 2½	0 4	—	—	—
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 6½	0 10½	—
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Stained,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Middling,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 10½	1 0½	—
West India,	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 10	0 11½	—
Pernambuco,	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 0½	1 1½	—
Maranham,	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 11	0 11½	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Oct. 1	M.46	29.580	M.55	Cble.	Dull with light rain.	Oct. 17	M.37	29.712	M.53	Cble.	Cold, heavy rain aftern.
	A.51	.479	A.58		Fair, with sunshine.		A.48	.660	A.46		Dull, with shrs. rain.
2	M.49	.355	M.59	S.	Heavy rain afternoon.	18	M.33½	.475	M.46	W.	Very cold, dull, fair.
	A.59	.320	A.62	S.E.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.43	28.946	A.49		Very cold, with sunsh.
3	M.50	.348	M.62	S.	Chble. with shrs. rain.	19	M.38	.999	M.47	N.E.	Morn. frost, aftern. dull.
	A.59	.292	A.61	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.43	.737	A.45		Morn. cold, fair day.
4	M.50	.350	M.61	S.	Foren. rain. after. sunsh.	20	M.31	.999	M.42	N.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.56	.564	A.60	S.W.	Dull, with shrs. rain.		A.56	.999	A.41		Fair, with some sunsh.
5	M.47	.555	M.58	S.W.	Dull, shrs. rain after.	21	M.30	29.250	M.38	N.	Fair, but rather dull.
	A.55	.630	A.60	S.W.	Morn. rain, day sunsh.		A.34	.588	A.43		Frost morn. rain aftern.
6	M.48	.551	M.60	S.W.	Rain most of day.	22	M.30	.692	M.42	W.	Morn. rain, day fair.
	A.58	.551	A.51	Cble.	Dull, but fair.		A.37	.676	A.43		Fair, with sunsh.
7	M.45	.335	M.55	N.	Fair, with sunshine.	23	M.40	.708	M.50	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.50	.391	A.55	S.	Fair foren. shr. aftern.		A.50	.870	A.50		Fair, with sunsh.
8	M.43	.436	M.55	S.	Fair, with sunshine.	24	M.45	.425	M.54	S.W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.54	.250	A.55	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.53	.486	A.57		Fair, but rather dull.
9	M.44½	.368	M.54	S.	Foren. rain. after. sunsh.	25	M.30	.550	M.41	N.W.	Frost morn. rain aftern.
	A.50	.316	A.58	S.	Dull, but fair.		A.37	.676	A.44		Morn. rain, day fair.
10	M.50	.572	M.58	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.	26	M.31	.202	M.49	W.	Fair, with sunsh.
	A.54	.848	A.51	W.	Fair foren. shr. aftern.		A.58	.638	A.41		Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
11	M.47	.848	M.54	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M.30	.678	M.41	W.	Fair, with sunsh.
	A.49	.878	A.56	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.39	.578	A.48		Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
12	M.45	.708	M.58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	28	M.46	.638	M.52	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.55	.588	A.60	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.50	.638	A.51		Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
13	M.46	.844	M.57	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.	29	M.43	.468	M.52	S.W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.50	.844	A.56	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.50	.425	A.52		Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
14	M.45	.620	M.58	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.	30	M.42	.120	M.54	N.W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.55	.825	A.54	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.55	28.999	A.49		Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
15	M.50	.969	M.55	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.	31	M.39	.576	M.50	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.44	.999	A.55	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.		A.48	.404	A.51		Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
16	M.46	.994	M.55	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.						Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
	A.55	.994	A.55	S.W.	Fair, with sunshine.						Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.

Average of rain, . . . 2.412.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brev.	Maj. Gen. Sir H. Lowe, K. C. B. local rank of Lt. Gen. upon the Continent of Europe	29 Sept. 1825.	10	C. S. Trower, Cor. Surg. West, from 27 F. Surg. vice M ^r Robert, h. p.	29 Sept. 6 Oct.
	Capt. Macfarlane, Adj. E. I. C. Dep. at Chatham, local rank of Maj.	6 Oct.	11	Cor. Bambrick, Lt. by purch. vice Mulken, prom.	12 do.
	W. Thorne, local rank of Lt. Col. on the Continent of Europe only	13 do.	12	A. Bolton, Cor. Capt. Vandeleur, Maj. by purch. vice Stawell, prom.	1 do.
1 Dr. Gds.	Cor. Tyssen, Lt. by purch. vice Master, prom.	6 do.	13	Lt. Harrington, Capt. A. Brown, Cor. by purch. vice Campbell, prom.	8 Sept.
3	G. H. Thompson, Cor. As. Surg. Ingham, from 22 F. As. Surg. vice Brown, 22 F.	15 do.		Coldst. F.G. Ens. Hon. C. Howard, fm. 70 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Fane, prom.	22 Oct.
4	Cor. Ogle, Lt. by purch. vice Nash, prom.	1 do.		3 F. Gds. Col. Clitherow, Lt. Col. vice Rooke, h. p. rec. diff.	15 Sept.
	Hon. W. Vaughan, Cor. Lieut. Stamer, Capt. by purch. vice Whichcote, prom.	29 do.		Lt. Col. Keate, Maj. with the rank of Col.	do.
1 Dr.	Surg. Young, from 10 F. Surg. vice Steed, ret.	22 Sept.		— Hall, from h. p. Capt. pay diff.	do.
	Surg. Jameson, from 75 F. Surg. vice Young, cancelled,	22 Sept.	1 F.	Ens. Ogilvy, Lt. by purch. vice O'Brien, 20 F.	1 Oct.
3	Lt. Slade, Capt. by purch. vice Webb, prom.	22 Oct.		F. Lucas, Ens.	do.
4	Cor. Phillipps, Lt. by purch. prom.	10 Aug.		Capt. Macdougall, from 1 Vet. Bat. Capt.	8 Apr.
	J. Elton, do. by purch. vice Ramsbottom, prom.	2 Sept.	4	Lieut. Sargent, do. Lieut.	do.
6	Lt. Armstrong, Adj. vice Boyd, res. Adj. only	15 do.	5	Lieut. Rawstorne, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut.	do.
	— Down, Capt. by purch. vice Hasard, ret.	29 do.	6	Lieut. Fleming, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut.	do.
7	R. Doynce, Cor. by purch. vice Hope-toun, prom.	22 do.	8	Lieut. Pilkington, from 1 Vet. Bn. vice Bowlby, 90 F.	do.
8	Reg. Serj. Maj. Mawdsley, Quar. Mast. vice Donahoo, h. p.	29 do.		Lt. Lang, from 13 Dr Capt. by purch. vice Hailes, prom.	do.
9	Cor. Rumley, Lt. by purch. vice Markham, prom.	8 Oct.	9	Bt. Maj. Lyster, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt.	do.
				B. H. Heathcote, Ens. by purch. vice Ogle, prom.	8 Sept.

9 F.	Ens. Browne, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens.	L. W. Yeo, Ens. by purch. vice Amiel
	7 Apr.	ret.
10	As. Surg. Graham, from 31 F. Surg.	Capt. Seymour, from h. p. Capt. vice
	vice Young, 1 Dr 22 Sept.	Willcocks, 81 F. 22 do.
11	Ens. Bell, Lt. by purch. vice Mitchell,	Lt. Kirkley, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice
	96 F. 15 do.	Newport, prom. 8 Apr.
	J. Goold, Ens. do.	Lt. Olpherts, from 2 W. I. R. Lt. vice
	Ens. Gardiner, from 37 F. Lt. vice	Robertson, 92 F. 22 Sept.
	Hardenby, dead 29 Sept.	Fitz Herbert Coddington, Ens. by
	Ens. Maxwell, from 1 Vn. Bn. Ens.	purch. vice Hotham, 85 F. do.
	7 Apr.	— Webb, from h. p. 86 Ft. Lt. vice
19	Hon. — Hay, Ens. vice M'Kenzie,	Spencer, 18 F. 20 Oct.
	dead 6 Oct.	Hosp. As. Dartnell, As. Surg. vice
	J. W. F. Prettejohn, Ens. by purch.	Mostyn, prom. 81 F. do.
	vice Hay, 71 F. 22 do.	Lt. Gledstanes, Adj. vice Woollard, 38
16	Lieut. M'Grath, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lieut.	F. do.
	8 Apr.	G. M. Dalway, Ens. by purch. vice
	Ens. Croker, do. Ens. 7 do.	M'Crea, prom. do.
	Hosp. As. Tighe, As. Surg. 20 Oct.	Lt. O'Meara, from h. p. African Corps,
17	Capt. Bouverie, from h. p. (pay, diff.)	Paym. vice Webb, h. p. do.
	Capt. vice Grey, 43 F. 18 Aug.	— Weston, Capt. by purch. vice
	S. C. Hilton, Ens. by purch. vice	Brooke, ret. do.
	Deedes, prom. 17 Sept.	— Sweeny, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice
	As. Surg. Martindale, Surg. vice Heriot,	Hay, prom. 5 F. 9 Apr.
	6 Dr G. 29 do.	Ens. M'Clervy, Lt. by purch. vice
18	T. R. Auldjo, Ens. by purch. vice	Kenyon, 77 F. 6 Oct.
	Young, prom. 24 do.	H. Leech, Ens. do.
	Ens. Peel, Lt. by purch. vice Macpher-	Hosp. As. Ellison, As. Surg. 20 Oct.
	son, 91 F. 20 Oct.	Lt. Carpenter, Capt. by purch. vice
	— Dwyer, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens.	O'Grady, prom. 29 do.
	7 Apr.	Capt. Smith, from h. p. Paym. vice
	Forbes, Ens. by purch. vice Peel	Pillon 29 Sept.
	20 Oct.	Lt. Murray, from 25 F. Lt. vice Butt,
20	Lt. O'Brien, from 1 F. Lt. vice That-	dead 13 Oct.
	cher, 37 F. 1 do.	— Doran, Capt. vice Mathers, dead
	A. Scott, Ens. by purch. vice Cumming,	6 do.
	88 F. 13 do.	Ens. Clark, Lt. do.
21	Lt. Bigge, from h. p. Lt. vice Ham-	R. Macgregor, Ens. do.
	mill, 61 F. 24 Sept.	Lt. Hammill, from 21 F. Lt. vice Sween-
22	Ens. Gough, Lt. by purch. vice But-	ny, New So. Wales Vet. Comp. 24 Sep.
	lar, prom. 1 Oct.	2d Lt. and Adj. Coghlan, rank of Lt.
23	Capt. Harrison, Maj. by purch. Eng-	land, prom. 29 do.
	Lt. Waller, Capt. do.	— — — — — Liddele, do. 13 do.
	2d Lt. Beaulclerk, Lt. do.	Ens. Hay, from h. p. 2d Lt. vice Col-
	H. R. H. C. Elwes, 2d Lt. do.	man, cancelled 6 do.
25	Ens. Mansergh, Lt. by purch. vice	Capt. Hamilton, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt.
	Lynch, 97 F. 22 Sept.	9 Apr.
	W. W. Stanton, Ens. do.	Lieut. Hemsworth, from 2 Vet. Bn.
	Lt. Warde, from h. p. Lt. vice Murray,	Lieut. 7 do.
	56 F. 13 Oct.	Ens. Thompson, from h. p. Ens. vice
26	Capt. Pratt, from h. p. Capt. vice Mur-	Dely, 1 W. I. R. 20 Oct.
	ray, exch. rec. diff. 20 do.	Capt. T. Fairtlough, Maj. by purch.
	Ens. Brebant, Lt. by purch. vice M'Ni-	vice Arbuthnot, prom. 1 do.
	ven, prom. 29 F. 29 do.	Lt. Briggs, from 50 F. Capt. do.
	J. Guthrie, Ens. do.	G. Goring, Ens. by purch. vice Hunter,
27	As. Surg. Mostyn, Surg. vice West,	prom. do.
	10 Dr 6 do.	Capt. Dillon, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt.
	Hosp. As. Mullarky, As. Surg. do.	8 Apr.
	Ens. Freame, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens.	A. H. L. Wyatt, Ens. by purch. vice
	7 Apr.	Dundas, prom. 17 Sept.
28	Ens. Irving, Lt. by purch. vice Lord S.	Lieut. Hunt, Capt. by purch. vice
	Lennox, prom. 22 do.	Wood, prom. 29 Oct.
	B. Broadhead, Ens. do.	Ens. Johnston, Lt. by purch. vice Mur-
29	Lt. M'Niven, from 26 F. Capt. by	ray, prom. 1 Oct.
	purch. vice Chambers, prom. 29 Oct.	G. Douglas, Ens. 8 do.
31	Hosp. As. Minty, As. Surg. vice Gra-	Lieut. Kirwan, Capt. by purch. vice
	ham, 10 F. 22 Sept.	Dunbar, prom. 37 F. do.
32	Lt. Colthurst, Capt. vice Lord S. Kerr,	W. T. Smyth, do. by purch. vice
	dead 29 do.	Keiley, 52 F. 29 Sept.
	— White, from 14 F. Lt. do.	P. W. Braham, Ens. by purch. vice
	Ens. Markham, do. by purch. vice	Howard, Colds. Gds. 22 do.
	Palk, prom. 23 Oct.	Staff As. Surg. Bartley, As. Surg. do.
	F. J. Griffin, Ens. vice Wardell, 28 F.	Ens. Lt. A. Lennox, Lt. by purch. vice
	13 do.	Montagu, prom. 22 Oct.
	J. J. Burgoyne, Ens. by purch. vice	— Hon. — Hay, from 16 F. Ens. do.
	Markham, prom. 22 do.	D. T. Barton, Ens. by purch. vice
33	J. S. Greene, Ens. by purch. vice	Campbell, 29 do.
	Moore, ret. 29 Sept.	Surg. Clarke, from Cape Corps, Surg.
	Ens. Deshon, from 8 F. Lt. by purch.	vice White, h. p. 20 do.
	vice Græme, prom. 6 Oct.	Lt. Hamilton, Capt. by purch. vice
	Lt. O'Neil, from 2 Vet. Bn. vice Barrs,	Mac Mahon, ret. 15 Sept.
	prom. 9 Apr.	Ens. Seymour, Lt. do.
34	— Foksett, Lt. by purch. vice Airey,	C. D. O'Connell, Ens. do.
	prom. 22 do.	R. Baillie, do. vice Howard, prom.
	E. S. Bayly, Ens. do.	8 Oct.
37	Lt. Thatcher, from 20 F. Lt. vice	Ens. Vallancey, Lt. by purch. vice
	Hartley, prom. 1 do.	Black, prom. do.
	Cor. J. Ralston, from h. p. 25 Dr Ens.	H. C. Pocock, Ens. do.
	vice Gardiner, 11 F. 29 Sept.	Staff As. Surg. Brisbane, As. Surg. 6 do.
	Br. Lt. Col. Dunbar, from 66 F. Maj.	Ens. Kearnes, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens.
	by purch. vice Valiant, from 8 Oct.	7 Apr.
		As. Surg. Graham, from 51. F. Surg.
		vice Jameson, 1 Dr. 22 Sept.

- 77 Ens. Porter, from 1 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Marshall, dec. 20 Oct.
J. Powell, Ens. vice Irvine, dead 29 Sept.
- 78 Lt. Kenyon, from 48 F. Lt. vice Molyneux, 37 F. 6 Oct.
C. W. P. Magra, Ens. 13 do.
Ens. Steele, Adj. vice Molyneux do.
Capt. Douglas, Maj. by purch. vice Falconer, prom. 22 do.
Lt. Twopenny, Capt. do.
Ens. Vassall, Lt. do.
J. Macleod, Ens. do.
- 80 Ens. Thomas, Lt. vice Molony, dead 15 Sept.
Cor. Cood, from h. p. R. Wagg. Train, Ens. do.
Lt. Ellis, Capt. vice Phelps, dead 29 do.
F. H. Graham, Ens. by purch. vice Cood, prom. 15 Oct.
- 81 Brev. Maj. Horton, Maj. by purch. vice Taylor, prom. 22 do.
As. Surg. Mostyn, from 41 F. Surg. Cogan, ret. do.
Capt. Willcocks, from 38 F. Capt. do. Lt. Holdsworth, from h. p. Col. Comp. Mauritius, Paym. vice Williams, dead 22 Sept.
- 82 Lt. Swinburne, Capt. vice Sanderson, dead 6 Oct.
Capt. Burgess, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 Apr.
- 84 Hon. M. St. Clair, Ens. by purch. vice Faber, cancelled 13 do.
Hosp. As. Smyth, As. Surg. 6 do.
- 85 Ens. Hon. C. Monckton, Lt. by purch. vice Jardine, ret. 21 Sept.
- 88 — Galloway, Lt. by purch. vice Michell, ret. 22 do.
— Cumming, from 20 F. Ens. 21 do.
S. J. Sutton, do. 22 do.
Lieut. Woollard, Adj. vice Soutar, res. the Adj. only, 20 Oct.
- 89 Lt. Hawkins, from 44 F. Capt. by purch. vice Agnew, ret. do.
Lieut. Butler, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Blayney, Rifle Br. 9 Apr.
- 91 Capt. Rivers, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. 8 do.
Lieut. Macpherson, from 18 F. Capt. by purch. vice Richardson, ret. 20 Oct.
- 92 Lt. Macpherson, Capt. vice Donaldson, dead 22 Sept.
— Robertson, from 40 F. Lt. do.
Capt. Winchester, Maj. vice Charleton, dead 16 Aug.
Lt. J. M'Donald, Capt. by purch. vice Gammell, ret. 6 Oct.
— Waymouth, from 32 F. do. 13 do.
Ens. M'Cumming, Lt. by purch. 6 do.
C. Galwey, Ens. do.
Capt. Pilkington, from h. p. 59 F. Capt. vice Peat, exch. do.
- 93 J. R. Johnston, do. by purch. vice Delancey, 16 F. 22 Sept.
- 94 Ens. and Adj. Spiller, rank of Lt. 6 Oct.
Lieut. Gillies, from h. p. Lieut. vice Bickerton, exch. rec. diff. do.
- 95 Gent. Cadet S. G. Dalgety, from R. Mill. Coll. Ens. vice Price, 78 F. do.
- 96 Lt. Mitchell, from 11 F. Capt. by purch. vice Borlase, ret. 8 Sept.
Ens. Cumberland, from 35 F. Lt. by purch. vice Ousely, prom. 15 Oct.
- 97 Lt. Lynch, from 25 F. Capt. by purch. vice Colthurst, ret. 17 Aug.
- 98 — Maxwell, from h. p. 25 F. Lt. vice Dutton, New So. Wales Comp. 24 Sept.
Ens. Gregory, Lt. by purch. vice Allan, prom. 1 Oct.
J. H. Armstrong, Ens. do.
Lt. Wolfe, Adj. vice Stevens, prom. 6 do.
- 99 Hosp. As. Dobson, As. Surg. 22 Sept.
Rifle Brig. — Smith, 2d Lt. vice Vivian, 7 Dr. 15 do.
Lieut. Woodford, Capt. by purch. vice Percival, prom. 29 do.
2d Lt. Stewart, 1st Lt. do.
J. Benyon, 2d Lt. do.
- 1 W. I. R. Lt. Walton, from h. p. R. York Rang. Lt. vice Warner, New South Wales Comp. 24 do.
Ens. Dely, from 62 F. Ens. Porter, prom. in 77 F. 20 do.
2 Ens. M'Pherson, Lt. vice Olpherts, 40 F. 22 do.
P. C. Codd, Ens. do.
Lt. Fraser, from h. p. 93 F. Paym. vice Stopford, dead do.
Ens. Dickenson, Lt. vice Kettlewell, dead 13 Oct.
F. Codd, Ens. do.
- Ceylon R. Lt. Dempsey, from h. p. 81 F. Lt. vice Woolhouse, cancelled 8 Sept.
Lieut. Phelan, from h. p. 44 F. Lieut. vice Whitaker, canc. do.
- Cape Cor. As. Surg. Parrott, from the Prov. Bn. Surg. vice Clarke, 72 F. do.
Lt. A. Armstrong, Capt. vice Stuart, dead 15 do.
Ens. Warden, Lt. do.
J. North, Ens. do.
- Af. Col. Co. Ens. Calder, Lt. vice Dowling, ret. do.
— Stapleton, do. vice Splaine, dead 22 do.
Vol. E. Hartley, Ens. do.
Lt. Ring, Adj. vice Patterson, res. Adj. only do.
E. Cooke, Ens. by purch. vice Calder 28 do.
Lt. Rogers, Capt. vice de Barrallier, dead 29 do.
Ens. Turner, Lt. do.
J. P. Hardy, Ens. do.
C. Nott, Ens. vice Carmody, dead do.
- Ordinance Department.*
Royal Artillery,
2d Capt. Romer, Adj. vice Gordon, prom. 29 July
— Simmons, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Romer do.
1st Lt. Wright, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. St. John, 1st Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet W. F. Williams, 2d Lt. do.
Lt. Col. Macdonald, Col. vice Thornhill, dead 29 Aug.
Maj. and Lt. Col. Holecombe, Lt. Col. do.
Capt. and Brev. Maj. Addams, Maj. do.
2d Capt. and Brev. Maj. Mitchell, Capt. do.
2d Capt. Andrews, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lt. Mathias, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Daeres, 1st Lt. do.
- Royal Engineers.*
1st Lt. Wortham, 2d Capt. vice Birch, h. p. 24 Sept.
2d Lt. Walpole, 1st Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet R. Howarth, 2d Lt. 6 Aug.
— J. D. Hestley, do. 12 Sept.
— R. Dashwood, do. do.
— C. C. Wilkinson, do. do.
— J. Creatorex, do. do.
— W. Renwick, do. do.
— T. H. Rimington, do. do.
— W. E. Broughton, do. do.
- Staff.*
Lt. Col. Stavelay, from R. Staff Corps, Dep. Qua. Mas. Gen. in the Mauritius, vice Nesbitt, res. 29 Sept.
- Cape of G. H. Maj. C. A. Fitzroy, h. p. Dep. Adj. Gen. with Rank of Lt. Col. vice Blake, res. 20 Oct.
- Hospital Staff.*
Hosp. As. Dyce, As. Surg. vice Melin, prom. 22 do.
— Wood, do. vice Bartley. 74 F. 6 Oct.
H. Mackesey, Hosp. Assist. 22 Sept.
R. Johnston, do. vice Minty, 31 F. do.
W. Macready, do. vice Mullarky, 27 F. 6 Oct.
D. Browne, do. vice Wood, do.
W. H. Crawford, do. vice Smyth, 85 F. do.

Hosp. As. Grant, Staff As. Surg. vice
Millar, prom. 20 Oct.
C. Bell, Hosp. As. vice Grant do.
A. Gibson, do. vice Squair, 93 F. do.
J. Ewing, do. vice Tighe, 16 F. do.

*Unattached.**To be Lt. Colonels of Infantry by purchase.*

Maj. Stawell, from 12 Dr. 1 do.
— Arbuthnot, from 63 F. do.
— Valiant, from 37 F. 8 do.
— Falconer, from 73 F. do.
— Taylor, from 81 F. 22 do.
— England, from 23 F. 29 Oct.

To be Majors of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Hailes, from 8 F. 1 do.
— Webb, from 3 Dr. 22 do.
— Chambers, from 29 F. do.
— O'Grady, from 53 F. do.
— Whichcote, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.
— Wood, from 65 F. do.
— Perceval, from Rifle Brig. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Hartley, from 37 F. 1 do.
— Butler, from 22 F. do.
— Allan, from 98 F. do.
— Nash, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.
— Murray, from 66 F. do.
— Hon. H. D. Shore, from 4 Dr. Gds. 8 do.
— Markham, from 9 Dr. do.
— Smith, from 2 Life Gds. do.
— Stevenson, from 58 F. 15 do.
— Hon. H. S. Fane, from Colds, Gds. 22 do.
— Montagu, from 71 F. do.
— Lord S. Lennox, from 28 F. do.
— Palk, from 32 F. do.
— Wemyss, from 4 Dr. Gds. do.
— Airey, from 51 F. do.
— Small, from 25 F. Capt. do. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Hunter, from 64 F. 1 do.
— Hon. R. Howard, from 73 F. 8 do.
— Cood, from 80 F. 15 do.
— Hon. G. Upton, from 43 F. Lieut. do. vice Berkeley, can. do.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

G. J. Rush 1 do.
J. E. Wetherall do.
F. Deacon 8 do.
H. Reynolds do.
S. D. Clarke do.
H. Curling 22 do.
H. S. James do.
G. Robinson do.
Gent. Cadet Wilkie, from R. Mil. Col. do.

Exchanges.

Maj. Heathcote, from 27 F. with Maj. Dansey, 88 F.
Bt. Lt. Col. Stavelly, from Staff Corps, with Capt. Jackson, h. p.
Capt. Dawson, from African Col. Corps, with Lt. Col. Rainey, h. p. 55 F.
— Babington, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Quicke, h. p.
— Randall, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Orme, h. p.
— Ryamond, from 19 F. with Capt. Taylor, h. p. 40 F.
— Lanphier, from 19 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hely, h. p. 25 F.
— Wroughton, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hon. H. S. Fane, h. p.
— Morton, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hill, h. p.
— Dennis, from 62 F. with Capt. Mair, h. p.
— Seymour, from 65 F. with Capt. Wood, h. p. 5 Dr. Gds.
— M'Laine, from 75 F. with Capt. Hammond, h. p.
— Leaper, from 79 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Marshall, h. p.
— Smith, from 89 F. with Capt. Thorp, h. p.

Lt. Collins, from 2 Dr. G. with Lt. Hedley, 4 F.
— Dent, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Osborne, h. p.
— Moritt, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Chambre, h. p. 64 F.
— Plunkett, from 37 F. with Lt. Freeman, h. p. 18 Dr.
— Blakeway, from 43 F. with Lt. Foster, Cape Corps Cav.
— Foster, from 45 F. with Lt. Kearny, h. p. 31 F.
— Noyes, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Keating, h. p. R. W. I. Ra.
— Cornwall, from 76 F. with Lt. Beere, h. p. 71 F.
— Duke, from 91 F. with Lt. Barney, h. p.
Ens. Webster, from 51 F. with Ens. St. Leger, 12 F.
Paym. Irvine, from 72 F. with Capt. Graham, h. p. 80 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lt. Col. Slessor, as ret. Maj. h. p. 45 F.
Lt. Robinson, 2 F.
— Woolhouse, Ceylon R.
2d. Lt. Ens. Goleman, 60 F.
Assist. Surg. Faber, 84 F.
— Portelli, 28 F.
— Graham, 10 F.
— Foote, 12 F.
— Ewing, 86 F.

The following Officers have been allowed to dispose of their half-pay.

Col. Sir J. M. Doyle, as Lt. Col. 12 Garr. Bn. 29 Oct. 1825.
Lt. Col. Ryves, as Maj. and Perm. As. Qua. Mast. Gen. do.
Col. Thomas, as Maj. R. Wagg. Train, do.
Maj. O'Connell, 18 F. do.
Maj. Sir T. T. F. E. Drake, Bt. 52 F. do.
Maj. Ouseley, Port Service do.
Capt. Im Thurn, 35 F. do.
Ens. Robinson, Cape Reg. do.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj.-General Miller, late of R. Mar.
Colonel Earl of Lisburne, h. p. Sheffield Reg.
— Baillie, h. p. Surrey Rang.
— Light, h. p. 25 F.
Lieut.-Col. Humphry, h. p. Unat.
— Rudd, h. p. Insp. Field Officer.
Major Colhurst, 97 F.
— Reynolds, late 5 Vet. Bat.
— Browne, h. p. 103 F.
— Amory, h. p. 5 Gar- Bn.
Capt. Hassard, 6 Dr.
— MacMahon, 73 F.
— Agnew, 89 F.
— Gammell, 92 F.
— Borlase, 96 F.
— Warren, h. p. 25 F.
— Sankey, h. p. 29 F.
— Evelyn, h. p. 60 F.
— Mulhall, h. p. Irish Brig.
— Walsh, h. p. 34 F.
— Morrall, h. p. 9 F.
— Cole, h. p. 82 F.
— Galwey, h. p. 64 F.
— Bogle, h. p. Cape R.
— Eustace, h. p. 8 F.
— Huddleston, h. p. 46 F.
— Clonard, h. p. 4 Irish Brig.
— Bromhead, h. p. 23 Dr.
Lieut. Jardine, 88 F.
— Michell, 80 F.
— Dowling, R. Afr. Col. Corps.
— de Lorentz, h. p. 1 F.
— Lunn, h. p. 78 F.
— Rope, h. p. 24 F.
— Brett, h. p. 24 Dr.
Cornet Doherty, h. p. 23 Dr.
Ens. Moore, 33 F.
— Amiel, 37 F.
— Gordon, h. p. 13 Gn. Bn.
— Shenley, h. p. 4 F.
— Conolly, h. p. 71 F.
— Healy, h. p. 99 F.

Ens. Smith, h. p. 43 F.
— Rae, h. p. 6 Irish Brig.

Deaths.

Colonel Thornhill, R. Art. Jamaica, 28 Aug. 1825
Major Phelps, 80 F.
— Charlton, 92 F. Jamaica.
— J. Hewitt, 52 F. New Brunswick, 25 do.
— Shekleton, h. p. 51 F. Maj. of Brigade at Quebec.
— Lenn, 19 F. Cork, 24 Oct.
Capt. Sutherland, 33 F. lost with the Comet steam packet off Gourock, 25 do.
— Mathers, 59 F. on board the ship Euphrates, on passage from India, 12 Aug.
— Sanderson, 82 F. on passage from Ceylon, 12 do.
— Purefoy, h. p. 79 F. Walworth, 21 do.
— Mather, Dublin Co. Mil. 26 Sept.
— Rose, 89 F. in the Burman territory, 7 Mar.
— Cannon, do. do. do.
Lieut. Haldeuby, 11 F.
— Kettlewell, 2 W. I. R. Honduras.
— Oxley, R. Afr. Col. Corps, Cape Coast Castle, 25 June.
— Eyre, R. Eng. Tobago, 21 Aug.
— Walker, h. p. 4 Dr. Whitecross, near Wakefield, 22 May.
— Grobecker, h. p. R. Wagg. Train, Disporf, Wittengen, Prussia, 11 July.
— Osbourne, h. p. 35 F. Bruges, 4 Sept.

Lieut. Marshall, 77 F. Jamaica.
— Jefferson, 5 R. V. Bn. and Riding Master, to 1 Light Dr. London, 16 Oct.
Ens. Mackenzie, 16 F.
— Irvine, 77 F.
— Carmody, R. Afr. Col. Corps, Cape Coast Castle.
— Coxen, h. p. 14 F. Windsor, 15 Sept.
— Lawton, h. p. 93 F. Ireland, 15 Aug.
Quarter-master Follenus, h. p. 7 Dr. G. Rush House, Swords, Dublin, 21 Sept.
— Sutton, h. p. 1 Irish Brig. 29 do.
Assist. Surgeon Bulkeley, 16 F. on passage from Ceylon, 16 July.

Officers Killed and Wounded in the Dominions of the King of Ava, between 6th March and 1st April, 1825.

Killed.

Capt. Rose, 89 F. 7 Mar. 1825.
— Cannon, do. do.

Wounded.

Lieut. Gordon, 47 F. severely, not dangerously.
Capt. Evanson, 54 F. do. do.
Lieut. Harris, do. do. do.
— J. Clarke, do. do. do.
— W. J. King, 89 F. slightly, 7 Mar.
— C. G. King, do. do. do.
— Currie, do. do. do.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of Sept. and the 19th of Oct. 1825; extracted from the London Gazette.

Aughtie, T. Poultry, grocer.
Barnes, W. Richardby, Cumberland, hay and corn-merchant.
Booty, J. Newport, grocer.
Brimley, J. S. Birchin-lane, ship and insurance-broker.
Bridgeman, J. Bethnal-green, tallow-chandler.
Brown, J. Shadwell, plumber.
Butler, T. Old Radford, Nottingham, joiner.
Byers, N. Bath-street, Clerkenwell, oilman.
Collens, F. Pall Mall, man-milliner.
Coley, F. H. Broad-street, wine-merchant.
Cooper, T. W. Liverpool, chemist.
Cowdroy, W. Gorton, Lancaster, glue-maker.
Dennett, C. R. Fulham-road, Little Chelsea, cheese-monger.
Dickinson, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, ware-houseman.
Dobson, J. Hesketh-with-Becconsalt, grocer.
Emerson, J. and S. S. Whitechapel-road, corn-factors.
Fairclough, R. Liverpool, painter and glazier.
Follett, J. Bath, innkeeper.
Ford, R. Bridgewater, merchant.
Ford, W. Broadway, Blackfriars, tea-dealer.
Hall, W. Gutter-lane, warehouseman.
Haworth, A. and J. Whitehead, Lever Banks, near Bolton, calico-printers.
Harvey, W. Cloudeley-terrace, Islington, surgeon.
Higgs, E. Thornbury, Gloucester, victualler.
Hill, W. Arundel-street, Pantom-square, tailor.
Hobbs, B. and W. S. Hellyer, Redbridge, Southampton, ship-builders.
Houghton, J. Manchester, linen-draper.
Huddy, G. Mark-lane, hop and seed-merchant.
Hulthlin, T. Catherine-street, Tower-hill, merchant.
Jacobs, E. Windsor, dealer in jewellery.
Johnson, J. B. and J. O'Callaghan, Liverpool, merchants

Johns, H. I. Devonshire, banker.
Kincaid, J. Spital-square, silk-manufacturer.
King, C. Cranbrook, banker.
King, T. Bermondsey-new-road, linen-draper.
Leven, W. L. Grove-lane, Camberwell, merchant.
Lowes, W. Liverpool, broker.
Messey, W. Heaton Norris, cotton-manufacturer.
Millin, E. Berkeley-square, shoemaker.
Mollen, J. G. and R. Alger, Change-alley, timber-merchant.
Nachbar, J. jun. Old Brentford, gardener.
Nash, J. Bristol, wharfinger.
Nichol J. and P. Cornhill, merchants.
Pain, R. G. City, underwriter.
Ploudford, J. Queen-street, Cheapside, tallow-chandler.
Potter, C. Scarborough, Yorkshire, coach-painter.
Pringle, J. London-road, victualler.
Procter, S. Calverley, clothier.
Robinson, R. Friday-street, tavern-keeper.
Robson, W. J. Oxford-street, grocer.
Sandwell, J. Strand, tavern-keeper.
Smith, J. Broad-street, broker.
Squire, J. and W. and W. W. Prideaux, Kingsbridge, Devon, bankers.
Stevens, J. Lime-street, merchant.
Summer, T. Clithero, Lancashire, ironmonger.
Sutcliffe, T. Halifax, cotton-spinner.
Tristram, J. Wolverhampton, ironmaster.
Tucker, T. High-street, Borough, oil and colour-man.
Tutin, R. Birmingham, builder.
Walker, W. and T. Baker, Cannon-street, grocers.
Watts, J. F. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, stockbroker.
Welsford, J. Little Guildford-street, Southwark, timber-merchant.
Whitelock, J. Retford, Nottinghamshire, draper.
Witherington, C. H. Borough-road, apothecary.
Wood, D. Milk-street, woollen-warehouseman.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st August and 30th of September, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Andrew, William, of Newlandmuir.
Brown, Thomas, manufacturer, Prinlaws, Lesslie, Fife.
Dougall, John, fish-hookmaker, and hardware-merchant in Glasgow.
Elliot, Andrew, builder in Portobello.
Gibson, John, auctioneer and broker, Edinburgh.
Grant, James, shoemaker, dealer in leather, &c. Newton-upon-Ayr.
Jacobs, R. and Company, hatters in Edinburgh.
Johnston, Alexander, and Co. merchants and soda manufacturers, Strathbungo, parish of Govan.

DIVIDENDS.

Cousin, James, silk and cotton-yarn merchant in Paisley; a second dividend 17th November.
Hardie, James, grocer and spirit-dealer in Kirkaldy; a dividend 12th November.
Stewart, David, junior, late oil and colourman and spirit-merchant, Edinburgh; a dividend 2d December.
Welsh and Dingwall, wood-merchants and joiners in Greenock; a second dividend 28th November.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 26. At Madras, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel George Cadell, Deputy-Adjutant-General, of a daughter.

Aug. 6. At Malta, Lady Ross, of a son.

Sept. 5. At Hopewell, St Ann's, Jamaica, the Lady of William Shand, Esq. of Balmakewan, of a daughter.

18. At Naples, Mrs William Scott, of a son.

Oct. 2. At Stirling, the Lady of John Fraser, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

— At Warriston Crescent, the Lady of Captain Campbell, of the Royal Artillery, of a daughter.

5. At Cunninghamhead, Mrs Snodgrass Buchanan, of a daughter.

6. At Valleyfield, Mrs Charles Cowan, of a daughter.

7. At Edinburgh, the Lady Juliana Warrender, of a son.

8. At 29, Heriot Row, the Lady of Robert Lindsay, Esq. of a daughter.

9. At Great King Street, the Countess of Glasgow, of a son.

10. Mrs Orr, Albany Street, of a daughter.

12. At 114, George Street, Mrs Menzies, of a son.

14. At Coates Crescent, Mrs C. Aytoun, of a daughter.

15. At Coldoch, Mrs Burn Murdoch, of a daughter.

— At Kilrenny Manse, Mrs Brown, of a son.

— At Abercromby Place, Mrs Campbell of Possil, of a daughter.

— At Leamington Spa, the Lady of Admiral Sir Charles Knowles, G.C.B. of a daughter.

17. At 63, Queen Street, the Lady of Dr Nicoll, St Andrews, of a daughter.

— At Brussels, Lady Elizabeth Murray M'Gregor, of a son.

— Mrs. W. Buchanan, 33, Drummond Place, of a son.

18. At Wellington Square, Ayr, the Lady of Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart. of Brownhill, of a son.

— At Cramond, Mrs Hope Johnstone of Anandale, of a son.

21. At Ivy House, near Leeds, the Lady Georgiana Cathcart, of a daughter.

22. At Chester Hall, Mrs Kinnear, of a daughter.

23. At Belton, the Lady of Captain James Hay, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Welsh, 60, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

— At Glasgow, the Lady of Captain W. A. Riah, 79th Highlanders, of a son.

— At No. 60, Great King Street, Mrs Bridges, of a daughter.

— Mrs Smith, Albany Street, of a son.

29. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Archibald Macbean, Esq. Royal Horse Artillery, of a daughter.

— At Glenmoriston, the Lady of William Stuart of Glenmoriston, of a son.

— At Darnick, Roxburghshire, Mrs Thomas Smith, of a son.

— Mrs Kirkwood, Paterson's Court, Broughton, of a son.

30. At Charlotte Street, Leith, Mrs Thomas Young, of a son.

31. At Melrose, Mrs Spencer, of a daughter.

— At her house in Portland Place, London, the Lady of James Stewart, Esq. M. P. of a son.

— At Usan, Mrs Keith, of a daughter.

Nov. 2. At Wormiston, Fifehire, Mrs David Lindesay, of a son.

At 12, Pitt Street, Mrs Bayley, of a daughter.

Lately, at Lochbuy House, the Lady of Murdoch MacLaine, Esq. of Lochbuy, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 11. At Montreal, Captain Read, of the Royal Staff Corps, to Christian, daughter of Major-General G. Gordon.

Sept. 27. At Isle of Nith, Robert M'Millan, Esq. of Holm, to Mary, third daughter of James Goldie, Esq. of Knockauchly.

Oct. 4. At Foulden West Mains, the Rev. Wil-

liam Ritchie, of Athelstaneford, to Isabella, daughter of Robert Brown, Esq.

— At Crieff, the Rev. Robert Brydon, of Dunscore, Dumfriesshire, to Matilda, daughter of the late Lawrence Mackenzie, collector of excise at Campbellton.

6. At Edinburgh, David Guthrie, Esq. merchant, Brechin, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late John Burns, Esq. Bo'ness.

— At Leith, Peter Gray, Esq. writer, Alloa, to Mary, eldest daughter of Adam White, Esq. merchant, Leith.

7. At Leith, James Duncan, Esq. shipowner, Leith, to Hester, eldest daughter of the late Mr Peter Scott, merchant, Leith.

11. At Edinburgh, the Rev. William Limout, of South College Street Church, to Sarah, eldest daughter of James Weddell, Esq. Hanover Street.

— At St Swithin's Church, Winchester, the Lord Bishop of Barbadoes, (Dr Coleridge), to Miss Renneil, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Winchester.

15. At Archibald Place, Thomas Alexander, Esq. surgeon, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Ralph Richardson, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

17. At Glenelicht Cottage, Perthshire the Rev. Allan Macpherson, A. M. rector of Barnard St Leonard, Wilts, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late William Chambers, Esq. of Glenelicht.

— At Shiplake, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Bertie, to Georgina Anne Emily Kerr, second daughter of Rear-Admiral Lord Mark Kerr.

18. At Glasgow, the Rev. Colin Hunter, Lochtayside, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr Daniel Morrison, Glasgow.

19. At Watton Church, Herts, the Hon. Alexander Leslie Melville, brother of the Earl of Leven and Melville, to Charlotte, daughter of Samuel Smith, Esq. M. P.

20. At Braendarn House, Andrew Wilson, jun. Esq. of College Street, Glasgow, to Marsilla, daughter of Alexander Macdonald, Esq. of Dal-lila.

— At the Protestant Church of La Tour, in Piedmont, Josiah Webb Archibald, Esq. of Porto Rico, to Fanny, youngest daughter of Dr Andrew Berry of Edinburgh.

29. At the Vice-Regal Lodge, in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, his Excellency the Marquis of Wellesley, to Mrs Patterson. The ceremony was performed by the Primate of Ireland, and the Bishop of Raphoe gave away the elegant and beautiful bride. The Lord Primate having concluded the solemn rites according to the ordinances of the Established Church, the most Rev. Dr Murray, the Titular Archbishop of Dublin, finally perfected the indissoluble knot, by administering the sacrament of marriage in the manner prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs Patterson (now Marchioness of Wellesley) is about 35, extremely beautiful, and immensely rich. She is of Irish descent. Her grandfather, Mr Carrol, who is yet alive, resides in the city of Washington. Mrs Patterson's maiden name was Caton. She had been originally married to the brother of Mrs Jerome Buonaparte. The Marquis Wellesley is 65 years old.

DEATHS.

April 21. At Singapore, Lieut. William Dalzell, of the 34th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry.

26. At Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, Ensign Mackenzie, of the 16th regiment.

May 30. At sea, in the Bay of Bengal, on board the ship Providence, Mrs Smith, aged 27, wife of John Smith, Esq. of Drongan, Ayrshire.

June 6. At sea, on a voyage to St Helena, Major John Ross Cleghorn, of the Engineers, H. E. I. C. Service, Madras, eldest son of Hugh Cleghorn, Esq. of Stravithie.

22. At Buenos Ayres, near Lisbon, Mary Barbara, the Lady of James Charles Duff, Esq. of Lisbon.

July 21. At St Domingo, Captain Arch. Black, a native of Greenock.

Aug. On the Jamaica station, John Sinclair,

- Esq. Assistant-Surgeon, H. M. S. Pylades, son of Mr D. Sinclair, Kinloch Rannoch.
2. At Up-Park Camp, Jamaica, Lieutenant and Adjutant James Deans, of the 92d regiment.
31. At Richmond, Virginia, U. S. Wm. Campbell Kidd, A. M. &c. eldest son of James Kidd, D. D. Professor of Oriental Languages in the Marischall College and University of Aberdeen.
- Sept. 11. At Bagneres de Bijorre, department Hautes Pyrenees, Ann Margaret, only child of Philip B. Ainslie, Esq.
18. At the Manse of Contn, the Rev. James Dallas, minister of that parish.
23. At Kirkhill, Linlithgowshire, Mr James Hume, second son of Mr Hume, Kirkaldy.
- Mrs Smith of Weedrusball.
25. At Carlisle, Mrs Elizabeth Harrison, wife of John Connell, Esq. banker in Carlisle.
- At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Howison, wife Mr James Rennie, slate- and glazier, Edinburgh.
- At Edinburgh, Charles Gordon, Esq. son of Sir James Gordon, Bart. of Gordonstone and Letterfourie.
26. At Gilmore Place, Mrs Elizabeth Hardie, relict of Mr John Martin, Chancery Office, Edinburgh.
27. At Leith, William, aged 19, son of William Ainslie, Esq.
- At Charlotte Street, Leith, Mrs Mary Bridges, wife of Mr Robert Bruce.
28. At St Roque, in Spain, Mr James Duncan, third son of Mr John Duncan, merchant, Kirkaldy, Fifeshire.
29. At Leith, Helen, second daughter of George Carstairs, Esq. merchant there.
30. At Heavitree, near Exeter, Jessie Ann, eldest daughter of Francis Gordon, of Kincardine.
- At Edinburgh, Sir John Leslie, Bart. of Findrassie and Wardes, in the 75th year of his age.
- At Port-Glasgow, John Young, Esq. M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.
- Oct. 1. At Forth Street, Mrs Margaret Innes, wife of Mr Robert Scott, druggist, Edinburgh.
2. At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Todd, of North Shields, optician, aged 37.
- At Shandwick Place, Robert Walker, Esq.
- At the Manse of Kirkliston, the Rev. Charles Richie, minister of that parish.
3. At Edinburgh, Mr Daniel Dewar, aged 73.
- At her house, 17, George Street, Miss Margaret Seton, daughter of the deceased Mr David Seton, Kennoway, Fifeshire.
- Mr George Dickson, nursery and seedsman, Edinburgh.
4. At Hoarley Grange, near Shrewsbury, Major-General Swinton.
- At Longford House, Exmouth, Dr William Paget. He was on the medical staff of the army under the immortal Wolfe and the late Marquis of Townshend, in America.
- At Ormiston Manse, John Hope, infant son of the Rev. John Ramsay.
5. At Archibald Place, Mrs Margaret Usher, relict of James Usher, Esq. of Toftfield.
- At London, Lady Richards, relict of the Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer.
7. At Huntly, Major Robert Forsyth, late of the 60th regiment.
- At Sloan Street, London, Eliza, eldest daughter of William Stewart, Esq. formerly of Inverkeithing.
- At his house, 3, Gayfield Place, Mr Alex. Milne of the Royal Bank.
8. At Edinburgh, Christian, daughter of the Rev. Andrew Chatto of Mainhouse.
9. At Eyemouth, the Rev. James Smith, D.D. minister of that parish.
- At Kinghorn, Irvine Black, student of divinity, youngest son of the late Rev. George Black, of the United Associate Congregation there.
10. At St David's Street, Miss Jane Simson, daughter of the deceased John Simpson, Esq. of Brunton.
11. Near Lausanne, Helen Marianne, infant daughter of Alex. Scott Broomfield, Esq.
- At Roseville, in the 82d year of her age, Euphemia Macduff, wife of Mr David Bridges, merchant, Edinburgh.
- At Kirkaldy, Henry Beveridge, Esq. in the 65th year of his age.
11. At Forres, aged 82, Mrs Jean Grant, relict of Duncan Grant, Esq. Provost of Forres.
- At Kilmartin House Dugald Campbell, Esq. of Kilmartin.
12. At Blairlogie, Mrs Isabella Ross, relict of Charles Adam Duff, Esq.
- At Macclesfield, John Vans Agnew, Esq. of Sheuchan and Barnbarroch.
13. Of apoplexy, the King of Bavaria. His Majesty had completed his 69th year, and is succeeded by his son, the Prince Royal.
- At East Linton, John Burton, Esq.
14. At Dumolly, Patrick Macdougall, Esq. of Macdougall.
- At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Watt, relict of John Reid, Esq. of Nelfield.
15. At Kells Manse, the Rev. William Gillespie, minister of that parish.
- Christina, youngest daughter of David Sim, Esq. of Cultermain.
- At Portobello, William Simson, Esq. solicitor-at-law, Edinburgh.
16. At Edinburgh, Susannah, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Kinnear, writer, Stonehaven.
- At Newington, Edinburgh, Captain Charles Greg, late of the Hon. East India Company's service.
17. At Gilmore Place, Captain Donald Macarthur.
- At Edinburgh, Henry, and on the 22d ult. Eliza, children of Mr Thomas Rymcr, solicitor-at-law.
- At his house, Bo'ness, John Padon, Esq. distiller.
- At the advanced age of 103 years, John Fox, of Castleton, Derbyshire.
- Drowned on board the Steam-boat Comet, which was run down off Gourock by the Ayr Steam-boat, on the morning of the 21st October, on their passage from Inverness to Glasgow.—Hugh James Rollo, Esq. W. S.—Mr Charles Baillie Sutherland, youngest son of the late George Sackville Sutherland of Rhives—Mr Charles M'Allister, W. S. Edinburgh.—Mr John M'Allister, nephew of Mr Charles M'Allister.—Mr A. Graham of Corpach.—Captain W. E. Sutherland, of the 33d regiment.—Mrs Sutherland, wife of Captain Sutherland, and daughter of H. R. Duff, Esq. of Muirton.—Mr John Reid, youngest son of the late James Reid, Esq. of Exchequer.—Mr James Millar, Leith — Mr M'Kenzie, grocer, Canongate.—Mr Alexander Kennedy, son of John Kennedy, Esq. of Annet Farm, near Fort William.—Mr Rose, Inverness.—Mrs Wright, widow of Mr Archibald Wright, Glasgow.—Donald, only son of Mr Robert M'Brayne, of Summerlee.—By this melancholy catastrophe, about 50 other individuals are understood to have perished.
22. The Lady Margaret Wildman, wife of Captain Wildman, of the 7th Hussars, and daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.
- At Ledlowen, parish of Killearn, James Provan, Esq.
- Lately, at his estate in the vicinity of Paris, of apoplexy, the Prince de Carignan.
- At the Giant's Causeway, Ireland, after a short illness, the Earl of Annesley, Viscount Glenawley, and Baron of Castle Wellan.
- In Jamaica, the Rev. John West, Rector of St Thomas's in the East, a man of superior genius and worth. He was one of the most ingenious and accurate teachers of mathematics which Scotland has produced. He was for some years, before he went to Jamaica, assistant to Professor Vitant, in the University of St Andrews, and when in that capacity, published, about 40 years ago, "Elements of Mathematics," a work which, like the Diaries in England, has, since that time, had more effect in stimulating mathematical study and geometrical invention in this country than any performance extant. A valuable collection of his other mathematical papers are preparing for the press, and may perhaps be accompanied by a new edition of his Elements, now out of print. In that department of science, in which Leslie and Ivory have acquired so great and well-merited distinction, Mr West was their earliest teacher and patron; and to the same master they and others will never forget how deeply they are indebted for their elementary lessons in Mathematics.

INDEX TO VOLUME XVIII.

- Ambrosiana, Noctes, XXI. 378—No. XXII. 500—No. XXIII. 751
- America, review of Knight and Buckingham's travels in, 422
- American Books, notices of late ones, 316
- 1. Peep at the Pilgrims, *ib.*—2. Lionel Lincoln, 323—3. Memoirs of Charles Brockden Brown, 327—4. John Bull in America, 328—5. The Refugees, *ib.*—6. North American Review, 332
- American Politics, North. By a genuine Yankee, 355
- Analytical essays on the Modern English Drama, No. III. On Babington, a tragedy, 119
- Antonia's, the, a story of the south, 601
- Appointments, Promotions, &c. 258, 519, 646, 774
- Attacks on the Lord Chancellor, remarks on the, 212
- Autobiography of Mansie Wauch, tailor. Portion fifth, 458—Portion sixth, 461
- Babington, a Tragedy, review of, 119
- Bacchus in Tuscany: by Leigh Hunt, review of, 155
- Bankrupts, British, 265, 525, 651
- Bee's slang dictionary, review of, 177
- Bewick, Thomas, engraver on wood, memoir of, 1
- Bible Societies, defence of the, 621—Consequences that may be expected from the circulation of the Bible, 622—Considered merely as a literary composition, it has no parallel, *ib.*—It is the best antidote to fanaticism that exists, 523—Character of those who compose the Societies, 624—Fanaticism has declined since they came into being, 626—Causes of the increase of the Dissenters, 627—Impossible to make the Bible an instrument of political objects, 631—Societies likely to produce great benefit in Ireland, *ib.*—They have nothing to do with doctrinal controversy, 632—Bible discussions have had a good effect on the Catholic priesthood, 633
- Births, 266, 526, 653, 779
- Book of Common Prayer, remarks on the, 573—Remodelled by Queen Elizabeth, 576—Necessity of its being revised, 577—On the morning and evening service of the church, 578—Athanasian creed, 579—Objections to the service on various holidays, 580—Form of confirmation, 582—Communion service—ceremony of marriage, 583—Errors in the offices of visiting the sick and burial of the dead, *ib.*
- Broster, John, F.A.S.E., lines addressed to him by a pupil, 730
- Byron, Lord, last days of. By William Parry, review of, 137
- Byron, Lord, letter from, to Mr Galt, 400
- Campbell, Mr Thomas, Plagiarisms by, 131
- Campeador's spectre host, the, 5
- Catholic question, the, considered—The disabilities under which the Catholics lie, when originally imposed, were most just and necessary, 7—Necessity of their proving that their religious and political principles are no longer hostile to the constitution, 8.—Impolicy of their identifying themselves with Cobbett and Burdett, 9—Securities appended to the Catholic bill in 1823 universally laughed at, 10—Debates in the House of Commons on the bill, 13—Duke of York's opposition to it, 15—Difficult situation of his Majesty in regard to this question, 16—What is the best conduct for the Catholics to pursue for their own interest, 17—Conduct of the Parliamentary and other advocates of the Catholics, 18—Conclusion, 20
- Catholics, remarks on Mr Blanco White's evidence against them, 102
- their conduct since the Association was put down, 479—New Association joined by Protestant nobles and gentlemen, 480—Dangerous consequences of this junction, 482—Proofs that the great body of the Catholics do not care for emancipation, 484
- Channing, Dr W. E. review of his discourse on the evidences of revealed religion, 160
- Chancellor, Lord, remarks on attacks on the, 212
- Charity, Protestant Sisters of, 732
- Christian researches in Syria and the Holy Land, remarks on, 591—Acre, 593—Nazareth, *ib.*—Tiberias, 594
- Cloud, Colonel, some passages in the life of, 32
- Cockney School of Poetry, the, No. VIII. Bacchus in Tuscany, 155
- Combination laws, repeal of the, considered, 20—Sound and constitutional mode of conducting the affairs of England departed from in their repeal, 22—Experience has proved it a pernicious measure, *ib.*—There can be no free trade in labour without restrictive laws, 23—Outrageous conduct of the workmen, and ludicrous figure cut by the political economists in consequence, 24—Evil effects of the combinations, 25—Duty of every friend of his country to assist in putting them down, 27

- Combinations—Remarks on the new law regarding, 463—Its mischievous fruits, 464—The use of labour, like all other property, ought to be regulated by law, 468—Combinations strike at the commerce, revenue, power, wealth, and prosperity of the country, 470—Which are the greatest evils, the laws, or the combinations, 473—Mr Hume's bill a fatal and ruinous measure, 477
 Complete Servant, the; by Samuel and Sarah Adams, review of, 557
 Corn markets, 255, 517, 643, 772
 Coventry, George, remarks on his inquiry into the real author of Junius, 164
 Country Curate, the, introduction, 529
 Critical remarks on some passages in the Nubes of Aristophanes, 351
 Deaths, 267, 526, 655, 779
 Delta, poetry of, *The Campeador's Spectre Host*, 5—*The Farewell*, 65—*The Wanderer to her Child*, 66
 Discourse on the evidences of revealed religion, review of a, 160
 Drama, the modern English, analytical essays on, 119
 ——— letter to C. North, Esq. on the, 240
 Eastern stories, remarks on, 61—Proofs of the Sanscrit origin of the tales in the *Arabian Nights*, 63
 Edwards, Charles, Esq. posthumous letters of, No. V., 417
 Essays, analytical, on the modern English drama, No. III., 119
 Evidence, against the Catholics, remarks on Mr Blanco White's, 102
 ——— of revealed religion, review of a discourse on, 160
 Farewell, the, by Delta, 65
 French literature of the day, remarks on, 715
 Galt, Mr, letter from Lord Byron to, 400
 Garrick, David, recollections of, 488
 German school of tragedy, remarks on the new, 286
 Ghost of the oratory, the, 433
 Guide to all servants, by Samuel and Sarah Adams, review of, 557
 Haram, visits to the, by Meerza Ahmed Tubeeb—Visit fourth, 657
Horæ Hispanicæ, No. XI., Calderon's tragedy, *La Devocion de la Cruz*, 83—No. XII., Tragedy of Sancho Oriz de las Rollas. By Lope de Vega, 680
 ——— *Italicæ*, No. I., Arminio. By Ippolito Pindemonte, 545
 Hunt, Leigh, review of his poem of *Bacchus in Tuscany*, 155
 Idler, Literary, note-book of a, No. II., 233—No. III., 587
 India, letters on the present state of, No. III.—Changes introduced into Hindostan by its Mahomedan conquerors, 183—No. IV., System of internal government established by the British, 303—No. V., Effects of Lord Cornwallis's government, 401
 Ireland, review of legends of, 55.
 Jowett's Christian researches in Syria and the Holy Land, remarks on, 591
 Junius, remarks on a critical inquiry into the real author of, 164
 Knight, Madam, review of journal of her journeys from Boston to New York, 424
 Knockbrae Sketches. By Jacob Ruddiment, A. M. Chap. I., Introduction and life of the author, 93—Chap. II., The Sexton of Knockbrae, 99
 Knocksheogowna, the legend of, 55
 Late American books, notices of, 316
 Legends and traditions of the south of Ireland, review of, 54—*The Legend of Knocksheogowna*, ib.—Master and man, 57
 Letter on the drama, 240
 Letters on the present state of India, No. III., 183—No. IV., 303—No. V., 401
 ——— from Senex, on Swift, Sir Walter Scott, &c., 724
 Lexicography, No. I., Jon Bee's Dictionary, 177
 Lines addressed by a pupil to John Broster, F.A.S.E., 730
 ——— written in a church-yard, 450
 Literary idler, note-book of a, 233, 587
 Man-of-war's-man, the, Chap. XIV., *The Tottumfog in Leith Roads*, 41—Muckle Rob, ib.—Chap. XV., Preparations for a cruise, 47—Flogging, 51—Visit of the Admiral, 52—Chap. XVI., 690—Sublime appearance of a northern sky before a storm, 692—Tremendous hurricane, 693—Attack of the Danes on a convoy, 698—Attempt to bring off a stranded brig from under the enemy's guns, 700—Chap. XVII., 702—Boarding an American brig—desperate conflict, 713
 Mansie Wauch, tailor, farther portions of the autobiography of, 458
 Marriages, 266, 526, 653, 779
 Master and man, a legend of Ireland, 57
 Memoirs of Thomas Bewick, engraver on wood, 1
 ——— of Talma, the French tragedian, 297
 Metaphors, on the use of, 719
 Meteorological tables, 257, 515, 645, 774
 Midsummer madness, and Mr Martin, 497
 Military appointments, promotions, &c. 258, 519, 646, 774
 Milton, on his newly discovered treatise on Christian doctrine, 587
 Murray, John, Esq. publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, letter of Timothy Tickler, Esq. to, 132
 Night coach, the, 570
 Nobility, remarks on the, 335—On the attempts made to render them odious, ib.—division into separate classes unavoidable in a civilized country, 338—Pernicious consequences of establishing a real equality of rank, 339—Britain and America compared in regard to distinctions of rank, 342—Existence of a nobi-

- lity essential for the weal of the community, 344—Those possessing titles must necessarily differ in many points from other men, 345—Benefits of this difference, 346—Objections of the modern philosophers to the nobility, answered, 347
- Noctes Ambrosianæ. No. XXI., 378—No. XXII., 500—No. XXIII., 751
- North American politics. By a genuine Yankee, 355
- Note-book of a literary idler. No. II., 233—No. III., 587
- Nubes of Aristophanes, critical remarks on some passages in the, 351
- Oriental College, proposal for erecting one in England, 494
- Orphan maid's lament, 540
- Paraguay, tale of, by Robert Southey, review of, 370
- Parliament, remarks on the late session of, 217—Disorganization and hopelessness of the opposition, 218—The ministry, two parties in the cabinet, 219—Glance at a few of the questions which came before Parliament, 220—The colonial system, 221—To retain our colonies we must retain our naval supremacy, 222—Effects of the new colonial system on the British navy, 223—The Catholic question, 224—Hint to the Duke of Cumberland, 226—Letter of the Duke, 227—Alleged reason of the hostility of the Whigs to the Duke, 229—Attacks of Mr Brougham on the Duke of York, 230—and on the Lord Chancellor and Lord Gifford, 231—The Lawyers in Parliament, 232
- Parr, Dr, two days with, 596
- Parry's last days of Lord Byron, review of, 137
- Plagiarisms by Mr Thomas Campbell, 131
- Poetry—The Campeador's spectre host, 5—Dreams, 64—The farewell, 65—The wanderer to her child, 66—Plagiarisms, by Mr T. Campbell, 131—Still proudly trills thy witching voice, 285—Pooh! never mind the rain, love, 315—Song by Mullion, 389—A winter night's dream, 393—The ghost of the oratory, 433—The orphan maid's lament, 540—Lines addressed by a pupil to John Broster, F.A.S.E., 730—Lines written in a churchyard, 450—Song by the Ettrick Shepherd, 753—Song by North, 762—Song by Tickler, 764
- Political Economists, their doctrines impugned on the question of the Combination Laws, 20, 463—and on the silk trade, 736
- Posthumous letters of Charles Edwards, Esq. 487
- Prices current, 256, 518, 644, 773
- Progress of steam navigation, remarks on the, 541
- Protestant sisters of charity, 732
- Publications, monthly lists of new ones, 249, 512, 639, 769
- Recollections of Garrick, 488
- Remarks on the catholic question, 7—On the repeal of the combination laws, 20—On the origin of eastern stories, 61—On Mr Blanco White's evidence against the catholics, 102—On Mr Coventry's attempt to identify Junius with Lord George Sackville, 164—On the attacks of the press upon the Lord Chancellor, 212—On the late session of Parliament, 217—On the new German school of tragedy, 286—On the nobility, 335—On the new law regarding combinations, 463—On the conduct of the catholics after the putting down their association, 479—On Mr Martin and his bill for preventing cruelty to animals, 497—On the progress of steam navigation, 541—On the book of common prayer, 572—On the bible societies, 621—On French literature of the day, 715—On the silk trade, 736
- Revealed religion, review of a discourse on the evidences of, 160
- Review of legends and traditions of the south of Ireland, 55—Of Calderon's tragedy *la devocion de la Cruz*, 83—Of Parry's last days of Lord Byron, 137—Of Leigh Hunt's poem of *Bacchus in Tuscany*, 155—Of Channing's discourse on the evidences of revealed religion, 160—Of Jon Bee's slang dictionary, 177—Of Southey's tale of Paraguay, 370—Of Knight and Buckingham's travels in America, 422—Of the complete servant, 557.
- Review, the North American, remarks on, 589
- Sackville, Lord George, remarks on Mr Coventry's attempt to identify him with Junius, 164
- Servant, the Complete, being a guide to all servants, 557
- Silk trade, remarks on the, 736—Opinions of the Political Economists combated, 447—Comparison of French and English silks, 737—Competition of foreigners hurtful to the interests of the home manufacture, 743
- Slang dictionary, by Jon Bee, Esq., review of, 177
- Song by Mullion, 389
- The Brakens wi' me, by the Ettrick Shepherd, 753
- by North, 762
- The march of intellect, by Tickler, 764
- Southey's tale of Paraguay, review of, 370
- Spectre host, the Campeador's, 5
- Steam navigation, remarks on the progress of, 541
- Story of the south, a, 601
- Subaltern, journal of a, chap. XIV., 67—Picture of a country swept by the tide of war, 70—chap. XV., 71—Spanish guerillas, ib.—Sale of the effects of officers who had fallen in the battle, 73—chap. XVI., 74—Acts of courtesy be-

- tween the French and British officers, 76
—and between the picquets of the opposite armies, 77—Anecdote of this, *ib.*—chap. XVII., 79—Town of Biaritz, 80—Wreck of a vessel on the rocks off Bedart, 81—Inhabitants of the Pyrenees, 82—chap. XVIII., 195—Terror of a sentinel, 196—Contest for an elevated post, 198—chap. XIX., 199—A wounded officer, 202—chap. XX., 203—Crossing the Adour upon rafts, 204—Bravery of a Portuguese soldier, 205—Gallant resistance of 600 British to 5000 French, 206—chap. XXI., 207—Investing of Bayonne, 210—chap. XXII., 269—Affair on the heights before Bayonne, 272—Affecting anecdote, 273—chap. XXIII., 274—chap. XIV., 276—Sortie by the garrison of Bayonne, 280—Sir John Hope made prisoner, 281—Conclusion of the journal, 283
Swift, Sir Walter Scott, &c., Letters from Senex on, 724
Tale of Paraguay, review of, 370
Talma, the French tragedian, memoir of, 297
Tickler, Timothy, letters of, to celebrated literary characters. No. 22. To John Murray, Esq., 132
Tragedy, on the new German school of, 286
Travelling in America, 422
Two days with Dr Parr, 596
United States of North America, on their probable separation, and its causes, 355
Visits to the Haram, by Meerza Ahmed Tubeeb, 657
Wanderer, the, to her child, stanzas by Delta, 66
Wauch, Mansie, tailor. Farther portions of the autobiography of, 458
White, Mr Blanco, remarks on his evidence against the catholics, 132
Winter night's dream, a, 393
Works preparing for publication, 247, 509, 636, 766
Worship of the cross, review of Calderon's tragedy of the, 83

INDEX TO BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Abercromby, 653 | Cay, 266 | Glasgow, 779 | M'Gregor, 779 |
| Adam, 266 | Cockburn, 526 | Gordon, 653, <i>ib.</i> | M'Kean, 266 |
| Agnew, 266 | Corrie, 266 | Grant, 653, <i>ib.</i> | M'Kenzie, 266, |
| Aitchison, 653 | Cowan, 770 | Greig, 266 | 653 |
| Allan, 266 | Crawford, 653, <i>ib.</i> | Grey, 653 | MacLaine, 779 |
| Anderson, 526, | Crooks, 266 | Grieve, 653, <i>ib.</i> | Maclean, 653 |
| 653 | Cubitt, 653 | Halket, 266 | M'Nair, 526 |
| Anglesea, 266 | Dempster, 526 | Hamilton, 653 | Maconochie, 653 |
| Arras, 653 | Denniston, 653 | Harvey, <i>ib.</i> | Macqueen, 526 |
| Aytoun, 779 | Dickson, 266 | Hastings, 266 | Macwhirter, 653 |
| Baillie, 526, 779 | Don, 266 | Hay, <i>ib.</i> 653, 779 | Maitland, 266 |
| Baird, 526, 653 | Douglas, 266, <i>ib.</i> | Hill, 266, 653, <i>ib.</i> | Marshall, 526 |
| Bakie, 653 | 526, 653 | Home, 653 | Mathews, 653 |
| Balfour, 526, 653 | Dowbiggen, 526 | Horne, 653 | Melville, 266 |
| Ball, 526 | Drummond, 526 | Hunter, 266 | Menzies, 653, 779 |
| Barber, 266 | Dudgeon, 266, <i>ib.</i> | Ireland, 266 | Meredith, 653 |
| Bell, 266, 653 | 526 | Irvine, 266 | Moule, 266 |
| Blair, 779 | Duggan, (4 chil- | Ivory, 526 | Murdoch, 779 |
| Borthwick, 266 | dren,) 653 | Jardine, 266 | Nasmyth, 653 |
| Boyle, 653 | Duncan, 266 | Johnston, 779 | Nichol, 779 |
| Bridges, 779 | Dundas, 266 | Keith, 779 | Nicholson, 653 |
| Briggs, 266 | Elliot, 653 | Kennedy, 266 | Nixon, 266 |
| Broomfield, 653 | Erskine, 266 | Kinnear, 779 | Oliphant, 526 |
| Brown, 779 | Ferguson, 526 | Kinnoul, 266 | Orkney, 526 |
| Bruce, 653 | Ferrier, 266 | Kirkwood, 779 | Orr, 526, 779 |
| Buchanan, 653, | Fleming, 266 | Knowles, 779 | Ouseley, 653 |
| 779 | Foggo, 266 | Langhorne, 266 | Pattison, 526 |
| Burns, 653 | Forbes, 266, 526 | Learmonth, 653 | Peel, 526 |
| Cadell, 266, 779 | Fraser, 526, 653, | Leckie, 653 | Pott, 526 |
| Caithness, 653 | 779 | Lindsay, 779, <i>ib.</i> | Purvis, 526 |
| Cameron, 266 | Fullarton, 266 | Little, 653 | Ramsay, 266, 653, |
| Campbell, 266, <i>ib.</i> | Fulton, 653 | Loch, 653 | <i>ib.</i> |
| <i>ib.</i> 653, 779, <i>ib.</i> | Fyfe, 653 | Londonderry, 526 | Riah, 779 |
| Callender, 266 | Gairdner, 653 | Lyon, 653 | Rigg, 653 |
| Catheart, 779 | Gifford, 653 | Macbean, 779 | Rose, 653 |
| | Gillespie, 266 | Mack, 266 | Ross, 779 |

- I Russell, 526
 I Lutherford, 266
 Sandford, 653
 Sanderson, 526
 Sands, 266
 Schenley, 653
 Scott, 526, 653, 799
 Sforza, 266
 Shairp, 266
 Shand, 779
 Shieldhill, 653
 Sievwright, 653
 Skinner, 653
 Smith, 266, 779
 Snodgrass, 779
 Spalding, 266
 Spencer, 779
 Steel, 653
 Stenhouse, 266
 Stewart, 653, ib. 779
 Stuart, 256, 779
 Swan, 653
 Tait, 653
 Tawse, 526
 Turnbull, 266
 Warrender, 779
 Watson, 653, ib.
 Wauchope, 653
 Waugh, 653
 Wedderburn, 653
 Weir, 266, 526, 653
 Welsh, 779
 Wilson, 526, ib. 653
 Yorston, 653
 Young, 779
 MARRIAGES.
 Aiton, 267
 Alexander, 779
 Anderson, 527, 654
 Archibald, 779
 Baring, 526
 Bertie, 779
 Bisset, 527
 Black, 654
 Blackie, 527, ib.
 Blackwood, 653
 Bradbury, 653
 Bradshaw, 654
 Brodie, 267
 Brown, 267
 Bryden, 779
 Burr, 527
 Bury, 654
 Cairns, 266
 Campbell, 654, ib.
 Canning, 654
 Capel, 527
 Carnaby, 267
 Carritt, 654
 Chisholm, 654
 Christison, 267
 Clark, 654
 Coleridge, 779
 Coupar, 527
 Crawford, 266
 Crichton, 654
 Croal, 654
 Croker, 654
 Crum, 654
 Currie, 654
 Dalrymple, 267
 Darling, 527
 Dean, 266
 Ditton, 654
 Duff, 654
 Duke, 654
 Duncan, 526, 527, 779
 Elliot, 654
 Esplin, 526
 Ewart, 527
 Falkland, 267
 Findlay, 654
 Finlay, 654
 Fletcher, 654
 Forbes, 654
 Foulis, 267
 Fraser, 654
 Frier, 526
 Gersdorf, 654
 Gibson, 654
 Gillespie, 653
 Gillies, 267, 654
 Gilkie, 653
 Gordon, 526, 654
 Gray, 779
 Grierson, 654
 Guthrie, 779
 Haig, 654
 Haldaue, 526
 Hamilton, 267, 526, 527
 Henderson, 267, 654
 Hepburn, 654
 Hill, 654
 Hunter, 779
 Hutchinson, 266
 Jenkins, 653
 Johnston, 527
 Jollie, 654
 Kingdom, 267
 Kinnear, 654, ib.
 Limont, 779
 Lindesay, 267, ib.
 Little, 526
 Long, 266
 M'Culloch, 654
 Macfarquhar, 266
 Mackay, 267, 654
 Mackenzie, 266
 Maclean, 527
 Macmillan, 779
 Macturk, 654
 Macpherson, 779
 Magee, 527
 Martin, 527
 Melville, 779
 Morrison, 654
 Moultrie, 527
 Murray, 654
 Ogilvy, 267
 Pitcairn, 654
 Poore, 267
 Read, 779
 Rennie, 654
 Richardson, 267
 Ritchie, 779
 Robertson, 267,
 Romanes, 654
 Ronald, 654
 Sheffield, 267
 Sibbald, 267
 Sidney, 654
 Simpson, 267, 526
 Smith, 527
 Sanderson, 527
 Sandford, 654, ib.
 Saunders, 654
 Schaw, 654
 Scott, 267
 Semple, 527
 Sharpe, 654
 Smith, 527
 Sheffield, 267
 Smyth, 654
 Steele, 267
 Stewart, 527, 653, 654
 Stephen, 654
 Stigant, 527
 Sutherland, 267, 654, 779
 Tolmie, 526
 Tod, 652
 Townshend, 654
 Turnbull, 654
 Turner, 527, 653
 Watkins, 654
 Watson, 654
 Webster, 526, 654
 Weir, 267
 Wellesley, 779
 Williams, 527
 Williamson, 527
 Wilson, 267, 527, 654, 779
 Winstanley, 267
 Zuhleke, 526
 DEATHS.
 Adam, 656
 Agnew, 780
 Ainslie, 780, ib.
 Aitken, 528
 Alexander, 528
 Allan, 527
 Anderson, 267, 268, 528, 655
 Andrew, 267
 Armstrong, 527, 528
 Baillie, 267
 Baird, 527
 Bannatyne, 655
 Barnard, 267
 Barr, 528
 Bartram, 268
 Bavaria, 780
 Baxter, 655
 Bayne, 528
 Beauclerc, 528
 Bell, 267
 Bennet, 267
 Bertram, 655
 Beveridge, 780
 Birkbeck, 656
 Black, 655, 779, 780
 Bonar, 528, ib.
 Borghese, 268
 Bradford, 656
 Brand, 655, ib.
 Bridges, 780
 Brodie, 267, 268
 Broomfield, 780
 Brown, 267, ib. 268
 Buchan, 268
 Buchanan, 528
 Bulow, 655
 Burton, 780
 Cadell, 527
 Caffrane, 268
 Campbell, 267, 268, ib. 528
 ib. 655, 780
 Carignan, 780
 Carstairs, 780
 Chapman, 655
 Charters, 527
 Chatto, 780
 Chrystie, 267
 Clayhills, 268
 Cleghorn, 268, 528, 779
 Cockburn, 655
 Connell, 527
 Core, 655
 Corri, 268
 Cowan, 268
 Craven, 528
 Cunninghame, 528, 655
 Currie, 268
 Dallas, 780
 Dalmahoy, 655
 Dalzell, 528
 Dalzell, 779
 Damer, 268
 Darling, 528

- Davidson, 268, 656
 Deans, 780
 Dennistoun, 656
 Dewal, 655
 Dewar, 780
 Dickson, 528, 780
 Disborough, 655
 Dobie, 268
 Dodds, 267, 654
 Dorset, 528
 Drummond, 267, 528, 779
 Drysdale, 527
 Dudgeon, 268
 Duff, 656, 779
 Dumaresq, 656
 Duncan, 267, 528, 656, ib. 780
 Elliot, 528
 Elphinstone, 268, 655
 Ewart, 655
 Ewing, 267
 Erskine, 528
 Fell, 528
 Finlay, 655
 Fletcher, 268
 Forsyth, 780
 Fox, 780
 Fraser, 267, 527
 Freer, 268
 Fullarton, 267
 Gairdner, 268
 Gammell, 656
 Gentle, 528
 Gibson, 268, 656
 Giles, 528
 Gillespie, 268, 780
 Gordon, 656, 780, ib.
 Govane, 655
 Græme, 655
 Grahame, 268, 527, 528, ib. 780
 Grant, 528, ib. 655, 780
 Grappe, 527
 Greg, 780
 Gray, 268
 Greig, 267, 656
 Greigson, 656
 Gunn, 527
 Gutzmer, 527
 Hall, 656
 Hamilton, 528, 655
 Handyside, 267
 Hardie, 268, 527, 780
 Harding, 656
 Harrison, 780
 Harvie, 268
 Hatton, 268
 Hay, 267, 268 527, ib. 655
 Head, 267
 Henderson, 267, 268, 655
 Henry, 528
 Hepburn, 528
 Hill, 528
 Hipplesley, 267
 Hogarth, 656
 Hogg, 528, ib. 656
 Home, 268
 Hope, 780
 Horne, 527
 Horsburgh, 528, 656
 Howison, 268, 780
 Howard, 656
 Hume, 780
 Hunter, 527
 Husband, 528
 Hutchinson, 655
 Hutton, 268
 Inglis, 655
 Innes, 780
 Jameson, 527
 Jardine, 655
 Johnson, 656
 Johnston, 527, 528, 656
 Keddie, 267
 Kennedie, 267, 528
 Kidd, 780
 Kinnear, 780
 Kilpatrick, 528
 Knox, 467
 Laing, 268
 Lamont, 267
 Lang, 528
 Langford, 656
 Laurieston, 268
 Leitch, 655
 Lens, 528
 Leslie, 655, 780
 Lifford, 528
 Lindsay, 656
 Liston, 655
 Lizars, 267
 Lookup, 656
 Lyels, 656
 M'Allister, 780, ib.
 M'Arthur, 780
 M'Brayne, 780
 M'Dougall, 780
 M'Duff, 780
 M'Callum, 268
 Macdonald, 268, ib.
 Macgregor, 655
 Macintosh, 527
 Mackenzie, 527, ib. 655, ib. 779, 780
 Mackie, 527, 528
 Macglashan, 655
 M'Lean, 528 ib.
 M'Leay, 268
 M'Murdo, 656
 M'Naught, 656
 M'Pherson, 268
 Macqucen, 267
 Maitland, 527
 Manners, 655
 Mar, 655
 Maxwell, 656
 Menzies, 528
 Milne, 282 780
 Miller, 268, 527, 528 780
 Mitchell, 268, 655
 Montgomery, 656
 Moodie, 655
 Moore, 528, 656
 Morehead, 527
 Morris, 268
 Morison, 655
 Mowbray, 528
 Murray, 528
 Muschett, 655
 Nicholl, 655, 656
 Nimmo, 528
 Noel, 656
 Ogilvy, 268, 527
 Oliver, 656
 Oman, 655
 Padon, 780
 Paget, 780
 Painter, 655
 Paterson, 268
 Porteous, 268
 Provan, 780
 Pringle, 268
 Radstock, 655
 Raeburn, 528
 Ramsay, 268
 Reay, 268
 Redpath, 656
 Rees, 268
 Reid, 780
 Renney, 268
 Richards, 780
 Ritchie, 780
 Rintoul, 655
 Robertson, 267, 528, 655
 Rollo, 780
 Rose, 527, 780
 Ross, 268, ib. 528 780
 Ruddiman, 528
 Russell, 268, 655, 656
 Ruthven, 528, 656
 Rymmer, 780
 Salisbury, 268
 Scott, 528, ib. ib. 655, ib. ib. 656
 Semple, 527
 Seton, 527, 760
 Seville, 655
 Shand, 528
 Sharp, 527
 Shaw, 528
 Sim, 780
 Simson, 780, ib.
 Sinclair, 779
 Singer, 527
 Small, 528
 Smith, 268 779, 780, ib.
 Snodgrass, 527
 Spears, 268
 Stepney, 656
 Steuart, 267
 Stevens, 267, 656
 Stewart, 528, ib. ib. 780
 Stirling, 268, 655
 Stoddart, 267
 Strachan, 267
 Stratton 656
 Stuart, 527, 656
 Sutherland, 268, 780, ib. ib.
 Sutton, 655
 Swinton, 780
 Taylor, 268, 527, Tempest, 656
 Thomson, 527, ib. 655
 Tod, 268, 780
 Tulloch, 655
 Tweedie, 268
 Tyrie, ib.
 Usher, 780
 Vyse, 568
 Walker, 268, 528, 655, 656, 780
 Wallace, 267
 Wardrop, 528
 Watt, 780
 West, 780
 Wildman, 780
 Waugh, 656
 Wellesley, 656
 Welsh, 268, 527
 Whigham, 656
 Whitworth, 268
 Wight, 655
 Wildman, 780
 Wilson, 655, 656
 Wright, 268, 528, 780
 Wyld, 528
 Young, 655, 780



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4
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